

## AUNT NORA'S CORNER.

Aunt Nora presents her young readers this week with a very interesting and suggestive sketch of a Catholic heroine—that privileged Child of Mary, the Venerable Mother Bourgeoys, whose saintly life is a fruitful sermon in itself.

It was written many years ago by a pupil of one of the academies of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who had entered that Order for the purpose of consecrating her life to the noble cause of teaching our Catholic youth. The writer of the sketch succeeded in attaining her sublime ambition and became a professed member of the Order, but only lived two years to endeavor in her humble way to follow in the footsteps of the Venerable Foundress, when she was called to her reward.

Aunt Nora recommends her readers, particularly the girls, not only to peruse, but to study earnestly, the article, and to take to heart the valuable lesson which it inculcates.

### VENERABLE MOTHER BOURGEOYS

#### AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF A CATHOLIC HEROINE.

In the city of Troyes, in fair and sunny France, of the year 1840, on the first Sunday of October, the bells of the Church of Notre Dame rang out their joyous notes, in warning to the faithful lovers of Mary. Thousands of her children gladly obeyed the summons, happy to render public testimony of their veneration for the Immaculate Queen of the Rosary, on this her feast.

But not all in this large assembly interest me; one only I seek to mark among the crowd—she the chosen of God, the privileged child of Mary, our Venerable Mother Bourgeoys. Joining the procession, she modestly walked with down-cast eyes, no doubt meditating on the virtues of her Heavenly Queen, who before the close of day was to grant her such a signal favor.

As the procession moved slowly on the sweet strains of the Litany were heard, and all voices united in answering the simple yet powerful "Ora pro nobis," which works such wonders on Mary's heart. Passing before the Cathedral these loving children salute the image of the Virgin Mother that adorned the portico; but all did not possess the same degree of love, all offerings were not equally acceptable.

Margaret, arriving at the statue, stops a moment to gaze on the features so dearly loved, but a strange feeling steals over her. Often has she seen the statue before, but never as to-day, for Mary smiles upon her, and from the luminous cloud that envelops her, sends forth the life-giving rays of burning love, which penetrating the humble Margaret's heart fills it with deep gratitude. Entering the church she meditates upon the favor she has received, tries to fathom its meaning, for meaning it has. Yes, she felt that the Blessed Virgin asked for something she could not then divine, and in her writings we read these words: "This moment of grace wrought such a deep change within me, that I felt I was no longer the same person."

Ah! little did she then dream of the great sacrifice asked of her, nor the grand mission that God had marked out for her—a mission which she so nobly executed in later years.

None of the thoughts seemed to occupy her mind, for she knelt calm and silent before the Tabernacle where Jesus dwells, listening to the inspirations of divine grace that were whispering to her soul. Bowed down in adoration before the Holy of Holies she inwardly renounced the world and its vanities, vowing herself to the service of her dear Queen and Mother, who had that day given her such a proof of her tender love.

What a precious lesson is contained in this circumstance of our Venerable Mother's life—that of fidelity to grace. Grace often speaks to the soul, but not always do we hear its voice, or always do we bow to its decision. Well for us if we but feebly imitate the noble generosity with which the Venerable Foundress of our Congregation answered the call of her Divine Spouse.

One of our most celebrated Catholic authors has well said: "No picture can be all drawn of the brightest colors nor a harmony composed only of trebles, shadows are needful in expressing of proportions and bass is the principal part in perfect harmony." Margaret, exiled in a stranger land, had begun the shading of the beautiful picture she was drawing for eternity, not fearing to use the darkest colors, knowing how truly they would be appreciated by the one great Artist, and how brilliantly they would shine forth when illuminated by the Sun of Justice.

Bravely did she begin the life of sacrifice she had chosen, and in order to sanctify her mission, and seal it with God's own seal, her first act on arriving at Montreal was one of homage to her crucified Redeemer. She had heard M. de Maisonneuve speak of a cross he had caused to be placed on Mount Royal, and it was thither she directed her steps, but, sad disappointment, the cross was nowhere to be seen; no doubt the Indians had broken it down. However, owing to our Venerable Mother's energy and M. de Maisonneuve's willing assistance, the following day the sign of man's redemption once more crowned the mountain's height.

Slowly, surely and mysteriously does God work out His designs. More than two hundred years have passed since the preceding event took place, and to-day in place of a modest little cross, stands the Mother House of the Community founded by the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, and a gain, a stately building, a Sanctuary of Reparation, its name the Church of the Rosary.

From all ages God had destined our Venerable Mother to found a community whose members would work for his

honor, under the special protection of the Queen of Heaven—yes, and from the mountain that overlooked the City of Mary. Margaret's children should raise their supplicant voices, and by prayer and reparation save it from the widespread evils of the present century. Listen to the words of the Holy Pontiff, Pius IX. declared that it was a reparation which was to save the world.

Prophetical words, surely—for many and great may be the dangers averted by the pious and continual prayers offered in this Sanctuary of Mary. It is not only the voice of one religious order, but the voice of a people, that swells the grand chorus that ascends to Heaven, for it is the only church of reparation on the American continent the inhabitants of which have given their unanimous approval and willing assistance. It is but the beginning, yet God has already smiled upon the work and shown forth His good pleasure in granting many cures both spiritual and corporal. The special devotion shown towards the Queen of the Rosary by our Venerable Mother is now taken up and continued by her spiritual daughters, whose only desire is to reproduce her virtues. The first Sunday of every month a statue of the Blessed Virgin is carried in procession, followed by her loving children, who joyfully sing her praises.

As two hundred years ago none could speak of the grand results obtained from the little grain of mustard seed planted in American soil, so at present we cannot tell the story which another generation may recount when the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys's name is mentioned. Then they may softly and reverently speak of souls gained to God, of His glory promoted, and of the great wonders operated through prayers offered in the Church of the Rosary, under the powerful protection of our Lady of the Sacred Heart. They may have a happiness after which we ardently sigh, that is they may see the day in which they can address our Venerable Mother by the most glorious and honorable of titles—title by which we would fain salute her: "Our lips are silenced by death's cold touch."

Thus we have called for the memories of the past, glanced into the mystic future, and now we face the realities of the present. For her who commenced the good work, the time of trial and sacrifice is finished, and she is now reaping in joy and brightness the seed she sowed in tears and darkness. To day, while joyfully feasting her spiritual birth into the Kingdom of God, we feel animated with the desire of following her example by working with courage and generosity, in order that we may one day hear the words, whose sound were so sweet to our ears: "Well done, good and faithful servant." But the work must be accomplished before the reward can be given. We, who are but the one's of the family, but beginners in the religious life, have now to form our hearts or rather let them be formed by good and tender mothers, with the same docility with which our Venerable Mother followed the advice of her spiritual guides. Thus we may be sure of winning her approving smile on our dear Novitiate.

#### A REMARKABLE DOLL.

At a recent doll show in Boston a remarkable doll, authentically in existence for more than 171 years, was on view. It was brought from France to Salem in 1724 by a sea captain for his little daughter. The doll seemed so wonderful to its small owner that she scarcely dared to use it for a plaything, keeping it as a rare possession not to be lightly handled. It virtually became an heirloom in the first generation, and the toilet in which it arrived from France was never disturbed by its original owner or any of the long line who have succeeded her. The doll wears the gay costume of silk with court train made after the fashion of the time of Louis XIV, every detail of which is still perfect. Even the pink shade of the fabric holds after the many years since it left the dyer's hands.

#### MAMMA'S SUNBEAM.

Ethel was a midget of a girl, and her mother was beginning to tell her about things. She was very much interested in sunbeams and her mother told her that they came in with the sunshine, but of course Ethel was too young to understand it all. One winter day the sun shone bright, and the sunbeams danced into the room, somehow finding their way in, in spite of the finger marks of Jack Frost on the windowpane.

Soon Ethel, who had been watching carefully, ran to her mother, exclaiming, "Come, mamma! come, quick! There's two little sunbeams on the register, and I guess, mamma, that they have come in there to get warm."—The New Moon.

#### A COSTLY DOLL HOUSE.

A little girl out in Chicago who has a very rich father is the owner of the most beautiful doll house that ever was built. It stands on the lawn of her own home, and built of brick, with a tiny tower and cupola, it looks exactly like a small copy of any fashionable residence. A flight of stone steps leads up to the front door, which is of solid oak, beautifully polished, and provided with an electric bell to announce callers. On the door, which is four feet high, big enough to admit a good-sized child, is a polished silver plate, with the name of the little owner written upon it. Once inside, the delights of the place would rejoice any little girl's heart. The hallway is finished in hardwood, and is lighted by a small gas lamp, hanging from the ceiling, umbrella, and hat racks stand there, and pretty portieres separate it from the parlor. In this handsome room

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the furniture is all of white enameled wood, covered with white brocaded silk. It has a beautiful mantel covered with handsome ornaments, a real gas chandelier, besides lovely little lamps on tables. The dining-room has sideboards and china closets, the kitchen is exactly like any kitchen, only tiny, and the bedrooms are fitted up in the most complete manner. As the ceilings are six feet ten inches high, the rooms are plenty big enough for the little owner and her friends to play about in. Lovely dolls from Paris make up the family, including handsomely dressed dolls as ladies in the parlor, a cook doll in the kitchen, baby and nurse dolls in the bedrooms, and waitress dolls in the dining-room.

The house and fittings and family cost over \$3,000, and do you know that there is no more real fun to be had out of it than from the lovely doll house many girls make out of soap boxes.

#### AN APPLE PROBLEM.

Once upon a time there were two old men who sat in the market early every morning and sold apples. Each one had thirty apples, and one of the old men sold two for a cent, and the other old man sold three for a cent. In that way the first old man got fifteen cents for his basket of apples, while the second old man received ten cents; so that together they made twenty-five cents a day. But one day the old appleman who sold three for a cent was too sick to go to the market and he asked his neighbor to take his apples and sell them for him. The other old man very kindly consented to do it, and when he got to the market with the two baskets of apples, he said to himself: "I will put all the apples into one basket, for it will be easier than picking them out of two baskets." So he put the sixty apples into one basket and he said to himself: "Now if I sell two apples for one cent and my old friend sells three for one cent, that is the same thing as selling five apples for two cents. Therefore I will sell five for two cents." When he had sold the sixty apples he found he had only twenty-four cents, which was right, because there are twelve five in sixty and twice twelve are twenty-four. But if the other old man had been there and each one had sold his own apples separately, they would have received twenty-five cents. Now how is that explained?—St. Nicholas.

#### THE DISAPPOINTED POSTMAN.

"Are you the regular postman?"  
"Yes, mum." (With a lovely vision of a good Christmas-box.)  
"Do you come in the morning?"  
"Yes, mum."  
"And in the afternoon?"  
"Yes, mum." (Eagerly.)  
"And in the evening also?"  
"Yes, mum." (Still more eagerly.)  
"Oh, then it must have been you who broke our bell?" (Vision of Christmas-box vanishes.)

#### LITTLE EDDIE.

We think of the dead on Christmas eve,  
Wherever the dead are sleeping;  
And they from a land where they may not grieve,  
Look tenderly down on our weeping.  
—Fr. Ryan.

#### THE CHICKADEE-DEE.

Little darling of the snow,  
Careless how the winds may blow,  
Happy as a bird can be,  
Singing, oh, so cheerily,  
Chickadee-dee! Chickadee-dee!

When the skies are cold and gray,  
When he trills his happiest lay,  
Through the clouds he seems to see  
Hidden things to you and me,  
Chickadee-dee! Chickadee-dee!

Very likely little birds  
Have their thoughts too deep for words.  
But we know and all agree,  
That the world would dreary be  
Without birds, dear chickadee!  
—Elizabeth A. Davis.

#### A CHILD'S SONG.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,  
And said: "Dear work! good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,  
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;  
She said as she watched their curious flight,  
"Little black things! Good night! good night!"

The horses neighed, the oxen lowed:  
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;  
All seeming to say with quiet delight,  
"Good little girl! Good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good night!"  
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;  
For she knew he had God's own time to keep  
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—  
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

—LORD HOUGHTON.

She feared to make the avowal. "Edwin," she faltered when she could no longer postpone the inevitable, "my father has failed in business." He shivered. "Alas!" he sighed, "now that you are become rich, I suppose that our fond dream of love is at an end."—Detroit Tribune.

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#### AN IDEAL FATHER.

##### HIS AIMS AND AMBITIONS FOR THE EDUCATIONAL TRAINING OF HIS OFFSPRING.

##### AN INTERESTING PAGE OF HISTORY IN A CATHOLIC HOME IN THE PIONEER PROVINCE OF CANADA.

In Montmagny, in the Province of Quebec, about the year 1834, lived a young man who, on the occasion of his marriage, obtained, as an inheritance, sixty acres of ground, with the understanding that he should provide for the declining years of his aged parents.

Though this young man's beginning was apparently poor, yet he might expect happy days, for his wife was one of all the qualities which characterize the ideal Christian woman. Tender, upright, industrious and intelligent, as well as of pious mind, she proved to her husband to be a faithful and devoted companion, and, to her children, a loving mother.

Far from seeking to satisfy the cravings of vanity by which so many even among the poor of her sex desire, she gave herself up to her household duties with a strong will, attending with care the parents of her husband. Besides performing her household duties she also labored in the garden when the planting and growing seasons were at hand. In this way she supported the family with the products of her gardening, while the results of her husband's toil upon the farm was by mutual consent laid aside for the education of her children.

Understanding well the duty of parents to provide for the education of their children, this Christian woman spared no pains to form their character by instilling in their young minds the principles of piety, honesty, charity and integrity, as well as respect for others. For thinking of her duties to them she would say: "It is not enough that my children be pious, they must also be taught to respect their fellow men, in a word, form proper ideas of their obligations to the Church, themselves and neighbors." She saw plainly of what little use are all the other qualifications to a man if he is deficient in these.

Her eldest child had now finished his primary course, and it was time to think of making provisions for the further development of his mind. His own aspirations corresponding with those of his mother, he had already given every proof that he was possessed of thought of the highest order.

Our Holy Mother, the Church, knowing well the importance of sound education for her youth, in all ages, has cherished and maintained able institutions of learning in which are encouraged the formation of religious orders of men and women, who, without expecting any reward here below, devote their lives to teaching and instructing the youth, as well as to other works of charity requiring abnegation and self-sacrifice.

The town of Montmagny, now so well furnished with a college and convent, had at the time of this story only primary schools, the nearest classical institution being the Seminary of Quebec. The idea of a poor farmer placing his oldest boy in a seminary seemed to the neighbors to be a mark of extravagance, and they did not miss the occasion to make remarks to that effect.

Their astonishment was increased when, two years later, the second son was placed in the seminary. They could not divine how the poor farmer could afford to pay for his two sons at school and yet maintain those at home, that he could support the rest of his family without any apparent sign of lackness. It was certain that Mr. J. paid his bills regularly, and could look the whole world in the face, for he owed not any man.

Those good friends could not help giving way to incredulity, however, when at length it was announced that the third son also was going to the seminary. "He will ruin himself," they said to each other, and then, with the intention of dissuading their imprudent neighbor from what they considered an act of madness, they called upon him.

"What are you thinking of, good neighbor James?" they asked.

"What do you mean?" answered James.

"Well, it is reported around that you are going to send your third son to the seminary."

"Yes; and if God spares me I shall send my three daughters to the academy, too," said James.

"You are acting foolishly! You will ruin yourself, it is sure!"

"How is that?" he asked.

"Well, you know, as well as we do, that it costs enormously to keep three boys at the seminary. How can you stand such an expense?"

"I know it costs very much," said James, "but we cannot expect anything good without making a sacrifice. To me the education of my children is far more precious than money or anything else in this world. So far, thanks to God, by working hard and carefully economizing, I have been able to pay for my two boys

at the seminary, and I hope, by following the same rule, to be able to put the third through also."

"It is foolish in you," said the neighbors; "you had better put your savings by, and in time purchase more land that your boys, when they are old enough to get married, may have farms."

"I do not intend to divert them from the calling which so many of their family for generations have followed, but if God has destined them to be tillers of the soil, the education which they are now receiving will be no burden to them. It is not forbidden for a farmer to be educated; on the contrary, a learned farmer may do much good in his locality by making new improvements in agriculture, which, to my mind, is very necessary. Do you not think, if we were educated, we could manage our farms better and more advantageously?"

This fact the neighbors had to admit. They thought that with more instruction they could better keep their accounts, and perhaps be of more service to their neighbors; but still they held that it was folly for their friend to send his three sons to the seminary.

Nevertheless Mr. J. persisted in his resolution, and heaven so blessed his work that he was also enabled to send his three daughters to the academy.

Now, he and his worthy wife are enjoying the reward of their labors in a better life. Before their death, they had the happiness of seeing one of their sons a priest, now a canon; another, a Brother of Charity, and their three daughters, nuns of the renowned Congregation of Notre Dame.

Four sons who remained in the world have become wealthy farmers and have filled the highest positions in their respective parishes, and so it was that their prediction, "He will ruin himself," was never verified.

Dear readers, if your children show any inclination towards the higher education that leads to the sacred calling of the religious life be courageous enough to give them an opportunity to study. God, who has given them to you, will provide for the accomplishments of His designs, if you do your part. Do it willingly, do it intelligently, economize, that so, in their training, you can prove that you have done your duty.

BRO. EUGENE.

#### A NICE POINT.

##### A GERMAN COURT'S DECISION ON TAPPING AN ELECTRIC CURRENT.

Electricity cannot be stolen in Germany, according to a decision of the superior court. A man who had tapped the current of an electric company to run his own motors was acquitted on the ground that only a material movable object can be stolen, and the judgment has been affirmed on appeal.

#### A BEAUTIFUL GEMIC PRAYER.

A correspondent of the Cork Examiner calls attention to the following beautiful morning prayer much used in Connaught. It is a translation from the Gaelic by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver. In the original all the lines rhyme. It is one of many eloquent prayers handed down from remote ages:—

The will of God may we do,  
The law of God may we keep,  
Our own perverse will may we restrain,  
On our tongue put a bridle,  
Timely repentance may we make,  
On the Passion of Christ may we think,  
Every effort of sin may we avoid,  
On our last end may we meditate,  
A blessed death may we attain,  
The music of the angels may we hear,  
The face of God may we see,  
Praising and loving Him may we be,  
Through all eternity. Amen.

#### AN ITALIAN SCANDAL.

LONDON, Jan 9.—There is pr mise of further scandal in Italy in connection with the national monument being erected to the memory of King Victor Emmanuel. A million eight hundred thousand dollars was voted some years ago by parliament for the purpose of building the memorial, which was to be a magnificent work of art. It was thought that this sum would be sufficient to complete the work, but the monument is not half finished, and it is said the further sum of \$3,200,000 will be needed.

The pretty schoolmarm had been relating to her flock some of the incidents in the life of Washington and endeavoring to instill in their young minds an appreciation of the virtues of the father of his country, including his truthfulness as a boy. Then she said:

"Will some pupil give an instance of Washington's courage?"

Several hands went up.

"Sammy Snags, you may answer."

"Please, ma'am, he married a widow."

"If it's Jane Bessley's mother you mean," said she, "you're a-lyin' it on a little too thick. That shawl of hers wasn't nothin' but a two-dollar imitation!" Then the seance went on.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Sir!" exclaimed the near-sighted man as the individual in the baggy garments jabbed him in the eye with an umbrella, "you're no gentleman."

Yet the other did not get angry.

It was only Miss Newgart out in her rainy day costume.—Cincinnati Tribune.

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