

She arose and was putting on hat and coat.

"Why, Miss M'Klain, where did you get Birdie's picture?" asked Bobbie, jumping to his feet.

"Birdie's picture? Where?"

"Right there, on the wall!"

"That isn't Birdie's picture. That's my sister, when she was a little girl." The nurse had turned pale at these words, and her lips trembled as she spoke.

"Why, it looks all the world like Birdie—curly, and all."

"Oh, Bobbie, are you sure? Is Birdie's mother really dead?"

"Yes, sure. She died a long while ago."

"Oh, Madge—darling Madge," exclaimed the nurse. "Are we, perhaps, too late?" Then she turned again to the newsboy. "Are you sure, Bobbie, that her mother's name was Lane?"

"Yes, Lane—or something like it."

"Oh, Bobbie, let's hurry. I want to see Birdie and learn more about her. Here, jump into my car. We cannot afford to walk today. Oh, I wish I had known this long before!"

A whirl from the self-starter, and the big engine began to purr softly.

"But I didn't know that you knew Birdie's mother."

"Sure not, Bobbie. I'm not blaming you. Now you just tell me where to go. Is it far?"

"No, not far. It's right on this street now—down farther."

The car sped on, and Bobbie looked out to see trees and telephone poles shooting by, so it seemed to him. He was hoping some of his companions might see him riding in the big car. Surely on such a beautiful afternoon as this, someone ought to be out. But the trip was too short.

"Here we are!" called Bobbie. "Right in that house."

The nurse brought the car to a stop, and both went to the house. Bobbie knocked at the door, and explained to Mrs. Apple that this was a nurse from the hospital, Miss M'Klain, who had come to see Birdie.

Mrs. Apple led the way in silence and cold disapproval.

"Oh, you poor, little Birdie!" sympathized Miss McLain, as her heart went out to the sufferer. And then as she bent over the bed, she asked: "Won't you come with me to the hospital?"

"For answer Birdie clasped her arms about the nurse's neck, and clung to her."

"Here—what are you going to do?" demanded Mrs. Apple. "You'll not take her from this house!"

"You had better keep quiet, Mrs. Apple, or you will find yourself arrested, and for more reasons than one. This is my sister's child, and I'm going to take care of her from now on." There was finality in the nurse's voice.

"You're mistaken there!" answered Mrs. Apple. "This lady came from Bloomville."

"Indeed, she did. And so did I. Just because my sister joined the Catholic Church and married Tom Kenyon, my father disinherited her, and drove her away, even after poor Tom had died. And now they say Madge is dead too. Oh, Madge, my poor sister Madge!"

There were tears in the young nurse's eyes, but she bravely struggled to hold them back.

"I'm going to take little Birdie with me," she addressed Mrs. Apple. "You may come to the hospital tomorrow and tell me all you know about my sister, this little girl's mother. And be careful what you demand, or you will find yourself locked up before evening."

"With this she picked up the frail girl, carried her to the auto outside, and placed her upon the seat. Then she spoke the boy.

"Bobbie, you hold her while I drive."

"There, now, Birdie, didn't I tell you, the Little Flower would help us." Bobbie could have shouted for joy.

"That's right, Bobbie," put in Miss McLain. "You didn't tell me about the Little Flower yet."

"Why she's the little Sister Therese, who died as a saint. She is called the Little Flower of Jesus, and she gets anything for you that you want."

"Oh, I see. Well, some time you ask her to make me a Catholic like my sister Madge, and like you and and little Birdie there."

"Sure we will," answered both, heartily.

They took Birdie to one of the quiet rooms of the big hospital, where one of the doctors gave her a thorough examination, and diagnosed the case as not serious. With rest and strengthening food she would soon be as well as ever.

Late that afternoon a nurse, in her immaculate hospital garb, and with the dainty, white cap setting off her mass of brown hair, stole in to the beautiful hospital chapel. Upon the air there was still the lingering aroma of incense, and through the partly opened window the last rays of the setting sun fell upon the image of the Risen Saviour. But the little red light burning there proclaimed more. Not only was the Saviour risen but He is still living guiding all, and drawing all to Him.

"That I may follow the Light," prayed the girl, with eyes fixed upon the Tabernacle, "the Light which they followed—the Little Flower, Bobbie, and Birdie?"— Messenger.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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WORDS WHICH SHALL NOT PASS AWAY

In the meantime, in Samaria, across the notorious Simon Magus, he who bewitched people with his prodigies and incantations and announced himself as the Power of God. This man, seeing the miracles of Peter, wished to turn Christian, imagining that the Gospel was only one of those Oriental mysteries into which an initiation gave new powers. Repelled by Peter, Magus became the father of heresies. He believed that Ennoia first came from God and that it is now imprisoned in human beings: according to him Ennoia (or, the first conception of the Deity), was incarnate in Helen of Tyre, a prostitute who followed him everywhere; and faith in him and in Helen was a necessary condition of salvation. Corinthus, the first Gnostic was one of his followers, against whom John wrote his Gospel—and Menander, who boasted that he was Saviour of the world. Another Elxai mixed up the old and new Covenant, told stories of many incarnations besides those of Christ, and swaged around with his followers, boasting of his magic powers. Hegesippus says that a certain Tebutis through jealousy of Simon, second Bishop of Jerusalem, formed a sect that recognized Jesus as Messiah, but in everything else was faithful to the old Judaism. Paul, in the Epistle to Timothy, puts the "Saints" on guard against Hymeneus, and Philetus and Alexander. For such are false prophets, deceitful workers transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ, "who twisted truth and sowed the evil seed of heresy in the early church." A Dositheus had himself called Christ, and a certain Nicholas began with his errors the sect of the Nicolaitans, condemned by John in the Apocalypse; and the Zealots fomented incessant tumults, claiming that the Romans and all the heathen should be driven out in order that God might return to triumph with His own people.

The second sign, the persecution, arrived promptly. The Disciples had scarcely begun to preach the Gospel in Jerusalem when Peter and John were thrown into prison; freed, they were captured again, and beaten and commanded to speak no more in the name of Jesus. Stephen, one of the most ardent of the neophytes, was taken by the priests outside the city and stoned.

Under the rule of Agrippa the tribulations began afresh. In 42 Herod's descendant had James the Greater, the brother of John, killed by the sword; and for a third time Peter was imprisoned. In 62 James the righteous, called the brother of Our Lord, was thrown from the terrace of the Temple and killed. In 60 Claudius exiled the Christian Jews from Rome. Impulsore Chrestus tumultuantes. In 68, on account of the conversion of Pomponia Graecina, the war against converts began in the capital of the Empire. In 64 the burning of Rome, desired and executed by Nero, was the pretext for the first great persecution. An innumerable multitude of Christians obtained their martyrdom in Rome and in the Provinces. Many were crucified; others wrapped in the "tunica molesta" lighted up the nocturnal amusement of the Cæsar; others wrapped in animal skins were given as food to dogs; many, enforced actors in cruel comedies, made a spectacle for amphitheatres and were devoured by lions. Peter died on the cross, nailed head downward. Paul ended under the ax a life which since his conversion had been one long torment. Ten years before his death in 57 he had been flogged five times by the Jews, beaten three times with rods by the Romans, three times imprisoned, three times shipwrecked, stoned and left for dead at Lystra. The greater part of the other Disciples met with similar fates. Thomas met a martyr's death in India. Andrew was crucified at Patras, Bartholomew was crucified in Armenia. Simon the Zealot and Matthew, like their Master, ended their lives on the cross.

Nor were there lacking wars and rumors of wars. When Jesus was killed, the "peace of Augustus" still existed, but very soon nations rise against nations and kingdoms against kingdoms. Under Nero the Britons rebel and massacre the Romans, the Parthians revolt and force the legions to pass under the yoke; Armenia and Syria murmur against foreign government; Gaul rises with Julius Vindex. Nero is near his end, the Spanish and Gallic legions proclaim Galba Emperor; Nero fleeing from the Golden House, succeeds in being abject even in suicide. Galba enters Rome, but brings no peace; Nymphidius Sabinus at Rome, Cato in Germany, Clodius Mæcer in Africa, dispute the power with him. All are dissatisfied with him: on the 15th of January, 69, the Praetorians kill him and proclaim Otho. But the German legions had already proclaimed Vitellius and move on Rome. Conquered at Bedracum Otho commits suicide, but Vitellius does not rule long; either the Syrian legions choose Vespasian, who sends Antonius Primus into Italy. The followers of Vitellius, are defeated at Cremona and at Rome; Vitellius, the voracious hog, is killed on the

30th of December, 69. In the meanwhile insurrection breaks out in the north, with the Batavians, with Claudius Civilis, and the insurrection of the Jews is not stamped out in the east. In less than two years Italy is invaded twice, Rome taken twice, two Emperors kill themselves; two are killed, and there are wars and rumors of wars on the Rhine and on the Danube, on the Po and on the Tiber, on the banks of the North Sea, at the feet of Atlas and of Tabor.

The other afflictions announced by Jesus accompany in these years the upheaval of the Empire. Calligula the Mad complained because in his reign nothing horrible happened; he desired famines, pestilences and earthquakes. The degenerate and incestuous epileptic did not have his wish, but in the time of Claudius a series of poor crops brought famine even to Rome. Under Nero pestilence was added to the famine, and at Rome alone in one autumn the treasury of Venus Libitina registered thirty thousand deaths.

In 61 and 62 earthquakes shook Asia, Achaia, and Macedonia; especially the cities of Hierapolis, Laodicea and Colossæ were greatly damaged. In 68 it was Italy's turn: at Naples, Nocera and Pompeii the earth shook. All the Campagna was a prey to terror. And if this were not enough, three years later, in 66, the Campagna was devastated by cloudbursts, which destroyed the crops and rendered more threatening the prospects of famine. And while Galba was entering Rome in 68 the earth shook under his feet with a terrible roar. All the signs were fulfilled; now had come the fullness of time for the punishment of Judea.

JUDEA OVERCOME

The earthquake which shook Jerusalem on the Friday of Golgotha was like a signal for the Jewish outbreak. For forty years the country, not even the peace of defeat and slavery, up to the day, when of the Temple not one stone was left upon another.

Pilate Cæsius Fadius and Agrippa had been forced to disperse the bands of the false Messiahs. Under the Roman procurator, Tiberius Alexander, the conflict began with the raging sect of the Zealots and ended with the crucifixion of the leaders, James and Simon, sons of Judas the Galilean. The procurator, Ventilius Cumanus, 45-52, did not have a day's peace; the Zealots and their allies, the Sicarii, did not lay down their arms. Under the procurator Felix the disorders knew no truce: under Albinus the flames of the revolt flared out more boldly. Finally at the time of Gessius Florus, 64-66, the last procurator of Judea, the fire, which for some time had been flickering, spread all over the country. The Zealots took possession of the Temple; Florus was obliged to flee, Agrippa, who went as peace-maker, was stoned, Jerusalem fell into the power of Menahem, another son of Judas the Galilean. Zealots and Sicarii now in power massacred the non-Jews and also those among the Jews who seemed tepid to their fanatic eyes.

And then finally came the abomination predicted by Daniel and recorded by Christ. The prophecy of Daniel had already been fulfilled when Antiochus IV. Epiphanes had profaned the Temple by placing there the statue of Olympian Jove. In 30 Caligula the Mad, who had set himself up as God in various places, had sent the order to the procurator Petronius to put the imperial statue in the Temple, but he died before the order was executed. But Jesus was alluding to something quite other than statues. The holy place during the great rebellion occupied by the Sicarii had become a refuge for assassins; and the great courts were soaked with blood, even with priestly blood. And the Holy City underwent also the abomination of desolation, when in December of 66 Cestius Gallus, at the head of forty thousand men, came to crush the insurgents, camped around Jerusalem with those imperial insignia which the Jews held in horror as idolatrous, and which through a concession of the Emperors had not till then been introduced into the city.

But Cestius Gallus, finding more resistance than he had anticipated, retreated and the retreat was turned into flight to the great jubilation of the Zealots, who saw in this victory a sign of divine help.

In those days, between the first and second assault, when already the double abomination had contaminated the city, the Christians of Jerusalem, obeying the prophecy of Jesus, fled to Pella, beyond the Jordan. But Rome had no intention of giving way to the Jews. The command of the punitive expedition was given to Titus Flavius Vespasian, who, gathering an army at Ptolemais in 67, advanced against Galilee and conquered it. While the Romans were taking up winter quarters, John of Gischala, one of the heads of the Zealots, having taken refuge in Jerusalem at the head of a band of Idumeans, overturned the aristocratic government and the city was full of uproar and blood.

Vespasian, going to Rome to become Emperor, gave the command to his son Titus, who on Easter Day in the year 70, came up before Jerusalem and began the siege. Horrible days began. Even at the height of danger, the Zealots, carried away by wild frenzy, quarreled

among themselves, and split up into factions, who fought for the control of the city.

John of Gischala occupied the Temple, Simon Bar Giora the city, and their partisans cut the throats of those whom the Romans had not yet killed. In the meantime Titus had taken possession of two lines of wall and of a part of the city: on the fifth of July the Tower of Antonia fell into his power. To the horror of fratricidal massacre and of the siege was added that of hunger. The famine was so great that mothers were seen, so says Josephus, to kill their children and eat them. On the 10th of August the Temple was taken and burned, the Zealots succeeding in shutting themselves up into the upper city, but conquered by hunger they were obliged to surrender on the 7th of September.

The prophecies of Jesus had been fulfilled: the city by Titus' order was laid waste; and of the Temple already swept by fire, there remained not one stone upon another. The Jews who had survived hunger and the swords of the Sicarii were massacred by the victorious soldiery. Those who still remained were deported into Egypt to work in mines, and many were killed for the amusement of the crowd in the Amphitheatres of Cosarea and Berytus. Some hundreds of the Romans were taken prisoners to Rome to figure in the triumphal procession of Vespasian and Titus, and there Simon Bar Giora and other heads of the Zealots were executed before the idols which they hated.

"Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." It was the seventieth year of the Christian era and His generation had not yet gone down into the tomb when these things happened. One at least of those who heard Him on the Mount of Olives, John, was witness of the destruction of Jerusalem and of the ruin of the Temple. Within the destined time the words of Jesus were fulfilled, syllable by syllable, with atrocious exactness, by a story of blood and fire.

TO BE CONTINUED

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Washington.—The corner-stone of the Catholic University's new million-dollar library will be laid April 22, the university authorities have announced Cardinal Hayes of New York will speak at the ceremonies.

The new structure will be known as the John K. Mullen Memorial Library, in honor of its donor, prominent Catholic philanthropist of Denver. Mr. Mullen, who has given generously to Catholic educational and charitable institutions and whose aid was largely instrumental in the completion of the Denver cathedral, has made the gift to the Catholic University in memory of his family.

Excavations are now completed for the library, and the first story will be completed. It is expected, when the laying of the stone takes place. Trustees of the university, here to attend the meeting of the Board, also will be present at the ceremony.

Formal opening of the new wing of the chemical laboratory will be held in the Fall, university authorities said.

EASTER

Jesus, the Lord of Glory,  
Springs from the tomb with  
Life immortal won;  
Darkness and Death before Him  
Flee like the clouds before the Sun!  
No more He'll languish  
In grief and anguish,  
His charms shall ravish  
Eternity!  
Released from sadness,  
Our flesh chastising,  
In radiant gladness,  
He is free!

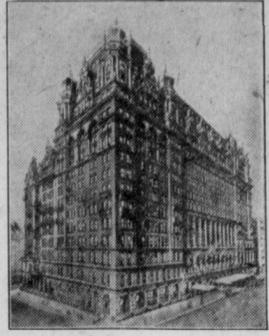
Joy in the heavens above us!  
Angels exult, your King, your God  
is nigh!  
Joy that the Lord so loved us!  
For us to suffer and to die!  
Oh, then returning,  
With ardor burning,  
And humbly yearning  
For liberty—  
Our sins despising,  
Our flesh chastising,  
With Christ arising  
We are free!  
—ELKANOR C. DONNELLY

PASCHAL HYMN

Roll back, ye heavens, your clouds  
of gloom!  
Rejoice, oh, ransomed world,  
rejoice!  
Fortunate the Victor from His  
tomb,  
Greet Him and cry, with gladsome  
voice,  
Alleluia!

Where once was darkness, now is  
light!  
Where death before, now throbbing  
life!  
What fainting then, now filled with  
might,  
And soothing peace where all was  
strife,  
Alleluia!  
Oh! soul of mine, how canst thou  
sin  
And woo the deadly shade of guilt?  
The Light is thine, oh! enter in  
And be with joy unceasing filled,  
Alleluia!  
—REV. ALBERT REINHART, O. P.

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