

FLOWERS, AS FAITH VIEWS THEM.

(By the Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R., in Ave Maria.)

Flowers have always been emblems of hope and love, of joy and sorrow. Sweet-scented flowers bedeck the cradle of the new-born babe, enwreathe the tresses of the bride, and are strewn on the casket of the dead.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers, and they tell in a garland their loves and cares; Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowsers

On its leaves a mystic language bears.

These flowers of dazzling hue and refreshing odors, clad in richer array than Solomon in all his glory, not only give pleasure to men's hearts, but raise their minds to the surpassing splendor of the Creator. They represent in some slight degree the beauty of God.

Wonderous and manifold as wonderful

God hath written in those stars above;

But not less in the bright flowers under us

Stands the revelation of His love.

The simple-minded Christians of the Ages of Faith mingled in their daily thoughts this world and the world to come; and as the pagans of the olden time saw nymphs and fauns and satyrs in the flowing streams and forest glades, so our ingenious forefathers in Christ beheld everywhere the footprints of angels, heard the voice of God in the thunder that shook the mountains, and shuddered at His wrath when the mighty billows of the ocean crashed against the cliffs at the seacoast. So, too, their heaven-taught fancy wove lovely legends around every flower and shrub that grew in garden and on hedge-row. They carved symbolic flowers in stone on the portals and pillars and fretted vaults of nave and aisle in the magnificent cathedrals which they raised aloft to the glory of God; they placed them in profusion on their altars, to breathe forth their fragrance in silent worship before the tabernacle; and they linked their graceful forms and sweet perfumes with memories of every mystery of our holy religion.

Those far-off ages, bearing on their brow something of the winning smile of sinless childhood, poured out a wealth of religious poetry around these lovely works of God uplifting them into harmony with the hymns of praise ever ascending to Heaven from human hearts. Unlike the heathen-minded men of our dreary and materialistic days, who, bereft of their finer feelings and nobler instincts of humanity, bestow barbarous scientific or purely pagan names on "these pretty daughters of the earth and sun," the children of that happy time christened flowers and shrubs with endearing names of the saints and the festivals of the Church. When the cold blasts of Protestantism had blighted merry England, he of Avon wrote:

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frightened,
thou let'st fall
From Dis' wagon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares
and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets
dine,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's
eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can be-
hold
Bright Phoebus in his strength;
Bold oxlips, and the crown imperial;
Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce
being one
Of these I lack to make you garlands
of.

And the Blind Bard of the golden
age of English literature thus also
sang of the fair flowers of spring and
summer-time:

Bring the rathe primrose that for-
saken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak-
ed with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired
woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pen-
sive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery
wears;

Rid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodills fill their cups with
tears,
To strow the laureate hearse where
Lycid lies.

Far other were the names which
our Christian forefathers gave to

these sweet letters of the angel-tongue." From the long list of flowers which their deeply-religious minds and hearts consecrated to God, we cull these few:

The Passion flower; the Blood-drops of Christ (the fuchsia); the Scourge of Our Lord, or "Love lies bleeding" (amaranthus); Calvary clover; the Flower of the Blessed Sacrament (ragged robin); Maidenhair; the Virgin's lily; Our Lady's mantle; Our Lady's mirror (now Venus' looking-glass); Virgin's bower; Mary's cradle; rosemary (so beloved by the glorious martyr, Sir Thomas More); the tears of Peter; St. John's wort; Saint Columba's wort; Saint Dorothy's roses; Saint Winifred's moss; Christmas roses; Candlemas bells (snowdrops); Lenten lilies, Michaelmas daisies; the burning bush (holly).

There is a lovely flower, of the orchid family, in the State of Colombia, in Central America, to which the ever-glowing faith of the first Spanish conquerors gave the name of Flower of the Holy Ghost, because in its dazzling white cup there seems to be the figure of a dove, with beautifully moulded pinions, and head bent gently forward.

There is an almost endless variety of such deeply poetic names, which were bestowed upon flowers of every sort by our truly Christian ancestors. Far and wide throughout Christendom, young and old, lettered and unlettered, cherished those lovely names of the fair blossoms that ever haunted their memories and recited them of Crib and Cross, and of that long succession of sad and joyful festivals which beam like heavenly sunshine on this vale of tears.

The sacred books of the Old and the New Testament are filled with splendid imagery taken from the odoriferous flowers that bloom so brightly in far Eastern climes. The inspired writers of Holy Writ call the Son of God the "fairest Flower that ever shone upon the earth"; and the ancient prophets ceased not to cry aloud to God on high to deign to let the heavens rain down the Just One, and the earth to bud forth the Saviour. When the holy Babe of Bethlehem was born into this world of woe and sin, the holy writer sang how the "solitude rejoiced and flowered like unto Libanus"; and Virgil, the pagan poet of Rome, re-echoed his joyful words in these melodious verses:

His cradle shall with budding flowers
be crowned;
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred
ground
Shall weeds and noisome plants re-
fuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian
roses wear.

A charming tradition of the Ages of Faith, founded on this poetic fancy, declares that on Christmas night the deep snow which whitened the ground melted away, the trees put forth their leaves, and the fields became beautiful with gorgeous clusters of the fairest wild flowers.

In the land of the Pharaohs, when noble palaces and temples rose aloft in stately grandeur along the fertile banks of the river Nile, it was customary to lay wreaths and chaplets of flowers upon the altars of the pagan gods; the bidden guests, as they reclined at table, plucked a flower from the bouquet which they held in their hand, and offered it one to the other; and garlands of the rarest flowers were placed upon the head of each incoming and outgoing guest. Those gracious customs were long continued in the East and were sanctified by religion in the West.

In England, during the Middle Ages, hard by every cathedral and parish church were church-gardens where flowers of every shape and hue were carefully tended for the service of the altar; and at the merry Christmas-time (the "burning bush" (holly) the Jesse-tree (mistletoe), the "Rose of the Shepherd Maid," the "Star of Bethlehem," and many another beautiful flower, were laid thereon, as types and emblems of the multiple mysteries of that great festival. So, too, when Passiontide and the joyous feast of Easter came round, symbolic flowers were culled to adorn the house of God. What a vision of peace and piety does all this reveal!

The story of the rosemary is one of the most beautiful of the charming legends that were repeated at every Christmas fireside in the Middle Ages. Our pious ancestors believed that its beauty is owing to the fact that the swaddling clothes of the Divine Child were hung upon it, and, knowing that the hem of His garment had worked wonders whenever it had been touched, they firmly held to the belief that, since the first Christmas night, the rosemary has remained ever fresh and fragrant.

They, moreover, beheld in its tiny flowerets a memorial of His Passion; for, as they fondly believed, it budded forth new blossoms on each Good Friday in order to emblazon the body of the Lord. This aromatic shrub was interwoven with all the joys and sorrows of their lives. It was ever present at their festive scenes, and was always strewn on the coffin of the dead by sorrowing friends as a token of loving farewell.

The rosemary, or "The Tree of the Blessed Virgin," also symbolized to devout souls the affectionate union between the Mother and her Divine Son, and on the anniversary of the night when Mary laid her Divine Child in the lowly manger, every house of the faithful in Christian lands was made fragrant by incense from its burning wood.

It is told in an ancient legend that a holy hermit, when walking through the forest glades, was wont to strike with his staff the wild flowers that bordered the woodland pathway, saying as he did so: "Oh, be silent! You call me an ungrateful wretch. You tell me that God has made you from love for me, and yet I do not love Him. But now I understand you, so be silent. Do not upbraid me any more."

The knowledge of the Christian language of those fair flowers, which God in His loving bounty has strewn so plentifully far and wide over this gloomy earth, was never before so needful as in these darksome days, when the world seems to be reverting once more to purely pagan ideals and beliefs.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

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"My life was absolutely made miserable by rheumatism," says Mr. Geo. F. Hilpert, of West River, Elbert, Harbor, N.S. "I am employed every spring as a river driver, and in consequence am exposed to all sorts of weather and exposure in the cold water. A few years ago while engaged at my work I was seized with the most acute pains in my back and joints, I became almost a cripple and could scarcely move about. I had medical aid, but it did not help me. Then I began taking a remedy alleged to be a cure for rheumatism, and I used ten dollars worth, but derived absolutely no benefit. The constant suffering I was in began to tell on my hitherto strong constitution and I became so badly run down that I despaired of ever being in good health again. Then a friend called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although somewhat skeptical I decided to try them. I had only used a few boxes when I began to feel better, and after I had used something over a dozen boxes I was again in good health. Every twinge of the trouble had left me, and although I have been subject to such exposure since, I have not had a twinge of the old pain. I can honestly say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other expensive treatment had failed."

Rheumatism was rooted in Mr. Hilpert's blood. The cold, and the wet, and the exposure only started the pain going. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured because they drove the poisonous uric acid out of the blood and filled the veins with that new, rich blood that no disease can resist. These pills actually make new blood, and that is why they cure common ailments like rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, anemia, indigestion, headaches and backaches, kidney and liver troubles, and nervous troubles such as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and paralysis. And it is this same way that they cure the irregularities and secret troubles of women and growing girls. No other medicine can do this, and ailing people will save money and speedily get good health by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once. But you must get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A correspondent sends us the following extract from the pious petition of a good old colored brother in a Georgia settlement:

"Lawd, we wants a blessin' fer ever 'one 'cept one; en dat one is a yaller nigger, what boarded de railroad train, en runned off wid de whole collection what wuz took up ter pay my salary wid! Lawd, please make de train jump de track—don't hurt de yuther passengers, but take off one leg fum dat nigger."

TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

(By Rev. Brother Justin, in St. John's Quarterly.)

This is a remarkable man. His career is full of striking events—a good boy, an earnest student, a vigorous frontiersman, an honest civil-service official, an efficient police commissioner, a brave soldier, a distinguished governor and a President whom the people love and have endorsed as the nation's choice; a man of sterling integrity, of true patriotism, and unblemished civic virtue—such is Theodore Roosevelt. The breath of scandal has never tarnished his fair name; for from childhood to the White House he stands before his fellow countrymen with a spotless record.

The name of Theodore Roosevelt will go down the ages as the president who, while faithful to his party, has never allowed party consideration to sway him one iota from the path of rectitude. Mr. Roosevelt is an American indeed—one who believes that America is and should be "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," he is a true Israelite who believes that the cardinal virtues of justice, prudence, fortitude and temperance should characterize those who are called to rule.

He believes in God, and his life is in accordance with God's law; he believes in justice to all and favor to none; in a word, he believes in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. He is said to be a rash man and as far as personal safety is considered there is some truth in this—but rash, in the sense of danger to his country, no. He is a man of high and noble impulse, but his impulses are subject to a mature and sound judgment and he examines carefully the questions that come before him. Nowhere in his career is this more evident than in his manly deference to the Senate in the San Domingo affair. His fortitude is seen in the trying circumstances of his eventful life. He is a stranger to fear and his courage while inborn is matured, enlightened and strengthened by his experience; his temperance is proverbial and had much to do with the development and building up of his splendid physique.

His intellectual equipment is varied and of a high order—in every way he is possessed of the essential virtues for the high office to which the suffrages of his fellow-citizens have called him.

Occupying the most important position in the natural order of any man on earth to-day, he is a spectacle of admiration to the lovers of good government anywhere—a lover of liberty without license and of law without subterfuge—he is an honor to humanity, he is a model of rulers and a glory to the people who have selected him as their Chief Magistrate.

There is not an honest, intelligent man to-day in the civilized world who does not know, if he has read the history of Mr. Roosevelt's life, that he is a moral man, faithful in all the relations of life, private and public.

"By their works you shall know them." Apply this to the record of Mr. Roosevelt and what does it say? From boyhood's days to ripe manhood it says purity of life, uprightness of character, fearlessness in the discharge of duty, a devoted, faithful husband, a kind, firm and good father, a patriot who loves his country not merely in words but in deeds. In the hour of his trial his sword was drawn to vindicate her honor and his blood was shed in defence of her flag.

What are his principles as expressed in his inaugural address? They are plain and clear. They are worthy of the man; they reflect his character and they are a guarantee that he will guide the ship of state during his administration in accordance with the best traditions and the purest aspirations of our people.

Mr. Roosevelt is a firm believer in God, and he is not ashamed to confess it. He begins by saying, "We have reason to thank God for the blessings we enjoy which are His gifts and which we should cherish and preserve and defend and transmit in their integrity to posterity. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness—in other words, we try to do unto others as we wish others to do unto us. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggressions. Our relations with other powers are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves."

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Here in a few words we have the moral law. Mr. Roosevelt is faithful to the law of nature, which is the law of reason. He knows whereof he speaks, and with the freedom and firmness of a man who is conscious to himself of doing what is right; he has a naturalness in his ways and means that makes a responsive chord in the hearts of the people. The simple, yet touching and beautiful tribute he paid to his wife as he walked down the aisle of the Senate to the President's desk shows the man and his manner. Open, candid, self-possessed, he gives evidence that he is entirely at home with people whom he respects and whose best interests he will consult and further to the utmost of his ability.

Spring lives in your soul! Clear away the pile of dead leaves—your doubts—your dead hopes and pessimistic beliefs—and you will find violets beneath.—Angela Morgan.

THE CRUEL EDITOR.

Editor—How much do you want for these sketches?
Artist—Ten dollars.
Editor—Don't slam the door as you go out.

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ON THE

The very wish of her d passed him on the stairs heart throbbing, so th conscious of a physical relief from the support of as he placed his back against it to make room troubling apparition. She him with a curt nod—they never spoke on the house stairs; and during th when she was preparing to the pavement outside he w every movement, till the c opened sunshine, coinciding disappearance, sounded th his ephemeral joy. He w ly continue his way up the row stairs, trying to ban remembrance of their last tion and to fix his mind thing unconnected with h generally succeeded in thru image in the background fore his open books, he b self heart and brain in t which were now nearing t elusion. But there came a he sprang up in despair, sl volume to the floor, and rily up and down the room "You are not worth mu mtered bitterly to his re the looking glass. "Here as low as any of the bless around you, that must ha man, fully or fairly, in th "What fiend sent that creat just now—now, when my di at hand? I'll never get able to work. Bother h He strode wrathfully to t and on opening it became a silvery voice that floated u "Hark! By the bird's son learn the nest," he mutter untidily holding the door a the sound of a footstep made him realize his attitu tender. Not that he had re word; it was all a confus sion of laughter and girls' melody of one voice only with him, and his face soft he closed the door. He w to the table, sat down, cov face with his hands. "I've got to face it!" he "The fact is there. I am master of myself, and there peace for me until this wor has disturbed my life eithe into it or goes out of it fo dreams of happy bachelorhood."

He remained a long time ing the question in all its and at last burst out passi "Heavens, why should now—now, at the turning p my career, when my whole s stake, and every power s concentrated in obtaining a pass? Am I really incapal governing myself?"

He sprang up and approach picture on the wall.

"Give me strength— strength, O Mother!" he wh "Remove her image from my don't want to love her!"

The Lady with the crown whom he addressed seemed t down pitying on her votary with the contemplation of th tal countenance mental ch rebellion by degrees vanishe

"I suppose it is providen reflected. "Nobody has his ou for him just as he plan And, after all, hers is not a if a disturbing influence. O is only on serious topics, and always touching on religious n

She seems to have drifted so among unbelievers and to lo get back to the staunch elem faith of her childhood." A "I have enough to maintain

Once my diploma is secured doctors marry—and if she wi "his pulse began to beat "if she will have me—" Somebody knocked at the do asked:

"Are you in, Darrell? St as usual," said the visitor. been at it myself; but there time to stop, you know. All same would you mind giving h but or two? I don't believe literary study, and long to ex notes. Symond's lectures on my are lost on me, I'm afraid

The speaker was a little n man who had been plucked and was consequently diffide

He hailed his arrival as a G and made up his mind in a twi "I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll come to your di every day for the rest of th and we'll work together. This is too—too distracting. There piano and—lots of things want to keep away all day come back only at night. WI agree?"