

An Easter Legend.

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

There's a tender Easter legend, In a volume old and rare, Of the Christ-child in his garden Walking with the children there. And it tells—this strange, sweet story— (True or false, ah, who shall say?) How a bird with broken pinion Dead within the garden lay. And the children, childish crew, Lifted it by shattering wing, Shouting, "Make us merry music! Sing, you lazy fellow, sing!" But the Christ-child bent above it, Took it in his gentle hand; Full of pity for the suffering, He alone could understand. Whispered to it—oh, so softly! Laid his lips upon its throat; And the song-lark, swift returning, Sounded out in one glad note. Then away, on wings unwarded, Joyous! it sang and soared, And the little children, kneeling, Called the Christ-child "Master—Lord."

POPE LEO XIII

Sketch of Him Taken by Steaith, at an Audience.

Reluctant as he is to sit for a likeness there are many official portraits of His Holiness Leo XIII. "Official" is the right word for them, with its suggestions of diplomatic reserve. Not one is allowed to leave the Vatican until its illustrious original has expressed his approval, and he approves of none which does not present that view of him which he desires the public to take.

Yet there is in existence—there is in Chicago a portrait of Leo XIII. as he is, taken from life without his knowledge. And this highly interesting work is the property of the artist, M. August Benziger.

A UNIQUE PORTRAIT.

"It is not merely rare, it is unique," said M. Benziger recently. "It is probably the only portrait in existence of His Holiness as he actually is." He pointed to a small water color sketch, clever, undoubtedly well executed, full of character, but about the smallest, the slightest, the least finished of all the portraits in his Steinway Hall studio—just the profile of an old man, with sharp features and a smile, cutting clear against a red background.

"Where did I get it? At an audience in the Vatican. How did I get it? With these." The artist threw open his coat with a quick, smiling gesture and produced from the inner pocket a sketch book and a flat folding color box.

"This way," he said, making the motions of rapid note taking. "When a man has studied his art under the best French masters and practiced hasty sketching with indefatigable zeal in every leisure moment he acquires the ability to obtain an excellent likeness in an incredibly short period."

SKETCHED AT AN AUDIENCE.

"Besides, the time was not so short. It was at a large audience. There were many present: the Pope spoke long with each person in turn. I remember he discussed some points of dogma quite exhaustively with two recent converts, professors from the University of Prague. And I—he had finished with me, my turn had come first—I stood in the background, moving a bit here and there as my unconscious model moved, to preserve the same point of view. I am tall. I can see over people's heads."

"But did none of the officials present see what you were doing?" "O, yes; they saw very well. Afterwards they all begged for the sketch. But not I—I made that sketch for myself alone."

FEW PAINTERS SECURED PORTRAITS.

Previous to this episode, indeed, it had been suggested that M. Benziger being a successful portrait painter and a member of a well known Roman Catholic family, should paint a large portrait of the Pope, but to do so, trammelled by his subject's iron will, was not alluring to the artist. Other able men had tried it; in his judgment with poor success. Why join himself to the lost? He intended merely to spend a few days in Rome, and he even made no attempt to see the Pope.

"What!" exclaimed his friends, "Benziger leave Rome without seeking an audience with the Holy Father?" It must be explained that the house of Benziger had been from generation to generation the foremost of Roman Catholic publishers. There was no difficulty in obtaining an interview when he decided to do so.

"Benziger, *valla un non qui sommo ben au Vaticano!*" said Leo XIII kindly on the young man's first presentation.

Then it was kneeling at the feet of the head of the Church, holding those aged hands which are said to lock and unlock the gates of life, that a sudden painter's interest awoke in him for the extraordinary countenance so close to his own.

HOW LEO XIII LOOKS.

"The Pope reminded me of Cardinal Manning, whom I had known well in London. The same commanding, intellectual visage, prominent features, deeply furrowed checks, the bony formation of the brow very marked, the whole full of strongly characteristic modeling. Like Cardinal Manning, too, His Holiness has been a tall man; but the Cardinal used to hold himself erect, and the Pope is so bent as to be just the right height to talk with people on their knees. No, he could not straighten up, nor for more than a minute any way. Remember he was not far from 70 when he became Pope, and that is nearly twenty years ago.

It was on his second visit to the

Vatican that the painter whipped out his pocket color box and pad and used them to such good purpose. HOW BENZIGER'S PICTURE WAS OBTAINED.

"The Pope was carried in a chair from the garden," continued M. Benziger. "He looked like a little old woman with his beardless, wrinkled face and his white robe as he moved slowly from one to another, speaking a few words to each. Every one kneels while he addresses them; that is etiquette; and he speaks French to all—English, German, even Italian. There was a young lady from Naples present that day who only understood her own language, so, of course, he spoke it to her. I remember his patting her cheek and saying 'molto bella' as she knelt. Yet, he knows other languages; I suppose it tires him to change from one to the other. He would rather continue in the same, and generally every one understands French. What does one say on such formal occasions? He does most of the talking and he remembers each interlocutor's circumstances wonderfully. He spoke to me about my career, asked after my father and my brother, and gave his

PAPAL BENEVOLENCE.

to my family. He talked at length with those converts from Prague who had come on purpose to put theological questions. He seemed to keep them in his mind as he conversed with others and came back to them a second time looking keenly at them through his old-fashioned heavy spectacles. His face had quite a different appearance without them. His glance is like lightning. I never saw another like it. His hair is as white as the small white cap he wears, and so, generally, is his face. But that day was very warm and he had a little color. I have given him the flush he had and the red background made to his venerable head by a Cardinal's robe near by. And I have tried to give his smile, the 'fin sourire,' not like the Pius IX. kind, but less meaning expression. The last Pope was good natured, easy going; this one, you know, is an ascetic, exacting with every one, and still more exacting with himself."

GUARDS PERMITTED THE WORK.

The guards and ecclesiastics present winked at an infraction of decorum, if such it was on the part of a painter known to them all. After the audience Princes of the Church sent to buy of him what they considered the only portrait of the man, Gioacchino Pecci, as his own household knew him, but he would not part with it.

LIBERALISM.

Our excellent and esteemed contemporary, *La Verite*, of Quebec, after saying some very kind things about us, takes us to task for saying that "the word Liberalism is a venerable bugaboo, and, like all bugaboos of the nursery, it frightens only those who do not stop to inquire of what stuff it is made."

This statement, to which *La Verite* objects, found place in an editorial criticising an article in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* on the chapter "De Fide Catholica" of the Third Council of Baltimore. Had our Quebec contemporary read carefully the assertions of the *Review* upon which we animadverted it would not have needed to ask what we understand by Liberalism.

As an illustration of the kind of Liberalism to which it objects the *Review* refers to "the flaunting of the American flag in our schools, and even sanctuaries." If this constitutes Liberalism then we are a liberal. We do not believe that there is any antagonism between true patriotism and true religion. There is little to admire in the man who, while enjoying the large liberty which the flag represents, objects to its presence in our schools and in our churches on proper occasions. He should seek more congenial surroundings on the other side of the Atlantic, from whence to improve his condition he most properly came. The immigrant who, swathed in the national habits and costumes of the country from which he came, and who confounds these customs and racial habits of thought with the spirit and genius of the Catholic Church, and insists dogmatically and aggressively on their adoption as of Catholic faith and practice, misrepresents the Church and places her in a false light before the American people. If to oppose this be Liberalism then we are a liberal.

We all know what the word Liberal means in Europe, whence most of these ultra conservatives hail. We know it is used there as a cloak by infidels and other enemies of religion. We understand perfectly well the motive the ultra conservatives had in applying the term to those Catholics in this country whose views on many things do not coincide with theirs, and yet whose Catholicity they dare not question. Their purpose was to discredit them by branding them with a malodorous epithet. That is how certain Catholics in this country came to be called liberals. By hook or by crook they were to be associated with European liberal Catholicism—that kind which Pius IX. called a heresy. This was the bugbear intended to frighten the unthinking. Those who think a little beneath the muddy surface know that the term in its European, objectionable sense—the sense intended by ultra-conservatism—has no application to those who are called liberals in the United States. They know it is the old trick of "mad dog," "stop thief." Those large-minded men, who know their religion as well as their critics,

and understand the genius of our institutions better, took no trouble to repudiate the name. We conclude in the words of our article in the *Review*: "If science and patriotism are the signs of religious liberalism, then among liberals will be enrolled every Catholic who refuses to believe that ignorance and disloyalty are marks of the true Church.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Sacred Heart Review.

Jacob Estey, of organ fame, says: Practice economy, avoid all stimulants, and shun bad company.

I think it would astonish many persons if they knew how large a proportion of crime is traceable, directly or indirectly, to drink. I am almost afraid to name the proportion, but my own impression is, derived from constant experience in every county in England, that more than one half of the crimes that are brought before us are to be ascribed to the influence of drink—sometimes the influence of drink upon the guilty person, sometimes the influence of drink upon the victim. The condition of the victim tempts the criminal into crime.—Lord Chief Justice of England.

An ideal member of temperance society: One who takes an interest in the work. One who attends his society's meetings regularly. One who is not afraid to express his opinions at the meetings. One who yields cheerfully to the wishes of the majority. One who does not refuse to serve on committees appointed. One who tells his friends and neighbors of the great benefits of the temperance cause.

Young men, have confidence in yourselves, and in the capacities God has given you. Shun intoxicating liquor; keep away from the gambling table; seek for friends such men and women as you would not be ashamed your Christian mother should see you with; and having chosen with care the life business to which you are best adapted, pursue it without faltering, and never fear but you will bring success out of destiny.

Temperance agitators in Germany occupy the ground of the moderates on the anti-temperance side in this country. They are aware that drunkenness can not be rooted out by law. Legislation is limited to such measures as will tend to make liquors a luxury instead of a commodity, but otherwise the remedies applied are instruction, correction of habits, and the establishment of proper places for the entertainment of the masses.

Dr. Newman Hall, who has just completed his eightieth year, was asked how he accounted for his splendid physical condition, and he answered: "Sober habits, attention to the laws and habits of health, going to bed in decent time, and not working hard late at night. I have never been a diner-out, or indulged in heavy suppers. I take a cold bath all the year round, and have always been a walker. I can now do ten miles at a stretch without fatigue. My sight and hearing are perfect. Teetotalism has had a great deal to do with my good health. My father and mother were total abstainers, and I have been one for sixty years."

A cabman signed the pledge for Rev. Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience stricken and ashamed, he tried to keep out of the way of his friend, but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off. One day he found the poor, miserable man, and taking hold of his hand, he said: "John, when the road is slippery, and your cab horse falls down, what do you do with him?" "I help him up again," replied John. "Well, I have come to do the same," said Mr. Garrett, affectionately. "The road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell, but there's my hand to help you up again." The cabman's heart was thrilled. He caught his friend's hand in a vice like grip, and said: "God bless you, sir! You'll never have cause to regret this. I'll never fall again." And to this day he has kept his word.

The hereditary consequences of strong drink are sometimes appalling. A specialist in children's diseases, who has for twelve years been carefully noting the difference between twelve families of hard drinkers and twelve families of temperate ones, reports that he found the twelve hard drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, and the temperates sixty-one. Of the drinkers twenty-five children died in the first week of life, as against six on the other side. Among the children of the drinkers were five who were idiots; five so stunted in growth as to be really dwarfs; five when older became epileptics; one, a boy, had grave chorea, ending in idiocy; five more were diseased and deformed; and two of the epileptics became by inheritance drinkers. Ten only of the fifty-seven were normal in body and mind. On the part of the temperates, two only showed inherited nervous effects; five died in the first week of weakness; while four in later years of childhood had curable nervous diseases, and fifty were in every way sound in body and mind.

A Point to Remember.

If you wish to purify your blood you should take a medicine which cures blood diseases. The record of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this is the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubborn cases and it is the medicine for you to take if your blood is impure.

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ONE VIEW OF DEATH.

New Life, Larger Life, Grandier Life Born Out of Decay and Death.

An article in the *Montreal Herald* upon "The Sky in March 1897," by Mr. Wilfrid Marsau, director of the Westmount Astronomical Observatory, concludes as follows:

"Astronomy is the science of life and death, of worlds and souls. Nothing is so beneficent as death understood: the history of the planet's progress shows that death has been at every single step the condition of growth and of advancing life. The lower types of organic life must die and disintegrate before we can have the higher stages. Thus all along it is life, larger life, grandier life born out of decay and death. Do we not also see how, instead of being a terror and a calamity, it is really the last, highest, best, sweetest crowning gift of God? There is only a separation, and that for a little while. When the world learns how to obey the natural laws of this our human life and knows the fact of continued existence, death will then be recognized as a benign spirit, the messenger of the excellent creative power, a friend not feared, but welcomed, as opening to us the golden gate of a life of greatness and splendor.

"We, humble travelers from the celestial worlds to the lands of Heaven, look at death as the finest, greatest and noblest kind of birth from the most wise, most just and most loving Eternal Ordainer, and we shall all, when we know how to detach ourselves from certain selfish views of death, from certain selfish wishes, be able to see the divineness of it. Birth and life, work and enjoyment, death and resurrection—such is the imminent law in the terrestrial life, as well as in the universe and eternal creation, for inferior lives and superior existence form a single unity. Death comes and touches us and then we realize that we are citizens of Heaven."

A CHURCH INDEED.

The absolute equality of Catholics in church is always very impressive to a Protestant. In a *Century* paper on "Places in New York," Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer says:

"When you have seen all the grand and gorgeous and 'exclusive' or semi-exclusive places of Christian worship in New York, perhaps you may like to get a glimpse of the humble but more inclusive conditions under which some of its souls seek their salvation. If so, you cannot do better than visit St. Joachim's down in one of the shabbiest, most populous streets of the lower East side. Methodists sit in its respectable pews when this was a highly respectable residence quarter. Now they are filled by Italian Catholics, and its plain brick front is shouldered by the cheapest of grocery stores and lodging houses, amid a group of all too cheap saloons, with only a little cross on the roof to make you quite sure that this is a church indeed. Yet few in the city can be so largely frequently—nine thousand worshippers every week, we are told. And if the largest rag shop, wholesale and retail, occupies an entire floor beneath the floor of the church itself, who, we may ask, more sorely need some proof that heaven at least is no respecter of trades and grades than the rag pickers of New York. They appreciate the hospitality that is shown them.

"On week days when scores of men and children are bringing in and sorting endless bundles of rags, lifting them and shifting them with great cranes and chains, their voices often join in the service that is going on overhead; and no one who wishes to profit by this service in the church itself is asked to leave the tools of even a dirty trade outside its doors. The true spirit of Christianity sends up sweet incense from St. Joachim's, mingled though it may be with the smell of the garlic, of cast off rags, and of those that still cling to unwashed human kind."

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken now will build up the system and prevent serious illness later on. Get only Hood's.

WAS SLOWLY DYING.

The Result of an Attack of La Grippe and Pneumonia—The Strange Case of Mr. James Owen, of Johnsville—Doctors Took Him His Lungs Were Affected and he Could not Recover—Now in Good Health.

From the Sherbrooke Gazette.

When a man faces what medical authorities tell him is certain death, and regains health and strength, he is naturally grateful to the medicine that has restored him. Such a man is Mr. James Owen, one of the best-known farmers in the vicinity of Johnsville, Que. Mr. Owen tells his story of shattered health and renewed strength as follows:—"On the 17th of December, 1894, I was attacked with la grippe. A week later the trouble developed into pneumonia in its worst form, and I did not leave my bed until the first of March, 1895, and then I was so weak that I was unable to walk alone. All winter my life hung in the balance. Summer came, and I was still weak and feeble, though with the warm weather I gained a little strength. I had however, but very little power in my legs, and I could



not ride a mile in a buggy owing to the pain they caused me. My lungs also troubled me and I raised a great deal of matter. I then consulted the best doctor we have in this section of province. He told me candidly that I was past medical help. He said that my left lung was in a state of collapse, and that my right lung was also affected. This was in July 1895. For the next three months every day seemed to draw me nearer and nearer the end. I was so pressed for breath at times that I could not walk any distance without stopping to regain it. In the month of November I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was certainly a forlorn hope, and I admit I did not expect much benefit from them, but took them rather to please a friend who urged me to do so. I believe I was helped by them, for I thought I was beyond the aid of medicine, but help me they did, and I gladly continued their use. The result is they have made a well man of me. I have not a pain about me, my breath comes as freely as it ever did, and I am strong and vigorous. My case can be briefly summed up in a few words. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given me a new lease of life and I am glad to let everybody know it.

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