

the men and boys all scramble to get their shoulders under it for a minute, or even a second. In both these countries the women leave the church before the procession, and go home and kneel at the door of their houses with lighted tapers in their hands, to watch it pass.

LITTLE GARDENS IN CHURCHES

In many Continental churches there is a beautiful custom of making miniature gardens in the body of the church, or near the entrance, on Good Friday, and after noon a figure of the Dead Christ is placed in the garden, and the people come and visit it and make their devotions before it. These gardens are often very ingeniously contrived. Gravel paths are prepared with sand, flowerbeds with earth, and petals of flowers are arranged in the earth to look like flowers growing; and branches of evergreens are fixed to represent Lilliputian trees. Generally a colored lamp illuminates the scene.

MURCIA'S TRADE GUILDS

The most impressive of all the Good Friday processions is that, which takes place in the city of Murcia, in the South of Spain, in which are carried the wonderful groups of colored wood-carving of Saltillo who was the greatest master of this art, for which Spain is so famous. These groups are called "pasos." They are very heavy, especially the gigantic one of the Last Supper. They are carried by the various trade guilds of Murcia. The tailors carry the Last Supper, and it requires twenty-four strong men to bear it. The bakers carry the "paso" of the Kiss of Judas. The weavers take the one representing Veronica wiping Our Lord's Face. The carpenters carry the one representing Our Lord's first fall under the burden of the Cross. The shoemakers bear the "paso" of St. John: the rope-makers that of Our Lady of Dolors.

All these "paso" bearers belong to the Confraternity of "Our Father Jesus," which was founded to keep up these annual processions of the "pasos." The bearers are dressed in violet, the color of the Confraternity, and those members who are not engaged with the "pasos" carry lighted tapers and musical instruments. Originally they were obliged to walk barefoot, but now they wear thick white stockings. They are still bound to keep the silence during the procession, under pain of a fine of half a pound of wax. At 6 o'clock they are summoned to the hermitage of their Confraternity, and the procession is formed. It is headed by a body of mounted *gens d'armes*, followed by boys carrying trumpets or bells, whose duty it is to announce that this procession is made in remembrance of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Each "paso" is escorted by a group of the brethren of the Confraternity wearing violet hoods, which cover their heads and faces. There are two holes for their eyes. They have knotted ropes round their waists.

THE PEARL OF SALZILLO

The finest of all the "pasos" is that of the Agony of Our Lord in the Garden, which is strange, seeing that no painter has ever succeeded in representing it. This "paso" is called "the Pearl of Saltillo," and is told in a pretty legend in connection with it.

When the artist was about to compose this "paso," he made several designs, but none satisfied him. One night, when he was at work, he heard a knock at the door, and on opening it, found a poor man, who begged for a night's lodging. Saltillo, who frequently lodged strangers, granted the request, and having looked the man in his studio, went to bed. In the morning, on entering it, he found the stranger had disappeared, but had left the design, which Saltillo afterwards used for this, the most beautiful of all the groups, on the table.

The "paso" of Our Lady of Dolors is also very fine, and the expression of grief on her face is inimitable. It is said that Saltillo took his wife as the model, and to get the look of anguish he wanted to portray, he suddenly accused her of a dreadful crime. Another story is that he took his daughter as a model, and showed her a forged letter from her lover, telling her that he had committed suicide. If either of these tales is true, it is not very creditable to Saltillo. The vestments of the image are gorgeous.

The "paso" of "Our Father Jesus" is most striking. The figure is wrapped in a magnificent brocaded cloak, the property of the Confraternity. It is considered a great honor to carry the "paso" of the Last Supper, which weighs over a ton and a quarter, and the bearers are rewarded in a very quaint fashion. When the procession is over, a banquet is served, not to the bearers, but to the figures in the "paso." The dishes are sent by the richest people in the city of Murcia, and consists among other things of lamb roasted whole, capons, fruit, etc. These provisions are sold by auction, and the proceeds are given to the bearers of the "paso."

CUSTOM THREE CENTURIES OLD

It is said that this procession has taken place every Good Friday since 1608, except in the year 1809, when it was forbidden by the Government. It is certainly one of the most imposing of Good Friday customs.

MOURNING FRIDAY

It was not always called Good Friday. Years ago in Germany it was frequently referred to as Mourning Friday.

ing Friday. The early Catholics in England did not call it Good Friday, either, but Long Friday. Such is the term in an ancient ecclesiastical book of about 1,000 years old. The Danes used the same, Long, instead of Good Friday.

The reason for using the word "long" was doubtless found in the seeming endless and severe fast practiced that day. At one time the Spaniards emphasized the solemnity of Good Friday by closing all the churches.

Nowhere else that I have happened to be on a Good Friday was the day so solemnly observed as in Rome. The city seemed to be in mourning, making all the more inspiring the matchless services and singing in St. Peter's Cathedral on Easter.

A FAMOUS NOVENA TO ST. JOSEPH

By Michael Williams
John McGroarty's "Mission Play" has no more thrilling or successful scenes than the one in which Father Portola settles California, and a mission system as the instrument of colonial expansion. Portola's expedition reached San Diego, and there, after the disheartening failure of the first search for Monterey, Portola waited—in vain as it seemed, the coming of the relief ship from Mexico with the food and supplies without which the fate of the whole enterprise would be a disaster. Weary was that waiting, and at last the docile, good-willed, but uninspired Portola yielded, and his men had done their best; they had suffered through scurvy and death and slow starvation all they could possibly stand; to remain any longer was to open the camp to death; surely it was sad and terrible to fall, but failure must often be faced by man, along with all his other woes and trials. The order was given to retreat. San Diego was to be abandoned. Spain's efforts to settle California was to be given up. Perhaps it would never again have been attempted. It was one more inevitable and now a crushing defeat!

But, no, it was not! Junipero Serra interposed his mighty will. The sword had quailed; but Serra pointed to the Cross, and its lesson of unconquerable patience, of an absolute faith. He at least would never go back. He might die there, but he would not live anywhere else. He had come to California to do his work. So, of course, he had reached California (though a hundred times along the way his life had been despaired of), how impossible for him to leave California with his work undone! No, Portola and the soldiers and his brother friars, if so the latter willed, might go back to Mexico. He, Junipero Serra, would stay right there. That settled it.

Portola could not shake the fixed resolution, and his own common sense decided to retreat before the superior will of the other. Serra was quick to take advantage of that fact. "Stay with me," he suggested; "stay long enough to complete a novena to St. Joseph, the patron of the Conquest, begging him to intercede with God for our success. Yes? Ah, very good! We will begin today."

So the novena, the nine days of pleading with the spiritual powers, began, Serra leading the assault upon heaven. Day after day went on: Serra mightily calm and concentrated; Portola hopeful and cast down by turns. The first day passed, and the food got lower; the second day passed, another case of scurvy; the third day, and the soldiers began to grumble louder; the fourth day, and Portola reopened the matter with Serra, but Serra quickly closed it again; the fifth day, and some of the soldiers would no longer pray; they stood apart and growled, but Serra only waxed more insistent, to make up for them; the sixth day, and Portola began active preparations for the retreat; the seventh day, and word was given to cut down still more on the slender stock of food; the eighth day, and "tomorrow we turn our faces to the south," said Portola; and then the ninth day came—the Feast of St. Joseph himself; whereupon Serra sang High Mass, and preached a sermon hot with faith, with which concluded the prayers of the novena, while the soldiers put all things together for the retreat. But—as Father Falcon chronicles the matter—that same afternoon God intervened to satisfy the burning desires of His servant * * * permitting them to see clearly and distinctly a ship. * * * Far out at sea, a sharp silhouette against the misty, heated, shimmering blue and argency of the horizon and the sun-drenched waters. * * * "You see," remarked Serra to Portola, "there's the ship."

Portola and the soldiers stared with awed eyes, and before their gaze the ship was swallowed up, as if truly it were but a heavenly apparition, a symbol of hope, a sign of faith. But four days later, the ship came into port. It was the packet-boat "San Antonio," returning from San Blas in Mexico with orders to reach Monterey without stopping at San Diego. The glimpse which the settlers had of its sails on the day of the novena's close was due to the fact that the packet was following the coast line. Near the channel of Santa Barbara, however, the ship's anchor had been lost and the captain decided to return to San Diego, where he believed he would find another ship, the "San Carlos," and procure an anchor before venturing into the unknown waters of the earth. This was the accident, the coincidence, which explained the arrival of this wholly unexpected savior.

But what if Portola had not consented to remaining long enough to hold the novena? If that had happened, it is exceedingly likely that Spain would not again have attempted northward colonization. California would have fallen to England or Russia. In the hands of either nation, California would not have offered the same easy prize to the westward sweep of the United States. But Serra remained to pray, and things are as they are.

Why Catholic Faith is Only True One

To a correspondent of the Bombay Examiner who asked, "What makes a Catholic think his religion the only true one?" Father Hull answered: "The Christian religion is the only true religion—first, because Christianity makes this claim for itself; and, secondly, because this claim is proved to be sound. The two points, of course, have to be taken together. Mere claiming is not enough unless the claims are proved to be sound."

The Christian religion claims to be the only Divinely revealed religion which God wants every man to embrace as soon as he knows of it. This you can read in the New Testament. Christ claimed to be in the first place a messenger from God, to draw all men to Himself as His followers and disciples. He claimed to found a spiritual kingdom which was to consist of His followers. He claimed to be the Redeemer of the world, who died for their sins, so as to reconcile them to God. He founded His college of Apostles, and told them to teach all nations, baptizing them into His kingdom without any exception. He said that he who believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned.

This account of the claims of Christ's religion could be very much elaborated, but the outlines are these. The Apostles went forth to their task, and taught clearly Christ's doctrine. They preached His death for the redemption of all mankind, and declared that there was no other name under heaven by which men could be saved.

So far for the claim, which the Catholic Church, the commissioned messenger of Christ to mankind throughout the ages, continues to make in the name of Christ, its founder. Even if they deny the soundness of the claim, but they cannot deny that the claim was made by Christ and by His disciples, and is still made by the Church today.

forfeited it by our sins; and if we want forgiveness of our sins we must take the means which God has provided us with; otherwise we cannot expect to be forgiven. Hence however good and useful other religions might have been before Christianity came, they came to be good or useful if a man continues in them, rejecting at the same time the higher religion which God has instituted as the only religion by which man can in future be saved.

It is not enough to look upon Christ as a messenger of God among others, such as Buddha, Zoroaster, etc. Even assuming that these great religious leaders were messengers of God in their own way, Christ must be viewed as the ultimate and supreme messenger, conveying the final and perfect message which God wishes to supercede all other gods and to serve for the whole world.

Even if Christ were not God incarnate, but only a human messenger, this would hold good; for He undoubtedly intended His message for the whole human race, and made it necessary for all mankind to embrace that message if they wished to be saved. As a matter of fact, however, Christ claimed to be God incarnate. Such a claim could be most blasphemous if it were not true. It would be the claim of a consummate rascal or a hopeless madman.

But no one can read the Gospels without seeing that Christ was altogether sane and altogether holy. He made His claim calmly, soberly, and without the least pride or arrogance. You only have to read the Gospels in a religious and humble disposition to feel impressed with the nobility and greatness and holiness of Christ's character, and to be attracted to Him, and inspired with a trust in Him, and to feel that everything good is bound up with devotion to Him.

I may add that no man becomes a Christian by merely choosing according to taste between one religion and another. He may, of course, get into the Church that way, but so long as he retains that view he has not got the right salvation. The right standpoint is what we have described before. Christianity is the only religion which God has promulgated to supercede all others as the only religion a man ought to belong to, and the only Divinely instituted way of salvation.

AMUSEMENT

Amusement, as you may or may not know, is one of the necessities of life. Therefore if you have any wisdom at all you will not leave it out of your scheme of things. Lack of good, wholesome, invigorating amusement leads to all sorts of morbid conditions. Half our broken nerves and grumbling complaints since hard conditions of work would disappear if we had a duty of getting into each day, of course too much as he had to do, and getting our share of play as well as work does not necessarily mean spending money on the "movies" or for expensive suppers or seats at the theatre. These are all right as occasional forms of amusement when they are handy and you have the money. It's only this to remember, that when a thing is really necessary we can usually always manage to get it. If it's honestly beyond reach of our efforts the chances are we don't have to have it. At any rate it won't hurt us any to get along without it.

There are any number of tonic amusements that don't cost a cent. Have you ever tried a game of bean-bag with the children? Try it once. Handicap yourself to match those shorter arms and then play for all you are worth to run up the score. See if you don't get interested enough to forget all the little annoyances which have been using up your vitality. If you don't, the trouble is with you. You don't let yourself go. Perhaps you have been forgetting how to play. That's the biggest pity of all. You can't begin too soon to learn all over again. Learn to play some simple games with those nearest you. Learn to play skillfully even a card game and play for the game itself not for the winning. Play as hard as you can to win but don't care if you lose, that's the point. Just remember that you play for the playing and not for the winning. It's the thing, not merely to win. One reason so many people grow irritable over cards and their opponents resolve rather to discontinue the game than to play with them, is that they are concerned entirely with being victors and not with the game itself and the playing. To get the most out of your play you must bring this spirit to all your games. Play your best, but do not mind whether you win or lose.

Do you know what the very earliest form of amusement was? Story-telling, probably. Away back in the very earliest times, people used to gather round their fires in the dusk and listen to stories. After awhile some became professional story-tellers who got about from place to place telling the stories they had heard around the fires sometimes in the halls of the rich and sometimes at the fires where the people met to exchange their wares. Some of these old stories have come down to us, some of them in writing, and some of them are still being told at nightfall in the little places back beyond the bayou, where the trolley lines and daily papers have not yet penetrated. There are indeed such places to this day. These old folk stories and myths and fables are very interesting, even in these days when we

reach Monterey without stopping at San Diego. The glimpse which the settlers had of its sails on the day of the novena's close was due to the fact that the packet was following the coast line. Near the channel of Santa Barbara, however, the ship's anchor had been lost and the captain decided to return to San Diego, where he believed he would find another ship, the "San Carlos," and procure an anchor before venturing into the unknown waters of the earth. This was the accident, the coincidence, which explained the arrival of this wholly unexpected savior.

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have an overdose of fiction. It would probably do most of us a lot of good to take a season-long course of reading nothing but folk and fairy tales of the sort our ancestors told each other before the days of kerosene light and furnace heat.

If you haven't the energy for skating or any of those forms of healthy, out-door play which the energetic and wise go in for in winter, give a thought to story-telling. Story-telling is an art worth cultivating. And you can get a lot of wholesome amusement out of it.

There are hundreds and hundreds of quaint old stories that have held their charm in every land generation after generation. There are Norse tales and Icelandic and Irish, and curiously enough these are all very much alike. There are Greek fables, but these are more sophisticated, literary fables. There are Japanese fairy stories, very childish and matter of fact. There are the familiar Grimm fairy tales of the Germans, the stories of the Indians and the Bear Rabbit stories of Joel Chandler Harris. And of course here are endless others, hero tales and animal stories, and myths of the wind and thunder and rain and snow. These are very old stories, you know, were the result of the effort of primitive people to explain the life about them. They thought of the animals and trees and stones as thinking like themselves and animated by the same motives. Later they learned differently and then came the telling of the stories as symbolical and a means of teaching, or merely for entertainment as we tell them or read them nowadays.

To tell a story well is quite a different matter from reading it aloud or memorizing what you have read and then telling it. To tell a story well you must read it over and over until you have it thoroughly fixed in your mind. Then you must get some idea of the background of the characters and the scenes amid which they lived. You must know it all so well that you see it all happening as you tell it. You can't tell a story well the first time you try, even if you are a born story-teller, and few of us are that, so don't be disappointed if you fall flat on your first venture. Read a few of the simpler tales and try them on some children. Children you know, really prefer the same story over and over. You might begin with some of the simpler fairy-tales. These are very easy to bring out and they emphasize kindness, family affection and the obligation of the strong to the weaker. And then are all impulses which need to be stimulated in all of us and we are all just beginning to realize the importance of suggestion.

If you haven't any appropriate books at home, go and look over the fairy-tale and folk-lore section of the library, where you will undoubtedly find a splendid selection of these books.

Story-telling has always been more important than you probably realize. Even to this day it furnishes suggestion to children, and entertainment and education to grown ups.—The Echo.

AN EASTER CAROL

Morning robed in gold and purple,
Softly steals above the hills;
While the sky in flaming glory
All the earth with rapture thrills;
Let us sing this sweetest Anthem;
Ring it out with thrilling voice—
Oh! the Christ, the Lord is risen,
Oh! sad world, rejoice, rejoice.

From the heavens in golden beauty,
Angels sing both sweet and gay;
In the radiant light rejoicing
That now gives the promise day,
And now, in their joyous carols
Thus, I hear the ringing voice—
Oh! the Christ, the Lord is risen;
Oh! sad world, rejoice, rejoice.

Sweet the Sabbath's mellow music,
Waiting over hill and grove;
Blending with sweet holy psalms
In sweet praise to Christ our love,
And the groves and hills re-echo,
Glad with Christ's silvery voice—
Oh! the Christ, the Lord is risen;
Oh! sad world, rejoice, rejoice.

Now, above the fragrant meadow
How the lilies sweetly sing;
And down the placid valley
How the stream with music rings,
Thus, in sweet accord all nature
Ringeth out with gladness voice—
Oh! the Christ, the Lord is risen;
Oh! sad world, rejoice, rejoice.

—THOMAS J. DONAGHE

A SWEET REVENGE

A Franciscan lay brother went out one day as usual to seek for alms. He came by chance to the abode of a noble English Protestant who had taken up his quarters in a beautiful country house outside the walls of Nice. Seeing the door open, the friar began with great humility to ask for alms; but the Englishman gruffly commanded him to be gone out of his sight. Not understanding the broken French which the other spoke, the friar repeated his request, and waited meekly. At length, quite beside himself with anger, the Englishman seized a stick and elaborated the poor mendicant so furiously that when he returned home he still bore upon him unmistakable marks of the reception he had met with.

Some time after this event, the Englishman had occasion to visit a famous Franciscan convent not very far distant. He went thither to make sketches of the surrounding country. One of the religious received him kindly and conducted him to the garden, procured a chair and table, and paid him every attention, pointing out the viewpoints which other artists had chosen, and answering courteously all his questions.

When he had finished sketching, he was offered refreshment. The Englishman accepted it with gratitude; but while taking it he was greatly surprised to recognize in the friar the very one he had treated so roughly in his own house. He was so embarrassed that he could not help asking if his host was really the beggar whom he had treated so indignantly some time before. The friar said he was the man.

"But tell me," said the Englishman, "how could you treat me so well, after the evil treatment you received from me? I suppose you didn't know me?"

"Yes, I knew you very well," answered the friar with a smile; "but our religion, you know, commands us to forgive injuries—to return good for evil."

This sublime principle, enunciated with so much calmness and modesty, made such an impression on the heart of the visitor that he at once called for the superior of the house, related what had happened, and humbly begged pardon. He gave a considerable sum of money to the convent, and asked as a special favor that the Brother whom he had treated so badly should go every Saturday to his house, where he would be sure to obtain alms.

It remains to be told that years afterward the Englishman joined the Church, and he was accustomed to say in reference to his conversion: "Perhaps a good Franciscan lay brother whom I once met abroad had as much to do with it as anything."

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL PUT ON EXHIBITION

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)
London.—Some interesting additions have recently been made to the exhibition of manuscripts from Durham Cathedral, which has been opened in the South Kensington Museum. Earliest in date is an ancient manuscript of St. John's Gospel, well known to students as having been found in the Shrine of St. Cuthbert when his body was transferred to the new Cathedral at Durham in 1104. It is beautifully written, probably by an Italian hand of the seventh century.

The Litchfield gospels of St. Chad, of Irish workmanship and dating from the beginning of the eighth century, and a ninth century book of gospels of Carolingian work of the school of Rheims, the latter sent by Sir George Hoiford, are also among the exhibits.

Other notable manuscripts include the life of St. Edmund, written at Bury, St. Edmund, about the second quarter of the twelfth century, the Life of St. Edward the Confessor, by St. Aelred, and a copy of the Commentary of Cassiodorus on the Psalms, both of twelfth century workmanship. Finally the Dean and Chapter of Winchester have sent their famous Winchester Bible of the twelfth century, so that it may be seen alongside the Pusey Bible from Durham.

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