

Calendar for April, 1910.

MOON'S PHASES. Last Quarter 24. 3h. 35m. a. m. New Moon 31. 5h. 13m. a. m. First Quarter 16. 9h. 52m. a. m. Full Moon 24. 9h. 11m. a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Rises, High Wat' a. m., High Wat' p. m.

(Continued from first page.)

with my big body, I cannot do." Again the hermit said: "By many prayers, also, mayest thou be able to serve Him."

"Alas!" replied Christopher, "to pray I know not; once more thou askest a service I cannot give."

"Perchance thou knowest of a river, rapid and deep, yea, dangerous to cross, where many poor people are drowned in the waters?"

Said Christopher: "I know it well."

Then gave the hermit his final answer: "Thou art big, and very strong. Go, take up thy abode on the banks of that river and carry wayfarers across. This will please the Lord Christ whom thou wishest to serve."

And, mayhap, some day He will show Himself to thee!

To the river, therefore, Christopher made his way, and he built himself a hut there. Night and day he cheerfully carried across all who came to him, and for a staff to support himself in the current he made use of a pole one perch in length. Many a day was passed in this task, when once, as he was going to sleep in his hut, he heard a child's voice calling and crying out: "Christopher, come carry me across."

Christopher answered the call, but could find no one. As he went back he heard the voice again, and ran out as quickly as he could; but again he found no one. A third time the voice called him, and this time he found a little boy waiting on the bank, and begging to be carried over the stream. Christopher lifted up the child upon his shoulders, and, taking his pole, stepped into the river, and behold! the waters began to swell up and to dash against him, and the boy to press upon his shoulders like a weight of lead. And the further he went the higher rose the waters and the heavier grew the intolerable weight upon his shoulders.

Indeed, Christopher found himself in sore straits, and began to be afraid. But he reached the other side of the river before his strength gave out, and placing the boy down on the bank, said: "My child thou didst put me in danger of my life. If the whole world had lain upon my shoulders, it could not have weighed more."

Then the boy answered: "No wonder thou didst think the world upon thy back, for thou didst carry Him who made the world. I am Christ, thy King, and thou hast served me well. In testimony whereof, when thou hast crossed to thy hut, take thy staff and set it in the ground. Tomorrow wilt thou find it flowering and bearing fruit."

Straightway the child vanished from his sight. And Christopher did as he was bid; and when he rose from his sleep in the morning he found a date palm, with waving fronds and clusters of fruit, growing on the spot where he had planted his staff.

The Funeral Sermon on His Lordship Bishop Cameron. By His Grace, Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal.

"My Just Man Liveth by Faith." Hebrews, ch. x. 38. MY LORDS, REVEREND FATHERS—DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: Do you not remember the admirable chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, wherein he speaks of faith? The apostle begins by defining faith, "Faith, he says, is the substance of things to be hoped for—the evidence of things that appear not."

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS LANE, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

sorrow, their triumphs over their enemies, over flesh and blood. The secret of their heroism, of their noble deeds, and of their glorious victories, is the same for one and all—their faith. This is the luminous proof of the divine dictum "My Just Man Liveth by Faith."

Seeking in the pages of Holy Writ, for an expression applicable to him whose sudden death we mourn, I could find none more suitable than the words already quoted—Herein is embodied the life and deeds of Bishop Cameron. His life, his labors, his sacrifices, the admirable achievements of his long episcopacy are stamped with the seal of divine faith. It was this lively faith that inspired all his actions. Like the Apostle, he fully realized its necessity and worth. He deplored the weakening of supernatural faith among nations as among individuals.

Here are some of the last lines he penned expressive of his sorrow: "It is manifest to anybody who observes the current of modern thought that the great and terrible evil of our days, an evil which threatens to destroy all religion and morality, is lack of faith in the supernatural."

Priests, people of this diocese, I have not had, like you, the privilege of living in close intimacy with the late Bishop, still I knew him well enough to be able to say that he was a spiritual man, truly—the man of God, as the Apostles say—and I cannot find a more fitting tribute of praise than this to express my sentiments of veneration for the deceased Prelate.

Alas! death has deprived us, in a rather summary manner of the great and holy Bishop. His people mourn him, and the Church of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific shares in the general grief. The dean of the Episcopate disappears in his person, and we, of the younger generation of prelates, may say that we have lost our model. He was a man of prayer, a scholar and a worker; he was kind and of charity personified; dignified, yet unaffected; firm, yet gentle, loyal to the Holy See, and the Church of Christ; fearless in stamping out errors and vice; in a word, he was a model of all the virtues expected of those whose mission is to teach, guide and sanctify.

Bishop Cameron realized the full significance of St. Augustine's: "Nothing in the world is more difficult, more laborious, more perilous than the office of Bishop; yet nothing more blessed in God's sight, if the work is executed, as our Heavenly Commander enjoins."

Dear beloved brethren, I admit, it was with considerable hesitation that I accepted the pressing invitation to speak here on this sad and solemn occasion. I thought that my lack of knowledge of the English tongue would prove an obstacle to the full expression of my sentiments of esteem and affection towards the deceased Prelate. Nevertheless, I accepted the invitation, because I considered it an honor to my diocese, towards which the late Bishop entertained the most friendly and cordial relations; and my humble eulogy is an earnest token of my heartfelt sympathy. I am moreover convinced that you can fill in what is lacking in my discourse, by your own grateful and pious reminiscences.

The most striking feature in Bishop Cameron's life, it seems to me, is God's visible protection over him throughout his long career. He guided him from first to last. He watched over him in infancy and in childhood; He consoled the

young man, whom He had called to the service of the altar, had the signal favor of being trained at the very source of sacred learning—in Rome—in that celebrated seminary of the Propaganda—that glorious Cenacle whence disperse to every part of the world, those who are to perpetuate the work of Christ. What happy, fruitful years he spent studying under eminent professors, acquiring the virtues of the true servants of God! These were Rome's halcyon days; The Pope was then acknowledged and honored as King; he was free to appear among the people who fully enjoyed the splendor of Pontifical functions; he loved to go among his spiritual children whom he comforted and blessed. The rights of the Holy See were universally respected; all felt happy nestling close to the very heart of Mother Church.

As Bishop Cameron advanced in years, he loved to dwell on his happy student days in Rome. How he loved to recall his devoted teachers; the magnificent ceremonies he had witnessed; the friends he had known and ever held dear, his visits to the shrines and monuments of the Eternal city—in fine, of all he had loved in that spot unique on earth. There among the elite of the world he followed a severe rule—a rule which moulds the character and prepares the future leaders of men. As a student, he shone among his peers; he became a distinguished theologian, took all his degrees, and acquired as great a proficiency in the Latin language as in his mother tongue. After a long and thorough course, he was ordained to the priesthood. Only those who have experienced the emotions of the young levite, when he first felt the fresh, glowing grace of the priesthood conferred upon him in the church of St. John Lateran, the mother church of the whole Catholic world. In 1854 the young priest returned to Nova Scotia, after an absence of ten years. He displayed the greatest zeal in his new career. The Roman student, in his turn, became a professor, and the whole country knows the great work he achieved in the building up of such a College as is St. Francis Xavier's. This was his life-work. He was also engaged in the sacred ministry at St. Ninian's, which, in time, was to become his Cathedral Church. Here he labored, as the missionaries of old. It is a well known fact, in these early years, he was so actively engaged on Sundays that he could not find a moment to break his fast before four or five o'clock in the evening. It was thus God prepared him for the episcopate. He had been ordained priest in Rome—it was in Rome also that he was to be consecrated Bishop by his very dear friend, Cardinal Cullen. The Vatican Council was then holding its solemn sessions; the youthful prelate was privileged to assist. What a happiness it must have been, for one whose heart was thoroughly Roman, to take part in the deliberations of the august assembly, of the infallibility of the Pope. The invasion of Rome forced the Council to interrupt its proceedings, and Bishop Cameron returned home to aid in the administration of the diocese, so soon to be confided to his sole charge.

For forty long years our lamented Prelate bore the burden and the heat of the episcopate. He did so, nobly, valiantly, honorably. You are justly proud, dear brethren, of having had such a bishop, and there is nothing more legitimate than your sorrow in his loss. His Cathedral was heavily in debt, he cancelled it; he multiplied parishes and churches; he enlarged St. Francis Xavier's, and today, thanks to his indomitable energy, it ranks second to none on the continent; he fostered priestly studies, he had the consolation of seeing many of his diocesan embrace the ecclesiastical state, and several of them his colleagues in the episcopate. He was dire need of religious communities, and he appealed to several to come and devote themselves to the work of education and charity. It is quite natural to me to recall here, the close relations of the deeply lamented Prelate with the diocese of Montreal, inviting the daughters of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys to open educational establishments for young ladies throughout his diocese. These renowned teachers were entitled to his gratitude for responding to his call—it is certain that their devotedness was fully repaid, for they ever found in the late Bishop a benefactor and a friend, while the numerous vocations which followed the opening of their schools proved a precious help to the community.

Bishop Cameron was a fearless champion of justice and truth. Though good and kind to all, even his would-be enemies, he was inflexible on a question of principle. You have not forgotten his struggle to expurgate the textbooks that were placed in the hands of his school children. He never ceased "the good fight" until all his grievances were redressed. His sterling qualities brought him into close contact with the prominent men of the period, and despite his modesty he exercised a potent influence on their minds and hearts—nay on the con-

science of those eminent men, He enjoyed the full confidence of the Holy See. Evidence of this is given in several important missions which he was charged. He was a friend, loyal and true. Never did he forget or abandon any one who had once won his esteem and affection. He was a model of self denial and austerity. The gospel precept of mortification was to him a living reality. Those who knew him intimately can recall many admirable examples of this virtue. Some years ago, he was obliged to undergo a painful operation. The oculist, owing to his patient's advanced age, fearing that he would be unable to endure such pain, advised the use of an anesthetic. "No! No!" said the holy prelate, "Do your work, you will see what a bishop can suffer."

Still hesitating, the doctor operated on him, marvelling at the grand old man's extraordinary power of endurance. "My Lord," said he, "what is the secret of your strength?" "Ah!" replied the bishop, "while you were removing the tumor from my eye, I was thinking of my crucified Saviour, who suffered far more for me without murmur."

Jesus Christ was indeed the divine model, whom he studied and whom he sought to imitate; thus, when attacked or misjudged, he was silent like his Master. It is needless for me to add that the lowly and the poor held a privileged place in his great heart.

His youth, like that of the eagle, seemed continually renewed—what a grand type he was of the old Highlander; there was something princely in his appearance and bearing; in him were dignity and simplicity combined. His glance was mild yet keen; light seemed to radiate from his countenance. A few moments conversation with him sufficed to reveal the treasures of his kind heart. I truly believe the purity of the angels hovered continually over that human life.

I saw your bishop for the last time in September, at the first Plenary Council of Quebec. He seemed quite feeble. He was present at the opening sessions, and assisted at several meetings. He was also well enough to accompany his colleagues on the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre. However, he was soon compelled to retire from the Council; it was not without a certain sense of sadness that he bade him good-bye, feeling quite sure that it was our last farewell. He reached home, but while taking a much needed rest, he still interested himself in the important events of Church and State.

The twenty-first Eucharistic Congress for which we are now preparing in Montreal, afforded him great happiness and pleasant anticipations. It enlisted his liveliest sympathies. Unfortunately he felt he would not be able to be present, and on last Holy Thursday, he wrote me an admirable letter, into which he put his whole soul. Here is a touching extract: "So great an event, one indeed which will shed lustre and glory not only on the illustrious See over which you preside, but also upon the whole of Canada, merits a much longer and more elaborate treatment than can be accorded it by an old man now in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and who for forty years in the episcopate has borne the burden of the day and the heat, but I cannot allow so memorable an occasion to pass without giving some expression to the joy which I share in common with all the faithful of Christ in this land, that our country is soon to be blessed with the most solemn and universal profession of faith in the holy mystery of Christ's most adorable Body and Blood."

To be present and take an active part in the Eucharistic Congress of Montreal is a privilege greatly to be prized by those who may be fortunate enough to enjoy it. My infirmities render it impossible for me to give you any assurance that I shall be among that happy number. But if I am present in person, be assured that I shall be with you in spirit."

This letter will be treasured in our archives as a precious souvenir.

"Oh! Venerable Brother, from heaven above, you will be present in a more intimate manner than if you were still on earth, at our triumphant demonstration in honor of the God of the Eucharist. Your course is finished—you are now enjoying the reward of a well filled life. The vision of faith has now given way to the vision of glory. Your happiness is ineffable and unending. Ever help those who sincerely loved you in life and mourned you in death.

Deep is the gratitude for the lessons you have taught, and may we all, bishops, priests and people, followers of Jesus Christ, be as you were: "Just living by Faith!" Amen.

Minard's Liniment cures Dizziness.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1909 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—B. F. Madigan.

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Burdock Blood Bitters. The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

Mr. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicines a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all."

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When are men like grain? When bearded. What gates are like church bells? Toll gates. When are dogs like hens? When setters. When are snow and wood alike? When is a glass jar like a mischievous boy?

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Jane—"Henry, what would you do if you should go to the post office, buy a stamp, ask the man to stick it on for you, and be refused?"

Henry (who is very serious)—"What would I do? Stick it on myself."

Jane—"I should stick it on the letter."

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GARTON'S BLACK RIVAL. A strong growing heavy plump Oat, large yielder. Every farmer should procure a sack (3 bush.) of this splendid Oat which is sufficient for an acre, and thereby secure a good supply of Stock Seed for next year.

New Improved White "Ligowo" Oat. Improved American Banner Oat. Irish White Oat. New Market (White). Improved Black Tartarian.

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