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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls : I would like to see ever so many more letters. This is Chester S's first. Glad to hear from you, Ches-Write soon again. Harold D. is quite an old friend now. Winnie was very thoughtful to send her love. I hope her cold is better.

Mary E. is a new contributor. I hope she will keep her promise and write a long letter next time, Kindest regards to all my little friends Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Beckey We receive the True Witness. I am fond of reading the little letters to you, and would like to see one of mine in print. I am nine years old. I go to school every day, which is near my home. I am in the fourth reader, and I study Catechism, geo graphy, Sacred History, French, History of Canada. My teacher's name is Miss Katie Hennessey. like her very much. I have four little brothers, one older and three younger than myself. I have no Santa Claus brought me a dolly, oranges, candy. I will write you a longer one the next time. Good-bye from

Your loving niece, MARY E.

West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becley This is my first letter. We receive

the True Witness and I like to read the letters in it. As the letters ar so few I thought I would write one I am nine years old and go to school every day, as my home is near th school. I am in the fifth grade and like my teacher very well. I live in a town and my father is a plumber and makes good trade. I think thi will be all for the first time.

Your loving friend, CHESTER S.

Hudson, Mass.

Dear Aunt Beckey :

I was sorry to see only one little letter in the corner this week. I suppose you have received my cond letter. This is my third letter and I am interested very much writing. I am getting on well at My sister Winnie will come to school when the weather is finer She has a cold, this week and can not go. She is longing to be able She was seven the 24th of January, She is in the first book. I slide every fine evening after class, and or Thursdays with my little neighbors Johnny and Ernest. Johnny is 11 years. He is handy. He makes little sleds and toy carts. They are no brothers. Ernest is my age. I go to bed at 7 o'clock in winter. Good might, Aunt Becky.

> Your loving nephew, HAROLD D.

West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not written you for a while I thought I would write to let you know that I am well. started to write last week but could not find any news. It is awful quiet around here this winter. There are storms nearly every second day, and day with my two brothers and two sisters, and we had to turn back for drifts. My grandma has been very sick, but she is up around again. I go to school every day. We live in a little village with hills on all sides, and our school is on one of the hills. I have a little brother four years old and he likes to snowshoe very much Now, dear Aunt Becky, I hope to see my letter in print. As news is scarce

I will close, saying good-bye. WASHINGTON R Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B. (Glad to hear again from you, Washington.

A GENTLEMAN.

Let no boy think he can be m a gentleman by the clothes he we the horse he rides, the dog that trots after him, the house he live in or the money he spends. No one or all of these things do it, and yet every boy may be a gentlem He may wear an old hat, ch clothes, live in a poor house spend but little money. But ' By being true, manly and honor Ry being civil and courteous.

doing the best he knows, and, finally and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.

. . .

NOT DEAD, BUT UNDRESSED. Under the date of 1790, on an old weather-beaten slate-stone slab in a New England graveyard, is the following unique version of the transition from life to death :-

'Weep not for me: I'm not dead I'm but undressed and gone to bed.'

-Sunday Companion.

WHO WILL EVER KNOW?

"I'll do it !" said Tom. "It's my only chance now, and who will ever know ?"

So he began carefully to copy the essay on "Studies" from the yellowed page before him, here and there changing an old-fashioned word or a sentence to suit his fancy. And he wondered vaguely all the while who had written the words to which he

name, Thomas Page. He knew in his heart that he was eleventh hour, and when he finally seated himself to "dash off" his composition, no ideas would come. "Studies" was such a dry and impossible subject, he thought; what boy could think of anything interesting about a subject like that !

Then came the sudden temptation. How was it his eyes had chanced to light upon this queer old book, with covers and frontispiece gone, and nothing in the world to show who the dead-and-gone writer might be?

It was so old that everyone must have forgotten its contents by this time; and yet curiously enough its yellowed leaves had opened almost of themselves to an essay on the very subject which had been assigned to him two weeks before

The essay looked short on the printed page, but it seemed long when he came to write it out, so he ended it with the sentence, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man," though he changed it more to his own liking, thus: "Reading makes a well-read man, conversation a ready man, while writing makes a man exact "

The compositions were to be handed in early the next morning, and Tom congratulated himself upon having so narrowly escaped getting a bad mark. For Mr. Williams, the teacher, was known as a "regular crank" on the subject of punctuality, and Tom knew that if he failed to hand in his composition promptly Mr. Williams would accept no flimsy excuse.

Though Tom was not an idle boy, he hated most of his lessons and shirked them all he could, spending his time on outdoor sports and play.

For some reason he was not very popular among his comrades, and he often wondered why it was. Though he tried to persuade himself that he didn't care, in his heart he did care very much indeed.

During the week's interval before the compositions were returned their writers, Tom fancied Mr. Williams looked very strangely at him at times, and he could not help feel-

composition had been copied out of that old, old tattered book in the library at home, so he went his way trying to wear the same bold face as usual.

He felt a little dread, however, when he entered the class room that morning, lest his name should be read out and some unpleasant comnent made. He was quite relieved when he found that his composition was among the many which were passed over without special mention But suddenly his wandering atten ion was arrested by something that

Mr. Williams was saying: "Boys, I have always dwelt upon the great importance of your being industrious and punctual in your ork, but I want to impress you with the fact that it is far, far mor portant to be absolutely honesi

Never for one moment allow your-elves to be thought elever when you are not. The downward road has flen begun in what seemed a very rifling deceit. And a boy who tells

he may say, forgetting that there are two who will always know-God and own conscience

"And sometimes others may know, could not-write a certain composi- Roman addressed. "Why, to the Pintion. So he copied an essay out of cio, of course—isn't it Sunday?" We a book and signed his name to it forestieri submit humbly that it is, and handed it in as his own. His but do not dare to excuse ourselves and handed it in as his own. This but do not dare to excuse ourselves thought was doubtless, 'Who will for not being as wise as, a true-born ever know?' It happened, how- Roman. "I suppose you will want ever know?' It happened, nowever, that the words he had stolen—
for this act of deceit was no less "the forestieri always do—we can for this act of deceit was no less than a theft—were the words of the great Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, of whom you were reading the other tempt with which some of these Roday-and when I read it of course I

felt. Yet I knew the boy was not a bad boy; he simply disliked to study order to be able to take his place in man?" the world-the equal of his fellows, And no man in the world is really worth anything if he is not upright and honest in every way.

career of slothfulness and deceit. 1 saw him telling a lie whenever he ange girdles. I always think that his word could not be depended upon make one of the pleasantest street at all. And from that I saw him sights in Rome. Now we are on the not doing right. But as usual he fall lower and lower till—avoided Pincio. It is a lovely afternoon; the at the picture, there is no thought and abhorred by all his former friends-he ended in a felon's cell.

"But also in imagination I saw this boy suddenly realize with hor- the fountains, covering the stone ror what he had done. He had said benches, and leaning over the parato himself, 'Who will ever know?' but his own uneasy conscience knew, and above all he came to realize that mighty city! Gorgeous nurses in God knew! So he struggled with his pink and blue head-dresses, coral and sin and conquered it; but he kept the remembrance of it always before him swathed and nummified burdens, as a warning when he should be tempted again. Bad marks will not eved and curbulated to a board. Darkreally hurt me,' he learned to say. ing about and shouting like children They are simply the reward of all the world over. A party of peawasted hours. But an act of deceit sants in their best bibs and tuckers, does hurt the soul. Whatever comes awe-struck at the display of fashion, I will not stoop to deceit again. I may never turn out to be brilliant, ed about, and last, but not least ways.'

The other boys had soon all left the room, but Ton, remained. His eyes were glittering, his head was thrown back and his lips were working nervously.

"Mr. Williams," he said desperate ly, "that boy you spoke of was I! I have felt mean ever since I did it, and I'm glad you know. But I do hate to study and write compositions-it's all such desperately hard work."

"Yes, Tom, I know, I understand. I do not forget that I was once boy. But in this life there are no half-way measures. You must make a choice whether you will be honest and upright, or yield to a tess manly course. If you try with all your might, and ask God daily to give you his help, you will find a way for accomplishing the most difficult Itasks."

"I will," said Tom. And Mr. Williams grasped his hand.—Young People.

. . . TOO LATE

An angel passed over the earth one morning, and met a little child in a sunny field. "Little one," said he, "do you love the Master?"

The child looked up with bright eyes, and said: "Yes, I am one of His little lambs "

"Then," said the angel. "there is work for you to do; go and do it." do love to play."

And the child ran away after the butterflies and flowers. The angel, on his way, murmured: "The day will end, the night comes, and it will be too late."

In a few years the child had grown into a school-boy. The angel visited the earth again one morning, and passing near the school, found the boy locked out, too late for school. "My boy," said he, "the day is

passing, night will come, and your work is not yet begun."
"Oh," laughed the boy, "there is plenty of time; the sun was shining so brightly, I could not stay shut up

In a few more years the angel vis-ited the earth the last time. He was passing down a hill one evening when he overtook an old man leanng on a staff. Slowly he plodder

own the hill toward an open grave.
"My friend," said the angel, "have
ou completed the life-work which "The night is come," said the old

man, "and my work is not yet be-gun; the day seemed so long, but now it is too late,"

And he tottered into the open

ON THE PINCIAN HILL.

as well. I once taught in a school this afternoon." "Where are we to where one of my boys would not—or go?" says, almost indignantly, the The question now is, "Where we go mans regard mere Englishmen or new.

"I cannot describe the sorrow I if not to the vanity, of the victim. In due time we get a trap, our Roman friend firmly enlightening the and seemed to think that his only driver beforehand as to what his fare object in attending school was to es- will be. The man gives in with a cape getting bad marks, instead of sigh, looking at us as much as to being there to learn things that say, "Wouldn't I like to get hold of every educated man must know in you without that interfering Ro-

From the Via Ludovisi (where we stay) to the Pincio is not far. Down tina (street of streets for the Eng-"In my imagination I saw this lish), and past the Trinita dei Moncession of students in blue with orsun shines down strongly, and the sky is of a real Italian blue. What pet looking down on the narrow streets, flat roofs and domes of the filigree, and lace aprons, with their eyed and curly-haired children, dodg-Magnificent mounted guards scatter but I can and will be honest-al- more forestieri like ourselves, to whose cocchieri ours makes mysterious signs. Now we are nearing the band, and the crowds almost prevent our proceeding, for an Italian is never disposed to trouble about getting out of the way unless it is absolutely necessary. Now we get a good view of Monte Mario, with a few solitary olive trees on its summit. Round the drive we go, noticing at each side the numerous pedestaled busts. There is Dante, here is Michael Angelo, and Victoria Colonna is not far off. Now we pass the famous water clock, and our driver pauses to point out the equestrian statue of Garibaldi amidst the

trees. Here we are round again (the drive not taking more than five minutes). The same thing is repeated, with ever varying crowds, until after an hour the sun begins to go down, the "Ave Maria" rings, and the crowd thins. Then at the fountain the carozza is dismissed, and we pause to see the sun set behind St. Peter's. This is a famous view, and many pictures we have seen of it comes back to our minds, but the original is more magnificent than any. The city spread out before us, here and there is a dome showing in superior height and that greatest dome keeping guard over all. It looks dark against the yellow sky, with a few black floating storm-clouds showing a golden lining. Now there is a sus-"Yes, I will do it after a while," picion of pink, and the color dies health. almost fades into night. And as we turn away, the thought that comes into our minds is not that we have seen one of the sights of Rome, but something higher and nobler, suggested we know not how fills ou minds and keeps us in silence until we arrive home once more.

It would, perhaps, not be inappropriate to give here a short descrip tion of the Trinita dei Monti, that famous old convent, which crowns the "Spanish steps" and guards the entrance, so to speak, of the Pincio.
Although the beautiful church is much frequented at the time of Ave Maria, yet I think the convent itself is comparatively little known. was founded by Charles V., Kang France, and afterwards abandoned then restored by Louis XVIII., after the designs of Mazois. When the monks were obliged to leave, it became a Sacred Heart Convent, which came a Sacred Heart Convent, which it remains to the present day. The convent, therefore, can boast of great historical interest, as well as that which its age excites. The cloisters are very large and decorated with portraits in fresco of the various French Kings, and scenes from French History illustrating the loyalty of the French to the Holy

See. It strikes one at first as pecu- BLESSED ASHES AND THEIR liar to see French history portrayed in the midst of Rome, but it minds one of Rome's cosmopolitanism in other ways. All tribes and nations claim a place within her

walls. The various rooms are not less interesting. The present Study-room, an immense vaulted hall, is decorated round the walls with frescoes of court scenes-the king, surrounded by ministers, ladies waving fans, courtiers on bended knees. ceiling are portraits of St. Louis and some of his successors of the same name. One of the upper cor ridors is quaintly decorated with the signs of the Zodiac, paths of stars, etc. while higher up again (and now used as a dormitory) is the magnificent library, charmingly frescoed with Franciscan saints in glory

The church is too well known to need a description except to mention the beautiful view to be seen the ceremony is in annual use. from the tower, which is reached through the house,-but I must not forget the miraculous frescoes of the Via Porta Pinciana, up Via Sis- Our Lady painted by one of the no-1844, in a corridor, and vices in known as "Mater Admirabilis." boy going on as he had begun, in a ti. Here we meet a picturesque prothirteen, sitting in the Temple. Her now boldly intended to sign his own thought that the easiest way, until the students of the various colleges deep in thought. A work basket and distaff is in her hand, but she is book are at her feet, and a lily flower at her side. When one is looking of criticizing the drawing or technique, but the beautiful spiritual excrowds there are, swarming round pression of the face fills our minds The corridor is now a chapel, the walls of which are covered with exvotos, and on the feast day, the 20th of October, Cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church come from all parts of the world to say Mass here. This is certainly one of the principal objects that lovers of Our Lady should see in Rome, and hav ing seen it, they will carry away with them the memory of one of the most spiritual pictures in the Holy City.-Philomena Plunkett, in Icish Monthly.

RICH, WARM BLOOD.

Absolutely Necessary to Health, Strength and Comfort- Good Blood Banishes Disease.

People with rich, red blood do not feel the cold of winter. When your feet are cold, your fingers numb and your face blue and pinched, it is a certain sign that your blood is thin and your circulation weak. Your blood needs building up with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new blood; they stimulate the circula tion. The new blood they make races through your veins to every part of your body from finger tips to toes. and makes you warm, happy and healthy. Mr. Alphonse Lacoussiere, St. Leon, Que., says: "About a year ago my blood became impoverished and I was badly run down. My hands and feet were always cold and I could not stand the least exertion. My trouble was further aggravated by pains in my kidneys and bladder, and often I could not go about without aid. I consulted doctors, but they did not help me, and I was almost in despair when I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes, and before they were all gone I knew I had found a medicine to cure me. I took the pills for about a month longer and every symptom of my trouble was gone, and I have since enjoyed the best of

new rich blood, and so strengthen the tremendous, all the organs and brace up the indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, nervousness, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the semany women with misery. take any pills without the full name 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 ville, Ont.

Culture is not exterior, but in-terior. If you have the capacity for culture, if you have insight imagi-nation and the will to concentrate and to observe and to appropriate the knowledgeyou discover—you have the foundation for culture. depends upon your attitude toward life. It all depends whether your mind is determined and magnetic enough to draw to fiself those ele-ments and helps it most needs.—'An-gela Morgan.

MEANING.

The Catholic ceremony of blessing ashes on the first day of Lent and placing them in the shape of a cross on the foreheads of clergy and laity is certainly not an obsolete one, nor a faint survival or relic of ancient Anybody who has ever visited a Catholic church on Ash Wednesday and seen the multitudinous throng of old and young, rich and poor, pressing forward to the altarrail to receive upon their brows the sacred sign will be speedily convinced that he is looking upon something that is by no manner of means discarded, except among those who have also discarded the authority of the Vicar of Christ. The ceremony is traced back to 820 and 714, and even as long ago as to the pontificate of Pope Gregory the Great, 590-604; and still, in the pontificate of his latest successor, Pope Pius X.,

The sprinkling of ashes as a sign of grief and mourning, however, goes far, far away beyond these dates. In the book of Job, ii. 12, we read how the friends of that great sufferer, who came to comfort him, wept, and rent their garments, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven." In the book of Esther, iv. 3, we read how the captive Jews, on hearing of King Assuerus' cruel edict, made "great mourning, with fasting, wailing and weeping, many using sackcloth and ashes for their bed," and how the holy Mardochai "put on sackcloth, strewing ashes on his head." In the prophecy of Jeremias xxv, 34, we read : Howl, ye shepherds, and cry: and sprinkle yourselves with ashes, leaders of the flock"; and again, in Daniel ix. 3, that famous prophet declares: "I set my face to the Lord my God, to pray and make supplication with fasting, sackcloth and ashes." Even the men of Ninive "believed in God," when Jonas the prophet preached His word to them; and (iii. 5, 6.) "they proclaimed a fast, and the king himself "was clothed with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." What says our Divine Lord Himself, (St. Matthew, xii. 41)? The men of Ninive shall rise injudgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; because they did penance at the preaching of Jonas. And behold a greater than Jones

Now we, Christians, no longer sit in sackcloth and ashes; we no longer wail aloud and make use of such violent signs of outward grief as the Jews used to do. Our grief and repentance are shown in more quiet ways. But still the Church of God keeps in her ceremonial certain traces of the old covenant that God made with man from the earliest times; she provides for us these evident tokens and reminders that we are God's people and of His one family from the foundation of the world. Far back beyond Jonas and Daniel and Mardochai and Job she leads us; for what are the words the priest says as he places the blessed, ashes on the brow of the kneeling Catholic at his feet? "Dust thou art, O man !" he says to him, "and unto dust shalt thou return."

Back to the creation our amazed minds are carried, past the Jewish Church and the patriarchs, to our first father Adam, who was made out of dust at the mere word of God.

This ceremony comes indeed on a day of penance, prayer and fasting, Eut it is marked with a certain glory of its own. These blessed ashes are "a sacramental," as we say-a means of grace, a blessipg, the roads are awful bad. To-day was the finest day this winter I think. I was away for a drive to-liams could possibly suspect that his Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure after. and one great part of that blessing ailed because they actually make of magnificent delight in our lineage, the tremendous, unequalled lineage of the Catholic Church, which goes nerves. That is the way they cure without flaw straight back to Eden and to the primal creative hand of God. Just as the Church daily names, in her holiest act, the tremendous sacrifice of the Mass, Abel, cret ailments that fill the lives of so Abraham, Melchizedech, our proge-Do not nitors in the faith, so she keeps, in annual ceremonies, the blessing 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale ashes, of palms, of waxen candles,signs and tokens, all of them, that she is the spouse of the Most High, and that her household is the family of the saints, the chosen of God. Let Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock- us loyally then receive these sacramentals, press forward for the ashes, prize the blessed palms, rejoice in the very touch of holy water. All these are little symbols of our Catholicity, little graces from our Mother the Church, redolent with a fragrance of holiness that has a mar-velous inherent force to dispel evil rom our hearts and homes.

> It is God Himself who received what we give through charity, and is it not an unparalleled bliss to have it in our power to give Him what is His own, and what we have received only from His goodness.