

TENTH MONTH 31 DAYS THE ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS October 1905. Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestments, and the Rosary/Holy Angels. Includes dates for Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost.

Life of a Scottish Bard

(By Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty.) I confess with pride to a kinship not love in all that tends to the glory of the Celtic race and especially in its Gaelic branches, whether that glory comes from the banks and braes of bonnie Scotia or the purple heathered hills of Erin. Both are Gaels and both are brothers. Both are one in the love of nature, with a Gaelic heart, happy in cheerfulness and accepted in sadness, sorrowing for a glory that has vanished and hopeful for a greatness to come. It has been said with some truth that 'We are the music makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams.' Our music making and our dreaming have at least added firm beauty and magic to the language which has displaced the Gaelic of our fathers, while the music of the truth taught the world by the monks of Iona and Clonmacnoise will say for the Gael that they made the world better by the Gospel which they taught. The Scotch and the Irish, the thistle and the shamrock, give romance and verdure to all represented by the rose. Burns, a child of the Gael, who with Gaelic heart loved nature and sang his songs as sweetly as man had ever heard them; a true child of the Gael, now bubbling over with joy, now downcast and melancholy, tender and true, hopeful and despairing; a child of nature, now strong and courageous, now weak and erring; a singer of the human heart, a music maker of the world, whose name is listed with melody; Scotia's son, mankind's friend—the immortal Robert Burns. How can I say all that his name suggests? We can conjure up but the faintest picture of our poet's life. I have found enjoyment in running through some of his poems, like the bee culling here and there some of the honey which lies so bountifully within. Robert Burns was a cottage boy of Ayr and he first saw the night near the bridge of Doon in 1759, 143 years ago. How he loved the town of Ayr! 'Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses For honest men and bonnie lasses.' How he felt his heart torn when he had to leave it! 'But round my heart the ties are bound— That heart transpierced by many a wound. These bleed afresh, those ties I fear To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.' A rustic school gave him his letters and auld Betty Davidson's weird scribbles furnished him with all his legends. The meeting with Jean Armour, its melancholy episode, the separation, his love for Highland Mary, her sad death; the failure in farm life, his days as a gauger, his convivial habits, are all too well known to be rehearsed, yet all tended to bring out in relief the salient characteristics of his great gift of song. He had been taught his love of manliness by his good father, and his high ideal of manhood was formed at his family hearthstone in the peasant cot where his early years were passed. Through all his life he preserved his individuality. When greatness for a moment came to him, and royally seated upon him, he still loved his peasant character and no place was so dear to him as the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon. He never forgot his farmer father's lessons. 'He had me play a manly part, Though I had ne'er a farthing, O. For without an honest, manly heart, No man is worth regarding, O. Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, Or nations to adore you, O. A cheerful, best-hearted clown, I will prefer before you, O.' His strong, manly heart always loved what was manly in word and act and hated the mean. He seemed steeped in the love of humanity and felt his destiny to be the singer of toil, to cheer up honest labor, and make the world feel that manhood is

God's gift to man and inhumanity is man's great crime. His eloquent words: 'And man whose Heaven-created face The smiles of love adorn, Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn.' The vision had told him that he was the 'Rustic Bard,' from whom came a bliss which neither Potosi's mine nor king's regard could ever match. His mission was to 'Preserve the dignity of man With soul erect.' He had learned and then taught men that neither rank, nor title, but loyalty to manhood made the man, and he could cry out as no poet had ever done: 'The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gold for a' that, Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that; The honest man, though e'er sae poor Is king o' men for a' that.' Well might Henry Giles say of Burns: 'He saw nothing to venerate in a title when it was but the nickname of a fool, and he was undazzled by a star when it glittered on the breast of a ruffian or a dunce.' Burns had all the enthusiasm of the Scotch nature for religion and country, a love of the brave and a hatred of tyranny. 'The Cotter's Saturday night' breathes a strong religious spirit, with trust in God 'to preside in the heart with grace divine.' How beautiful the father's admonition and advice: 'An' O! Be sure to fear the Lord alway! And mind your duty, morn an' night! Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, Implore His counsel and assisting might; They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!' He believed in God and he believed in man, and he spoke to the simple peasants because he knew that they had souls and sought the beautiful and true. He played upon the chords of passion and he stirred men to their very souls and led them by his simple verse to love Scotia, hate tyranny and be manly, honest men. His heart was attuned to the 'still sad music of humanity,' and wherever he found suffering he was ready with his compassion and pity. Gentle and tender, he sympathized with the suffering of every life, whether of beast or bird or flower. Of Maillie, the dead ewe, he could sing: 'He's lost a friend and neebor dear In Maillie dead.' Even the mouse which the servant would have killed in the field but for him prompts the lines so well known: 'But, mouseie, thou art no thy lane In proving foresight may be vain! The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft a-gley, And lea'e us nought but grief and pain For promised joy.' How tender the heart that wrote 'To the Mountain Daisy,' the bonnie gem, the wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower which 'Adorns the histie stibble-field Unseen, alane.' Or 'The Auld Farmer's Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie,' with whom he would share his last bushel: 'And think na', my auld, trusty servan', That now perhaps thou's less deservin' An' thy auld days may end in starvin'.' For my last fow, A heapit, stimpast, I'll reserve ane Laid by for you.'

'The Wounded Hare' and many others tell of the tender heart, touched by suffering and expressing itself in pity and love. Always a man, a man in joy, a man in sadness, a man in pity, a man in his faults, a man in his loves, Burns himself tells us that love and poetry sprang into being together, in his soul. It was the harvest time and a Scotch maiden whom he loved, sweetly sang a song written by the son of a small country Laird for a girl whom he loved, Burns said, 'Why can I not write a song for the girl I love?' His relations with Jean Armour were not to be commended, but his lines on the girl he loved are as beautiful as anything in this language. 'I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair; I hear her in the tender birds, I hear her charm the air. There's not a bonny flower that springs By fountain, sward or green, There's not a bonnie bird that sings But minds me of my Jean. O, blow, ye western winds, blow soft Among the leafy trees, Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale Bring hame the laden bees; And bring the lassie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; Ae smile o' her wad banish care, Sae charming is my Jean. The powers aboon can only ken To whom the heart is seen; That name can be sae dear to me As my sweet, lovely Jean.' He parted from Jean Armour to meet her again and marry her after the death of Highland Mary Campbell, whose wooing and death blended joy and sadness in almost the same moment. Mary Campbell was an entirely different character from Jean Armour, and the loveliness of her life made Burns appear to canonize her after her death. Where he parted from her was heaven on earth to him. 'There Summer first unfolds her robes, And there the longest tarry; For there I took the last farewell O' my sweet Highland Mary.' How sweet the tribute to his 'Mary in Heaven,' written as he lay among the sheaves in the fields that harvest night and gazed upon a bright star in the skies! It recalled his other words of parting: 'Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.' Burns loved his country and he could sing a song that would stir the hearts of his people to their very depths, as he sang: 'O, Scotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil Be blest with health and peace and sure content.' How he cried out to them again and said: 'An honest man's the noblest work of God; The cottage leaves the palace far behind, A virtuous populace may rise the while And stand a wall of fire around their much loved Isle.' He could touch the people with fires of patriotism in favor of Bonnie Charlie, or against tyranny, or fill them with enthusiasm at the deeds at Bannockburn, where 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' He has pleased the world with 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' and welded the friendships of mankind with 'Auld Lang Syne.' Robert Burns had his frailties and no one recognized them more than the poet himself: 'As something loudly in my breast Remonstrates I have done.' What he said of Tam O'Shanter could be said of himself: 'Tam lied like a vera brither They had been for weeks the gither.' And still with Tam, despite it all, he could exclaim: 'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, O'er all the ills of life victorious.' No sadder word in all his story than the 'Bard's Epitaph,' which tells of his follies. It is more severe with himself than any of his friends would be, for it is remembered that Burns' great misfortune, as he himself tells it, was in not having any aim in life. It's well to bear in mind his other lines:

'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursel's as others see us; It wad frae monie a blunder frae us, And foolish notion.' How strong his hope of pardon for his faults according as he believed: 'Where with intention I have erred, No other plea I have; But Thou art good and Goodness still Delighteth to forgive.' He paid the heavy penalty of his faults and the world whom he has cheered can afford to be kind and forgiving to him. 'Burns was gifted by nature and he loved the giver of the gift. He was a merryman among men, but his fame came after he had paid the debt of nature. Unlike Scott, he found no enthusiasm in border minstrelsy or feudal story. He saw only the play of passion in the human heart. Scott honored rank, while he honored manhood. One was honored while in life, the other received his honors only after death. Destitute and begleted, Burns passed away from his Bonnie Doon and his beloved Scotia, while royalty that had once feasted him denied him what he deserved. What he had written of a loved one could have been written of him: 'Though cold be the clay where thou pillowest thy head, In the dark, silent mansion of sorrow, The spring shall return to thy low, narrow bed Like the beam of the day-star tomorrow.' The spring has come to his memory and in the world of letters Robert Burns shines as the star upon which he gazed, the harvest night. A people honor him as a son of genius, and the world calls him a singer of the heart. Robert Burns brings to us the sweet fragrance of the heather of his native hills, and makes all mankind love the banks and braes of Bonnie Scotland, whence came so sweet a maker of the world's best music.—The Tidings. Two Devoted Wives In the year 1819 the Assize Court of Haute Loire condemned James Galland and Regis Rispaill, two farmers of Dunieres, to penal servitude for life for having murdered John Courbon, another farmer of the same province. Public opinion believed the death to have been accidental. It took place in a public-house, where a bottle of wine had been jokingly put to the deceased's mouth, when the catching of the neck of the bottle in his throat in some way choked him. The judges, however, took another view, and Galland and Rispaill were sent to the galleys. It made a great sensation in the province, for all three men—the deceased and the two accused—were good and honest and much liked. The wives of Galland and Rispaill were aged thirty and twenty-eight respectively. They were sisters, and both beautiful, especially Galland's wife. Convinced of the innocence of their husbands, they determined to rescue them from the galleys and proclaim their innocence. So they went on foot to Paris, in order to secure influence in high quarters. Galland's wife obtained a presentation to the Duchess of Angouleme, who promised to use her influence with the king, Louis XVIII. Encouraged by this promise, the two wives travelled back on foot to their native place and redoubled their efforts to throw light on this mysterious affair. By little and little they became convinced that the principal witness against their husbands was actuated by malice. They, therefore, brought an accusation on this head against him. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a term of penal servitude. Notwithstanding this, it was by no means an easy matter to get their husbands released. These devoted wives went again to Paris, and there, by incessant perseverance and activity, they had at last obtained a concession that the sentence should be revised, and that their husbands should be brought again before the court. Once more they returned to Dunieres, and there endeavored, as Mme. Rispaill said, to 'move heaven and earth.' The wife of Galland, indeed, seemed to be inspired. When her husband was condemned she did not know a single letter. In six weeks she knew how to read and write, and she began to study law. She collected the evidence with masterly skill. She was not only distinguished by the clearness of her judgment, but by the elegance of her style. The famous lawyer, Bayle, who was retained to defend her husband, said:

Plain Tips 15c. per Box

JOHN LABATT'S EXTRA STOCK ALE LONDON-CANADA. PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT. DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR E. B. Eddy's FIBRE WARE. Which can be had in TUBS, PAILS, etc., from any first-class dealer. Buy Eddy's every time and you will buy right.

'THE GENUINE ARTICLE' If there was a hall mark 18 or 22 karat fine to distinguish between the different grades of bread, don't you think Tomlin's Bread Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily. Office Phone Park 553. Factory Located at 420 to 438 Bathurst Street

Good Work of the Can. Mfrs. Association. Starting very small a few years ago, they are now a strong force in business. They advocate the preference of local products, providing the quality equals any imported goods. When the local goods surpass any others, they need no endorsement. This is the case with the writing inks, mucilage, typewriter ribbons and carbon papers, which are sold under the trademark "Japanese," and are entirely of Canadian manufacture. Great Things from Little Causes Grow—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in a healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose. SOAP SUDS. Do not throw away the soap suds on wash days, as the suds contain much fertilizing material for certain kinds of plants and vegetables, such as soda, potash and nitrogen. Suds should be poured on the asparagus bed, or the garden compost heap. All weeds, the refuse from the vegetables used in the kitchen, the lawn clippings, and much of the waste about the kitchen should be put into a heap, or piled in a shallow hole, and into it the dishwasher and hand-washing water should be poured, while, to keep the smell and the flies from it, a light covering of earth should be added each day. This will make fine manure for the kitchen or flower garden, and at the same time, dispose of the waste material satisfactorily.

Estate Funds to Loan LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST HEARN & SLATTERY Barristers, Etc. 46 KING STREET WEST TORONTO

30,000 McSHANE BELLS Ringing 'Round the World Memorial Bells a Specialty BELL'S PATENT, BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 2577 RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774 JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first class work. Solicit a trial dyspeptic.

