

uous a tale. Adults and innocent children were told for the thousandth and hundred-thousandth time that until the Reformation the Christian world languished in practically heathen darkness, that the Bible was to the people an unknown book, and that all the liberty, all the enlightenment and all the material progress of the world came with the first translation of the Bible into the vernacular. Wycliffe it was, "the morning star of the Reformation," as they love to call him, who first ventured on the great project, and when the darkness was somewhat dissipated Coverdale and Tyndall and the rest brought it to a successful issue.

WE MAY charitably suppose that those who repeated these old fairy tales piously believed them to be true. They could never have heard of the innumerable translations of the Bible long before Wycliffe or Coverdale or Tyndall were born, or that even in the centuries before printing was invented, monks innumerable had spent their whole lives in the translation and multiplying of the sacred books. They could not have known that under the auspices of the Catholic Church the Bible was the very first product of the printing-press, nor could they have read in their daily papers of the sale the other day in Germany of a vernacular Bible printed in the year in which Luther was born. Nor, in blissful ignorance of the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition, held to celebrate the quinqucentenary of the introduction of printing into England, could they have known that many pages were required to list the editions of the Scriptures long before the Reformation was thought or dreamed of. But, as Cardinal Newman has so well said, fable being the basis of the Protestant tradition, and true testimony insufficient for its maintenance, it is necessary that simple truths like these should not be suffered to see the light of day.

So a "Bible Sunday" is something peculiarly and exclusively Protestant. Yes, but every Sunday is Bible Sunday in the Catholic Church. To those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, and hearts to understand, every act, every office of the Catholic Church, whether on Sundays or on week-days, is saturated with the Bible through and through. It is woven into every texture of her liturgies, and her great Act of Worship, the Holy Mass, a perpetuation of the Sacrifice of Calvary, is in the main but an epitome of the Four Gospels. And, as the Church has through the ages been the jealous guardian of the Scriptures and their protection against the assaults of error and infidelity, so in our day she stands between them and those sons of the Reformers who, under the plea of scholarship, would shatter their integrity and reduce them to the level of merely human compositions. With a higher-than-human prescience she discerned that tendency in the spirit of the Reformation, and as she declined to yield to it then, neither will she give place to it now.

TORONTO FURNISHED us with another illustration a week or two ago of Protestant reverence for the Bible. To an audience in the Sherbourne street Methodist church, which according to the daily papers included many ministers of the Methodist and other denominations, Professor Jackson of Victoria University, with a Bible in his hands, told how modern research had relegated the Virgin Birth of Christ to the non-essentials of Christianity. The evidence for it, he said, while sufficient to satisfy men of open minds, was not such as to warrant the position it had been accorded by theologians. It need not, he repeated, be regarded as one of the essential articles of Christian faith. Happily the determination of what constitutes the Christian faith does not rest with rationalizing Methodist professors, but the incident, taken in conjunction with the character of the audience, may be said to shed a lurid light upon the sort of propaganda Protestant Bible societies stand for. The Book is being presented as a beacon light to the heathen abroad, while those engaged in its dissemination are slashing it to pieces at home.

THE LETTER addressed to the Presbyterian by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto is a dignified and timely document, and we could wish that it might have its due effect upon those to whom Dr. Hanson's sermons distortions of Catholic belief may be supposed to have been accepted without

anterior question. But just as truth for its own sake has, to all intents and appearances, no deep root in the average Presbyterian mind, at least where the Catholic Church is concerned, neither is the same mind ordinarily open to conviction. The Archbishop's letter is nevertheless timely and important, and may be accepted by readers of the Presbyterian as an intimation that a sentinel is on the watch-tower and the distortion of Catholic doctrine and misrepresentation of history will not be allowed to pass unchallenged or unrebuted.

THE ARCHBISHOP has quoted from Mr. Augustine Birrell, the able and accomplished Irish Secretary, a testimony to the reality of the Mass as "a restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land." A similar sentiment may be found in the "Letters of Geraldine Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle." It need scarcely be said that Mrs. Jewsbury was not a Catholic and that her correspondent was, from all we are permitted to know of her, not the sort of soil in which such seed was likely to take root and flourish. But that gives all the greater emphasis to the "feeling" which the letter describes, and to the reality of the impression which the Mass has made upon many devout souls in whom faith could not be said to be more than incipient. Much more is the sentiment understandable to those to whom the Sacrifice of the Altar is the soul and centre of worship.

MRS. JEWsbury thus unbosomed herself to the wife of the Sage of Chelsea:

"Do you know that I have found myself more soothed when in trouble by going to the Mass in a Catholic chapel than by anything else in the world. The doctrines 'may all go hang,' as you once said, but you will find every thought and feeling, which you cannot utter even to yourself, drawn out, as it were, and uttered in aspirations to the same unknown and unseen Power that afflicts us. I can only speak to the effect that their Litany has on myself. Only think of the many millions of sufferers that some Catholic Church has given comfort to! There is a Catholic chapel very near you, and when you feel in the humour, go in by yourself. I cannot endure having any companion with me at such times. Their talk, whether wise or foolish, spoils all; and don't think me cracked for proposing such a thing to you; that Agnus Dei—miserere nobis! is the only prayer that ever sounds like the utterance of necessity."

THE QUESTION of religious intolerance, as bearing upon Home Rule in Ireland has seldom been more succinctly epitomized than by Mr. W. J. Grub, A. M., a recent Australian convert. Belfast Unionists would have the world believe that every measure of Home Rule means oppression of the minority in Ireland. It is Mr. Grub's purpose to show that in the light of history such fears are groundless, and that, familiarly speaking, the boot is on the other leg. "Was it ever enacted," he asks, "in any Catholic country that everyone who refused to attend Mass should be fined? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that no Protestant should keep a horse worth more than 5 pounds, and if he did so Catholics might take it from him? Was it ever enacted that no Protestant children could inherit lands until they conformed to the Catholic faith? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that a Protestant should be racked ten times for his Protestantism, a punishment which was inflicted upon Father Southwell? Was it ever enacted that a Protestant woman should be pressed to death between stones for harbouring a Protestant clergyman, a punishment which was inflicted upon Margaret Clitheroe? Everyone (adds Mr. Grub) knows the reality of these horrors, though for three hundred years they have been omitted from Protestant histories."

Could the Unionists have a better text-book than a treatise on the Penal Laws?

To recognize opportunity when it comes, to make the highest use of it when it is not to be recognized at the moment, involves constant enrichment and education of the whole nature.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

It is necessary to have practiced for a long time what we wish to teach others. By this means, the word of God, when it proceeds from our mouths, will produce fruit one hundred fold.

Happiness may fly away, or pleasure fail or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, but the power to serve God never fails and the love of Him is never rejected.

A MIRACLE OF PALM SUNDAY

"Ah! I have won again," cried Miriam as she smoothed her last strand into place. The child lay back among her gay cushions, and smilingly watched Cyril's less skilful fingers pulling the tangled cords this way and that. But presently a look of anxious attention settled upon the merry little face, her head was gently inclined, as if listening intently, and when with a sigh of satisfaction her brother finished his task and glanced up into Miriam's serious face, he exclaimed as his eyes met hers, "What is it—what dost thou hear?"

"Listen," said Miriam in a low tone.

Far away came the faint murmur of many voices, rising and falling, as of a countless multitude, shouting and singing.

"What can it be?" she whispered. Cyril leaped lightly to the wall that rose breast high at the edge of the roof, and stood gazing toward the city gates. Jerusalem was thronged with Paschal visitors, and the excited boy could see that from every direction crowds were pressing toward the gates. On the tower of the Roman garrison the bright gleam of helmet and steel showed that this was no light disturbance, since the Governor himself with his noble bodyguard deigned to participate in the sentinel duty.

"Perhaps it is another sedition! Barabbas may have escaped among the people, or some great prince may be entering the city! It may be the Caesar himself! The Governor stands with the guards on the Tower of Antonia; and all Jerusalem seems astir. I must see what is happening!"

"Myra!" he called, "come, accompany me to the end of the street, that I may know what is doing in the city."

The woman rose from her embroidery. "Ah child! What wilt thou?" she chided. "I fear that Nathaniel, thy father, would not desire thee to leave the safety of the house when trouble may be abroad. Tarry a little. Be not so hasty. Someone will surely pass this way and thou canst inquire the news."

"Nay, Myra, hasten! I tell thee, I must know at once," he cried, pulling her by the sleeve.

"Be prudent, my brother," cautioned Miriam, "and return quickly, for I shall be anxious."

"Yes! Yes!" he assured her, as he impatiently knotted a scarlet sash about his flowing garb. "Come, I say! Canst hear the tumult, louder every moment!" and the excited boy drew the serving woman to the descent to the street.

The house of Nathaniel, the Merchant, was solidly built of hewed stone. As usual with Jewish houses, the roof was the principle living-room, and here under a silken canopy his son and daughter spent many delightful hours together. Unlike similar houses, however, there was a steep flight of stone steps leading directly from the roof to the outer wall, where a narrow shaft practically invisible when closed, and through which one could quickly pass, avoiding the necessity of passing through the inner court and general entrance door. Cyril, impatient of delay, had taken this shorter way to the street.

In imagination Miriam followed them. "What torment to be a helpless maiden! Ah, would I were a boy!" sighed she, as with a tiny frown from the heap of silken cords were laid away in the little carved chest at her feet. Then she heard her chin on her hand and listened intently to the sounds that became gradually louder and more clear.

Her garment of pearl gray silk was made more loosely than was the usual custom, in order to conceal the sad deformities of Nathaniel's motherless daughter whose crooked spine and helpless limbs had been, after the loss of his beloved wife, her father's sternest trial. She was a lovely child, affectionately grateful for the least attentions, and her very loveliness had made all the more bitter to his aching heart, the thought of her irreparable affliction. Nothing had ever been spared that love and pity could suggest in any way to mitigate her sufferings or divert her mind from them. Cyril, two years her senior, had always considered himself her little protector and companion, and the selfish impulses of boyhood gave generous place in his heart to devotion to his "dear angel sister." And a dear little angel she looked, with her fair complexion and pale golden curls that occasionally occur among the brunettes type of people.

The tumult, every movement increasing, could at length be more distinctly heard. Words and syllables, here and there, floated to the listening child. Miriam's straining ears finally caught shouts of "Hosanna!" "Hosanna!" "Hosanna to the Son of David!" "Way for the Nazarene!" Swiftly into her memory surged the recollection of many strange tales that Cyril had recounted some months previously: of that Wonder Worker of Nazareth Whom some had received as the Messiah of Israel. His word had changed water into wine, it was said, and He had healed all who had called upon Him. With a sudden glad conviction she cried half aloud, "He is the Messiah! He is coming to His people." Then with quick determination, "I must see Him, and He will make me straight and strong!"

Unable to stand, she slowly and painfully worked herself over to the edge of the stair which Cyril and Myra had so lately descended, "If I

can but see Him," panted the child. The few minutes of her difficult journey across the flagstones of the roof seemed hours to the weak and unused muscles, and to the poor quivering spine, but at last she could look down the steep flight of steps and see the door in the street wall. Joy! It was ajar! But how could she hope to reach it? Descent alone could never be attempted. Were all her efforts to be useless?

"Myra! Cyril!" she called. The shouting and singing came to her more clearly now. The multitude must be coming into the very street where stands the house of Nathaniel, my father," thought the trembling child. Hurried feet passed the half-open door. She called again, and again, and again, but the faint musical tones were drowned in the voice of the increasing multitude without.

Tears of anguish and vexation coursed down her flushed cheeks. "Cruel! Cruel!" she sobbed piteously. A shadow seemed to pause below. "Help! help!" screamed Miriam, in desperation, "Help, or I will throw myself down!"

The door swung wide and a woman, closely veiled, peered in and up at the little figure huddled above. With a word to her companions, the stranger quickly ascended the steps and in a moment was bending over the tired child.

"What troubles thee, little one?" spoke the sweetest voice that Miriam had ever heard. The veil was put aside, and the child looked into a pair of wonderful eyes that seemed to read her heart with tenderest sympathy. Silently the slender arms reached out and Miriam hid her face in the mantle of her new friend. "It is the Nazarene!" she whispered, breathlessly, "and oh, I must see Him!"

"And why?" gravely questioned the beautiful stranger. "Cyril says he hath cured hundreds of cripples such as I. And oh, I would love Him so, too! It is so easy—He need but look upon the afflicted and their infirmities are banished away. He would help me surely, if He knew! Oh! I beseech thee, help me to go to Him!" and the eyes of the little one overflowed with tears.

"Where is Cyril?" The gentle question had an immediately soothing effect on the little weeper.

"He took Myra to see what the shouting might mean, but they did not return," she explained. "Don't leave them follow the multitude. But here!" she cried, "they are coming nearer and nearer! Canst thou not help me? Oh, alas! what shall I do? I must see Him. He is surely the Messiah!"

"I am Mary, His mother," said the stranger simply, "and trust me, I will aid thee." She stooped, and lifting the light burden in her motherly arms, she crossed the roof to where a stone bench stood against the wall overlooking the street. Mounting upon it she held the child on the top of the wall where both could have a good view of the street below.

Many hands were strewn fresh rushes, and a short distance down the street came the crowded procession of men, women and children, shouting and singing, clapping their hands, clashing timbrels, and waving branches of palm.

Clinging to her kind benefactress, Miriam leaned forward, with sparkling eyes searching for the center of the glad tumult, where the Master, seated upon an ass, and surrounded by His disciples, slowly advanced along the way.

"Will He see me?" she whispered. "Will He look this way?" Jesus came nearer—now He was almost level with the eager watchers. Suddenly the child leaped up from Mary's arms.

"Dear Lord! Dear Lord!" rang out in sweet, childish treble.

There was a curious stir among the people. All eyes were lifted to where, standing lightly poised, almost in the air, on the very edge of the parapet, they beheld the graceful little figure of a golden-haired child. The little maiden, with arms outstretched toward the Master, made a picture less of earth than of heaven. The wistful face of the child was turned toward the grave, yet loving, face of Jesus. Suddenly His hand was raised in benediction.

There was a murmur from the multitude. Had she fallen? No, she was kneeling, with Mary's arms around her. That dear friend raised and carried little Miriam back to her place among the cushions. The child seemed to be in tranquil slumber. Mary smiled and kissed the pure, fair forehead, then quietly descended to the street and closed the little door in the wall behind her.

Presently lively footsteps sounded upon the stair, and Cyril, followed by the faithful Myra, rejoined the little maiden, who opened her eyes in dreamy welcome at the noise of their approach. Fast upon each other came eager accounts of what the lad had seen and heard. "Much more would I have had to tell thee, dear sister, had not Myra restrained me from mingling in the thick of the press. Indeed, I have little to tell in comparison with what they can relate who walked closer to the Master. It is hard to be so held in check." Breathless at last, he paused, and noticed with astonishment the calm, glad conviction she cried half aloud, "He is the Messiah! He is coming to His people." Then with quick determination, "I must see Him, and He will make me straight and strong!"

Unable to stand, she slowly and painfully worked herself over to the edge of the stair which Cyril and Myra had so lately descended, "If I

nurse and amazed brother, she stood up, ran and danced about in proof of her assertion.

"But do thou prepare our father to behold what has come to me," she begged, "for he would die of joy should he see me thus."

"Yea, child," agreed Myra, "It is too wonderful to believe, did I not see thee run and leap. Let me go forth to thy father, that he may freely rejoice with us."

When Nathaniel, the Merchant, was told that Myra waited without, he was troubled lest she be the bearer of ill tidings. But when he looked in her face and heard her tale, he cried aloud with joy, "Nay! but I must behold this with mine own eyes!"

Many curious glances followed the two hurrying figures. "Ah! friend Nathaniel has some great prince to visit him!" "More likely some rich inheritance has come to him," suggested another.

And such, indeed, was the case. For, together with health to his idolized daughter, had come faith in the Messiah; from a life engrossed in worldly merchandise, Nathaniel turned with all the generosity of a truly grateful soul to the service of the Master. It was his privilege to pass through the darkness and the fearful events of the following fortnight, in sore distress for the fate of his Great Benefactor, but with abiding trust in His Promises, and after the glad days that succeeded the Resurrection, Nathaniel was among those who witnessed the Ascension. And tradition still speaks of the works of Cyril, the servant of the Lord, and of his sister, Miriam, who died a holy widow.

SALVATION BY GRACE

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP MCNEIL TO THE PRESBYTERIAN

To the Editor of the Presbyterian:

Sir: In your issue of Feb. 20th, the Rev. Dr. Hanson contrasts the Christian doctrine of salvation by grace with the non-Christian doctrine of salvation by human merit, and on the non-Christian side of this dividing line he places the Catholic Church. "Rome's whole system," he says, "is framed on the principle of salvation by human merit, and directly ministers to that anti-Christian conception." He sees this implied in our visible ordinances, our fastings, and our devotion to the saints. He views us from a distance through the medium of his own assumptions, and concludes that it must be so. If he mixed with our people and looked into their minds he would see that salvation by the grace of Jesus Christ is the cardinal principle of Catholic life and Catholic belief. That this grace is essential and that it is given freely, without any merit of ours—this we all believe. From a catechism for the use of Catholic children I take the following:

"Can we by ourselves get rid of our sins?"

No; we are quite helpless.

How does God help us?

Through His only Son Jesus Christ whom He sent into the world.

Did we deserve this?

No; God took pity on us.

Can we of ourselves keep the Commandments?

No; and even if we could we should not gain heaven by doing so.

What enables us to keep the Commandments?

The grace of God.

What is this grace?

The life of God in us.

Can we all have this life?

Yes; we must have it or be lost forever.

Can we do anything holy without it?

No; our Lord says: "Without Me you can do nothing."

What is the source of grace in the Church?

The Holy Ghost whom our Lord sent to abide in the Church till the end of time.

Through what channels does the Holy Ghost give the life of grace?

Chiefly through the seven Sacraments.

The visible ordinances called Sacraments would be of very secondary importance to us if we did not believe them to be means of conveying the grace of salvation to our souls. We believe that baptism, for instance, really regenerates the soul of the child. We believe that Christ instituted Baptism as the visible means which the Holy Spirit uses to sanctify the soul of the baptized person. The ceremony has for us no value apart from grace. Instead of being a substitute for grace, it is simply a means of grace. In one of his books Henry Drummond laments the prevalence of the doctrine that spiritual life can be spontaneously generated. He says:—

"Of the multitudes who confess Christianity at this hour how many have clear in their minds the cardinal distinction established by its founder between 'born of the flesh' and 'born of the spirit'?" A thousand modern pulpits every seventh day are preaching the doctrine of spontaneous generation."

It is not Catholic pulpits that so preach. Our sacramental system makes this impossible. We teach that the child is really born again when baptized; that a new spiritual life containing the germ of faith, hope and charity is thereby generated. Hence we cannot teach or imply that the spiritual man is merely a development of the natural man. The sacramental system safeguards

the belief that spiritual life is the gift of the Living Spirit.

There was need on our part that God should become visible in Jesus Christ. There is similar need of God's grace appearing in visible ordinances. "Out of sight, out of mind." It is a characteristic of human nature to overlook or forget whatever fails to strike the senses.

"We are like children whom the mother's voice is calling, yet who are distracted and taken up by flowers and toys and plays. What has our Saviour done? He has placed Himself among human things in order that He might at least enter into competition with other human things on their own ground." And so, when He made provision for the outpouring of His grace upon successive generations of men, it does not seem surprising that He made use of visible things as instruments or channels of that grace. When the priest baptizes, it is Christ who baptizes. When the penitent is absolved, it is Christ who absolves. The priest and the visible rite are but the instruments. He uses to touch and heal our spiritual diseases. Such is our belief, and such being our belief, it is senseless to say that we belittle or obscure salvation by grace.

From another little book for the instruction of Catholic children I take the following:

"The sinner who does not repent cannot receive absolution in the Sacrament of Penance. But what of the repentant sinner who cannot confess to a priest? In a ship-wreck, for instance, a drowning man may be in a state of mortal sin. In such cases the sinner must try to make an act of perfect contrition. The following prayer, recited daily, will greatly help:—

"Oh my God Who art infinitely good in Thyself and infinitely good to me, I beg pardon from my heart for all my offences against Thee. I am sorry for all my sins, and I detest them above all things, because they deserve Thy dreadful punishments, because they crucified my loving Saviour Jesus Christ, and because they offend Thine infinite goodness. I am firmly resolved, by the help of Thy grace never to offend Thee for the time to come, and carefully to avoid the occasions of sin."

I assume that it will be a relief to many of your readers to know that the great majority of Christians in the world are not the heathenish people described by Dr. Hanson. The Russian and the various Greek Churches do not substantially differ from us in regard to the matters upon which he bases his argument against us.

"What is the bloodless Sacrifice of the Mass," he asks, "but an attempt of man to add something of his own to the atonement, made once for all by the Lord?" As a matter of fact the Mass does not make this impression on the minds of Catholics. On the contrary, it helps them to realize the all-sufficient atonement of Christ. The Mass is the Lord's Supper continued for a commemoration of Him. In the supper room He began the

GOOD FRIDAY
O Heart of Three-in-the-evening.
You nestled the thorn-crowned head;
He leaned on you in His sorrow,
And rested on you when He died.
Ah! Holy Three-in-the-evening
He gave you His richest dower;
He met you afar on Calvary,
And made you "His own last hour."
O Bow of Three-in-the-evening,
Thou wast a crimson crown;
Thou art Priest of the hours forever,
And thy voice, as thou goes down,
Thy cycles of time still murmurs
The story of love each day:
"I held in death the Eternal,
In the long and the far-away."
O Heart of Three-in-the-evening,
Mine beats with thine to-day:
Thou tellest the olden story,
I kneel—and I weep and pray.
—ABRAHAM J. RYAN

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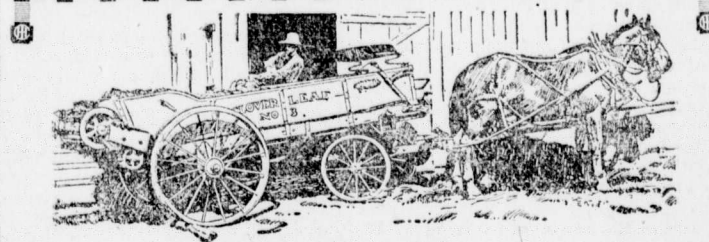
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spreaders in the exhibit said: "I own one of those machines. It is the strongest spreader I ever had on my farm, and I've had a number of different machines. I honestly believe that if I filled that spreader with soft coal it would spread the stuff for me. I wouldn't trade it for any spreader I ever owned or saw."

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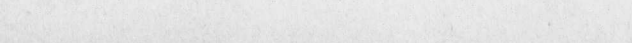
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Sacrifice which was consummated on the cross. There He made the ritual offering of His Body and Blood, and bade the apostles do likewise in commemoration of Him. The immolation took place on the cross. The formal offering-up of that immolation to God for the salvation of men was made in the supper room, and the same offering of the same immolation is continued by Him on our altars by the appointed ministry of priests "to show forth the death of the Lord till He come." The Hon. Augustine Birrell, one of Mr. Asquith's Protestant colleagues in the British Government, thinks that the Mass "is one of the battlefields of the future." He says in an article which appeared in the Nineteenth Century.

"Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened, once for all, long ago in a chivalric past."

Yours very truly,

N. McNEIL, Archbishop.

Toronto, Feb. 22.

Chapped Hands—Rough Skin—Sore Lips—cured by Campana's Italian Balm. Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size or 25c for a full-sized bottle postage paid—mentioning this paper—to the distributors, for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

GOOD FRIDAY

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