

# OUR SATURDAY EVENING HOME PAGE.

## Message of the Crucifixion.

In addition to the postcard messages published three weeks ago on the above subject we have since received the following. Father O'Brien's thought-impelling article treats the question with a directness that is refreshing in these days of compromise and almost rejection of the Sermon on the Mount. It is generally conceded that this Sermon embodies the essence of Christ's Teaching and we open the columns of this Saturday Evening Page to letters from our readers, Clergymen and Laymen, concerning the following question:

ARE WE LIVING OUT THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT IN THESE DAYS?

Rev. P. J. O'Brien, P.P.,  
Tor's Cove.

The message of the Crucifixion is one of humiliation, self-denial, and triumph.

"Christ humbled Himself, becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross." "He that humbly himself shall be exalted." His self-immolation was the supreme act of self-denial. He says to each one of us: Unless you deny yourselves, take up your cross and follow Me, you cannot be My disciple.

The Via Dolorosa leads to Calvary, and Calvary to Glory. "It behoveth Christ to suffer and thus enter into His glory." Through His crucifixion and death He overcame the world and the Apostle tells us that if "we suffer with Christ, we shall be glorified with Him." We serve under one of two standards. If we are followers of the crucified, we can say with the Apostle of the Gentiles: "Now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Wherefore I will glory in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ by which the world is crucified to me and I to the world."

If we are the slaves of sin we serve under the standard of Satan. "We are enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose end is destruction."

If our personal Christianity is genuine, we have taken Christ for our model; if Christ be not our model, then our Christianity is a sham, and we are slaves of the triple alliance, concupiscence.

We have been redeemed, without our agency, but we cannot be saved without our co-operation.

Christ is our exemplar and our Teacher. "I have given you an example." "Justice and peace kissed" on Calvary, and if the world were truly Christian, justice and peace should reign long since and to-day; and there is no more convincing evidence that the reign of Christ has not yet much away, than the fact there is yet much war and bitter international contention, domestic broils, and absence of brotherly love. "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you love one another, as I have loved you."

As Christ crucified is our pattern so also is He our teacher. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." If then, we shall walk in the footsteps of our guide over the "narrow way" that leads to life, we must be directed by that beacon which is the "Light of the World"; for if we presume to guide ourselves, or confide in false guides, we will assuredly fall into the ditch. We have been called into perfection: "Whom He foreknew He called, whom He called He sanctified."

How different is the outlook of a man who feels confident every morning that he is going to do a man's work, the very best he is capable of during the day! How superbly he carries himself who knows that he can work out the Creator's design each day, and has no fear, or doubt, or anxiety as to what he can accomplish! He feels that he is master of himself and knows to a certainty that no moods or conditions have power to hinder him. He has come into his dominion.

Amid the feverish rush and turmoil of modern life, the fierce competition and the nerve-exhausting struggle for existence in which the majority are engaged, we see here and there serene souls who impress us with a sense of power and of calm unshakable assurance and who travel towards their goal with the rhythmic majesty of the stars. They have learned how to think correctly; they have mastered the secret of successful living. It is true that the supreme self-control, which enables a man to rise to his highest power, is one of the ultimate lessons of culture; that it is the first step to great achievement and is possible to all. Sometime we shall all learn better than to harbour even for an instant, a suicidal thought or emotion. We shall no more dream of entertaining thoughts of fear, envy, or jealousy, or worrying, fretful or anxious thoughts than we would of entertaining thieves or murderers in the house. The time will come when intelligent people will no more indulge in fits of anger, will no more indulge in uncharitable thoughts, feelings of hatred or ill-will or gloomy, depressing, downward-tending thoughts than they would take poison into the system.

—O. S. Marden.

## Men of Self Control.

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## THE HIGHLANDERS' BALL.

Preparations are now being made for the Highlanders' ball, which was postponed owing to the sealing disaster. The date now set for the affair is July 1st, and the decorations will be particularly attractive and will introduce some novel electrical effects.

When April one day was asked whether  
She could make reliable weather,  
She laughed till she cried;  
And said: "Bless you, I've tried,  
But the things will get mixed up together."

## My Lady.

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and cold,  
The cry of a child by the roadway,  
The creak of a lumbering cart,  
The heavy steps of the ploughman  
splashing the wintry road,  
Are wronging your image that blossoms  
a rose in the depths of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;  
I hunger to build them anew, and sit  
on a green knoll apart.

With the earth and the sky and the  
water re-made, like a casket of gold,  
For my dreams of your image that  
blossoms a rose in the depths of my heart.

These beautiful verses by Mr. Yeats are the song of the new spirit hymning the mistress of the world. The old chivalry couched a lance against dragons that would devour us, and sang our beauty in unmeasured ecstasy. In some legends it proved its gallantry by kissing an ugly hag, and forthwith she turned into a lovely princess. When we were locked in grim dungeons, chivalry assailed the stronghold and delivered us, especially if we were handsome and of royal blood.

The new chivalry is dressed in working clothes, and the dragons it must face are poverty, squalor, industrial slavery. The distressed damsel in the moonlit tower has become the girl in the street, the woman

prisoned in a dirty kitchen, the wage-earner in the factory. Our champion need not fare forth into far countries to do wonders and attest his prowess. The enemy is here, everywhere—"all things uncomely and broken."

Woman-worship, the central motive of song and legend these many centuries, has been too much inspired by desire have not proved good working substitutes for some plainer virtue which he denies her after he has won his suit. It is but niggardly largesse to bestow upon her so much education as will make her a witty, pleasant companion and then refuse her access to the wider knowledge of which man is the jealous custodian. We confess our incapacity. We are inconsistent and timid. We hand down from mother to daughter ideals of ourselves which are not in keeping with our experience. We amuse our brothers by irreconcilable and conflicting assertions. Every day of our lives we justify that superior masculine smile which says, "Just like a woman!" We especially justify it by accepting the legendary ideal of us which he has made for his gratification. This ideal has tender and beautiful aspects. But it is full of contradictions and absurdities. It is on the whole an obstacle to justice intervening darkly between the facts of life and a clear, honest vision.

Helen Keller.

## Make Your Own Face.

Do you ever study the faces in public conveyances, trolleys, stages, rail way trains, omnibuses?

It is interesting and instructive. Each face is a diary of the thoughts, ambitions, habits and diet of an individual.

And how few attractive faces are found after the owners have passed thirty, forty, or fifty at latest. Not one in one hundred. That is because so few people think, hope, live and eat on a proper and wholesome basis.

Wrong methods do not betray themselves often until after early youth passes.

Youth is a beauty mask which life lends to each of us at birth. At thirty we are obliged to return it to its owner and walk forth with the face of our own making.

The mouths of children almost invariably curl up at the corners. Occasionally the mouth of a young girl or youth keeps this fascinating dart.

It is rarely found on the middle-aged. Not because time causes change, time is powerless to do more than mature what God has bestowed. It is the work of our minds, this transformation of the features at middle age.

It is the drooping, despondent thought which curves the mouth down at the corners, not the flight of time.

Were I a man I should study well the shape of the mouth before I asked its kiss at the altar. I should wed the uncurled mouth, and then I should make it the business of my life to keep its corners curled upward afterward.

It is a curious and overwhelming thing, this study of faces. I looked at a man the other day in a public conveyance. He was middle aged, well dressed, and busy reading his paper.

I said to myself: "You are no doubt a husband and father, on your way home after business. I wonder what you represent to that home. Are you a mere money-making machine during the day and a combination of nerves and whims and notions and emperors at home? Do you carry depression and worry and gloom and nervousness into your home, or love light, mirth and good cheer?"

Then I looked at a well-groomed, attractive woman, hanging on a strap (the man was sitting), and I queried: "What do you represent to the home where you belong—love, peace, repose, order, kindness, sympathy and patience, or hysteria, petulance, extravagance, frivolity and jealousy?"

I have you any realization of all you may do or can mean, to your family or to the world?"

Each human being is like an engine rushing down life's track.

It depends upon its driver—the will—whether it goes on its way crushing and destroying and maiming, and ends in a ruin or whether it glides straight and harmless to its goal, a vehicle for good thoughts, purposes and deeds.

After you have finished reading this article go to your mirror and study your face. If you have any old photographs taken in earlier days, compare your reflection with them. Find out what your mind is doing with your features.

For it is not time, trouble or sorrow that is changing you—it is your own mind.

Christ's face is sorrowful yet beautiful and illuminated, because He radiated love from within.

Each one of us carries an aura, a reflection of our deepest and most permanent thoughts. All who come near us feel its influence—for better or for worse, for cheer or despondency.

## The Rhythmical Imitator.

When I took my friend Schmalz into a cabaret I did not know that he was a rhythmical imitator. Have you ever noticed how some people, when playing the piano, cannot talk except in exact time with the music? A rhythmical imitator has this eccentricity developed to the highest degree. His entire organism responds to a musical stimulus and involuntarily copies its rhythm with absolute faithfulness.

The orchestra was playing as we entered, and I took no special notice of the fact that Schmalz pranced gaily to a table in exact time with the music. I merely thought that he was unusually hungry.

The music stopped just as we were ordering our meal, and during this interval Schmalz appeared perfectly normal. But suddenly the orchestra struck up one of those shuffling clog-dances. My friend at once began to adapt his sentences to the syncopations of the dance-rhythm. His napkin had been overlooked and he turned to the waiter with the words, "Walter, won't you—bring—me—that—napkin—a rag?"

I confess that this peculiar method of giving orders caused me some surprise. Soon, however, the music changed to a slow, dreamy waltz, and Schmalz leaned across the table and rhythmically chanted, "Don't you think it's quite a pleasure eating food to tunes like this?"

A little later, when the music had again changed, this time to a stirring march, I observed that he was chewing in absolutely correct time and swallowing only when the thump of the brass-band announced the end of a phrase. During this time he said slowly, halting steps we reached the door. Luckily the march continued until we were well outside. Schmalz drew a long breath, then flung his arms around my neck and kissed me. We were safe—safe under the tracks of the Elevated—where no music on earth has a chance!

## Bill's in Trouble!

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West.  
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast.

To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned

Should wander from the path of right an' come to such an end!  
I told him when he left us only three short years ago.  
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row—  
He'd miss his father's counsels, an' his mother's prayers, too,  
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's big temptation for a youngster in the West.

But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist.  
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-widening snare.  
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere.

But Bill he promised faithful to be, an' allowed

He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud.  
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,  
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind!

His letters came so seldom that I never heard of him.

That Billy was a tramping on a mighty rocky road.  
But never once imagined he would bow his head in shame.

An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.  
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short:  
I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor ol' heart!

And so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—  
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

## Love and Peace.

There is a story told  
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold.

And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit  
With grave responses listening unto it.

Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,  
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,  
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look.

Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.  
"O Son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate  
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."

The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace  
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,  
With pity said: "Poor friend, even thou  
I love."

Lo! as he spoke, the sky—till terror sank  
To half-breath size; the huge abhorrence shrunk  
Into the form and fashion of a dove;  
And when the thunder of its rage was heard,

Mooding above his sweetly sang the bird:  
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song.  
And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

—Whittier.

## The Toys.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,

I struck him, and dismissed  
With hard words and unkind—  
His mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found his slumbering deep,  
With darkened eyelids and their lashes yet

From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own.

For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-velvet stone.

A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art.

To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I prayed  
To God I wept, and said:  
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,

Not vexing thee in death,  
And thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good.

Then, fatherly not less,  
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,  
"I will be sorry for thy childishness."

—Coventry Patmore.

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