

places. His face bore the lines of a man who had had great business cares. A workman passed on his way home after the daily work, carrying his lunch basket and whistling the lively air of some popular song. My rich man distracted me by saying "Did you observe the man that passed was whistling?" I turned and saw two silvery tears in his eyes which soon rolled down his cheeks. Upon the affirmative reply, he said, "did you ever see a rich man walking on the street and indulge in a cheerful whistle?" I told him that I thought it was because he would consider it unbecoming. "No," said he, "that man has finished a day's work—he goes home with a good appetite, and will enjoy in blessed contentment with his children the supper his wife has prepared. He has good health and little mental worry. He is a happy man.

The reverend speaker then showed what constitutes true happiness and that work is no impediment to happiness. He exhorted his hearers to employ their united efforts to effect a better condition in society—to use Christian means to unite more closely in brotherly love the breach between employers and employees.

**THE ARCHANGEL'S "HAIL MARY"**

BY REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

Fall the snow on the festival's vigil  
And surprised the city in white;  
I wonder who wove the pure flake-  
lets?  
Ask the Virgin, or God, or the night,  
It fitted the Feast; 'twas a symbol,  
And earth wore the surplice at morn,  
As pure as the vale's stainless lily  
For Mary, the sinlessly born;

For Mary, conceived in all sinless-  
ness;  
And the sun, thro' the clouds of the  
East,  
With the brightest and fairest of  
flashes,  
Fringed the surplice of white for the  
Feast.

And round the horizon hung cloud-  
lets,  
Pure stoles to be worn by the Feast;  
While the earth and the heavens  
were waiting  
For the beautiful Mass of the priest.

I opened my window, half dreaming;  
My soul went away from my eyes,  
And my heart began saying "Hail  
Marys"  
Somewhere up in the beautiful skies,  
Where the shadows of sin never  
rested;  
And the angels were waiting to hear  
The prayer that ascends with "Our  
Father,"  
And keeps hearts and the heavens so  
near.

And all the day long—can you blame  
me?  
"Hail Mary," "Our Father," I said;  
And I think that the Christ and His  
Mother  
Were glad of the way that I prayed.  
And I think that the great, bright  
Archangel  
Was listening all the day long  
For the echo of every "Hail Mary"  
That soared thro' the skies like a  
song.

From the hearts of the true and the  
faithful,  
In accents of joy or of woe,  
Who kissed in their faith and their  
fervor  
The Festival's surplice of snow.

I listened, and each passing minute,  
I heard in the lands far away  
"Hail Mary," "Our Father," and near  
me  
I heard all who knelt down to pray.  
Pray the same as I prayed, and the  
angel,  
And the same as the Christ of our  
love—  
"Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Our  
Father,"  
Winging just the same sweet flight  
above.

Passed the morning, the noon: came  
the even—  
The temple of Christ was aflame  
With the halo of lights on three  
altars,  
And one wore his own Mother's  
name.

Her statue stood there, and around  
it  
Shone the symbolic stars. Was  
their gleam,  
And the flowerets that fragranced  
her altar,  
Were they only the dream of a  
dream?

Or were they sweet signs to my  
vision  
Of a truth far beyond mortal ken,  
That the Mother had rights in the  
temple  
Of Him she had given to men?

Was it wronging her Christ-Son I  
wonder,  
For the Christian to honor her so?  
Ought her statue pass out of His  
temple?  
Ask the Feast in its surplice of  
snow.

Ah, me! had the pure flakelets  
voices,  
I know what their white lips  
would say;  
And I know that the lights on her  
altar  
Would pray with me if they could  
pray.

Methinks that the flowers that were  
fading—  
Sweet virgins that die with the  
Feast.

Like martyrs, upon her fair altar—  
If they could, they would pray  
with the priest:

And would murmur "Our Father,"  
"Hail Mary,"  
Till they drooped on the altar in  
death,  
And be glad in their dying for giving  
To Mary their last sweetest breath.

Passed the day as a poem that passes  
Through the poet's heart's sweet-  
est of strings;  
Moved the minutes from Masses to  
Masses—  
Did I hear a faint sound as of  
wings.

Rustling over the aisles and the  
altars?  
Did they go to her altar and pray?  
Or was my heart only a-dreaming  
At the close of the Festival day?

Quiet throngs came into the temple,  
As still as the flowers at her feet,  
And wherever they knelt, they were  
gazing  
Where the statue looked smiling  
and sweet.

"Our Fathers," "Hail Marys," were  
blended  
In a pure and a perfect accord,  
And passed by the beautiful Mother  
To fall at the feet of our Lord.

Low toned from the hearts of a  
thousand  
"Our Fathers," "Hail Marys"  
swept on  
To the star-wreathed statue. I  
wonder  
Did they wrong the great name of  
her Son.

Her Son and our Saviour—I wonder  
How He heard our "Hail Marys"  
that night?  
Were the words to Him sweet as  
music  
They once were, and did we pray  
right?  
Or was it all wrong? Will he pun-  
ish?  
Our lips if we make them the home  
Of the words of the great, high Arch-  
angel  
That won Him to sinners to come.

Ah, me! does He blame my own  
mother,  
Who taught me, a child at her knee,  
To say, with "Our Father," "Hail  
Mary?"  
If 'tis wrong, my Christ! punish but  
me.

Let my mother, O Jesus! be blame-  
less;  
Let me suffer for her if You blame,  
Her pure mother's heart knew no  
better  
When she taught me to love the  
pure name.

O Christ! of Thy beautiful Mother  
Must I hide her name down in my  
heart?  
But ah! even there you will see it—  
With Thy Mother's name how can I  
part?

On Thy name all divine have I  
rested  
In the days when my heart-trials  
came;  
Sweet Christ, like to Thee I am  
human,  
And I need Mary's pure human  
name.

Did I hear a voice? or was I dream-  
ing?  
I heard—or I sure seemed to hear—  
"Who blames you for loving My  
Mother  
Is wronging my heart—do not fear."  
"I am human, e'en here in My  
heavens,  
What I was I am still all the same;  
And I still love My beautiful  
Mother—  
And thou, priest of Mine, do the  
same."

I was happy—because I am human—  
And Christ in the silences heard  
"Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Our  
Father,"  
Murmured faithfully word after  
word.

Swept the beautiful "O Salutaris"  
Down the aisles—did the starred  
statue stir  
Or was my heart only a-dreaming  
When it turned from her statue and  
her?

The door of a white tabernacle  
Felt the touch of the hand of the  
priest—  
Did he waken the host from its  
slumbers  
To come forth and crown the high  
Feast?

To come forth so strangely and sil-  
ent,  
And just for a sweet little while,  
And then to go back to its prison,  
Thro' the stars—did the sweet statue  
smile?

I knew not; but Mary, the Mother,  
I think, almost envied the priest—  
Was taking her place at the  
altar—  
Did she dream of the days in the  
East?

When her hands, and hers only, held  
Him,  
Her Child in His waking and rest,  
Who had strayed in a love that  
seemed wayward?  
This eve to a shrine in the West.

Did she dream of the straw of the  
manger  
When she gazed on the altar's pure  
white?  
Did she fear for her Son any danger  
In the little Host, helpless, that  
night?

No! no! she is trustful as He is—  
What a terrible trust in our race!

The Divine has still faith in the  
human  
What a story of infinite grace!

"Tantum Ergo," high hymn of the  
altar  
That came from the heart of a  
saint,  
Swept triumph-toned all through the  
temple—  
Did my ears hear the sound of a  
plaint?

'Neath the glorious roll of the sing-  
ing  
To the temple had sorrow crept in?  
Or was it the moan of a sinner?  
O beautiful Host! wilt Thou win?

In the little half-hour's Benediction  
The heart of a sinner again?  
And, merciful Christ, Thou wilt  
comfort  
The sorrow that brings Thee its  
pain.

Came a hush, and the Host was up-  
lifted,  
And it made just the Sign of the  
Cross  
O'er the low-browed brows of the  
people,  
O Host of the Holy! Thy loss!

To the altar, and temple, and people  
Would make this world darkest of  
night;  
And our hearts would grope blindly  
on through it,  
For our love would have lost all its  
light.

"Laudate," what thrilling of tri-  
umph!  
Our souls soared to God on each  
tone;  
And the Host went again to His  
prison,  
For our Christ fears to leave us  
alone.

Blessed priest! strange thou art His  
jailer!  
Thy hand holds the beautiful key  
That locks in His prison love's Cap-  
tive,  
And keeps Him in fetters for me.

'Twas over—I gazed on the statue—  
"Our Father," "Hail Mary," still  
came;  
And to-night faith and love cannot  
help it,  
I must pray the same—still the  
same.

**GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY**

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

**DEVOTION TO OUR LADY**

It is a striking coincidence that nearly all non-Catholics are opposed to the veneration which true Christians give to Mary, the Mother of our Saviour. In their false zeal for the interests of the divine Son, these misguided people refuse to honor the Mother. The tribute of respect and veneration that we Catholics give to Mary is, in their opinion, unjustly taken from her Son. How gross this error is, is easily understood by those who know that all the privileges of Mary were granted to her in view of her marvellous vocation. What were her Immaculate Conception, her sinless motherhood, her holiness greater than that of angels or men, but privileges which should necessarily accompany the role she played in the work of the redemption? And what was her glorious Assumption into heaven, what is her present queenship there, but the logical aftermath of her career here on earth? If Mary was the recipient of extraordinary graces, she received them in order to make her worthy of Him of Whom she was to be the Mother; her life was unique in the favors she received, but it was all for the sake of her Son, Who was to be the Redeemer of the human race.

The Catholic world has so fully understood this that history has had an easy task in refuting the time-worn calumny of heretics. Is it not a fact that wherever the veneration of Mary is ignored or combated, there in proportion the worship of Jesus is abandoned, or at least diminished? And, on the other hand, wherever Christians are devoted to the Mother is there not found there also a greater love for the Son? If the enemies of the Catholic position had any basis for their assertion, just the contrary would have happened. Heretics should know that we Catholics adore only God; they should know also that we honor, venerate and love Mary because she is the Mother of God, and that after the love, service, adoration we give to the Son of God, Thro' the stars—did the sweet statue smile?

I know not; but Mary, the Mother, I think, almost envied the priest— Was taking her place at the altar— Did she dream of the days in the East?

When her hands, and hers only, held Him,  
Her Child in His waking and rest,  
Who had strayed in a love that seemed wayward?  
This eve to a shrine in the West.

Did she dream of the straw of the manger  
When she gazed on the altar's pure white?  
Did she fear for her Son any danger  
In the little Host, helpless, that night?

No! no! she is trustful as He is—  
What a terrible trust in our race!

ardently the Heart of her Divine Son.

The first duty of an Associate of our League of Prayer, acting in union with the Heart of Jesus, is to secure as far as possible a respectful, confiding and simple intimacy with the Saviour's life. We must know His sentiments, His wishes; all our pious reflections, readings, meditations and prayers should have this object in view. Who is the better able or more authorized to guide us in this work than His Blessed Mother who lived thirty years in the closest relations with Him? No creature knew the Heart of Jesus better than Mary. The strongest ties united His Heart and mind to hers; Mary "stored up in her heart" the secrets unfolded to her in those long years at Nazareth; she had consequently a more complete knowledge of His designs for the redemption of the human race than any other creature could have had. When alone with Him in the intimate intercourse of Mother and Son, He opened up His Heart to her, and supplied her with full details of what He Himself was pleased to call "His Father's business." Spiritual writers have given us many admirable pages suggestive of the conversations and doings of those years at Nazareth; and no one can doubt that the Saviour Who revealed Himself to His apostles so fully in after years, was equally expansive with her who was so near and so dear to Him.

The Gospel signals only at rare intervals the presence of Mary among the hearers of Jesus during His public life, possibly because our Lord had judged her to be already sufficiently instructed in His doctrines, or it may be, as ascetic writers suggest, to prepare her by this isolation for the final separation. And yet we can piously believe that even during the three busy years of His public ministry, our Lord reserved an occasional hour for His Blessed Mother, during which He opened up His Heart most intimately to her than He did to His disciples, for, after all, Mary was His Mother; the apostles and disciples were only acquaintances of comparatively recent date. The recital of His long journeys, the incidents attached to His labors, His miracles, His discussions with the Pharisees, the fidelity of the apostles, the increase of His doctrine, the increase of the number of those who believed in Him, must have held her attention many a time during those strenuous years, and must have given her a greater knowledge of the sentiments and emotions of His Sacred Heart.

But all these sources of knowledge paled when the final drama of the Passion arrived. By her own sufferings and anguish she was able to measure the unutterable depths of her Divine Son's physical and mental sufferings; and since to suffer is to learn, she learned more from His example while on the road to Calvary and at the foot of the cross than she had ever done before of the way the Heart of Jesus loved men. And who will dare deny that, in the last hours, especially when He was hanging on the cross, the Divine Son softened her superhuman sorrow by ineffable lights and graces? How else could the Blessed Mother have withstood the bitterness of that first Good Friday afternoon? And when the ordeal was over, and the three days' absence had ended with the Resurrection, it is beyond belief, though the Gospel does not say so, that Mary was the first to receive a visit from her glorified Son? Had she not the right above all others at that moment to lean her head on His throbbing Heart, and learn from the intensity of its pulsations, new lessons of love? During His forty days' presence here on earth, while awaiting His Ascension, Mary shared in the privileges of the apostles and disciples; and finally when the Holy Spirit came down to complete the instruction and the strengthening of the infant Church, Mary was present to receive her share of the gifts. What intimate knowledge our Blessed Mother must have had of the Sacred Heart! And to whom more fully equipped than to her can we appeal to receive instruction in the secrets of the love of Jesus for men?

Seeing that Mary corresponded with all those heavenly graces, and that her will was submissive to her intelligence in everything, we can surely assert that her love of the Heart of Jesus was commensurate with her intimate knowledge of Him; and that she had for the Divine Heart a love proportionate to her knowledge. And how did Mary show her love? While full of respect and adoration as became a creature, her love was impregnated with intense motherly tenderness, and this tenderness arising from her heart was all the more lively in that it was centered on the Heart of an only Son, Who was Jesus all-perfect, all-beautiful. One is inclined to ask how the delicacy of Mary could suppress the manifestations of her motherly love in presence of the veneration that a creature should have for the Creator; or how this incomparable Mother could reconcile her authority over Jesus with the adoration and obedience which was His due. This is a mystery which the Gospel has not revealed, and which, during the thirty years at Nazareth, must have excited the admiration of the Court of Heaven. Let it suffice for us to contemplate this touching spectacle with the eyes of the soul, and, as wondering spectators, ask Mary to obtain for us more knowledge of the Sacred Heart of her Son, and more love for Him.

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Our associates should make an effort during this month to redouble their love for the Blessed Mother as a means of securing an entry into the secrets of the Heart of Jesus. This is what had been the practice of all those who have distinguished themselves in their devotion to the Sacred Heart. St. Bernard, St. Gertrude, Blessed John Eudes, Blessed Margaret Mary, Venerable Claude de la Colombiere, all pioneers in the spread of the devotion, were remarkable for their tender devotion to the Mother of God. But their examples shows us that their devotion to Mary was really an incentive to greater knowledge and greater love of the Sacred Heart. Let us carry on these traditions, confident that the love we give to the Mother will not be unwelcome to her Divine Son; that nothing could be more pleasing to Him; confident also that she will secure for us a share of the graces that the Sacred Heart is ever ready to shower down on those who have a tender devotion to Mary.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

**A BULWARK AGAINST INIQUITY**

Under the heading, "No boasting Here," the Northwestern Christian Advocate says:

A hundred thousand divorces were granted in this country in 1912. In 1900 20 European countries and Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, contributed to the marriage tragedies of the world 27,000 divorces. In the same period this country had 56,000 divorces. Yet this nation had only 76,000,000 population, while the other nations cited contained 267,000,000 people. The time has come to stop playing and come face to face with the fact that what we are deluded into calling American civilization could with more appropriateness be paraded under some other less edifying but more designative term. The foundations of the family are being shaken, the very moral structure of the nation is endangered, and it is high time, indeed, that all citizens combine for sheer national safety if for no higher, more moral end, and stem this terrific tide of iniquity.

The greatest bulwark against this "terrific tide of iniquity" is undeniably the Catholic Church which teaches steadily and unflinchingly that there can be no divorce. Yet the Northwestern Christian Advocate and other sectarian papers are apparently never happy save when attempting to weaken this bulwark. If "what we are deluded into calling American

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Mr. Harding requests that no one write simply through idle curiosity and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution.

civilization" looks so black to our esteemed editorial friend now, we wonder what we would say if the Catholic Church were wiped out of existence. We rather think he would not find any civilization at all— Sacred Heart Review.

**THE MASS**

Cardinal Newman's words on the Mass ought to be indelibly impressed on the mind of every Catholic:

To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but if I may use the word the Evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in Flesh and Blood, before Whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. There are little children, and old men and simple laborers and students in seminaries, priests preparing for their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and scope of it!

If you want to be great, be good. Be good in your work and in your play. Be good in the place and part you now are filling. To be good you must be kind, true and helpful. Do not forget that last word. Nor the first one. Many persons bank on the middle one and then wonder why their checks are not honored by the world at large.

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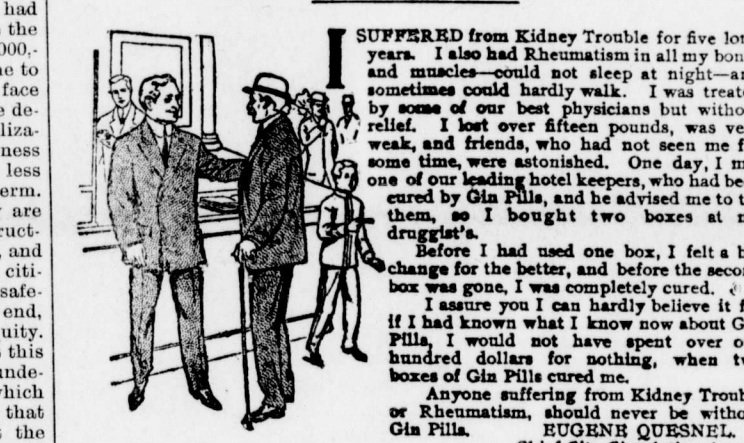
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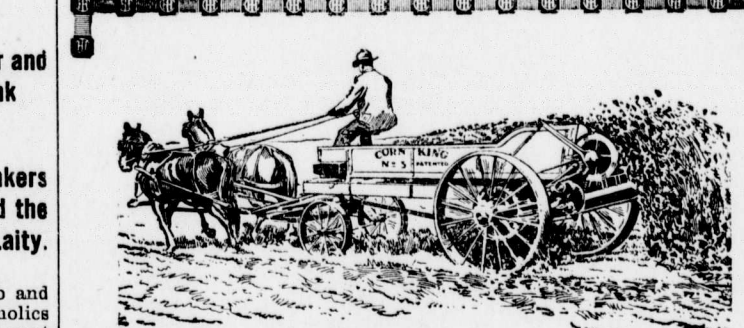
SUFFERED from Kidney Trouble for five long years. I also had Rheumatism in all my bones and muscles—could not sleep at night—and sometimes could hardly walk. I was treated by some of our best physicians but without relief. I lost over fifteen pounds, was very weak, and friends, who had not seen me for some time, were astonished. One day, I met one of our leading hotel keepers, who had been cured by Gin Pills, and he advised me to try them. So I bought two boxes at my druggist's.

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