

The Sacrament of the Battlefield.

The Armor is Buckled on in Confirmation, and the Oil of Anointing Strengthens For the Brave Fight in the Arena of Life.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns for the St. Patrick's Day issue, the sermon preached by Rev. Father Walsh on Sunday, the 18th, was unavoidably omitted. We give it herewith:

The analogy between the physical development of man and his spiritual progress, shows that his requirements in the natural order have their counterpart in the needs of his supernatural state as the adopted child of God. St. Paul calls the baptized "babes in Christ," while St. Peter speaks of them as "new born babes," born anew of water and the Holy Ghost, and incorporated by the "laver of regeneration" into the Kingdom of God on earth, the mystic body of which Christ is the head. Now as the growth of the body in the natural order implies an accession of strength with the advancing years of human life to the age of manhood, physical labor and moral responsibility, the attainment of the use of reason, demand a new gift of God to the soul of the child standing at the threshold of the battlefield. The athlete entering on the arena where his strength and skill are to be tested in a life-long conflict whose prize is life eternal, requires an unction to make his every limb and muscle vigorous and supple. The work of divine grace begun at the baptismal font is to be completed when the child of God becomes His soldier and this new need is supplied by the Sacrament of Strength. Confirmation is thus the complement and crown of Baptism, bringing to its perfection the work begun by Sacramental regeneration, leading the soul to spiritual manhood and maturity, giving it a seven-fold strength to guard and develop the seven-fold virtue, infused and acquired in Baptism—Prudence, Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Faith, Hope and Charity. Baptism has made man a Christian, Confirmation makes him a perfect Christian; not that the work of divine grace is then or thereby ended, or that he forthwith and therein is made morally perfect, or that the grace of this confirmation is the last of the helps to holiness that he is to receive through life. On the contrary, we know that the activity of grace is only then to be manifested, that instead of his becoming morally perfect, his final perfection is not to be attained on this side of the grave, and that he must, day by day, gradually add stone to stone, build up the edifice of his spiritual life. But this we do mean, that by the Sacrament of Confirmation, the foundations on which that spiritual superstructure is to be built, are laid in all their completeness, and that he is fully equipped with those graces which he requires not only to lead but preserve that life of faith on which he entered through the gate of Baptism.

BULWARK OF FAITH.

To understand and appreciate the power of this Sacrament, we must regard its effects from the standpoint of faith of which it is the bulwark, and man's relation to faith, the foundation of the supernatural life. Man has, with regard to faith, a triple relation, that of duty, difficulty and danger. He has duty to perform, a difficulty to encounter, a danger to be reckoned with and armed against. His duty is to hold, profess, and if needs be, to fight and suffer for the faith of Christ. "With the heart," says St. Paul, "we believe unto justice, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "Whosoever shall confess Me before men," says Christ, "I shall confess him before My Father Who is in heaven, but whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father Who is in heaven."

WHENCE THE POWER?

O blessed Sacraments of the Christian battlefield, twin fountains of strength for the Christian soldier, whence have you drawn your wondrous power? Surely as the Saviour knelt in Gethsemani, in all the agonies of desolation, and His Blood bedewed the ground amidst the olive trees of the garden of sorrow, some mystic efficacy was given to the fruit of those trees whose shadows fell in sympathy around the prosing form of their Incarnate Creator, and whose leaves trembled with the breath which bore out on the night the agonizing sighs and prayers of the Man of Sorrows. And witnesses of that agony whose merits were to solace and sanctify the Christian deathbed, those olive

DIFFICULTIES ASSAIL.

Besides the difficulties which surround man's duty of professing the faith boldly and perseveringly, there is the danger of his faith being injured or lost. "Our warfare is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world, of this darkness, against the spirits of iniquity in high places," and the Apostle adds, "be strengthened in the Lord and in the might of His power put on the armor of God, in all

HEALS SIN-SCARRED SOUL.

Now, dearest brethren, if the Christian battlefield has its dawn and its sunset, and the Christian warrior, "oft doomed to death, yet fated not to die," still holds the field and uplifts the standard of the Cross. His armor shows many a cleft and dent, his weary, wounded limbs tell a tale of feebleness and failure, his waning strength portends disaster and defeat, but there is reserved for him a second anointing, the healing of the bleeding wounds, the soothing of the scorching pain, the strengthening of the weak, war-worn frame, the repairing of blunted weapons and shattered armor before the last onslaught of the foe, the "forlorn hope" of hell and its allies, the world without and the flesh within. Satan is playing for a high stake, a human soul, and reserves with the skill of the experienced gambler his last and best card, for the final throw on which an eternity depends. Now, if ever, the soldier of Christ needs every ounce of strength, every spark of courage; his brow is wet with the death-sweat, his features are pallid and his heart is seized with fear of the death-struggle and the judgment seat behind the bed of life and time, but a new strength is his, a fresh courage fills his heart with hope and nerves his failing spirit. One who has tasted of every human sorrow and pain has died, and in dying learned in the school of death its bitterness, weakness and fear. And the fruit of this experience of death was a sympathy, human yet divine, for the dying. And the fruit of that Divine sympathy was a Sacrament—the Sacrament of the Dying, the Sacrament of Oil and Gladness—completing the work of Penance as Confirmation perfects the effects of Baptism—removing all trace of sin, nay, even sin itself—bringing to the dying resignation to the separation of death, strengthening his mind with the faith of his childhood and fortifying his will with the fervor of youth and innocence, saying to him, "a little while and you shall see Me and your heart will rejoice and your joy no one can take from you."

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trees derived and deserved the dignity of supplying, as the matter of the Sacraments of the Battlefield, the oil which, typifying divine grace, "gladdens the face of man." May the consideration of these sacraments inspire faith in their efficacy and our hope that we may share in the fullest measure the graces they contain, making thanksgiving to Him "who hath anointed us, who hath sealed us, and hath given the pledge of the Spirit in our hearts," to be our strength in the stress and storm of life, our consolation at the close of the conflict.

O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God Who hath given us the victory through Jesus Christ Our Lord, that sealed with the Holy Spirit of Promise being found faithful unto death we may obtain the crown of life.

Erin's Shield and Glory.

In the noon of her national glory. When Erin, untrammelled and free, Set the seal of her art and her learning.

On mountain and valley and sea; When the nations full-awed by her beauty, Were willing to seek her command, She prayed at the altar of Mary, And the Rosary shone in her hand!

Then there came persecution upon her; Was scourged like the Master of old; But the bitterest cup of her sorrows Was a crucible proving her gold! Not the pitch-cap nor fever nor famine;

Not dread of the fetters or bands; Not the might of the tyrant could ever Take the Rosary blest from her hands.

When the light of the sunburst is gleaming, On the robe of the "Dark Rosaleen"; When the prayers of heroes are answered, And Erin once more is a queen, E'en then in false pride we'll not see her,

Whose faith for long ages was banned, But low at the altar of Mary With the rosary still in her hand.

From his place in the realms seraphic, At the sound of the direst day's call Will St. Patrick come forth all resplendent To gather his children all; And loved Erin, reflecting his triumph, In phalanx with martyr will stand And their palms will grow richer in glory.

For the rosary still in her hand. MRS. E. T. MOORE, Montreal, March 17 1910.

SPRING BLOOD IS BAD BLOOD.

How to Get New Health and New Strength in the Spring.

Even the most robust find the winter months trying to their health. Confinement indoors in often overheated and nearly always badly ventilated rooms—in the home, the office, the shops and the school—taxes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery or clogged with impurities. Sometimes you get up in the morning just as tired as when you went to bed. Some people have headaches, and a feeling of languor; others are low-spirited and nervous; still others have pimples and skin eruptions. These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of order. Many people rush to purgative medicines in the spring. This is a mistake. You can't cure these troubles with a medicine which gallops through your system, and is sure to leave you weaker still. What you need to give you health and strength in the spring is a tonic medicine and the one always reliable tonic and blood-builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish spring ills but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, indigestion, rheumatism, and other diseases due to bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body. Try this medicine this spring and you will have strength and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer.

Mr. Geo. W. Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says: "A couple of years ago when I came home from a lumbering camp where I had been employed my blood was in such a condition that my whole body broke out in boils—some six or eight in a nest. These were so painful that I was confined to the house and for three months was treated by my family doctor. I got no better; in fact the sores began to eat into my flesh, and at times were so offensive that I refused to sit at the table with my family. A friend asked me why I did not give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and I decided to do so. I got six boxes and before they were all gone the sores began to disappear and my system was much strengthened. I continued using the pills until I had taken 12 boxes, when every boil and sore had disappeared, and I have since enjoyed the very best of health."

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The Quebec Government has decided to sell the above mentioned exhibition grounds, situated in the town of Saint John, P.Q., containing about 24 arpents in superficies—with the buildings thereon erected.

The Minister of Agriculture invites all those desirous of becoming proprietors of such grounds, to visit same and transmit him their offers. Information may be had concerning the description of the said grounds and also the charges and conditions of the sale, by applying to the government office, at Montreal, 9 St. James street, the registrar's office, at St. John's, P.Q., and the Department of Agriculture at Quebec.

Tenders for the purchase of the said immovable must be addressed to the Minister of Agriculture, at Quebec, on or before the 15th of April next.

The government does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders.

By order,
B. MICHAUD,
Secretary of the Minister of Agriculture, Quebec, 21st February, 1910.

When Coventry Patmore Entered the Church.

Coventry Patmore's health had become so much impaired by the long strain of anxiety and sorrow during his wife's last illness, that in 1864, he obtained leave of absence from the British Museum for a few months' travel. It was arranged that he should join Aubrey de Vere in Rome; but the bereaved poet seems to have anticipated the trip without enthusiasm. "I expect," he wrote to his daughter, the wise little Emily Honoria, "to be very dull and miserable for the first two or three weeks, until I get to Rome; but when I am there I shall be all right, for nobody can be dull or miserable where Mr. de Vere is."

A more compelling, though as yet an unacknowledged, magnet was drawing Patmore to the Eternal City. For almost ten years—during which time he stood as a "High Anglican—a shadowy but colossal vision of the Church Catholic had been looming before his consciousness, alternately claiming and repelling his affections. The Catholic position, he tells us, had early been revealed to him as so logically perfect as almost to imply an absence of life: while from his reading of St. Thomas he discovered two luminous facts; first, the eminent reality of Catholic devotional literature; second, that "true poetry and true theological science have to do with one and the same ideal, and that they differ only as the Peak of Tenerife and the table-land of Central Asia do." Yet the unalterable repugnance of his wife Emily (who was the daughter of a Dissenting minister, and all her life "invisibly" prejudiced and terrified by some imaginary spectre of Papistry) had long seemed a tenable argument against the momentous change. In point of fact, what the poet needed, each day more imperiously, was just the gift of faith. And so, pilgrim-like, with unerring instinct, he travelled back that old, old road which leads to Rome.

Once in the Papal city, Aubrey de Vere introduced him into a Catholic circle of notable grace and distinction; and here, with "deliberate speed, majestic instancy," he continued his search after truth. It was not an easy struggle. We have the whole story in his little "Autobiography of the Spirit"; and it proves that, while the man's reason was soon convinced, his will remained faltering and unpersuaded. The further he advanced—stepping into the battle of truth and error, he calls it, instead of being merely a spectator—the more vehemently developed his own natural reluctance. After several weeks of this ordeal, flesh warring against spirit and reason against conscience in the age-old strife of centripetal and centrifugal force, it flashed upon our poet that nothing but the definite act of submission—the experimental bridge burning leap—could effect the reconciliation he sought. It was late at night when he reached this decision; but, like the importunate widow of the Gospels, Patmore rushed from his hotel to the Jesuit monastery, and would be denied neither by Rule nor padlock. Father Cardella, the learned and patient priest who had been his instructor, refused to permit the great step in this precipitate haste. But the neophyte made

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Mrs. Calvin Stark, Rossmore, Ont., writes: "About two years ago I began to be troubled with a smothering sensation at night, when I would lie down. I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark, and would have to sit up and rub my limbs, they would become so numb. My doctor said my heart and nerves were responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to try them. I took three boxes and can now lie down and sleep without the light burning and can rest well. I can recommend them highly to all nervous and run-down women."

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