

that there was to be none of this nonsense—music! He roared and writhed inwardly, refusing to look at Ursula, whose trembling hand was on his arm and whose imploring gaze he resented bitterly.

"Shall we go, father?" the girl asked gently.

"No!" he said brusquely, shaking off her hand. "No!" And even as he spoke the melody changed, and a familiar strain fell on Ursula's ear. She turned to look at the musician.

"The Maestro!" she murmured unconsciously speaking aloud. "And that's my 'Easter Lilies'—mine—"

As the eyes of the performer, sweeping idly about the hall, caught her startled lifted gaze, his firm stroke faltered for a moment. Then he played to her, putting into the music which she herself had made all the hopes which she had written into it, all the joy, and all the pain. They seemed to drop into the silence, these little silver notes of melody, delicate, sweet, plaintive, appealing; and strangely enough, as he had once so dearly hoped they might, they fell upon the crushed heart of Gregory Lee like refreshing rain to a parched sod, touching it again to life and sweetness. For when Ursula, coming to her father quickly, turned again to her father there were tears in his eyes.

"That air—" he faltered a little, meeting her look of surprise, "it was—very sweet, didn't you think so, Ursula?"

She could not find her voice for an instant, the change—the miracle!—it was too tremendously wonderful to last! Then her father spoke again, as if to reassure her, perhaps, too, to reassure himself. "For the high every fibre of his body was trembling a new sense of freedom, of exaltation, of joy almost, such as he had not experienced in years.

"We must meet that old musician," he said. "I think, perhaps—I should like to have you take up the violin again."

"Father!" Ursula had found her voice. "Father!" She smiled at him, though there were tears in her eyes. "I want you to meet him—he is a friend of mine. Come!"

And arm in arm through the merry, gay-voiced groups they made their way to the remote corner where, noting their approach, the Maestro stood waiting to greet his long-lost pupil, a happy light in his eyes and a tender smile illuminating his fine old face.

MICKEY: AN EASTER STORY

"Sure, you were a boy once yourself," Mrs. McMullen pleaded, though with a challenge in her eye.

"Yes, and I'd never have been a man if I'd been up to the tricks of that lad of yours," retorted Father O'Rourke. "He would have been killed outright by the master in Killybegs."

"But isn't it always better, Father," urged Mrs. McMullen, "to let live and give a chance to reform?" and when Father Hugh, looking far away out of the window, only grunted, she persuasively added:

"One more chance, please, Father; he's determined to keep out of mischief this time, and for that matter, sure at heart he's the best—"

"All right," broke in the old priest, though it was the logic of memory rather than the mother's that brought him to this conclusion. "I'll let him go on again; but mind you," he thundered, as Mrs. McMullen with smiles and bows and profuse thanks arose to go, "if I find that boy at any more of his tricks around this church it's off the altar he'll go for good and never—"

But the iron gate had all ready clicked behind Mrs. McMullen, and she was too happy to care about Father O'Rourke's threats now that Michael was to be reinstated in his old position among the servers at St. Aidan's.

"To think of it," indignantly muttered the venerable pastor as he relighted his old brown pipe, "burnin' rubber and asafetida in the bran' new censor I bought for Easter; why the sacrists smelled like a meat market."

After a few minutes of meditative smoking, however, he broke out into a hearty laugh. "Poor Riegh," he mused as the gray smoke drifted about his white head, "it's little but fun we thought of the nonovon we tethered the calf to Dr. Donovan's door at Maynooth."

Mrs. McMullen was ambitious in an unworthy sense; she had no daughters to "marry" successfully, no husband to goad on to high, or low political offices—she had only one boy, Michael, and ever since he had come to her, with his angelic eyes, for all their wicked twinkle, it had been the sole wish of her life, her only desire on earth, that one day she might see him behind the chasuble; nor was this ambition of hers changed nor her faith shaken when Michael's father left her eight years before. She would toil and pinch and scrape, God would do the rest she was sure. No matter if Mickey was the terror of the parish, the abomination of all the mothers of "nice" boys; he was her boy, she loved every freckle on his face, and she had much to love.

She was going home happy now, wondering how she could best impress Mickey with the uncertainty of his tenure to a place as server at St. Aidan's; for though she knew that he was all right at heart and had, as she believed, a real vocation, there was no telling what moment he would break forth in some silly freak that would argue the utter want, to some, the impossibility of any seriousness in his character.

As Mrs. McMullen approached the house she heard the children screaming in the rear of the woodshed. "You won't kill us, Mickey," was the terrified cry, and a prompt "Just watch me," was the heartless answer. Quickening her steps Mrs. McMullen got behind the house seemingly just in time to prevent what might be a horrible slaughter. "Tied together to the back door-step lay little Jimmie and Kitty Malone, their eyes protruding in horror, while off a few feet was the redoubtable Mickey, brandishing a hatchet and a saw as he did a war dance, his face streaked and blotched with green and yellow paint preparatory to executing his wrath on the children of pale face. As Mrs. McMullen appeared a war-whoop ended in a gasp of astonishment.

"Michael Paul McMullen—what in the name of heaven are you up to?" demanded the disheartened mother with tears of vexation in her eyes.

"Nothing, ma," confessed the perspiring though composed, aborigine, "only showing the kids what it is not to have Christian parents what don't love you and—" Ten minutes after the Malone children were safe on their own side of the fence, Mrs. Malone knew from lusty "yellucation" in the woodshed that one child of Christian parents was experiencing the strength of his mother's affection.

During the remainder of Lent a wonderful change came over Mickey; whether his mother's talk had made him realize the high expectations she cherished for him or whether the willow branch was the stronger argument, it is hard to say—perhaps both made deep impressions on him. Perhaps, too, he had been sobered by the fact that his mother had received a slight stroke of paralysis, the second one, a week after the incident related above. At any rate, his conduct at school got to be remarkably good, and as he never missed a practise for the servers, even Father O'Rourke began to think there might perhaps be something in him.

By Holy Saturday Mickey had got his part down fine. There was to be a Solemn High Mass at St. Aidan's on Easter Sunday; true, there would be only one priest, but the impossibility of securing the other ministers didn't bother Father O'Rourke—if he couldn't have a deacon and a sub-deacon, well, it spared him the agony of instructing master of ceremonies for the occasion. It seemed, moreover, from the amount of time and attention he lavished on Mickey (with the new censor!) that he expected to fill up with incense whatever rubrical voids there might otherwise be in the Easter ceremonies.

Mickey was now an adept in his peculiar line of service; he could swing the censor to a perilous arc without upsetting its contents; he could swing it for twenty minutes without striking the floor once. Nor was all the glory of these achievements to be given to Father Hugh's patience or Mickey's own exertion. Night after night his mother put him through his paces, made him swing a pail of water, hung from a string, till Mickey's arms ached from weariness; and now, Mrs. McMullen's crowning usefulness and delight was in mending and pressing the slightly frayed cassock that Mickey was to wear and in "doing up" his surplice; for it was the historic practise at St. Aidan's for the boys who were going to serve at Easter to take home the surplices the week before and have them washed and ironed. No boy in the sanctuary, Mrs. McMullen was resolved, should look neater than Mickey.

Easter Sunday opened fresh and pure on the world like a golden-tongued lily, and Mickey thought as he stood behind the wash basin in the morning that never before had he seen the sun dance so splendidly on the wall.

"Hurry up now, or the eggs'll be cold," called his mother; "if you're late for that Mass this morning—"

"There's about two hours yet," yawned Mickey, though he moved about with an eagerness and enthusiasm his voice did not betray. His Sunday clothes had been pressed by Mrs. McMullen till they glittered like an armor, and Mickey had exhausted himself the night before putting a shine on his rather well-worn and stubby shoes.

"Mother, I'll never be Pope," he remarked as he fastened his father's large-linked watch-chain in his waistcoat and surveyed himself in the glass. "I don't think my eyes could stand the sparkle of the pictorial cross."

"Go along now, you and your hierarchal brag," called out his mother from the rattling dish-pan in the pantry, "and get that part straight in your hair."

At 9:30 after the most careful attention on the part of Mrs. McMullen and untold agony on her son's, Mickey stood forth as handsome, as perfect generally, as nature and art and his mother could make him.

"You'll do," exclaimed Mrs. McMullen at last, with a sob of happiness, and then, running in a moment the effects of half an hour's sedulous labor she threw both arms around Mickey and gathered him to her heart in the true mother way.

"That's all right, ma," spoke Mickey, reassuringly, as he caught a moment's shading of doubt in his mother's eyes, "you'll see me wearin' the two-story hat yet before I get the long-distance call."

Mrs. McMullen smiled absently over his banter, and murmured: "Your father would be a proud man this day," and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. In fifteen

minutes she had locked the house and walked to the gate, when she stopped, put her hand to her head for a moment and then sank heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone, who was also on her way to church, saw her fall.

"God save us, John," she cried to her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third stroke."

"Give me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The sacristy at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with coked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

"It's great," whispered the head acolyte, "candles by the hundreds,—" and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

"Please Father," Mr. Malone broke hesitatingly into the sacristy, "Mrs. McMullen is dying and wants the priest at once."

"Dying!" exclaimed Fr. O'Rourke. "My mother!" gasped Mickey, turning as white as his surplice.

"The Mass will be delayed a few minutes," announced Father O'Rourke from the altar, "and in the meantime say the prayers for the dying for Mrs. McMullen."

Stopping only to take off his cope, Father O'Rourke appeared at the sacristy door where Mr. Malone had driven up a farmer's rig. Mickey stood leaning against the wall as though stunned; the priest pushed him into the carriage just as he was, ready for the procession. In a few minutes they were at the dying woman's bedside.

"Thanks be to God," sobbed Mrs. McMullen as she opened her eyes and saw that Christ and His ministers were under her roof, "it's me that isn't worthy. Michael, dear, pray for your mother. Come closer, a-honey; what's this, the censor, God be praised!" and her dim eyes turned from her boy to the priest and back again.

"Kneel, Michael," whispered Father O'Rourke as he presented the dying woman with the Bread of Life.

Mickey knelt, with streaming eyes but almost automatically his arms brought the censor up as the rubric demand of the thrifter when he kneels at the Elevation.

The odor of fresh budding things full of new life came through the open door and the incense rode out the window on a shaft of sunlight. A look of exquisite peace breathed over Mrs. McMullen's plain, lined face as her eyes opened for the last time and saw dimly through the incense, dimly through the film of death, her Mickey in the violet cassock and the cloudy white lace surplice, his eyes in tears more angelic than she had ever thought them before.

"You'll get the ring, ashore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

There was no "Solemn High Mass at St. Aidan's that Easter, but there will be one there tomorrow, and Mickey" will officiate, wearing the "pictorial" cross and the "two-story" hat.

THE FAMOUS IRISH UKRAINIANS

DESCENDANTS OF EARLY IRISH SETTLERS STILL PRESERVE CELTIC NAMES

George Raffalovich, an Ukrainian and an authority on the history of his country, tells the readers of the New York Sun that the names of O'Brien and O'Rourke are still preserved there. Speaking of the free institutions of the Ukraine before the czar subjugated the country, he says:

"Many people would leave the surrounding countries and go to settle in Ukraine. Such names preserved in the Ukraine as O'Brien and O'Rourke tend to prove that people came from much farther to settle in the happy land."

The Ukraine is the southwestern portion of Russia. The founder of the O'Rourke's family, which Mr. Raffalovich informs us still exists, was Count O'Rourke, born in Leitrim. He became an officer in the English army but had to give up his commission on account of his religion. He then went to France where he served under Louis XV. He got an introduction to Stanislaus, King of Poland, and resigned his commission in the French army to serve under Stanislaus. Becoming impatient at the delay he went to Russia, where he became major in the Czar's regiment of bodyguard. Russia and Prussia soon afterwards went to war and O'Rourke distinguished himself at the siege of Berlin. At the end of the war Frederick the Great expressed a desire to meet O'Rourke to whom he presented a diamond-studded sword. He died in Russia about 1782.

The O'Rourke's have been prominent in Russia since the early part of the eighteenth century.

Another famous Irishman, George Browne, went to Russia in 1720 and was given a commission in the army. He distinguished himself in the campaigns against Poland, France and Prussia, and was created Field Marshal before he was thirty years of age. He died in 1793, and his descendants have held high positions in Russia, one of them being Governor of Livonia a few years ago.

But Peter Lacy was undoubtedly the greatest Irishman in Russia. He was born at Killeedy, Limerick, in 1678. He took to soldiering under Sarsfield at the mature age of twelve. He served in the Irish Brigade in

France and Italy. After the peace of Kywick he entered the Russian service where he received rapid promotion. In 1720 he led the Russian army in Sweden and at the end of the campaign he was made Governor of Livonia. In 1729 he commanded the expedition against Poland and entered Warsaw in triumph. It was Lacy who in 1742 took part of Finland from the Swedes. He died in 1761 laden with honors and leaving a large estate to his children. One of the descendants was in recent years Governor of Riga whilst others held high positions in Austria.

In contrast to these Irishmen who rose to distinction as soldiers in Russia, there was another Dublin man, John Field, who made his reputation as a musician. The Century Dictionary of Names calls him a "British composer." He was about as "British" as Lacy or O'Rourke. He was a student of Clementi, the Italian pianist and composer, whom he accompanied to Russia in 1802. He lived twenty years in Petrograd and two in Moscow when he moved to London. This famous "British" musician soon shook the dust of London off his feet and returned to the Continent. He died in Moscow in 1857. He was the originator of the "Nocturns," and Chopin is said to owe much in form and spirit to his compositions. His son, Leonoff, became a famous Russian tenor.—The Catholic Sun.

THE SACRED HEART AND THE SACRED PASSION

Rev. Joseph Huslein, S. J., in America

We are told of Sister Madeleine Orsini, by St. Alphonsus Liguori, that during a time of great mental distress, when her heart was plunged in a profound sadness, she heard our Divine Lord exhorting her to resignation from the cross.

"But, my Lord," she said in all her simplicity, "you hung upon the Cross

for three hours only, while I have already endured this pain for many years."

"You understand but little of My suffering," was His answer. From the first moment of life in the womb of my mother, I endured in My Heart all that thereafter I was to suffer upon the cross."

The beautiful and pious legend reveals to us a truth of which we ourselves may have thought but little in the past. With divine prevision our Lord foresaw, even from the first instant of His human existence, the every detail of the unspeakable sufferings He was to welcome and endure for love of us. Such was but one of the many sufferings that constituted the martyrdom of the Heart of Jesus.

He not merely foresaw all His Sacred Passion, but longed for its accomplishment. "I have a baptism," He exclaimed, "wherewith I am to be baptized and how I am straitened until it be accomplished." That baptism was the baptism in His own Blood for the redemption of mankind.

He could not take up in His hands the scroll of the Sacred Scriptures, or hear them read aloud and expounded to the people, or listen to them as they were reverently recited by Joseph and Mary, without probably meeting with some reference to His own bitter passion. All had been foretold by the prophets and sung in words of deepest pathos by the psalmist. In His sacred ears rang the very words of mockery that should be cast at Him as He was to hang upon the Cross. Speaking in the name of the suffering Messiah the prophet thus described Him:

"But I am a worm, and no man; the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people.

"All they that saw me have laughed me to scorn; they have spoken with the lips and have wagged the head.

"He hoped in the Lord, let Him

deliver him; let Him save him."

For all those many years Christ longed for the moment when He was to give up His life for love of us; and when that moment was come, He would not then descend from the Cross to save Himself, as His enemies invited Him to do in their satanic mockery. He was to ascend it to save, not Himself, but me. In His Sacred Heart He had undergone that crucifixion all His life, and how was He straitened that He should suffer it in all reality for our sake. Such is the love of the Heart of Jesus.

THE CATHOLIC FAITH

RESTS ON A FEW FUNDAMENTAL FACTS

Rev. H. G. Hengell, Madison, Wis.

A thousand and one difficulties against separate teachings of the Catholic Church do not give logical ground for single doubt against the Catholic faith as a whole. The Catholic faith is founded upon just a few fundamental facts or propositions. If these few facts are true, no amount of clever wit or argument or criticism directed against particular doctrines and practices of the Church can change them. If these facts are true, the Catholic faith is founded upon a rock. But if these facts are not true, then the whole Catholic faith is built upon sand, and it is only a waste of time and energy to argue about the particular doctrines or practices of Catholic faith. Now what are the facts upon which the Catholic faith stands or falls?

They are:

First. The fact that God exists; that is to say, the fact of a supreme, infinite intelligence over and above (not a part of) the created, visible universe.

Second. The fact of the Divine personality of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, possessing, in addition to His human nature, the same nature as God, the Father.

Third. The fact that Jesus Christ, God, established a one, only corporation or Church whose official, moral and religious teachings He guaranteed against error for all time.

Fourth. The fact that the Catholic Church of today is that one, only Church established by Jesus Christ.

It must be clear to any person possessing the powers of ordinary intellectual perception that, humanly speaking, faith rests objectively upon these four facts. For fifteen hundred years these facts were practically undisputed, and they are held as true by the vast majority of all Christians today.

THE LORD IS RISEN

All hail! dear Conqueror, all hail!  
Oh what a victory is Thine!  
How beautiful Thy strength appears!  
Thy crimson wounds, how bright they shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day,  
Armies of souls around Thee were—  
Blest spirit thronging to adore  
Thy flesh so marvelous, so fair.

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,  
How sang the angelic choirs that day,  
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,  
Like the strong sunrise, broke away.

—FREDERICK WILLIAM FABRE

How necessary it is that our poor hearts should live no more but under obedience to the Heart of Jesus! And since that Sacred Heart has no more affectionate law than meekness, humility, and charity, we must persevere hold firmly to these dear virtues.—St. Francis De Sales.

Come and keep Jesus company; it is His Heart which invites thee, and which promises thee the abundance of its graces if thou givest it that consolation.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.



The Income War Tax Act

Forms giving particulars of income for the year 1917, must be filled in and filed on or before the 31st March, 1918

Section 4 of the Act provides that all persons resident or ordinarily resident in Canada, shall pay a tax upon income exceeding \$1500 in the case of those single and widows and widowers without dependent children, and upon income exceeding \$3000 in the case of all other persons. It also provides that all Corporations and Joint Stock Companies, no matter how created, shall pay the normal tax upon income exceeding \$3000.

The Forms provided by the Department of Finance to be filled in with particulars of the 1917 income of all those whose incomes are liable under the Act, and by Trustees, Corporations and Joint Stock Companies, with information required of them, may be obtained from the District Inspectors of Taxation and from the Postmasters at all leading centres.

Forms to obtain and Special Features to observe

Individuals—Get Form T 1 to give particulars of their own incomes. In stating Dividends received, give the amount from each Company, listing Canadian and foreign Companies separately. Fill in pages 1, 2 and 3 only. Do not mark on page 4.

The following sample answers, (printed in italics) to questions asked on pages 2 and 3 of Form T 1, will help you to fill in correctly your copies of the Form.

PAGE 2. DESCRIPTION OF INCOME.

GROSS INCOME DERIVED FROM—

- Salaries and wages.....None
- Professions and vocations.....None
- Commissions.....None
- Business, trade, commerce or sales or dealings in property, whether real or personal.....7500
- Farming (Horticulture, dairying or other branches).....None
- Rents.....750
- Dividends (A). Canadian Corporations—  
Standard Transportation Company Ltd.....25  
Rainbow Mining Company Ltd.....150  
(B) Foreign Corporations—  
New York Trading Company.....15  
Albany Tool Company, Inc.....66
- Interest on notes, mortgages, bank deposits and securities other than reported in item 7—  
Bank Interest.....21  
1200 Par Value Bonds of Jones Paint Co. Ltd.....72  
1000 Municipal Debentures, Town of Midvale.....55
- Fiduciaries, (Income received from guardians, trustees, executors, administrators, agents, receivers or persons acting in a fiduciary capacity)—  
Income (not capital) from Estate of Andrew Doe (People's Trust Company, Executor).....315
- Royalties from mines, oil and gas wells, patents, franchises and other legalized privileges.....None
- Interest from Dominion of Canada Bonds, issued exempt from Income Tax \$1,000.....150
- Other sources not enumerated above—  
1/2 Interest in Shaw Hardware Company Partnership.....750
- Total Income.....\$10,041

EXEMPTIONS AND DEDUCTIONS PAGE 3

AMOUNT CLAIMED FOR—

- Depreciation...On Store Building (not land), (Brick) .. \$ 125  
On Equipment, used in business..... 150  
Store Fixtures..... 100
- Bad debts, actually charged off within the year..... 40
- Allowance for exhaustion of mines and wells.....None
- Contributions actually paid to the Patriotic and Canadian Red Cross Funds and other approved War Funds.....Patriotic and Canadian Red Cross..... 250
- Interest paid on monies borrowed and used in the business.....Mortgage on Store Property, \$1,000..... 60
- Federal, Provincial and Municipal taxes on property used in the business.....  
General Municipal Taxes..... 180
- Interest from Dominion of Canada Bonds, issued exempt from Income Tax..... 150
- Other claims for deductions must be specified in detail—  
Business Operating Expenses..... 4200  
Repairs (stating particulars)..... 150
- Total Exemptions and Deductions..... \$5395
- Amount paid under Business Profits War Tax Act, 1916, which accrued in the 1917 accounting period.....Year ending December 31, 1917—None.

I hereby certify that the foregoing return contains a true and complete statement of all income received by me during the year for which the return is made.

Date.....15th March, 1918.

Signature.....John Brown.

Corporations and Joint Stock Companies. Use Form T2—giving particulars of income. Also attach a financial statement. Under Deductions, show in detail amounts paid to Patriotic Fund and Canadian Red Cross or other approved War Funds.

Trustees, Executors, Administrators of Estates and Assignees use Form T3. Full particulars of the distribution of income from all estates handled must be shown as well as details of amounts distributed. A separate Form must be filled in for each estate.

Employers must use Form T4 to give names and amounts of salaries, bonuses, commissions and other remuneration paid to all employees during 1917 where such remuneration amounted in the aggregate to \$1000 or over.

Corporation Lists of Shareholders.—On Form T5 corporations shall give a statement of all bonuses, and dividends paid to Shareholders residing in Canada during 1917 stating to whom paid, and the amounts.

Penalties.—Default in filing returns renders the person or persons liable on summary conviction to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each day during which the default continues. Any person making a false statement in any return or in any information required by the Minister of Finance shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding ten thousand dollars or to six months imprisonment, or to both fine and imprisonment.

In the case of Forms T1 and T2, keep one copy of the filled in Form and file the other two with the Inspector of Taxation for your District. In the case of T3, T4 and T5, keep one copy and file the other two, with the Commissioner of Taxation, Dept. of Finance, Ottawa.

Forms may be obtained from the District Inspectors of Taxation and from the Postmasters at all leading centres.

Department of Finance Ottawa, Canada

Inspector of Taxation, K. Fellows, Cor. Bank St. and Laurier Ave., OTTAWA, Ont.  
Inspector of Taxation, G. A. Macdonald, KINGSTON, Ont.  
Inspector of Taxation, Hugh D. Paterson, 59 Victoria St., TORONTO, Ont.  
Inspector of Taxation, Berkeley G. Lowe, Customs Bldg., HAMILTON, Ont.  
Inspector of Taxation, George R. Tambling, LONDON, Ont.