ulle

THE POET'S CORNER

ERIN'S AWAKENING.

By J. D. W., S.J.

When the foeman snatched from the

And entombed thee in darkness of

And on thy fair bosom pressed Ty-

he heaped outrage on the

each God-given right.

Slavery's night,

once trusty steel:

scorn, insult and wrong,

mute was thy tongue;
Ah! he thought he had slam thee

And that Hope had died with thee

But no-though the Saxon well

Till thy form lay all lifeless,

that thrice-bitter day,

forever and aye.

speeded his dart,

through thy veins.

freedom from chains

In the full blaze of Freedom

Queen bright and royal in thine

Then let but thy Sunburst to the

And thy sons shall throng round the

from the Shores of the World:

And of gifts bring the richest-

And pledge thee a fealty before Hea-

Which gems, howe'er priceless, shall

To serve and defend 'gainst thy for

slept, fettered, unstrung-

that thou might'st be free

their sweet Celtic tongue.

when Nations were young;

wondering gaze,

earth we depart;

perous and free!-

March 7, 1906.

it.

bold.

gold!

hidden rays.

That was heard throughout Eire

And ope founts of Wisdom to their

That lay locked in Gaelic-a gem'

Grant this balm, God of Nations, to

And be this our glad cry, ere from

'Till domesday, loved Erin; be pros

Esto perpetua! A-cushla machree!'

AND THE GOLD.

Dedicated to the County Dublin As

sociation of Boston.

Lift it up! in the breeze let us wave

With a cheer let us bear it on high,

In defence of its honor we would

Now we swear that we shall for

Like true Irishmen, so brave and

Three cheers for the green and the

Three cheers for the green and the

From all shame and disgrace

would save it.

sake it never,

our sore longing heart,

soon wilt thou stand.

own peerless land:

breeze be unfurled,

loyal heart's love-

purchase-no, never

song left unsung.

ly for thee

ven above

Life's pulses lay dormant in

And dawns the bright morning

depths of thy heart;

ranny's heel,

When

THURSDAY, MARCH

that! The man-Scou will help us. You are ger than I am-they w here. So you must tr away, bring help, and you understand ?' "Hush! here they con

friends with Scout and "I will give him my Stephen—"he is a go

think. Oh, here are the tures.

he and his tribe must h He was called Rangiti

Maori's hand. This terribly stern looking personage stoppe middle of the open space

alone that sweeps through me

now like a flood. That the Irish skies were my own, and my blood was the Irish

blood! Proud did I hold my race,

Fair did I deem thy face But never one half so fair;

Like a dream with deep happiness

Nothing was glad in my thought but gladdens still more in you-From ivied tower and wall, and

call to the lilting hird in the tree

That sets all my soul aglow! The longing that moves me so!

My comrades laugh like a boy whose heart to pleasure is stirred, But my heart is weeping with joy while my lips speak never

breast of the deep blue the water,

0 3 Makes Child's Play of Wash Day Read the Dire on the Wras on the Wrapper

tice you have a very severe cough. I am greatly frieved at it. made up his mind that he must act. He coughed rather loudly so as to attract the Pope's attention, and when he caught his eye made a gesture suggestive of taking a tablet from the box and swallowing it.

The Pope instantly turned to one of his coordinates stranding agents. of his secretaries standing near by.

"Call the doctor to "ae," said he.

Lapponi sprang to his side.

"Doctor," said the Pope, "I no-

have here some tablets"—and he produced the box from a fold in his robes—"which I am told are splendid for a cold. Let me prescribe

one for you. You will do me the pleasure of taking it at once."
What could Lapponi do but take his medicine. The whole gathering, however, understood the situation, and for once a papal audience was interrupted by a burst of laughter.

HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE. 900

'Really out and out lazy women are pretty hard to find nowadays," found in its humble garden. an old physician the other wear out than rust out,' has been taken to heart with such a will that most women are literally in danger themselves out before Especially in great, their time. en who go in for rushing cities, won work or club life or bridge soon find themselves swept away in a current that is too strong for Women get in such a whirl with it all they simply can't stop to rest and recuperate. Most of them live on their nerves till their on

refuse point blank to be lived e minute longer. Some women eem to break up all of a sudden Others linger on in semi-invalidism, nervous bankrupts, who live a hand to mouth existence, unable to undertake any task or undergo any test in the least out of the ordinary without suffering a nervous collapse One of woman's temperamental fault is her tendency to use up her vitality as fast as she gets it or faster. To all women who are wasting them selves in social pleasures or th niceties of housekeeping I would give this bit of advice. Spare yourselves Study how to save your nervous strength. Resolve not to fritten yourself on trifles. Let the things that are not vital go. Don't be led away by ambition into wearing your self out keeping the house clean or performing what other people may consider to be duty in church or club. If you women would only learn how to spare yourselves by using all the labor saving devices, all the short cuts, you would not know yourselves in a year you'd look so young and feel so free."

ADAPTABILITY IN FASHIONS

There is a new keynote in the spring fashions this year which every an who makes her own clothes will be glad to know about. It is adaptability. This new adaptable the jumper or guimpe dresses which to be so very fashionable throughout the spring and summer The jumper waists will be seen panama, voile and silk, and also in the cotton fabrics, such as plaids, and check gingham and silky mer cerized madras. It is this style of dress that will be worn in place of the shirt-waist suit. There is no doubt that it has many good points

Take, for example, the jumper frock for a young girl, and let us look into its possibilities for use fulness. The pattern consists three garments-the skirt, the waist and the bib jumper. In making up the gown it would be wise to have at least two waists to wear it, and two or more jumper bibs One of the waists might match the skirt, and the other might be of sheer Indian linen or all-over lace. When the waist that matches the skirt is worn, then the bib jumper be of some other material. For in stance, if the waist and the skirt are made of dark blue cotton voile the bib jumper would look attractive in all-over lace; and then again, # an entirely different sort of a dres was wanted, the skirt and the bib jumper could be made of plaid mercerized madras, and the waist be tabs at the back and front which ing till the children of her love were button onto the belt.—Grace Marga- old enough to take passage and ret Gould, in Woman's Home Com- leave her forever. How sorrowful

AND YET HE WONDERS.

He was a Catholic (in name). He didn't subscribe for a Catholic news- land; stealing out of her lonely home paper (said he didn't need it). After a while he married and still he tender eyes always westward. And didn't subscribe for a Catholic jour- when no one is by, falling on her nal. His children grew up without knees and lifting her hands in such reading or ever seeing a Catholic intensity of supplication that they newspaper, and now he wonders why touch the hem of His garment and he has to spend twenty-four hours of the clutches of the law.-Catholic has made them whole. Home Companion.

HOME.

Memory's picture-book has but one of the Irish mother. page. I could find no golden leaves

Love was the amiable lifies.-C. Horgan. rd of the sweet little tenemen

the grandeur of the earth could

I know of no temple more holy "The maxim, 'It is better to than that angel-haunted sanctuary I could feel God in its kindly at mosphere. Its saint images were copies of Himself, His Own exqui site Handiwork

I never meditate on this vision of beauty but, somehow, a tear two will fall and add a little more silver to its wealth of pigments

From the ivied porch I hear fami liar conversations. The sweet-bur dened swing that holds my younge sister seems to dart forward backward to the rhythm of my hear beats. I almost fancy I can lift th pictured latch and "go in."

Lest affection's leaping flame nite the precious parchment, let m kiss it and put it by .- Mary Allegra Gallagher, in Rosary Magazine

THE IRISH MOTHER

I wonder if she is still in the old land, the blessed Irish mother, who put a cap around her comely face between the twenties and thirties and

covered her brown waves from sight To her simple soul marriage meant consecration; the man who chose h need not concern himself about the little tendernesses—her affection was as fixed as the stars. He might be unreasonable, exacting-nay, in trying times he might be cruel-but he faith in the divine right of husbands was unshaken.

She would have the children rever ential to their father, even if she should have to romance a little to effect it, and with what loving so phistry she explained away his weak

She never understood a constitu tion, political or physical, but when sickne ess was in the family her pa thetic care made the poor broth strengthening and the bitter medicine sweet. No sleep, no rest, adaptability. This new adaptable peace for her while the shadow of feature is perhaps best illustrated in the jumper or guimne dresses which how hard it was to die under he beseeching eyes, but if a summons had really come she would hold crucifix to the dying lips, and the beloved son or daugnter carried the sound of her voice with them heaven; for what Irish mother but could say the prayers for the de-

parting soul ? Not even the story of her coun try's wrongs could embitter her guileless nature. The mantle of he charity covered even the bloody Sassenach, and at times, secretly, not daring to let it be known, she mended them to the Virgin Mother. If her belfef in her band was strong, who could mea sure the confidence she reposed the brave boys who overtopped he at sixteen! Anything evil in them her glory and her delight? Imposs ble! They were always white boys in their mother's eyes, however dark and desperate in the sight of those who dwell in palaces. Her unque tioning trust and earnest teaching kept them pure and honest in their early days; and later when they their discovered was only a simple, illogical inlet tered woman, their loyalty and de votion deepened to find what wonders she had worked with her talents. What a tragedy Sh of all-over embroidery or linen. The peare could have woven around her, jumper in this frock is slipped on haunted all her life by a phantom over the head, and is made with must have been her joy on seeing them rise to the stature of men and

women! I wonder if she is still in the old at nightfall, and looking with he her blessing falls on her flesh trying to keep his sons out blood in the far-off land; her faith

If flowers emblematic of their live could spring from the dust beneath, it would be easy to find the grave

Roses would be clustered on page. I could find no golden leaves equally beautiful to bind with it, so I made its dear sketch the first at the feet, and among the sweetest of the clover blossoms, just above 'Home' is the title of the sacred the heart, there would be lilies

plessings.
All the gay June buds, all the hapA summer flowers, in a word all

Mission News of the Week.

CLOSE OF MISSION AT ST.

The closing sermons of the four weeks' mission at St. Ann's Church were delivered Sunday. At the High Mass Rev. Father Schneider preached a powerful discourse on the sub limity of the Catholic priesthood. In the evening the closing exercises Rev. Father Crosby took place. preached the last sermon, on Perse

The choir, under the direction Prof. P. J. Shea, being reinforced by the boys of St. Ann's school, rendered a fine programme. Rev. Father Crosby, assisted by Rev. Father imparted solemn benedic tion of the Blessed Sacrament

Rev. Father Schneider left Sunday vening for Buffalo, N.Y., to gage in a mission which is being riven at St. Mary's German Church in that city

Rev. Father Hamel, late superior of the mission at St. Ann's, is also engaged at Buffalo

ST. PATRICK'S MISSION CLOSEI The mission at St. Patrick's, which had been conducted for three weeks closed Sunday evening. The mission

was given by the Oblate Fathers. Rev. Father Fallon, Dorgan by Rev. Fathers McRory, Dorgan of Buffalo. The mission was one of the most successful ever conducted at St. Patrick's. The first week was devoted to the married women, of whom 1200 attended; the second week was reserved for the unmarried women, about 2000; and the third to the single and married men, who numbered about 2000.

Sunday evening the scene in the hurch was impressive, when at the close of the sermon some four thousand men who had attended - the mission, each with a lighted taper, their baptismal promises enewed Father Fallon earnestly besought them to make an effort to be faithful to the good resolutions they After the sermon, the Papal blessing was imparted. After the reading of the act of consecration, solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

ST. MARY'S MISSION

Rev. Fathers Ethelbert and Wolstan, of the Franciscan Monastery, opened a week's mission for the men of St. Mary's parish Sunday evening. The women's mission closed in the afternoon.

MISSION AT ST. AGNES.

Rev. Father Crosby opened a mission at St. Agnes Church last Sunday at High Mass.

the evening Rev. Father Holland, of St. Ann's, preached. mission will be conducted by Rev. Fathers McPhail and Holland.

RETREAT AT IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

A retreat for the English-speaking oners will commence on Tuesday, Mary 19th, at the Church the Immaculate Conception, Rachel street, under the direction of Rev. Father Cox, S.J., of Loyola lege.

" IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptives grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthmai, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and

Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lang healing virtues of the pire tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It atimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one botths sured me completely."

FUNNY SAYINGS

TWO VIEWS OF IT. Parson-Do you take this wom for better or for worse?

Bridegroom-Well, I can't exactly Her people think it's for betsay. ter, but mine think it's for worse Life.

ONLY ONE NECESSARY. A man commenced the fishing seaon in Scotland last year by falling in the Tay River.

"There are sixteen rules for treat ing the apparently drowned," said as he took thought his rescuer "but I can't remember any them.

"Wull," feebly queried the halfdrowned man, "is there one a' about whusky?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Then get tae wairk muckle sharp

on that ane," responded the victim, 'and nivver worry about the ither fifteen.'

Excited Nerves, Twitching Muscles

SYSTEM EXHAUSTED BY WORRY AND LOSS OF SLEEP - PERFECT HEALTH THE RESULT OF USING

DR. CHASE'S **NERVE FOOD**

Such cures as this make it fm ossible to doubt the restorative influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Mrs. E. J. Vanderburgh, of Eastern Welland avenue, St. Catharines Ont., states: "For twenty-one years was badly afflicted with heart trouble, nervousness and cramps in the limbs, also twitching of nervous headaches. became weak, debilitated and emaci-My condition was distressing ated. and I was made worse through wor ry and loss of sleen.

"I tried a hundred remedies vain and reading about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I decided to try it. After having used half a dozen boxes of this preparation my old trouble had entirely vanished and I was enjoying better health than I since girlhood. I am now past middle life and am in perfect health. I would not take worlds to-day and go back to my former state."

There is more or less mystery and doubt as to the specific action of many drugs, but it is positively and definitely known that iron forms new red corpuscles in the blood, or, in other words, makes the blood rich and nourishing. But iron alone cannot be taken

into a delicate stomach. The great secret of the success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is in the way iron is combined with certain other restoratives so as to make a preparation that can be used with the greatest benefit by even the most weak and delicate person

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is also slightly laxative as well as tonic im influence, and while building up the system insures the regular and healthful action of the digestive, filtering and excretory systems.

If you would enrich the blood strengthen the nerves and replace weakness and disease with health and vigor use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food: 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson

Pope Leo XIII Played Doctor,

Among the many stories told of Dr. Lapponi, who until his deat a couple of months ago was chief Oh, the flag of old Erin forever, physician to the Pope, is one of an occasion upon which Leo œIII turned the tables on him. Lapponi wa a strict disciplinarian in medical matters, and Leo was a difficult pa tient. He often complained of the restraint Lapponi placed upon him and sometimes insisted upon having his own way, says an exchange.

One day, when the Pope was suffering from a very severe cold. he insisted on holding a prolonged and important reception, despite Lap-poni's protests. When it became plain that the Pope's determination could not be shaken, the doctor a a last resort, handed him a little box with several tablets in it, imploring him to take one whenever the symptoms of the cold became distressing

The doctor further took up a po sition in the audience chamber, half hidden behind a tapestry, where he could watch his patient closely and jump to his support if he show any signs of collapse.

As the audience proceeded, As the audience proceeded, Pope forgot all about the box Tablets—at least Lapponi failed see him take any of them. Presen Lapponi thought the Pope was be-coming hoarse, and he coughed a little as he spoke. The doctor Three cheers for the green and the

Oh, the flag of old Erin forever. Three cheers for the green and the gold!

Dear loved land of the shamrock, God bless yo Long robbed of your rights by tyrant laws;

Here's confusion to those who While about thee lay shivered thy press you, And good luck to the friends of freedom's cause Now your last link of bondage we

would sever, While your fame and your glory

Oh, the harp and the sunburst for-Three cheers for the green and the gold! Three cheers for the green and the

gold! Three cheers for the green and the And now, sweetest Erin! life throb gold! Oh, the harp and the sunburst for-

Three cheers for the green and the gold! -Maurice O'Neill, in Boston Pilot

GREETING

Ireland! Mother unknown, Sitting alone by the water. Lift up your eyes to your own, Stretch out your arms to your daughter!

Many and many a day have I longed for your green robe's splendor,

Your eyes of the deep-sea gray, your strong love patient and tender, For the croon of the welcoming voice and the smile half joy and half sadness,

And they'll catch, in thy accent, the Soul of my soul rejoice, for this & While thy Harp m cold darkness the hour of thy gladness

Sure if I never had heard Thy Warriors' proud glory, who glad-What land had given me birth, and cradled the spirit's bird Fought till death on the red field On its first weak flight to earth-If I never had heard the name of thy Once again wilt thou teach then sorrow and strength divine,

or felt in my pulses the llame of the fire they had caught from thine. would know from this rapture

Yet knew not what pride may

fraught that some happier dawn THREE CHEERS/FOR THE GREEN makes true, (Air: "The Red, White and Blue.")

primrose pale on the lea, To vales where the bright streams

How can I frame the thought How can I speak as I ought,

Ireland! land of my heart, stretch out your arms to your daugh-



But I

CHAPTER II.-Co As the men advance

Stephen was not far v men were not nice; inde the people were exactly and gentlemen whom of vite to a Christmas-tre to tea in the nursery. quite frightened at them tell you what the chief and you will know hov

means in his language (man was very brown, v strong. His face was ta curious marks, which St wards heard had a mea indicated rank or linear gitiva wore a head-dress A long mat of flax, like covered with feathers an ent colors, was his cost hand he carried a club shaped something like a carved. This is the terr known as the meré, and

ing to the young people 'Paheka! Waraki!'' (w strangers, Europeans). Ekoro!" (girl and young then a number of other were addressed to the very rapidly. She ansy quickly, and the Scout w Stephen, "They are talking

'What are they saying?'

"Hush!" whispered t "they mean to treat her the old Mother yonder th you and the other should Stephen's heart sank, thrill made his blood

"Torture! oh, no! They v I do no harm! What wil Kill us! "Not at once. They wi tie you down in the swar der, and let the mosquitce you to death—or—Hush!"

"Wait; let me listen age The chief was speaking voice. He said—addressing "O Mother, thou art beautiful girl of the strang amongst us from Atua to give us back our treasures. Treat her well of Ruapehu. (Ruapehu is -the abode of deities).

ka men are dogs-let them

joy the torture. The Kor cil) shall decide. These s The Scout whispered to she was safe, but when Er ed him what the chief had only shook his head and the heart. Oh, fancy being kill these savage men, who delig pain and torturing! It v that the poor lads did no stand what fate was in st them, unless something un happened, for it was terrible The Scout was evidently and tried to devise a plan the lads could escape

"Where would you go if away?" he asked. "To our uncle Manton, o Wanganui," replied Ernest ting that he was talking to who was half native, half A

half was the stronger.
"Manton? What, the stradier who came to find the Lake'—the Maramaroto Lake'-the Lake)—your uncle? I have

though, fortunately, the