

have been to blame. Forgive me, and let us forget that this wretched year has been.

Then, as if nothing had ever occurred to mar the family happiness, Kocco made the sign to the children to kneel as usual before Estella and himself, once more the happy mother clasped her beloved children to her heart and the perfect peace and happiness of that Easter morning filled their hearts to overflowing.—Henrietta Eugenie Delamare, in Benziger's Magazine.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL
RECOUNTS THE GLORIES AND SUFFERINGS OF ERIN

More than 3,500 members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Auxiliaries of Suffolk County of which Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, pastor of St. James' Church on Harrison Avenue, is the County Chaplain, with other members of the order from Norfolk and Middlesex Counties, received Holy Communion at a Special Mass celebrated in the Cathedral on Sunday. His Eminence, the Cardinal addressed the large audience as follows:

ADDRESS OF HIS EMINENCE
"My dear children in Christ, I congratulate you on the large number who are here present to celebrate the Feast of our great Patron St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. It is a right and fitting thing that on the vigil of this feast you gather here and receive Holy Communion as the best possible preparation to celebrate the Seventeenth of March. Here in this great church your souls are in communion with the holy souls that Ireland has been producing for seven centuries and is today showing forth in the great Celtic race whose members are gathered about the throne of God and dispersed throughout the earth.

"What a wonderful saint was our patron! The more thoroughly you study his life, his virtues and his deeds, the more you are filled with devotion toward Almighty God and for the man whom He sent to convert our people to the faith of Christ. Our admiration is not limited by what we read in history; it is reflected in the Irish race itself.

"Study the chronicles of mankind where you will, in pagan or Christian times. You will find in all that lengthy record the story of the race that answered so promptly, so readily and so fully the searching questions that were asked by St. Patrick of the children of Erin. They were faithful to God and His Apostle not only in the sunshine of life but also throughout the long centuries of bitter wrong, of frightful injustice, of calculated cruelty. The faith of the Irish people is nothing less than a continued miracle.

STRONG FAITH OF THE IRISH
"Nothing has ever come that could weaken or change that faith. The number of those who have fallen away from the faith of their fathers here and there at the behest of persecution, by the deplorable lack of priests, through the myriad schemes of those who desired only to make the Irish anything but Catholic, is not for a moment to be considered in comparison with those who were faithful to their holy traditions. That faith has been proof against injustice, persecution and ridicule. And it should be said here that not the least of the weapons employed by those who hated the faith of St. Patrick have been manifold ridicule and contempt. But such weapons were as lacking in power as the others used. The Irish gave their word to God through St. Patrick and they have kept it to this day.

Many are the other nations that deserve high credit for their fidelity to God. Consider Poland for instance. But the children of many other peoples battered away their birthright for a mess of pottage. They were willing to be with Christ's Church when affairs were prosperous but in time of danger and temptation fell away. But the Irish never wavered nor faltered.

See where the world stands today. Not even the wisest can say that the morrow will bring forth. Yet as I look back forty years as a young man, as a priest, as a Bishop, I recall one fact vividly, the warning sent out by the Vicar of Christ against the evil things to come. You remember the solemn words of Pope Pius IX, at the beginning of his Pontificate, the stern words spoken by Pope Leo XIII, that if the lust for money and power continued its way the bulk of mankind would be enslaved and revolution would be the outcome. In the same spirit the saintly Pius X, took up his great predecessors and adding to them his own marvellous practical experience.

"Yet it was all like St. John Baptist preaching to the Pharisees. The world closed its eyes and ears and went on its evil way. People in general were unwilling to admit that their principles were false. They were bent on greed, avarice, their own passing pleasure as the foundations of life as they saw it. Power, conquest, the grinding down of hapless peoples, the enslavement of small nations seemed to them things that were their right. All this time, while voices were raised here and there for some stricken Oriental people, no one spoke out in a way to be heard against the greatest crime of them all, the maltreatment of the Irish people. It seemed to be a maxim in the West that England could do no wrong, that her word was final.

PROPHESIES FULFILLED

"The prophecies have been fulfilled. The Popes have been justified. The eternal laws of God are being enforced—and the world is in a panic. The expected and foretold collapse has come. Where is there a sure foothold; where is there a rock to which the frightened peoples may cling? Simply and solely in the upstanding and unyielding loyalty of the Irish people to the Faith. St. Patrick brought them. England took from the Irish their wealth, their lands, their schools. But there was one thing England could not take away—faith out of their hearts and the love of the Blessed Sacrament out of their breasts. These and these alone will save the world.

Ireland has written in her own blood and tears the lesson for the world to read. It is written plain. The United States, France, Germany, Italy, the people of the Balkans can all read it if they will—and if they refuse to read it they can take the consequences. A dilemma exists. Either Ireland is right and has been right for more than seven hundred years, or Bolshevism is right. The nations can take their choice. No living man or woman can say that the Catholic Church has not foretold this and been laughed to scorn. But now the day of reckoning has arrived and the nations must choose rightly or perish.

BITTER HISTORY OF CENTURIES
"Ireland is right. She has been right from the time of her conversion. The world must go to school to Ireland to keep what it prizes. So, in a way, my dear children in Christ, you are here as witnesses to a great truth and to one that does both you and your ancestors great credit. Justice is coming to Ireland; not by rioting, violence or illegality but by the working out of the immutable laws of God.

"I need not recount to you the bitter history of the past eight centuries. You know it as well as I do; what it has cost Ireland, her people, her priests and her prelates to keep the faith. Well have they done it. Now let us go on doing our duty simply and well and by so doing, teach the great lesson. As yet we in the United States have not been called upon to face what Europe has had to face. But the world today is very small and the plague that today is a thousand miles away may be with us tomorrow. Let us get ready for that crisis; not in disorder or panic or hysteria, but in the calm, unwavering faith that has been characteristic of Ireland and its people for centuries.

"The one thing that can keep this country in order and under law with the proper relations between the various classes—capital and labor—and all the other problems, is a clean conscience before God, the secret of obeying the law of God, of sacrificing everything, but never truth or right, to the Irish Catholic keeps alive today the principles of his faith implanted in his heart by his ancestors. That has triumphed over everything. It will triumph today and tomorrow.

Now, beloved sons and daughters of St. Patrick, let me end by saying to you that in all patience we should work out our salvation with the firm determination to have the right, but with the patience of Christ who worked out all things well.

ON CALVARY

"Let us contemplate in this mystery how Our Lord Jesus Christ, having come to Mount Calvary, was clad in His clothes and nailed hand and foot to the Cross in the presence of His most afflicted Mother." So runs the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary. In the other Sorrowful Mysteries which we dwell upon oftener during Lent than at any other time of the year,—on Sundays as well as on Tuesdays and Fridays,—we follow Our Lord step by step from the Garden of Olives where He endured the bloody sweat at the sight of our sins; to the courtyard of Pilot's house where He was scourged for our impurities; to the hall of the palace where He was crowned with thorns and treated with mockery because of our pride and our numberless evil thoughts; through the streets of Jerusalem, carrying the Cross, a heavy burden as might be seen, and falling under the weight of a heavier burden which could not be seen, the burden of the sins of the world; staggering up the slope of Calvary, His body agonized in every limb and nerve; His eyes dim with faintness and tears, and blood; His mouth bruised with blows and parched with thirst; His ears ringing with the taunts and curses of the crowd; His brain dizzy and His heart sick, with the ingratitude of those for whom He had done so much, was doing so much, and was going to do still more; that Sacred Heart still more sick as He thought of the ingratitude of millions yet unborn who would read the story of His Passion or listen to it without a feeling of sorrow, who without any mad excitement such as possessed the Jews at this hour would live calmly and light-heartedly in the state of mortal sin, would go on deliberately committing those crimes which they

knew crucified their Saviour. Thus we follow Our Lord to the summit of Calvary.

And now we see him stretched upon His deathbed; His hands and feet dragged to their places till the snapping of the sinews can be heard by the crowd; the nails driven in with violence, fulfilling David's prophecy, "They have pierced My hands and feet; they have numbered all My bones." And now He is lifted up, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Three weary hours slowly on, terrible signs are seen. The sun refuses to give light. The solid earth trembles as if frightened at the awful crime which has been committed. The veil of the Temple is rent from top to bottom. The graves open wide, and the dead walk forth through the streets of Jerusalem. From the height of the Cross comes down the startling cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me." Again Jesus speaks: "It is consummated," and bowing His head,—He dies.

Yet, it is consummated. After thirty-three years of continuous suffering the work of Redemption is completed. Not the agony in the Garden, not the scourging at the Pillar, not the Crowning with Thorns, not the carrying of the Cross, not the Crucifixion is sufficient to redeem mankind. The doom of mankind was death. On the day when Adam and Eve committed the first sin, the very moment they were eating the forbidden fruit, they remembered distinctly that God had said to them, "On what day soever you shall eat of it you shall die." Death was the punishment of sin; the Son of God took upon Himself the punishment of sin; therefore the Son of God must die.

If Christ had not died, all men were slaves of Satan whether they would or no. Let us think of that. Let us try to imagine our state of mind at present if we had been born with that fate hanging over us; suffering all that we do at present, sickness of body and sickness of mind. We often think that we have more than we can bear now. Then add to that the absolute certainty that there is no salvation for us. Suppose that we are positively sure that all of our deceased relatives, father and mother, brothers and sisters, that every one of our kinsfolk who is dead is burning in the flames of hell; that every day we live, every breath we draw is bringing us closer to that eternal fire. Let us fill our minds with this thought; let us think of it while awake and dream of it while asleep. Why it would drive us mad, mad then we should have a hell on earth. It would drive us to suicide again, but would only cast us sooner into hell.

This is the state we should be in if Christ had not died on Calvary. But by His death the work of our Redemption was consummated. We are no longer slaves of Satan,—what a joyful thought! But it is a sorrowful one as well. We are no longer slaves of Satan unless we wish to be,—unless we give ourselves to him of our own free will.

Let us listen again to the voice from the Cross: "I thirst." No wonder that He should thirst. Nothing produces such intense, agonizing thirst as loss of blood. Any one who has ever been wounded has in some measure realized this. Then think of how Jesus has lost blood; by the bloody sweat in the garden; by the scourging at the pillar; by the crowning with thorns; by the carrying of the cross; by the crucifixion. Let us think of this, and try to imagine what must have been His thirst. What one of us would not have gladly quenched His thirst, had we been at the foot of the Cross. If we could have dipped a sponge in clear spring water and raised it to our dying Saviour's lips, what a joy for us! But we can, every one of us, quench His thirst. For it was not merely the physical thirst of the moment that tormented Him, but the thirst which had continued from His birth; that intense thirst for souls, that desire to save every human being, while knowing that thousands and thousands and thousands of men would not be saved. We are no longer slaves of Satan, unless we wish to be; but our dying Saviour's thirst that countless numbers wish to be; hence His physical thirst. Now what are we going to do? Are we going to offer Him the clear spring water, or is it to be the vinegar and gall. Surely we will not offer the vinegar and gall. Surely we will not refuse to give Jesus those souls for which He thirsts.

Do we doubt the mercy of God? Then let us listen again to the voice from the Cross: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." To whom is Jesus speaking now? To a criminal of the lowest grade; to the hero of a hundred robberies; whose name had long been a terror to Judaea; who was now paying the penalty of his crimes. What had this thief done that he should hear these words? He had simply made an act of perfect contrition: Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom. He simply asked God's mercy and he received it. There is no limit to God's mercy for those who ask it. But very often hearts grow so hard that they will not ask. There was another thief at the side of Our Lord. It may be that his crimes were not any worse in the eyes of the world. But he died cursing his Saviour with his last breath. Here we learn to avoid the extremes of despair and presumption. Who can despair when he thinks of the penitent thief? And who can presume when he thinks of the impatient one? But if we do not wish to grow hard-hearted, we must not be deaf to

God's warnings. If we hear the Word of God preached to us time and time again, letting it come in through one ear and go out through the other, we are running a great risk of dying the death of the impatient thief.

As we stand at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday mercy and salvation is offered to us all. Surely we will not refuse to stretch out our hands for it. Are we afraid to approach the Saviour whom we have crucified? Then let us listen to the voice from the Cross: "Behold your mother; behold your Son." It is His own Blessed Mother that He gives to us. She stood at the foot of the Cross, and by the sufferings she endured at this the first Christian deathbed she has won the privilege of standing beside everyone who dies the death of a Christian. If Mary is at our deathbed we are saved. Whoever Mary prays for at the hour of death is sure of heaven. Then let us ask her to intercede for us. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, that we may not be deaf to God's calls, and at the hour of death that we may enter into everlasting happiness."—The Casket.

OLD, BUT VERY TRUE

MARK HANNA'S REMARK TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY RECALLED

The late Mark Hanna is credited with saying to William McKinley: "Believe me, Mr. President, the day will come, not in our time, perhaps, but it will come, when the red flag of anarchy and Socialism will raise its head in America, and then it will be found that the great bulwark against these evils will be the old Catholic Church."

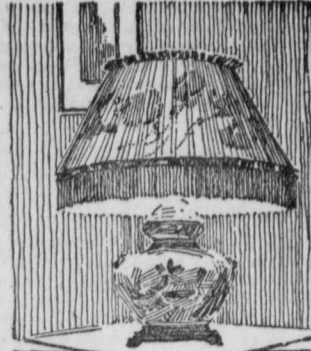
A recent book on "What is Democracy?" from the pen of Professor Bailey, a student of agriculture, strongly emphasizes this point. He also remarks that: "I find the root of democracy in spiritual religion rather than in political freedom or organized industrial efficiency. It expresses itself in humbleness of spirit. Then I may say that real democracy is the practical solution of the Social question will be found apart from religion and the Church."—The Boston Pilot.

POOR LITTLE RICH CHILDREN

A silent person and observant, when Sister Mary Anastasia elects to talk, it is worth while to stop and listen. "When I was a novice," she was saying, "I spent some time as a maid of all work in a home for orphans and neglected children. I used to feel so sorry for the poor little things who had no homes, with father, mother, brothers and sisters, complete. But the condition of such children is worse." And she pointed to little Ethelinda Maude O'Connor. Ethelinda Maude was in the act of departing from the academy, accompanied by her maid. Presently, in conformity with her usual school-day program, she would be whisked by motor to her fond parents' apartment on Riverview Boulevard. But there would be no mother, fond or otherwise, waiting for her at "home." For Ethelinda Maude had no home, only a place of departure and return, and she had no mother, if a mother be defined as a person who waits for you, and makes much of you, and cares for you, and loves you, no matter how bad you are. And especially when you are bad. The mother was a person who, legally, passed for Ethelinda Maude's mother, but the chief interest of this woman lay along "uplifting" lines, and her secondary interests, as far as they touched upon her child, were confined to Ethelinda Maude's temporal wants. "I wish," said Sister Mary Anastasia, "not without a touch of savagery, that I could put the child in an orphan asylum."

Sister Mary Anastasia's impulses are correct. Ethelinda Maude, twelve years of age is no longer a child; in fact, she never was a child, but only an infantile, tolerated dweller in an apartment house. She never knew the normal life of a normal child, and in this, unfortunately, she is only one of thousands, whose parents have been borne by a sudden surge of wealth into a new and heady social world. Dolls, "tea things," the simple inexpensive, self-devised games and amusements of normal childhood were never hers. Not yet a woman, she already is somewhat "blase." She has appointments "after class" when she will slip away, poor neglected child, to tearooms and fashionable restaurants where she will be sharply critical of the women with companions of her own age, she has her theater parties. Of this, "mother" knows nothing; her time is taken up by cat shows and dog shows and societies for the enlarging of parks, and for votes for women, and for the improvement of the children of the poor. Decidedly, little snub-nosed Agnes May O'Connor, whose father died in a charity ward, and whose good mother scrubs the floors in a down-town office building, has an immeasurably saner, cleaner outlook on life than Ethelinda Maude with her limousine, her "social functions," and her parasitic mother.

We have peeped copiously over the woes of the poor, and in some measure have provided for children dragged from the abyss of vice and destitution. But what of Ethelinda Maude, old and weary at twelve years of age? The world would be blessed by a new St. Francis Regis who,



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herents. Socialism sees today an opportunity to work on the sympathies of the people. It paints glowingly the glories of a government run on Socialistic principles. But no system that frowns on religion is workable. Government must rest on religion as upon a foundation. Governments must observe equity and justice no less than individuals. And the one agency that urges the observance of these virtues is religion at which Socialism scoffs. Hence, the great Pope Leo XIII, said: "No practical solution of the Social question will be found apart from religion and the Church."—The Boston Pilot.

although he gave his chief attention to the poor, used to say that we should not utterly forget the rich, since they too have souls to save. In our zeal for "the little poor" children we have forgotten the needier "little rich" children. To the apostles of the secular uplift, so deeply concerned over the woes of honest poverty, which is by no means synonymous with destitution, we commend the consideration of measures tending to the commitment of Ethelinda Maude and her kind to suitable institutions, or her placement under judicial guardianship. As to those mothers who have time for everything except their blindest work, the establishment of a true home, with them only the wrath to come can deal according to the measure of their iniquity.—America.

CURES AT ST. WINIFRED WELL

London, Feb. 6.—The flow of water in the miraculous well of St. Winifred at Holywell, which was stopped through boring operations by a mining company, has been restored completely, and better still, the miraculous cures have recommenced. There is no denying now that there was a deep fear in the minds of some that St. Winifred would not continue her favors, after the injury done to her well. But the first miracle to be recorded since the reopening of the well has been greeted with great joy.

The subject is a Liverpool woman, Miss Kathleen Conyer, who had been pronounced incurable by a sanatorium for consumption, and had been sent home to die. She made the journey to the well, and after the first bath felt considerably better, and was able to walk without assistance. After a few more baths all the coughing and other signs ceased, and she placed herself in the hands of two doctors for examination. The medical men pronounced her entirely free from disease; and she has returned to her native place to receive the congratulations of her friends and the interested inquiries of those, who knew her desperate state previously.

DE VALERA ON THE PRIESTS OF IRELAND

The following glorious tribute to the Irish clergy, occurs in "Letters from Ireland and from Lincoln Jail, England," by the Irish leader, Professor Eamon De Valera. It is of an interview given to an American press representative.

"Clerical denunciation? How little they think who use that phrase of what a tremendous tribute it is to the Irish priests. What is the secret of the priest's influence with the people? It is nothing but the recognition by the people of a truth that in Ireland the priests have been everywhere, the fathers and guides of their flocks. In Ireland the priests have always stood beside the people, comforting, encouraging and helping them in dark days—their safest, most unselfish, often their only leaders. Let the Protestant minister by similar deeds secure similar influence over his people, no Catholic will seek to diminish it. Would you deprive a minister of religion, because he is such, of his rights as a citizen, and of his influence as a man, an educated man, a good man? Would you rob him of the secular influence that traditional service has merited for his cloth? Finally, should we not be honest with ourselves and recognize that if religion is not a mere pretense with us, it is the most important thing in life, and should influence our every action? It is not something to be put outside the backdoor whenever we choose. A minister of religion then, if he is at all a worthy one, is entitled to special regard as such, and his advice has a special value even in what might be considered very mundane affairs."

In their desire to avoid greater evils, the clergy, he thought, might at times have been shortsighted in their counsels, becoming "rather too severe a break for a naturally conservative people," and obtaining "for a

de facto Government an obedience owed only to a de jure one." In the present trying times, however, Irish priests have surely shown themselves sound both in head and in heart, true pastors of their people.—America.

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