



### To Our Lady.

Give me a rose, my Mother—  
A rose, I pray—  
Out of your fadeless garden,  
All fresh to-day;  
Upon the scented petals  
Your blessing lay;  
Ah, give me, dearest Mother,  
A rose, pray!

What color will the rose be,  
O Mother bright?  
Argent as moon that shineth  
In summer night?  
White as your soul, O Mary—  
Unspotted white?  
Yes, give me, sweetest Mother,  
A rose all white!

Or will the petals, Mother,  
Be crimson dyed?  
Like the deep red that flowed from  
Your Son's glef side—  
Red as your great compassion,  
That ebbless tide?

Give me this rose, my Mother—  
Deep crimson dyed!  
Another rose, my Mother—  
A rose of gold,  
Each petal a ray of glory—  
The glory untold  
Of the light of the Sun of Justice,  
Your hand doth hold.  
But, oh, not yet may you give me  
Yon rose of gold!

Of your fair grace,  
Give to my bosom's keeping,  
And bid me trace  
In purity and penance,  
With steadfast pace,  
The way to the unveiled splendor  
Of Jesus' face;  
The golden rose that is not.

### Men Who Made Good.

"I have on my desk," says a writer in the Southern Messenger, "a list of 1000 successful men of this nation. By 'successful' I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as our physical lives. They construct for better things."  
"How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study."  
"Three hundred started as farmers' sons."  
"Two hundred started as messengers' boys."  
"One hundred were printers' apprentices."  
"One hundred were apprenticed in manufacturing."  
"Fifty began at the bottom of railway work."  
"Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start."

### A Word to the Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it.  
If there is ever a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk rags in his hearing.  
If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that don't require running.  
If there is a dull one, help him to start his lesson.  
If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.  
If a larger and stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.  
Horace Mann.

### The Dog Trusty and the Grateful Crane.

Once a poor crane was caught in a net and could not get out. She fluttered and flapped her wings, but it was of no use, she was held fast.  
"Oh!," she cried, "what will become of me if I can not break this net? The hunter will come and kill me, or else I shall die of hunger, and if I die who will care for my poor little young ones in the nest? They must perish also if I do not come back to feed them."  
Now Trusty was in the next field and heard the poor Crane's cries. He jumped over the fence, and, seizing the net in his teeth, quickly tore it in pieces. "There!" he said, "Now fly back to your young ones, ma'am, and good luck to you all!"  
The crane thanked him a thousand times. "I wish all dogs were like you!" she said. "And I wish I could do something to help you, as you have helped me!"  
"Who knows?" said Trusty. "Some day I may need help in my turn, and then you may remember me. My old mother used to say to me: 'To do a kind deed whenever you can.'"  
Is good for bird and beast and man.

Then Trusty went back to mind his master's sheep, and Mrs. Crane flew to her nest and fed and tended her crane babies.

Some time after this she was flying homeward and stopped at a clear pool to drink. As she did so she heard a sad, moaning sound, and looking about, whom should she see but good Trusty lying on the ground almost at the point of death. She flew to him. "Oh, my good, kind friend," she cried, "what has happened to you?"

"A bone has stuck in my throat," said the dog, "and I am choking to death."

"Now, how thankful I am for my long bill!" said Mrs. Crane. "Open your mouth, good friend, and let me see what I can do."

Trusty opened his mouth wide, the crane darted her long, slender bill in, and with a few good tugs loosened the bone and finally got it out.

"Oh, you kind, friendly bird," cried the dog, as he sprang to his feet and capered joyfully about. "How shall I ever reward you for saving my life?"

"Did you not save mine first?" said Mrs. Crane. "Shake paws and claws, friend Trusty. I have only learned your mother's lesson, which you taught me, that—"

"To do a kind deed whenever you can."

Is good for bird and beast and man."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Janet's Passengers.

Letty came up the walk with her head hanging. Janet's mother stopped her work and looked anxiously through the window.

"I wonder what that child has been doing now?" she said. "Letty never looks that way unless she's been in mischief. What is it that she's got in her hand?"

Janet let her dish towel drop. "It looks like a letter. But it can't be. The postman came yesterday and he won't come again till Wednesday."

Letty climbed the steps reluctantly. Then, catching sight of her mother's face through the open door, she stopped short, looking back over her shoulder as if tempted to run away.

"Letty!" the mother called, her voice sharp with anxiety, "what is that in your hand?"

"A letter!" Letty's voice was so low that it was heard with difficulty.

"A letter! But I thought—"

Letty began to cry, rubbing her sleeve across her eyes.

"You sent me down to the box yesterday when the postman came, and I guess I must have dropped the letter. I found it in the ribbon grass."

"That picture paper came yesterday. I guess you were thinking too much about that," said Janet, in a gently maternal tone she used not infrequently with her younger sister. She turned toward her mother who had caught the letter from Letty's hand.

"Does it matter," she asked, timidly, "not getting it before?"

Mrs. Austin did not answer at once, but Janet saw her hand was shaking. She put the letter down at last, her face very white.

"It's the letter we've been looking for," she said. "The one we've been waiting for. And now your father has gone, and before we can get word to him, he'll have signed up with Shearer, and after he's given his word, he won't go back on it. Oh, Letty, Letty!" she sobbed.

"If you hadn't dropped this letter in the grass, father would have had a nearby job, so he could be home to supper every night, instead of being off in the woods for months, where we can hardly get a line to him to tell him we're alive and well!"

Letty was crying in good earnest, dismayed by the sight of her mother's tears. But Janet stood silent, her hands tightly clasped looking across the shining waters of the lake, to whose pebbly edge her father's land sloped down. It lay in a hollow, hills all about, and the white clouds overhead were mirrored in its blue depths, like strange submarine crafts.

"Maybe," said Janet, in a low voice, as if she were thinking aloud, "maybe we could get word to father before he signed."

Her mother turned upon her sharply. "Janet, what are you thinking about? He was gone by six this morning. And he's taken the horses so we can't follow him."

"Not around that way. I was thinking of crossing the lake."

Her mother's face changed. She looked down at the letter in her hand, then toward the blue water.

"Do you think you could, Janet? You know I'm no good in a boat. Wouldn't you be afraid?" Her voice was doubtful. "Oh, it would mean so much to us if we could get to father in time! But the boat is not very large. I'd never forgive my-

self if any harm came to you!"

Janet was hurrying down to the shore, realizing that time was precious. Her mother followed, still undetermined.

"It's nine miles to Shearer's camp. Are you sure you can row that far?"

"Of course!" Janet almost laughed. "The boat's light, and it won't be anything. Don't worry, mother."

The little boat was tied to the projecting root of one of the big trees growing on the water's edge. Janet loosened the rope, stepped lightly into the boat and took up her oars, handling the latter with a skill that went far toward allaying mother's fears.

"Don't worry, mother!" the girl cried again, as she pulled away. "Don't cry, Letty!" For Letty, realizing what her carelessness had cost, had hidden her face in her apron, and was weeping copiously.

The water was very still, except when, now and then, a little breeze blew from the west, and ruffled its surface into tiny wavelets.

The sky was beautifully blue. Between the crests of the hills showed the peak of a feathery cone, looking like a distant mountain covered with snow. Janet did not notice that glistening peak as she pulled away.

If she had, she might not have started with so much courage, for she had not lived all her life on the edge of this lake without becoming somewhat weather-wise.

For an hour she rowed steadily, with but one thought in mind—to make every stroke tell. She was racing against time. Her father had started that morning with his team, on the long, round-about drive through the woods to Shearer's camp. If he got there much ahead of her, he would have signed an agreement which would keep him away from his family for nearly six months. Under the circumstances, the minutes counted. Janet put all the strength of her wiry little body into her strokes, and at length the effort began to tell upon her. She was getting a pain in her side and her arms ached. She stopped a minute for breath, and glanced over her shoulder.

Something had happened while she had been thinking so hard. The glistening peak had risen from behind the rounded hills, drawing dark, angry clouds after it. The blue sky behind her was blotting out. She realized that the air was strangely still, as if Nature held her breath.

A storm was on its way. Janet hesitated a moment, then took up her oars again.

"It's too late to go back," she said, and was relieved that it was so. If she had discovered the threatening appearance of the sky earlier, she would have had a problem to solve. Now all that was left was to go on.

The clouds spread fast. The blue sky was swallowed up, and in sympathy, the lake looked gray. The wind began to blow strongly, and the little boat rocked from side to side, as it flew on its way. For Janet was pulling her hardest, as if ready to go half-way to meet the storm.

A lightning flash, followed by a long, muttering peal of thunder, gave the signal at last. Then came the rain with a rush. There was little use in rowing, except to keep the boat's head pointed in the right direction. It tossed and dipped, and the water came splashing over the side, its chill striking to Janet's heart. There was a tin can in the bottom of the boat, in which she carried bait for her frequent fishing trips, and, seizing this, she set to work to bail.

"I'm going to be drowned! I'm going to be drowned!" Off her all alone! she sobbed, as she got down on her knees in the water, bailing fast, while the rain spattered her face and drenched her clothing. That was the worst of it—the dreadful loneliness.

"Oh, ye of little faith!" It was strange how plainly the words seemed to sound above the roar of the storm. Bailing vigorously, Janet remembered.

Her father had read them the night before, Letty cuddling close to him, her head against his knee, while Janet sat beside her mother. The story came back bit by bit to the frightened girl—the storm on another lake, the wind and waves threatening the little boat, the terrified disciples, the Saviour waking to ask, with gentle wonder, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

And then the great calm, the winds hushing and the waves subsiding.

Janet took her seat again and craned the oars. A tossing speck on the gray waters, she was no longer afraid. She was not alone. Was he who, on the Lake of Galilee, had quieted the storm. Whatever happened, she had ceased to fear.

The storm ceased as quickly as it began. Through the rift in the clouds the sun looked out. The wind died down, and the waves no longer splashed over into the boat, forcing

Janet to spend her time bailing. She bent to her oars, glad of the chance to warm her chilled body by hard work. But, hard as she pulled, she was still a wet, forlorn little figure when the boat bumped against the dock at Shearer's Landing.

Two or three men ran down to the water's edge, and began to question the damp little oarswoman, but Janet did not hear them. For her quick eyes had seen a team of muddy horses standing with bowed heads. She ran up the slope, followed by staring eyes and exclamations of wonder. She saw her father seated at a tiny table in front of a tent, grasping a pen in the awkward fashion of one who is little accustomed to its use. As he reached to dip it into the large ink bottle that stood near by, a shrill cry reached his ears. "Father, wait!"

Mr. Austin turned his head. For a minute he did not recognize the bedraggled figure running toward him. Then, forgetting what he was about to do, he dropped the pen and sprang to his feet. "Janet!" he cried, "Janet!"

She caught his arm and clung to it, her breath failing her for a moment. "Don't sign," she gasped at last. "You can get a job near home after all!"

For a time everyone was too interested in hearing of Janet's trip to think of much else. But after the girl was seated by a good fire, with a blanket wrapped about her and a cup of steaming coffee in her hand, old John Shearer pulled his stubby beard and frowned.

"I ought to have a grudge against you, sissy," he declared. "For you have come just in time to lose me the man I'd rather have than any of the rest. If you hadn't been so plucky, I'd wish something had happened to you back on the lake there."

He looked at her with rough kindness. "Say, sissy, honest, truth now, weren't you pretty badly scared when that storm was at its worst?"

Janet lifted her eyes and smiled at him. "Yes, sir," she acknowledged. "I was frightened—till I remembered."

—Exchange.

## POET'S CORNER

### GOD'S DWELLING.

God made His dwelling in my heart to-day;  
Flung wide the shuttered windows to the dawn,  
And let the light in, ray on level ray,  
Till all the dark was gone.

He swept the drowsy chambers clean as snow  
And set the sills a-blossoming with flowers,  
So in my heart's house moved He to and fro,  
Twelve wondrous, wondrous hours.

The shapes of fret and discontent and hate  
That had been wont to claim the place as home,  
Paused, fearful, in the shadow of the gate,  
And dared no nearer come.

Once Sorrow's shadow darkened at the door,  
And I looked up and bade it be my guest,  
Shrinking nor fearing; and behold; it bore  
A blessing on its breast.

Yes, and those dreary ghosts of memories  
I long had known—sad, furtive-footed things—  
To-day I marked their gentle presences  
By the soft sound of wings.

Smiling, I bent me to my burden's weight,  
Singing, I wrought before my busy loom,  
With threads of gold. Uplifted and elate  
I met the folding gloom.

To-night God roofs me with His tranquil skies  
And lights His steadfast stars, and takes away  
The twilight's pictures from my straining eyes,  
And all the sights of day.

Unloosed, unshot, I hear across the deep,  
Still dark the world's last murmur faint and cease;  
And, folding quiet hands, I fall on sleep,  
Safe in my House of Peace.

### A PASSION PRAYER.

Out of the depths, my God, I cry to Thee  
From an abyss of helpless misery!  
From depths no heart may fathom save Thine own;  
No eye can scan save Thine, my God, alone.

Thou knowest—Thou hast seen how I have turned  
From Thy sweet Cross! how madly I have yearned  
To quench the thirst, which naught of earth can slake,  
With joys Thou couldst not bless!

Now—now I take  
All that hath wronged Thy love and in the dust  
I cast it 'neath Thy Feet. All Pure, All Just,

Yet ever merciful, Thou wilt not spurn  
Me from Thy Face! Thy Voice hath bid me turn  
To Thee in quenchless hope;—boldly I cast

The bitter harvest of an evil past  
Into the deep, the Infinite Abyss  
Of Thine Unfathomable Heart. It was

for this  
That, like the tempest-river rock,  
Thy Side  
Was pierced, to shelter me! There,  
then, I hide  
The heart I cannot keep for Thee  
from stain—  
The soul, my feeble hands would  
guard in vain!  
—S. M. Wilfrid, O.S.D.

### WIND SCENTS.

The songs that the wind has sung,  
The scents that the wind has flung  
From the flower-hearts where they  
clung.

But yesterday—  
These are too sweet to linger or delay

The songs that haunt the past,  
The fragrances too faint to last—  
Will they never come  
Wearily, happily home

To the flowers where they clung,  
To the heart of the wind that has  
sung,  
Forever to live in the air—  
Forever there?

The dreams that are past and gone!  
Is there not one  
That shall ever come  
Wearily happily home?

Shall they forever fade  
Into the passing shade  
With all the passing fragrance that  
has clung

In long dead flowers,  
And with the dying hours  
Die with the songs the dreaming  
wind has sung?

—Charlotte Prentiss, in the Atlantic.

### UNSPOKEN WORDS.

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,  
Are valueless until we give them birth,  
Like unfound gold, their hidden beauties shine,

Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.  
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand  
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute.

But, oh, what pain, when at God's own command  
A heartstring thrills with kindness but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul—  
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,  
But let it like a shining river roll  
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.

Oh, let the symphony of kindly words  
Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak,  
And he will bless you! He who struck these chords  
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

### STURDY CHILDREN.

In every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used you will find rosy, sturdy, good-natured children, because the Tablets cleanse the stomach and bowels, aid digestion and thus bring perfect health. And you can give them with equal safety to the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. A. E. McLeod, Woodstock, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets since my baby was two weeks old and have found them of great benefit for the ailments of childhood, especially for stomach and bowel troubles, and when teething." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

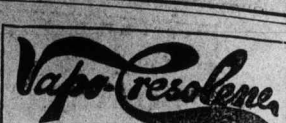
## What Other Editors Say.

### A SOP TO CATHOLICS.

A newspaper which grows fat upon scandal, which respects no ethics of legitimate journalism, which offends against good taste and degrades the standards of morality—that newspaper is known popularly as the "yellow" journal. It redresses, by virtue of glaring type, more of the wrongs of humanity than you can keep count of, but it adds to the sum of humanity's ills by an alluring treatment of social sin. It poses as the friend of the plain people, but any quack or financial humbug bent upon the dollar of the poor can command its advertising columns. It prates about the rights of the individual; but itself respects the rights of none. It has no conscience; it has no standards; it has no shame; it has no pity. It panders to prurient curiosity, and makes vice attractive, the while it appears to condemn it. It creates false impressions of life and gives a disjointed view of life's most serious and most sacred problems. When such a newspaper, eager for patronage, chooses to throw a sop to the Church, Catholics should not be too deeply impressed—Providence Visitor.

### ON MIXED MARRIAGES.

A local pastor recently published some startling figures of the more obvious results of mixed marriages.



FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup, does not exist where Cresolene is used. It soothes the inflamed throat, makes breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide, being both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Cresolene's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use.

For Sale by All Druggists  
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet

Cresolene, Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the irritated throat, etc.  
Leeming, Miles Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.

THE proportion of Catholic women married to non-Catholic men who kept up the practice of their religion was incredibly small, and the proportion of practical Catholics among Catholic men married to non-Catholic women was even less. These depressing statistics were for only one parish, and when it is estimated that the showing would be if a census of the results of such marriages were taken up in every parish in the country, it would perhaps be easier to understand why, with an annual record of 30,000 converts, with the natural increase and the yearly accretion of hundreds of thousands of immigrants, the total gain in the Catholic population in this country for the year 1909 is officially given as only 111,576—Universe.

### A NEEDED COURT.

The street car strike in Philadelphia again illustrates the folly of permitting employers and employees to fight out their differences without regard to the convenience or safety of others. Three persons killed, three fatally wounded, and a thousand more or less seriously injured are the casualties to date. It would be just as sensible to abolish all courts of justice and invite all citizens to settle their disputes with firearms on the public streets. How long will the present method of settling labor disputes be tolerated? A court of arbitration is just as necessary to-day as any court in the land.—The True Voice.

### WORTH CONSIDERING.

Protestantism can point to no two converts who have stood before the world firm, unchanging and unshaken in their convictions and agreed as to what are the essentials of Christianity. Thousands upon thousands of converts to Catholicity have entered upon the unity of Catholic teaching with joy and have found peace and certainty within the Catholic fold. Are not these facts worth considering?—The Philippine Catholic.

### CARDINAL FINED.

France is fast obliterating her claims of the past by her persecutions of the present. What changes a short time brings about. Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Rheims, was condemned Friday last by the civil tribunal to pay \$100 damages to the Public School Teachers' Association for signing the episcopal letter banning certain text books used in the public schools. The association sued for \$1000. It is strange that in a country formerly Catholic, a Cardinal and an Archbishop is now condemned for warning the people of his flock against books that he judges hurtful to faith and morals. It looks to us that a stand must be taken in France similar to that of St. Peter when he said: "It is better to obey God than man."—Catholic Universe.

### A REMNANT OF THE DARK.

A colored man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate. "Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door. "Yassuh," she replied between sobs. "I want to see the remains." "I is de remains," she answered proudly.—Everybody's Magazine.

## SKIN DISEASES

These troublesome afflictions are caused wholly by bad blood and an unhealthy state of the system, and can be easily cured by the wonderful blood cleansing properties of

## Burdock Blood Bitters

Many remarkable cures have been made by this remedy, and not only have the unsightly skin diseases been removed, and a bright clear complexion been produced, but the entire system has been renovated and invigorated at the same time.

SALT RHEUM CURED. Mrs. John O'Connor, Burlington, N.B., writes: "For years I suffered with Salt Rheum. I tried a dozen different medicines, but most of them only made it worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and before I had taken half a dozen doses I could see a change so I continued its use and now I am completely cured. I cannot say too much for your wonderful medicine."