A Dangerous Potion

There's a potion compounded long, long since by one
Who has much power still in all lands neath the sun;
And adown the long ages since time first began
This mixture accursed has wrought trouble for man

It has spread desolation anear and afar,
Left friends bitter foeman and nations at war:
Many lives it has ruined, and homesteads laid low,
Many hearts it has sundered, and tears caused to flow.

And kings and their minions and queens and their maids,
And seers at their studies, and toilers with spades,
And warriors haughty, and statesmen so bland
Have drunk of this potion in many a land

They have drunk of this potion, and red blood has flowed,
And cannon have thundered and war beacons glowed;
And standards in battle have free been unfurled,
And dynasties ancient from power been hurl d.

And artisans busy have drunk of this draught,
And peasants this potion full often have quaffed:
The maid and the matron, the lad and the lass,
The young and the aged have drained it, alas.

They have trained it and, draining it, left many ills—
Estrangement and envy and creditors' bills,
And penury, prison and odium beside—
For the name of the potion, so baneful, is Pride.

—Magdalen Rock.

A Source of Strength

The Easter glow and glory of the skies,
The sun, who dances in his orbit curve,
Unfolding buds that drop their shy reserve
To show heart's love in scented ecstasies,
Are all joy-voices, in celestial wise
Hailing our Lord's, how should any nerve
Of music-fibre in our being swerve
From its full hymning of such mysteries?
Christ's Resurrection is our Fount of Joy,
In silver spray unspringing to the sun.
Our Flame of Paradise! Our golden Star,
Unchanged, unchangeable, though woes annoy.
Our hope of amethystine light afar!
Our Strength, our Power to reach it, one by one

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

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 spirits 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 FABER.

The Real Light

Before you sun arose,
Stars clustered through the sky.
But oh! how dim, how pale were those,
To His one burning eye!
So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night,
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they,
To Thy one glorious light!

—THOMAS MOORE

Tales of The Festivals

ASH WEDNESDAY.

All Hail, Jesus! Mary, All Hail!

(continued from last week)

"In the first year of their penance they were called Weepers," answered Father Pierre, "and during the hours of prayer they stood in the porch, clothed in sackcloth, and having ashes on their heads, imploring the prayers of the faithful who entered the church. After they had passed some time fervently in this class, they were received by the Bishop into the second order of penitents, Called Hearers, because they were allowed to enter the church in order to attend to the sermon, but were obliged to depart before any of the prayers were begun. From this rank they advanced into that of Prostrators, who remained prostrate on the floor of the church while certain prayers were said for them; and they afterwards passed into the fourth class of penitents, called Consistents, who joined in prayer with the rest of the Christians, but were not allowed to make their offering, or to receive the Holy Communion. After they had fully accomplished this penance of many years, they were once more brought to the church on Maunday-Thursday, and publicly absolved by the Bishop, who made them hold up their hands as a token of their resolution to lead new lives for the future."

"But then every one must have known by this public penance, if one had been guilty of serious sin, and that was not very pleasant, I think," said Minette.

"The Christians of those days, Minette, were so much in love with the cross of Jesus Christ, that they often undertook these acts of public humiliation, without having been guilty of the crimes for which they were ordained. It was therefore impossible to distinguish betwixt those who did penance by command of the Bishop, and those who performed it as a private devotion."

"I have heard this given as a reason why the Church no longer enforces public penance," said Dame Martha. "Is this really the case, Father Pierre?"

"I think it a very sufficient one," he answered. "Sin is always equally hateful in the sight of God, therefore, the amount of punishment incurred by its commission must ever remain the same; but, as few would of their own accord do penance in this cold, unfervent age, its performance would be attended with total loss of character in those upon whom it was enforced; an evil to which our tender mother, the Church, could never expose the most guilty of her children."

"I remember," said Madeleine, "Madame Margaret once told me such a beautiful story about a young lady who did public penance at Rome, with her hair all dishevelled, and her face and hands dirty, and the Bishop and priests and people all weeping around her."

"Her name was Fabiola," said Father Pierre; "and for a fault committed entirely through ignorance, she submitted, in the sight of all Rome, to the severe discipline of canonical penance. The emperor Theodosius has also left us an heroic example of public repentance. He was naturally of a very hasty disposition; and once, in a fit of passion he punished a revolt of his subjects by a frightful massacre of the innocent as well as of the guilty St Ambrose was at that time Bishop of Milan, and filled with horror at this act of barbarity, he left the town in order to avoid seeing the Emperor too soon, and sent him a letter declaring that, until he did penance for his sin, he could neither receive his offering, nor celebrate Mass in his presence. Soon after, he returned to Milan, and the Emperor went as usual to church; but St. Ambrose met him at the porch, and forbade him to enter. The prince said, by way of excuse, that David also had sinned, and the holy Bishop told him in reply, that as he had followed the king of Israel in sinning, he ought also to follow him in his repentance. Theodisius submitted, and retiring to his palace, clad himself in mourning weeds, and passed eight months without once going into the church. At the end of that time, one of his courtiers, called Ruffinus, persuaded him to allow him to go and intercede with St. Ambrose for his forgiveness, and Theodosius, flattering himself with hopes of success, followed him soon after. However, when St. Ambros saw Ruffinus, he spoke to him most severely, and told him that if Theodosius dared to approach the church, he would meet him in the porch, and forbid him to enter; and upon this Ruffinus instantly sent a message to the Emperor, to tell him what had passed. The good prince was already in the high street when he received the information, but, instead of turning back, he only said, 'I will go and receive the affront and rebuke I deserve.' He then proceeded to the church, but, without going into it, he besought the Bishop to give him absolution. St. Ambrose asked him what penance he had done, and the Emperor said he was willing to submit to any he might impose. The Bishop then ordered him to place himself among the public penitents. Theodosius instantly complied, and, prostrating himself upon the pavement, remained for a long time weeping and praying, and lamenting his sin in the sight of the people, who were so touched by his humility, that they wept and prayed with him. St. Ambrose tells us that after he received absolution, he never passed a day of his life without bewailing afresh this crime, into which he had been chiefly led through the instigation of others; and, in obedience to the bishops orders, he also made a law commanding a respite of thirty days before the execution of any sentence regarding life or loss of property, so that passion or surprise could never again take the place of justice."

"That was a real blessing to his subjects," Dame Martha observed; "for in thirty days he would have plenty of time to consider whether the sentence he had pronounced was just, and to change it if he found it was not."

"Yes," said Father Pierre; "we have the whole history of the use of penance in this one anecdote of the life of Theodosius. In the first place it brings us to the resolution to sin no more. In the next, it reconciles us to our Heavenly Father, who as an expiation for our faults accepts the trifling sufferings we inflict on our own bodies, united with, and made meritorious by the passion and death of Jesus Christ. And let us never forget that, without this union, the best of our actions would be entirely worthless in His sight. In the third place, it compels us to repair any injuries we may have done to our neighbors, and teaches us to behave towards them with greater charity for the future."

Marie thought the country looked particularly gloomy the next morning, as she walked with her mother to church, and she could not forbear saying, "Nina was right after all Mamma; Ash-Wednesday certainly is the most dismal day of the year"

"Well, perhaps it is," said Minette; "but I dare say the desert was not very pleasant either, and yet Jesus was alone in it for forty days."

"And St. John from the time he was five years old. Oh! Mamma how would a child five years old like to live alone in a desert?"

"No common child could have done so, Marie; but St. John was a great saint from the hour of his birth and therefore even at five years old he loved Jesus so well that he liked better to do His Divine will by going into the desert than to follow his own by remaining with his parents"

Marie made no answer, but she thought a great deal during the remainder of her walk, and she resolved to go without her breakfast that day for the love of the sweet Jesus, and in imitation of St. John. She knew she was not very strong and therefore she thought it most likely her mother might not approve of her intention and she resolved if possible to conceal it from her. Marie was a very good little child, but she had yet to learn that obedience is better than sacrifice.

There was no breakfast at the cottage that morning, so Minette arranged Marie's bread and milk on a little table near the window and then left the room. Marie sat for a long time pondering as to how she should conceal the fact of her having taken no breakfast. The bread she could easily cover up in her work basket, but she was puzzled what to do with the milk. Just then a beggar came and stood at the little garden gate, and a bright smile crossed Marie's lips. "It will be an act of charity and of penance to," thought she; and putting the bread into her apron, and spilling half the milk in her eagerness to escape, she glided out of the house door, and presented them to the poor man.

He received them with a look of surprise, but with a smile that went quite to her heart, as he answered—"I thank you dear little child, but I never drink milk on Ash Wednesday nor do I break my fast until sunset"

But, you must take them from me," Marie answered eagerly. "Put the bread into your wallet, and there—you have a leathern wallet at your girdle, pour the milk into that." She did all this herself while she was speaking, and then still scarlet with excitement, ran off to join Madeleine whom she saw a few paces down the street coming to take her to school.

Marie could not settle to her lessons that morning; her stomach was sick, and her head so giddy she could not see the letters in her book, and at last she covered her face with her hands and cried herself to sleep. It is not, therefore, surprising that when her class was called to say their lessons to Sister Mary Aloysia she did not know a word of them.

(Continued next week)

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism but have been completely cured by Hood' Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." MISS FRANCES SMITH, Prescott, Ont

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. MCDONALD, Trenton, Ont

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Scott's Emulsion

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Mrs. Archie Goodine, Tilley, N.B. writes:—"When I was troubled with my heart, two years ago, I was very bad. My nerves were so unstrung, sometimes I would almost be out of my mind. I doctored myself with everything I could get, until at last I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they have cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful remedy, and will recommend it to all sufferers."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"A really good man had rather be deceived than be suspicious, and rather forego his own right than run the venture of doing even a hard thing. This is the temper of that charity of which the apostle says that it shall never fail."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Mother—Now, Willie, put away those drumsticks. Don't you know your father has a headache?

Willie—But, ma, when I was going into the parlor with my drum he told me to beat it.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratfordville says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

Crawford—"I remember your wife used to make you go shopping with her. How did you manage to get out of it?"

Crabshaw—"I made a point to flirt with the pretty salesgirls."

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GENTLEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Luggrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Mrs. Youngbride—"Norah, I don't mind your entertaining your women friends in the kitchen evenings, but I must insist on their making less noise with their boisterous laughing."

Norah—'Sure, mum I'm sorry but the ladies really couldn't help it I was tellin' them how you tried to make a cake yesterday mornin'."

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price 25 cents."

Smith—Does your wife think you're the best man who ever lived?"

Jones—"Of course not!" I'm her second husband."

Minard's Liniment cures dandruff.

You call a man a sly old dog;
He asks you in to sup;
Why should it set his wrath agog
When you say he is a pup?
But it does.

—Philippines Gossip

A COLD Developed Into BRONCHITIS.

However slight a cold you have, you should never neglect it. In all possibility, if you do not treat it in time it will develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

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Mrs. Albert Vait, Brockville, Ont., writes:—"Just a line to let you know about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Our oldest little girl is now six years old. When she was four months old she got a cold which developed into Bronchitis, and we tried everything we could think of and had two doctors attending her, but it was no good. One day I read in your almanac about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I tried it, and before she had finished one bottle of it, the dry hacking cough had nearly all gone. There is nothing equal to it, and we are never without it in the house."

See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it, as there are numerous imitations on the market. The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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The company owns 15 pairs of pedigreed Island Black Foxes and negotiations are under way for the purchase of marten, fisher, mink and skunk.

If you are interested write, call or phone for a prospectus and information.

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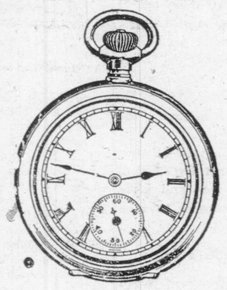

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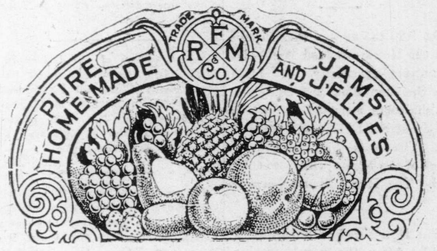

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