



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

Confession.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I've your true friend. 'Cause I saved you a whippin' today. When cook missed her custard, and everyone said it was puss that had stole it away. You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear, so in course you got blamed, an'—all that!

Two Sides of a Question.

"It's too bad the way some girls look down on Jennie Scott because she wears such shabby clothes!" The indignation in Abbie's voice was not to be mistaken. "As though a girl was any the worse for wearing the same coat to school three or four years and trimming the same hat over! I think that what's in the head counts a good deal more than what's on it. If they took the pains to get acquainted with Jennie, they'd like her."

Felicia's Rainy Day.

"I love beautiful things," Felicia confessed in a sweet, low voice to Dolores Redman, who had been invited to stay at Felicia's house while doing some fall shopping. The two girls were in Felicia's room, and the latter was intent upon exhibiting certain girlish possessions. "I spend half my week's salary on things I love, and that mark a real lady, such as pretty ribbons and laces and gloves and things."

much she cares for them." Dolores observed, settling herself more comfortably at the foot of the bed. "But it takes so little, if one watches out for sales and buys understandingly," Felicia urged. "This ribbon, for instance, cost only ninety cents at a sale, though it is worth more, and I have plenty for three sets of underwear. It is quite the most beautiful thing I've seen—so soft and silky."

Dolores did not answer. She watched Felicia, seated on the floor, dive into the shirt-waist box in quest of further treasures, thinking the while that her friend was "quite the most beautiful" creature that she had ever seen in her long pink crape kimono, with her arms and neck and face so exquisitely colored, so perfectly shaped, so altogether lovely, the whole crowned with an abundance of nut-brown hair that showed glints of gold in the gaslight.

"Oh!" The one on the bed caught her breath, and Felicia went on, leaning back against the box and critically examining her nails, which resembled delicate pink, shining shells. "Nellita never objects to lending her things; but, then, she does not love beautiful things as I do."

"Is your sister as late as this every evening?" Dolores asked. "No. I think she stayed to do an errand for mother; I was excused from the office half an hour earlier to meet you. I want to show you this ribbon spool holder. Isn't it the dearest ever? It used to be one of my treasures till mother, one day, in my absence, helped herself to the pink spool and the blue, and it just about broke my heart when I found them gone."

"Felicia, dear, you don't mean that!" Dolores cried in a shocked little voice. "Your own mother—who would give you anything she has! Why—why—"

"I know you think me selfish," Felicia interrupted, "but it is only being provident. It's part of a girl's duty to acquire beautiful things whenever she legitimately can keep them in order (which she can't possibly do if she's all the time lending them) and so have a good supply on hand for the rainy day that is sure to come to her, as it does to everyone at some time. Suppose I lost my position and couldn't get another for weeks; why, I wouldn't need to worry about my wardrobe, because it is so well stocked. There! That's Nellita coming up the steps."

The moment Dolores looked into Nellita's soft brown eyes, she felt drawn to her. And when Nellita said, "I'm not beautiful and witty and clever like Felicia, but I do hope you will like me a little," Dolores bent forward and kissed her.

"I like you very much, and I've wanted to meet you ever since Felicia boarded on the farm next to ours and told me about you," Dolores declared. Dolores had not been many hours under the Shannon roof before she became thoroughly distressed at Felicia's attitude toward her mother and sister. "Not what, please others but what pleases myself," seemed to be Felicia's motto. Mrs. Shannon, a slender, tired-looking little lady who had worked hard to maintain her daughters till they had become self-supporting, had now evidently made up her mind to have peace at any price, while Nellita, three years older than her sister, apparently found it most comfortable not to oppose her. Dolores, one of a large family, and accustomed daily to practicing the little unselfishnesses that help to make life so sweet to all concerned, grieved sincerely over Felicia's failing. And then came the latter's rainy day, though scarcely in the way she had thought.

On her way downstairs one morning, Felicia's high heel caught on the step, and she plunged forward, striking sharply against the door at the bottom of the steps. Her cries brought Mrs. Shannon and Dolores to the rescue, and between them they managed to carry her upstairs. The doctor was telephoned for, and when he had taken count of the injuries received, summed them up in a broken right ankle, a sprained left wrist, a gash in the head, and a generally severe shaking up.

In the days that Felicia was held prisoner in her room, the hours of inaction gave her time to think, and also opportunity to see, and presently she awakened to the fact that she had been living upon herself. One morning after a restless night spent in self-examination, Felicia

greeted her mother with these words: "Oh, mamma! I don't see how you can be so sweet and kind to me after the way I've treated you. And I don't see how Nellita can lend me her prettiest things to wear while I'm in bed, and bring me flowers and delicacies with the money she has earned, when I've been so selfish to her. I wonder if you both can forgive me."

Mrs. Shannon bent low to kiss her daughter. The few minutes that followed were very precious to both. And so Felicia's "rainy day" brought her an awakening that resulted in greater happiness for herself and her family.—Pittsburg Observer.

He is Risen! He is Risen!

He is risen! He is risen! Christ the Lord, the King of Kings; Rent the barriers of His prison; With acclaim blessed Zion rings! Alleluia! Alleluia! Sound the timbrel; swell the song; Alleluia! Alleluia! Sing the saints' and angels' throng! Spirit told the anxious greeter Christ had conquered, left earth's womb; Told was youthful John, told Peter, Christ to seek beyond the tomb; Saviour blest was seen by Mother, By Magdalen, faithful all; 'E'en by Thomas, doubting brother, Kingdom's Peace to well install.

He had promised He should lead them, Vanquish victory of the grave; Into Galilee precede them— 'Tis the pledge of Truth He gave. Vain the soldiers' anxious keeping; Naught the scoffers' empty threat; Vain the will, and naught the sleeping; Hate with overthrow was met.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Bless the great Redeemer's name! Alleluia! Alleluia! Bless our God's unconquered fame! He is risen! As He told them; Risen! yea, to die no more, And for Heaven's courts to hold them, There to love them as before! He is risen! He is risen! Christ the Lord, Jerusalem's King; Sealed the fate, and changed the prison; Heartfelt thanks forever bring! Praise your God, ye joyful nations; Tell His glory now, fore'er; He hath filled our expectations; Goods of Heaven ours to share! Christians, with your conquering Saviour, Rise beyond the deeds of earth; Let your lives, let your behavior, Bear the sheaves of other birth! Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts on high! And Hope and Praise! Alleluia! Alleluia! This the burden of our lays!

(Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY. Easter, 1910.

CURE WAS QUICK AND COMPLETE

Dame Parent's Heart Disease Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She Suffered for Two Years but Now Advises All Troubled as She Was to Give Dodd's Kidney Pills a Trial.

St. Robert, Richelieu Co., Que., Mar. 21. (Special).—"I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends." These are the words of Dame Joseph Parent of this place. And the good dame gives excellent reasons why she does so. "For two years," she says, "I suffered from Heart Disease, Headache, Backache and a dragging sensation across the loins. Seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I hope all who are troubled as I was will give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial."

Some people may ask how Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are purely a Kidney remedy, can cure Heart Disease. And the answer is simple. Diseased Kidneys fail to drain the impurities out of the blood. If these impurities are left in the blood they not only increase the work of the heart in propelling the blood through the body, but act on the valves causing disease. Pure blood removes the cause of the disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills make pure blood by putting the Kidneys in condition to strain all the impurities out of it.

POET'S CORNER

NIGHT IN ASSISI.

Silently steals the moonlight's cold white feet Along the empty street. Assisi sleeps—what spell constrains her guest? Whose pillow lies unpressed? Not memories of old power and pride and lust— Mere dust amid the dust. Those men of blood and fire too long have lain Ever to live again.

We watch to see the slender form pass by Of one who cannot die. Above him arches like a shrine alight The jeweled Umbrian night, Ah, tear-dimmed eyes and worn, ecstatic face, And hand upraised to trace The sign of peace, its sacramental scars, Kissed by the reverent stars. —Amelia Josephine Burr, in Rosary.

GETHSEMANI.

"My soul is sorrowful, yea, unto death. Upon it test the sins of all the world; Not only of the world redeemed and saved. But of those souls My Blood can naught avail Because the captive scorns his Ransom."

Those were the precious drops that fell to earth While Jesus said, "There is no use in them." Take courage, then, O soul, depressed and sad, What sorrow hast thou felt compared with His? Hast thou'er yet shed a single drop of blood?

To ransom souls in sin's captivity? Seems the fight long,—the combat too severe? Perchance thou trustest in a panoply He gave thee not, or look'st for victory Too soon. Forget it not, Gethsemani Precedeth Calvary. Look up with Faith.

For though thou see him not, an angel stands To comfort thee. He holds the chalice; drink! Its bitterness will turn to nectar sweet, For 'tis the chalice which the Master drank.

Ah now, dear Lord, no longer I complain The chalice to the very dregs I'll drain. —Father Van Rensselaer, S.J.

WHILE YET 'TIS DAY.

Arise, my soul! nor dream the hours Of life away; Arise, and do thy being's work, While yet 'tis day. The doer, not the dreamer, breaks The hallowed spell, Which binds with iron hands the earth On which we dwell.

Up, soul! or war, with fiery feet, Will tread down men; Up! or his bloody hards will reap The earth again.

O dreamer, wake! your brother man Is still a slave; And thousands go heart-crushed this morn Unto the grave.

The brow of wrong is laurel-crowned, 'Not girt with shame; And love and truth and right as yet Are but a name.

From out time's urn your golden hours Flow fast away;— Then, dreamer, up! and do life's work While yet 'tis day. —Anon.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood, we move along asunder; Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep Along the years; we marvel and we wonder While life is life, and then we fall asleep. Not understood.

Not understood! We gather false impressions And hug them closer as the years go by; The virtues often seem to us transgressions; And thus men rise, and fall, and live, and die. Not understood.

Not understood! Four souls with stunted vision Oft measure giants with their narrow gauge; The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age. Not understood.

Not understood! The secret springs of action Which lie beneath the surface and the show, Are disregarded with self-satisfaction; We judge our neighbors, and they often go. Not understood.

Not understood! How trifles often change us— The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us And on our souls there falls a freezing blight, Not understood.

Not understood! How many breasts are aching For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking! How many noble spirits pass away Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer, Or judge less harshly where they cannot see! O God! that men would draw a little nearer To one another—they'd be nearer Thee, And understood. —Thomas Bracken.

VICTIMAE PASCHALI LANDIS.

(Church Prose at Easter Mass.) O Christians, through the Easter Day, Meant praise to Paschal Victim pay The Lamb hath ransomed back the sheep; Our Christ the erring now shall keep In Father's shielding bosom deep.

And Death did join with other Life To pay sin's debt with anguish rife; The Lord once dead now rules the strife. Magdalen, tell us what didst see, While on thy way: this know would we.

What, I? The tomb of Living Lord, And victory of the man-made Word, The spirit-keepers, too, were there; The death-shrouds folded, placed, with care. My Christ, my Hope, hath risen, true; In Galilee He'll wait for you!

We know the Lord did leave the grave; Hath vanquished Death: the pledge He gave! Victorious King, Thou'st won, Thou'st saved! Amen, Alleluia! (Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY. Easter, 1910.

Protestants Tasting French Persecution.

Unthinking Protestants in this and other lands have been viewing quite complacently, where they have not aided and abetted, the warfare of the French atheistic government against the Catholic Church in France, says The Sacred Heart Review.

But now it seems the anti-religious forces which they rejoiced to see opposing Catholicity in France, are making some trouble for their own brethren in Madagascar; and they do not appear to like it a bit. The medicine which they thought good for the Catholics in France is very bitter when administered to the Protestant in Madagascar. Madagascar is a French possession off the coast of Africa. English Protestant missionaries have been at work there for some years, but the colonial government, following the lead of the home officials, has been lately interfering with the conscientious right of the Protestants, just as in France they are oppressing and persecuting Catholics.

The Congregationist tells us that the "militant secularism which has been the outstanding feature of French life at home, has even in an exaggerated and apparently malicious and bigoted form done its best to root out Christianity among the Malagasy people altogether. The missionary schools have been broken up, the graduates denied French citizenship, the heathen rites encouraged, Christianity everywhere denounced and repressed." We have been saying from the first that the French government's war against Catholicity was a war against all forms of Christianity, and indeed against all forms of religion. The reason why they attack the Catholic Church first is because she is the greatest and strongest bulwark of religion. With her weakened or destroyed the sects would be only a mouthful to the gracious spirit of secularism.

Our esteemed contemporary, The Boston Herald, referring editorially to this, says under the heading, "Anti-Christian France." "Evidence accumulates that France in its reaction from a particular form of Christian faith and policy has gone far on the way toward anti-religious views of a particularly secular and virulent form. Its state schools, that once were pledged to neutrality in matters of religion, are now, in many cases, agencies for attack on religion as such; and the secular conception of the state and anti-religious tenor of governmental policy have gone forth into the colonies."

The Irish Party and Catholic Education.

Right Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore (Ireland), writing to a meeting recently held at Waterford to hear an address from Mr. John Redmond, the Irish leader, referred to the Catholic schools of England and the Irish Party as the best defenders of their rights and interests. There can be

no doubt (the Bishop said) during the next session of Parliament to render high service not only to Ireland but to the Irish Catholics in England. Those faithful children of the Irish race probably will be attacked in what is dearer to them than their very lives, viz., the religious education of their little ones. Their cause, continued the Bishop, is ours; whatever is done for the very least of them is done for us. To help in winning Home Rule for Ireland, in sweeping away the last trace of bad laws, to protect the Catholic schools of Ireland, in England—these surely are great achievements. May it be given to Mr. Redmond and his followers to take their honored part in accomplishing them.

THEY WILL DO THEIR DUTY.

Noticing the Bishop's letter, Mr. Redmond in his speech, gave assurance that he and his colleagues of the Irish Party would do their full duty in this important matter. The Catholics of England, he said, are our brothers. With the exception of a small minority, the Catholic body in England is an Irish body. The little children in the Catholic schools of England are children of St. Patrick, and the highest duty that can be discharged by an Irish Nationalist Party is to protect their religion and their interests. What is the position of the Irish Party on this question? We have been the only effective weapon to protect the Catholic schools of England. In the four years of this Parliament we have defeated four successive attempts to injure to the Catholic schools of England, and we succeeded in defeating those attempts although the Government had a majority of three hundred. Are we less likely to be powerful to protect those schools in the next Parliament, where, I take it for granted, no Government will have a majority anything approaching the majority that the Liberals had in the Parliament last ended?

EQUALITY OF TREATMENT DEMANDED.

Mr. Redmond then went on to state what the Irish Party claimed and demanded in reference to the Catholic schools. We insisted, said he, on equality of treatment for Catholic schools and non-Catholic schools. We insisted on a Catholic atmosphere in Catholic schools, and on Catholic teachers for Catholic children. And you may take it from me that I am going to England in a day or two, into Lancashire and Yorkshire, to take such steps as may seem to me desirable and advisable to protect the interests of the Catholic schools and of the Irish Catholic children in those schools. From all this it may be confidently expected that if any injury is done to the Catholic schools of England it will be only after resolute opposition and a stiff fight by the united Irish Party. The general opinion seems to be that the Party will be able to obtain from the Liberal Government such a provision as will secure Father Vaughan's three C's—Catholic schools for Catholic children under Catholic teaching and management.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

A Terrible Indictment.

Wherever in the course of my spiritual ministrations I have been brought face to face with tragedies of the soul, wherever I stood by the deathbed powerless to give any aid to the soul being fast borne to the awful verge of eternity, wherever I stood beside the corpse and could offer no word of prayer or consolation wherever I was forced to dissect the poor remains hacked by the dissecting knife and consigned to unconsacrated clay without a solitary word of blessing or appeal for mercy, wherever I saw the home dreary, fireless, foodless, reeking with filth, wherever I beheld the daughter with the brand of shame on her shameless face and heard that rasping voice and laugh which are the most terrible sounds this side of hell, wherever I gazed on the loafing, worthless son, the besotted father, the mother to whom it was a profanation to apply that sacred name. I could almost invariably say: "This is the work of the bar-room"—Rev. L. Minehan, Toronto.

Troubled With Backache For Years. Now Completely Cured By The Use Of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. I have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured. Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or mailed direct to Doan's Kidney Pills Co., 2631 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

THURSDAY, MAR... The Sa... The Arm... the Oil... Brave F... Owing to the... our columns fo... Day issue, the... Rev. Father Wal... 18th, was unavo... give it herewith... The analogy be... development of... progress, show... means in the na... their counterpart... supernatural stat... child of God. S... baptized "babes... St. Peter speak... born babes," be... and the Holy GH... ated by the "lav... into the Kingdom... the head. Now... the body in the... ples an accession... the ad... to the age of ma... bor and moral re... talment of the... demand a new gi... of the child... threshold of the b... strength and skill... in a life-long con... is life eternal, re... to make his ever... vigorous and sup... divine grace begu... font is to be con... child of God becom... this new need is... Sacrament of St... in this the t... crown of Baptism... perfection of the... sacramental regener... soul to spiritual... turity, giving... strength to guard... seven-fold virtue... in Baptism—... in Justice, I... Hope and Charity... made man a Chris... makes him a perfe... that the work of... or thereby ended... with and therei... perfect, or that th... firmation is the... holiness that h... through life. On... know that the act... only then to be... instead of his becom... fact, his final per... be attained on this... and that he must... dually adding stor... up the edifice of... But this we do m... Sacrament of Conf... on which perfo... perstructure is to... in all their comple... he is fully equip... graces which he re... lead but preserve... on which he enter... gate of Baptism.