never shall know the like again. How fine it was by moonlight!"

"Master Faggus," began my mother, with a manner of some dignity, such as she could sometimes use by right of her integrity and thorough kindness to every one, "this is not the tone in which you have hitherto spoken to me about your former pursuits and life. I fear that the spirits—" but here she stopped, because the spirits were her own, and Tom was our visitor,—"what I mean, Master Faggus, is this: You have won my daughter's heart somehow; and you won my consent to the matter through your honest sorrow, and manly undertaking to lead a different life, and touch no property but your own. Annie is my eldest daughter, and the child of a most upright man. I love her best of all on earth, next to my boy John, here"—here mother gave me a mighty squeeze, to be sure that she would have me at least—"and I will not risk my Annie's life with a man who yearns for the highway."

Having made this very long speech (for her), mother came home upon my shoulder, and wept so that (but for heeding her) I would have taken Tom by the nose, and thrown him, and Winnie after him, over our farm yard gate. For I am violent when roused, and freely hereby acknowledge it; though even my enemies will own that it takes a great deal to rouse me. But I do consider the grief and tears (when justly caused) of my dearest friends to be a great deal to rouse me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE EUCHARISTIC SEAL

Old Mademoiselle de Mibreuil shook her head ominously, as a fair-haired child dashed by the chateau, her spirited pony at full gallop, and her pretty face all aglow with the excitement of a race with her brothers.

"Believe me, my dear," said the old lady to her niece, the Countess de Piremont, "you really must be more strict with that child. She is altogether too wild. You spoil her too much. She will never be good and devout like her sisters, but a worldly, giddy girl, who will bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"I really don't feel anxious about Jeannette, Auntie," answered the Countess with a smile. Hers is a merry, happy nature, but she has an excellent heart and a great desire to do right, and I have no fault to find with her. I feel that I can thank God for all my dear children."

"Ah! you will see, you will see!" muttered the sour old creature. "That child is too frivolous and too pretty to turn out any good," and she quite panted with virtuous indignation, for she was one of those poor souls who, although very pious in their way, always see the dark side of things and the mote in their neighbor's eye. She was a decided trial to all her relatives, especially to the De Piremonts, to whom she was now making a painfully long visit.

The chateau in which they lived was one of the most beautiful of Touraine, that land of stately homes, and was surrounded by a magnificent park and gardens that were the pride of the whole countryside. The family, which consisted of the Count and Countess and their six children, was of the bluest blood of France, and was a particularly happy one, very pious and devoted to works of charity.

On one side of the chateau, but built much farther back, so that it could not be seen by any one standing in front of the house, was an exquisite Gothic chapel, on which every succeeding generation had delighted to lavish costly offerings. Holy Mass was said there every morning by M. L'Abbe Plante, the boy's tutor, and at the time when these events happened the Blessed Sacrament was reserved there and the whole family and many of the dependents vied with one another in their devotion to their Eucharistic Lord, making Him long visits and decorating His altar with the choicest flowers. Even little Jeannette did not fail to do so, and though too restless to enjoy staying long in the chapel, her visits to it were very frequent and fervent ones, and she perhaps thought of our dear Lord during the day as often, if not oftener, than did her apparently more devout sisters.

"I can't think," she said to Yvonne one day, "why you need to stay so long in the chapel. I just go in and say to our Lord, 'Oh! my Jesus, I love you so much, so much! I give you my heart. I will try to be good and please you, please help me to become a saint, and bless me and all those I love.' Then I feel that He blesses me, and I leave the chapel feeling quite good and happy, but I am not holy or clever enough to say long prayers as you do."

Jeannette, fair and rosy, with her merry blue eyes and masses of fair, wavy hair, was indeed a contrast in every way to her two elder sisters, Helene and Yvonne, both dark and rather quiet, serious girls, especially Yvonne, who was already looked upon as a future nun. Sweet as she was, there was nothing nunlike about little Jeannette; she was too fond of fun and mischief, and with her sunny, buoyant nature, was more inclined to romp with her brothers ride her pony or row on the lake, than she was to partake of her sisters' occupations. She was tender-hearted and affectionate, and a bright, clever child, very painstaking at her lessons and a great favorite with Mademoiselle Maurier, their governess. Indeed, she was a favorite with every one except Mademoiselle de Mibreuil, who, when the child's father called her "My sunbeam," remarked snappishly that "My whirlwind" would be far more applicable.

One of the last days of the old year there had been a great ball at the chateau, to which all the country round had been invited. The younger children, however, had been sent to bed after having had a peep at the first dance, and Mademoiselle Maurier, before taking them to their rooms, had gone with them to the chapel to say night prayers, as the good Abbe was away on his holidays.

The guests had been gone several hours and the whole household, fagged out by the entertainment and the work it had entailed, was sleeping soundly when, all of a sudden, one of the manservants tore through the corridors, banging at the doors, and shrieking:

"Fire! Fire! Fly for your lives! The chateau is on fire!"

In a minute all was indescribable horror and confusion. Mademoiselle Maurier and the children slept on the upper story of the house. In an incredibly short time she managed to dress and help the children to do the same. Jeannette, being the youngest, was, of course, her chief anxiety, and she seized a heavy white woolen dress that the child had worn the previous evening, and slipped it on her, afterward wrapping her up in a heavy plaid shawl. Then, followed by the others, she went to the head of the staircase, but found it a mass of flames! For a minute they stood panicstricken. Then Mademoiselle Maurier recovered her presence of mind and said: "Let us try the servants' stairway." They rushed there and found it still practicable, though volumes of smoke were pouring upward. They had groped their way down one flight of stairs and were starting down the second when Jeannette suddenly exclaimed:

"I wonder if any one has thought of Aunt de Mibreuil?" and in spite of Mademoiselle's entreaties, she insisted upon rushing back and along the second floor corridor to the old lady's apartments, where she found her dressed, but too totally scared and unnerved to leave her room. Jeannette's cheery coolness seemed to bring her to her senses, and she allowed the child to lead her to the head of the servants' staircase, where Mademoiselle and the Count, having seen the other children safe, had run up again in search of them. Together they helped the old lady down, and soon the whole family, in tears, stood clinging together before the blazing edifice which had been for so many centuries the happy home of their ancestors.

The Count and his wife, though intensely thankful to find all their loved ones safe, were in despair at the loss, not only of their beautiful and historical chateau, which was very poorly insured, but of all the heirlooms and art treasures it contained. They were, in fact, witnessing the destruction of the greater part of their own and their children's fortune. The Count had managed to save most of the important papers, the Countess and her maid between them had rescued the family diamonds and lace, worth many thousands, and some of the members of the household had contrived to carry out a few of the most valuable pictures and tapestries, but the rest was now past all hope, for the whole place was a mass of flames. It must have been on fire for a considerable time before laborers from the village, seeing the flames from afar, had rushed up to give the alarm.

Meanwhile Jeannette, as soon as she was out of the house and had been embraced by her parents in the joy of mutual safety, had slipped away unobserved to see if the chapel was safe. No! the roof was on fire and the flames from it seemed to reach sky-high! Should she run back to call for help? That would cause delay, and she felt that they would probably say it was too late to enter the burning building. Yet the Blessed Sacrament must be saved!

Throwing her cloak over her head, she dashed into the chapel, felt her way through the blinding smoke to the sacristy door, which happened to be open, and tried to find the key of the tabernacle. For a few seconds she searched in vain, and the roaring of the flames sent such a terrible dread to her heart that she was almost tempted to run away. But to leave her dear Jesus there in the tabernacle. No! never! if need be she would die there at His feet.

With a fervent prayer of "Jesus! Mary! help me!" she groped again, found the key, and, hastening to the tabernacle, seized the ciborium, and felt all around to be sure she was leaving nothing.

Then, she never knew how, she made her way to the door again, the flames roaring over her head and the burning roof cracking so ominously that at every second she expected to feel it crashing down on her. But she did not seem to care now that she had the dear Jesus pressed against her breast.

By this time the whole village had assembled before the burning chateau, while the few firemen of the place made futile efforts to save what remained of it. Just then the old priest staggered up from the village, gasping:

"The chapel! has any one thought of the Blessed Sacrament?"

No. In their horror and despair, none of them had thought of the possibility of the chapel being on fire. There was a simultaneous rush toward it. What was their despair to see it all ablaze!

"The Blessed Sacrament! you must save the Blessed Sacrament!" cried the Countess, wildly, wringing her hands, and some of the firemen advanced toward the burning building, but were beaten back by the flames.

"I will go myself," said the Count, rushing forward, but dozens of hands grasped him firmly and held him back.

"You can not go; it is too late. . . it would be your death!" all exclaimed. Just then arose a cry of anguish from the Countess:

"Jeannette! I can not see Jeannette!" she shrieked.

"I'm sure she came out of the house with us," answered her father. "She was the one who thought of Aunt de Mibreuil."

"Oh! Jeanette, my child, where is my child?" cried the mother despairingly, and as they looked for her in vain, a sorrow too great for words wrung all hearts.

Just then there arose a great cry from the assembled crowd and every one stood as if spellbound. Would they ever to their dying day forget the sight that was before them? There, standing as if in an aureole of flames which leaped up all around her, her pale face and earnest eyes lighted up by their cruel blaze, stood little Jeannette, clasping the ciborium to her breast, and carrying it as calmly and reverentially as if she had been in a bower of roses instead of a circle of fire. Her cloak had fallen off, and she looked like some apparition as she came forward in her white dress through the fire and smoke.

The good Cure had been the first to recover from his stupor. He hurried toward her and, when she came down from the steps on to the gravel walk, she said simply as she handed him the ciborium:

"I know I ought not to have touched it, but you see I couldn't help it. I had to save the Blessed Sacrament."

They had only just moved forward into safety when there was a terrific crash, and, turning round, the child saw with a shudder that the roof had fallen in.

"How good Jesus was to give me time to save Him!" she murmured.

A great shout of "Hurrah for Mademoiselle Jeannette! Hurrah for our little heroine!" rose from the crowd, but the child did not hear it. She had fallen fainting into her mother's arms.

Although Jeannette had been almost miraculously preserved from the flames, considering the furnace she had been in, her face and hands had suffered most, and her mother dreaded lest she should be scarred and disfigured. But her burns left no trace, except one round white scar, the size of a small Host, upon her arm. Her mother would often bend down and kiss it, and think in her heart that the good Jesus had left, as it were, His seal upon her little girl.—Henriette Eugenie Delamare, in Benziger's Magazine.


YOUR ONE CENT HEALTH

Will you let one cent stand between you and health? Send a one cent postal with your name and address and we will send you FREE two little books that tell how health is regained without drugs or medicine. No fads, faith cure, brace, exerciser, or health food. The means employed to regain health are scientific, therefore natural. No matter what the disease you suffer from, send for the books. One cent may save you years of suffering. Address

Dr. H. Sanche & Company
380 St. Catherine St. West Montreal


## CHURCH'S SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINES

ARCHBISHOP AGIUS TELLS OF THEIR HEROIC STRUGGLE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH

Monsignor Agius, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, has engaged his passage from Rome back to his delegation by the SS. York, which will leave Naples on May 6. This puts an end to all speculation as to His Excellency's appointment to one of three or four other important charges which have been conferred on him lately by the press.

"Those who know him best," says Rome, "will not be in the least surprised to learn that Mgr. Agius is to return to the Philippines to complete the great work he has inaugurated there, for he is so devoted to the Philippines that he can hardly speak of anything else. The other day he delivered what was to have been a brief address on the subject before the superiors and students of the American college—and the address was really a brief one, although it lasted nearly two hours, for the Archbishop's audience was intensely interested all the time, and apparently his subject was not half exhausted when he concluded.

"The Apostolic Delegate occupied himself with what has been done by missionaries of various nationalities, and what remains to be done by American Catholics. Put in a nutshell, the gist of the discourse was this: For three centuries the Philippines have been a standing monument to Catholic Spain, which rescued a population of six millions from the darkness of paganism, while during the last ten years of the American occupation this monument has been undergoing a process of painful disintegration. With apostolic eloquence he asked Catholic America to wake up and stretch forth a helping hand to the devoted American Bishops and missionaries of various lands, who have given their lives to the work of the preservation of the faith in the islands. A crisis was indeed inevitable for the Church in the Philippines. During the last insurrection against Spanish rule hundreds of churches and convents all over the archipelago were destroyed. Under the Spanish regime the Spanish authorities did everything possible for the Church—paid for the maintenance of the Bishops and the parochial clergy, built and repaired the churches and presbyteries, and contributed in various ways to the support of religion. All that disappeared under the new conditions. The American Bishops sent to the islands found all around them a scene of religious desolation—ruined churches, priestless parishes, a population very poor and absolutely unaccustomed to contribute directly to the support of religion.

A TOUCHING STORY

"The task of supplying missionaries and nuns was perhaps the most urgent of the new problems that faced the Church. That want has now been partly supplied. Mill Hill Fathers, the Missionaries of Scheut, the Redemptorists, the Capuchins and some other religious bodies in Europe have sent bands of devoted workers, numbering at present about one hundred priests. The first to arrive were the Mill Hill Fathers, eight of them under Father Veerbrugge, who placed themselves unreservedly at the disposition of the Bishops, and who were at first sent to help the native priests in order to allow them time to learn the language and customs of the country. How they work was admirably illustrated by one touching story told by the Apostolic Delegate.

"One of them, after spending some time helping the native priest in the parish, begged his Bishop, Mgr. Rooker, to try him in a place of his own, and the Bishop appointed him to the parish of Maasin, but warned him at the same time that, in spite of the fact that there were five thousand souls in the district two priests had been obliged to leave it because the church and convents were in ruins and they could not get enough to eat. But the priest started out, nothing daunted. Little by little he gathered the people around him, and in a short time he was able to report that they sent him every day three times as much fish and rice as he could consume. There was a Government school in the place with one hundred and fifty scholars. The missionary opened a catechism class, and in a short time he had two hundred and fifty children in it. Every morning before school time he brought them to the church to hear Mass; every afternoon before going to their homes they met there again for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Soon the teachers themselves accompanied the children. The people begged him to open his own school. Out of their poverty they volunteered to pay for teachers and to build the school themselves. In a few months he had three hundred and fifty children in this wonderful parochial school while the Government school was reduced to eight pupils. The English missionary and his people restored the church and the presbytery. He started a flourishing industry in homespuns among his flock. The Bishop was obliged to send him first one assistant, and then two, but the place was worth it, for in the Bishop's own words: 'Maasin had become the oasis of my diocese.'

TWELVE HOURS IN THE CONFESSIONAL

"One day the superior of the Mill Hill Fathers visited the place. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and he found the missionary in the confessional, with two rows of about two hundred men still waiting outside his box. He asked him how long he had been there, and the priest replied since 4 in the morning, but he had had a few minutes for breakfast. The superior told him he must stop at once; that kind of life would soon send him to the grave or to the lunatic asylum. And the priest said at once that he would obey, but explained that many of the men had been waiting their turn since before dawn, after traveling a great distance to be confessed, and the conversation ended by Father Verbrugge getting into the other confessional and helping the missionary to finish the work of confessing, and afterwards, towards 5 in the afternoon, distributing Communion with him.

"But the great day in Maasin was when the Apostolic Delegate came to visit the place, accompanied by the Bishop and a few missionaries. A mile outside the town a triumphal arch had been erected, and from there to the square in front of the church, where there was another arch, he passed through a multitude who had done everything in their power to show him honor and who felt amply repaid as they knelt to receive the blessing of the Pope's representative. Until 2:30 next morning the missionary and his assistants were engaged in hearing confessions, and the Apostolic Delegate and the Bishop had the happiness of giving Holy Communion to a whole churchful of devout people. On this occasion the Delegate noticed at Maasin the two chief men of a village through which he had passed the day before. He spoke with them, and in reply to his question they told him that they came there to do him honor and to prevent him from taking away with him their missionary, who had accompanied him to Maasin.

"Another of these missionaries was in great straits to have his ruined church restored. Under the old regime the Government had such work done by forced labor in lieu of taxes, so labor of the kind has become particularly obnoxious to the Filipinos. But one day the people of this particular village saw their new priest walking from the quarry to the church with a great stone on his shoulders, and when they tried to relieve him of the burden he bade them go and each one bring a stone like himself. A little later his church was thoroughly restored.

THE NUNS OF THE LEPER COLONY

"And the nuns who have gone from Europe to the Philippines are not less zealous and self-sacrificing than the missionaries. In the island of Cullon there is a great leper colony of three thousand souls. The Delegate had some difficulty in supplying them with a priest. But the difficulty was that of an *'embarras de choix,'* for fourteen Spanish Jesuits, including Father Algue, renowned as an astronomer in the Orient, and five American Jesuits advanced all kinds of excellent reasons proving that each of them was just the man for the work. One of the Spaniards was chosen, and two of the Americans have since been sent to join him. At the request of Mr. Dean C. Worcester, the American Governor, Mgr. Agius sent four nurses to the leper colony, choosing for the mission Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. They set out joyfully, and finding that not only had they to nurse the lepers, but even to wash all the cloths and bandages and do most of the work which would naturally be done by native helpers, they took it all in the best possible spirit. Some time after Mr. Worcester, visiting the place, was so greatly impressed with their cheerfulness and their attention to their charges, that he determined to give them a treat by inviting them to a dinner of good food on board his yacht.

"During the meal he told them that he was so pleased with what he had seen of their work that he wished to do something for them. They were very grateful, but asked to be allowed twenty-four hours to consider what they wanted most for themselves. Mr. Worcester is evidently a kindly man and is not afraid to give praise where praise is due, as was shown by the letter he addressed recently to Mgr. Dougherty, Bishop of Jaro, extolling the Catholic missionaries in the Philippines. But when he tells the story of the Sisters he describes himself as in a state of trepidation as to what the nuns would ask. They might want a motor car or a yacht, or something equally costly, which he would find it hard to give and which he could hardly refuse after his promise. Next day the superioress came, accompanied by one of the Sisters. She attempted to formulate her request herself, but, after a little embarrassment, she handed on the difficult task to her companion, until Mr. Worcester began to feel that he was committed to something really big. Then the nun said that if it would not be too much trouble or inconvenience, if the expense would not be too great, they would like to have—an alarm clock! Here were four devoted women, who had left home and friends and comforts to pass their lives in the midst of disease the most afflicting and the most repulsive, toiling from morning to night comforting the suffering, bearing all kinds of privation, and in return for it all asking for an alarm clock!

SELF-SACRIFICE THE ORDER OF THE DAY

But self-sacrifice is the order of the day in the Philippines. The missionaries have to sacrifice themselves, so have the nuns, so have the Bishops. And the late Mgr. Hendrick when in Rome spoke feelingly of the sacrifices made by the Apostolic Delegate, who spends his own money and the money of his friends unstintingly on the needs of the Church. The father of one of the Belgian missionaries, hearing an account from his son of the state of things in the islands, sent 40,000 francs for the work; the Holy Father, when the crisis was particularly acute, forwarded out of his poverty 20,000 francs; the other day a lady in Malta who had 5,000 francs saved gave it all for the needs of the Church. America is second to no country in generosity to religious purposes, but somehow it does not seem to have fully grasped yet its responsibility for the souls of the Filipinos, and has left the rest of the world to do a work which is peculiarly its own. If the American Government is responsible for the material prosperity of the islands, American Catholics are largely responsible for the future of religion there, even apart from the fact that American Protestants are flooding the country with men and money to wile the Filipinos away from the faith."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.


CHURCH DECORATORS
THE
THORNTON-SMITH CO.
Sketches and references submitted
11 King St. W. TORONTO



"Crown" Iron Fences

Cheaper than wood—more substantial than wire. When you buy "Crown" you are sure to get the highest grade iron fence your money can buy—and the price is rock bottom—as low as 50 cents per foot. Ask for catalog 24. Designs range from the simplest and least expensive to the most elaborate and ornate effects in iron fence and entrance gates. If it's a fence—iron or wire—write

THE FENCE MAN
Mgr. Crown Fence and Supply Co., Toronto
He saves you money—buy direct. 6



Galt "Classik" Ceilings

"CLASSIK" Embossed

Steel Ceilings and Walls are the ideal interior finish for a church. Hundreds of beautiful harmonious designs from Colonial, French Empire, and Louis XIV. Architecture, well brought out in steel in accurately fitting parts. Patterns suitable for a room of any size or shape from the basement of a country church to the main auditorium of a cathedral. Acoustic qualities unequalled by any other material. Fire-proof, sanitary and cannot fall down. Cost much less than stucco or plaster and make a much better finish. Catalog "A" showing complete range of designs suitable for churches, schools, residences, etc., free on request. List of churches using them also, if you wish.

THE GALT ART METAL CO., Limited, Galt, Ontario
WINNIPEG—DUNN BROS. 15


## MIRACULOUS CURES AT LOURDES

The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, once an Anglican clergyman, and more or less prominent among Anglicans because of his being a son of the former Archbishop of Canterbury, lectured recently in Dublin on "Lourdes" and discussed the remarkable happenings which are continually taking place there.

A writer in the Dublin Leader tells us that Father Benson's lecture was a well-reasoned and well-delivered presentation of what the convert priest saw with his own eyes in Lourdes. The journalist describes Father Benson's speech as "rapid and incisive, clear and cold, devoid of metaphor or imagery, but crisp and terse and convincing." It was in this last respect that what the priest had to say proved most interesting. He spoke of miracles, of supernatural manifestations, in the cool, level tones of a scientist; he treated of topics that might well have led him to the use of flowery phraseology in English almost journalese. His manner and style were those of one addressing an audience hostile, or at least sceptical, an assembly filled with controversialists, and by reason of this fact he drove home with force the views he wished to put forward.

The Leader's writer continues:

Belief in the supernatural nature of the cure at Lourdes, is of course, not an article of faith. While no doubt can possibly exist as to the fact that cures are wrought there in a marvellous manner, much doubt does exist as to whether they are miraculous. Nor is this doubt confined to those outside the pale of the Church. Catholics, as well as Protestants or infidels, hesitate often to place credence in the statements that supernatural agencies have manifested themselves. It is urged that they are instances of nerve diseases cured by self-suggestion or intense excitement, or else that the cures are at best merely temporary, and not of a permanent character.

It was to these points that Father Benson specially addressed himself. He was not, he said, one who, by early training or education, was likely to be inclined to place undue faith in the efficacy of Lourdes water. On the contrary, the effect of his upbringing and environment was to make him sceptical in this matter. He went to Lourdes, he told us, in a spirit of inquiry, a doubting, though reverential Thomas in fact. He came away convinced—convinced that miracles had taken place; that he himself had seen five of these worked during his short stay, and that every effort was made on the part of the Catholic authorities to record none but absolutely authentic cases in their records of miraculous happenings in this wondrous place.

The Bureau where the patients who claim to have been cured report themselves, he gave much detail of. It is an office presided over by a Catholic physician, whither come all who have bathed and become whole. Doctors of all religions and of no religion, who produce their credentials, are allowed access to the bureau, and are permitted and encouraged, to examine and question those who state they have been cured. These latter are required to bring with them certificates stating the nature of the disease from which they suffered, and giving all necessary details as to duration of malady, hospitals attended, and so on. Those cured are requested to return in a year's time, if possible, to show whether the cure has been permanent, and records of all such cases are carefully kept.

Apart from the numerous cases of lame persons restored to the use of their limbs, and other similar cures, Father Benson mentioned some remarkable instances in which it would seem impossible that self-suggestion or excitement could have availed in any way to contribute to the marvellous recovery of the sufferers. Such were the cases of a girl who from birth could not use her heels until she bathed in Lourdes water, a woman suffering from an appalling form of skin disease in the face, of which she was relieved instantaneously, and a man whose leg, broken for eight years, became sound while attending at the shrine. In each of these cases careful inquiry into all the facts was made by the doctors, Christian and infidel, and of their accuracy the authorities have taken every measure to satisfy themselves.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

This holy sign, the "sign of the Son of Man" (Matt, xxiv. 30), is made use of by the Catholic Church in all the sacraments to show us that they derive all their virtue from the cross; that is, from the death and passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

The pious custom of signing one's self with the sign of the cross is in frequent use among Catholics.

The sign of the cross is made upon ourselves in the following manner:

We first place the extended fingers of our right hand on our forehead, saying: In the name of the Father; then, placing them on our breast, we say, And of the Son; then on our left shoulder, and immediately after on our right shoulder, while we say, And of the Holy Ghost. We then join both hands before our breast, and say, Amen.

It is honorable to disregard human respect, to profess outwardly what we are, namely, followers of Jesus Christ. This is what we do when we make the sign of the cross, as this sign recalls to the mind of all persons present the mystery of our redemption wrought by our Lord and Saviour on the cross, and in which redemption we believe and trust.

The cross is the natural emblem, and, as is were, the distinguishing banner of Christians. No Christian, therefore, ought to be ashamed to sign himself with it, but ought, like St. Paul, to glory in the cross of Christ. (Galatians vi. 14.)

Should a feeling of shame come over you while making this sign banish it by recalling to mind those words of Jesus Christ: "For he that shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him the Son of Man shall be ashamed, when He shall come in His majesty, and that of His Father, and of the holy angels." (Luke ix. 26.)

For these reasons, and also for the edification of others, it is commendable and useful for Christians to make the sign of the cross.

The sign of the cross is also an excellent act of faith in the two fundamental truths of Christian religion, namely in the mystery of the Holy Trinity, one God in three Persons, and in the mystery of the Incarnation.

For, by saying in the "name," in the singular number, we profess to believe that there is only one God. By saying, "of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," we profess to believe that in one God there are three divine Persons. By the form of the cross, which we trace with our right hand from our forehead to our breast, and then across from the left shoulder to the right, we profess to believe that the Son of God is our Redeemer, Who wrought our redemption by dying for us upon the cross.

By the word Amen (so be it), we mean to confirm and seal, as it were, our belief in the said fundamental truths.

The sign of the cross was used in the first five centuries even more frequently than it is now. Passages could be quoted from Lactantius, from Eusebius of Caesarea, from St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Ephrem, St, Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ambrose, and from St. John Chrysostom, all Fathers of the fourth century, to prove it. But I will quote only two passages.

Tertullian, who wrote in the second century says: "At every fresh step and change of place, whenever we come in or go out, when we put on our sandals, or wash or take our meals, or light our lamps, whether we are about to recline or sit down, and whenever we begin a conversation, we impress on our forehead the sign of the cross." (De Corona Militis, chap. iii. 4.)

St. Jerome, a Father of the fourth century, addressing the Roman lady, Eustochium, writes: "Before every action, at every step, let your hand form the sign of the cross." (Epistola xviii. ad Eustochium, titulo iv.)

St. Basil asserts as a noted fact that the practice of making the sign of the cross was introduced by the apostles. (Book on the Holy Ghost, chap. 37.)

Let us, therefore, in imitation of the ancient Christians, be fond of making the sign of the cross before doing anything of any consequence. It will be like directing our intention to do that thing for God. It will be the token of putting our whole trust in the merits of Jesus Christ, which He earned on the cross, and of our invoking God's help through those merits.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.


POULTRY

ADVERTISING under this heading, not to exceed one inch space, $3 for 3 months; 1 month, $1.50; 1 insertion, 50c.

SUBSCRIBERS desiring information relative to care of poultry, address the Editor, enclosing a stamped envelope.

Barred Plymouth Rocks

BEST FIVE DOLLAR BARRED PLYMOUTH Rock Cockerels in Canada. Holders of two championship cups. You cannot improve your stock with the one and two dollar kind. Twenty-five dollars on deposit with the Record to guarantee satisfaction to all customers. Jno. Pringle, London, Ont. 1616-tf.

Buff Orpingtons Leading in Egg Laying Contest

In the Great Egg Laying Contest now being held in England, the Buff Orpingtons are not only in first place, but of the ten leading pens, five are Buff Orpingtons. This report, just issued, was for December, January and February, and proves conclusively that the Buff Orpington is the greatest winter layer. Leghorns and all other varieties are competing. I have birds bred from the best strain in England. Eggs, $2 for 15. I guarantee a good hatch. All big birds and grand layers. Buffs and Blacks for sale. J. W. DUNCAN, 11 Thornton Ave., London, Canada.


### Don't Gossip

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible, all the disagreeableness of life. They will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of acts of meanness or, worse still, malice will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday. Start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

### After Lent—What?

There is a danger—though to good Catholics it may seem slight—in setting aside particular times of devotion; and that is, that when the last day has come, the swing of the pendulum may carry us too far back into the faults from which we had tried to be free. During the weeks of Lent we give up dancing or the theater or some especial pleasure; we go to Mass more often during the week, and we attend the Stations of the Cross and other religious exercises. In a word, we practise self-denial, even in lawful matters, in imitation of our Lord's sufferings for our sins. Do we ever cease to need to imitate Him? Are we Christians only for forty days a year? When does the time come to say: "Soul, take thy rest"?—Sacred Heart Review.


CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

None Genuine Without Little Church on Label

ALABASTINE is now the general vogue in cottage and mansion alike. Alabastine is more artistic and sanitary than Wall Paper, more effective than oil paint, more permanent than Kalsomine.

Alabastine is a dry powder, made from Albaster Rock. It comes in white and 21 tints. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing with cold water, and is applied with a flat bristled brush. Its colors are permanent, and do not rub off. Alabastine is a cement, and hardens with age. It can be recoated without removing the old coat.

FREE STENCILS

We have organized a Decorative Department, and will furnish FREE COLOR SCHEMES to all users of Alabastine. We also offer FREE STENCILS for producing the design we suggest. Write today.

THE ALABASTINE CO., LTD.
56 Willow St., Paris, Ont. 7