BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER III.

No DREAM-LAND.
That holy dream! that holy dream!
While all the world were cinding.
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam,
A lonely spirit guiding.
—Eigar A. Poe.

The November winds were howling round the corners of the old College of St. Osmund, sweeping up from under the hills, waving the leafless branches of the trees, playing in among the clumps with a weird mirth. The beautiful grounds of fifty or sixty acres were sad enough now, and the ornamental clumps of trees sighed and groaned again; on the naths stood small puddles. again; on the paths stood small puddles of water, but, among this cheerless out-side, the college chapel stood grandly out against the gray sky, also the col-lege and the outbuildings—all Gothic —Gothic as Gothic minds well versed in architecture could make them. And this Gothic Roman Catholic college stood inland, in one of England's most beautiful counties. I do not name the county, because true events will be laid before you, gentle readers, and I would not give agony to any mind, which I know I should do if I laid names of places open to my readers.

Often—yes, very often—pens cut sharper
than knives. If people should take up
this book, and therein trace the characters—should they themselves even be brought in—once and for all, let them know it is for no bad motive, but be-cause it is absolutely necessary for the work. Should they see themselves slightly changed, let them know that it is done simply to keep the whole circle, and so that outsiders should not recog-We start, then, saying to every otive, "Abist."

To-day was a play day at the college, and now, at 3:30 was the visit made to the Blessed Sacrament. We, who are standing outside in the grounds on this November day, can hear the rise and fall of the organ, as if defying the blast outside, rising calm and peacefully, then sinking into a soft, low cadence, then bursting forth triumphantly into that grand old hymn, the "Lauda Sion." The voices rise stern and triumphant, as of soldiers who are trying to beat down some great enemy, and each trying to urge the other on to greater boldness. The last verse dies thrillingly away:

"Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales, Qui nos pascis hic mortales, Tuos ibi commensales. Conaeredes et sotales Fac sanctorum civium."

Then some Father rose, and gave few solemn words of warning, urgin these young soldiers to cling to Hin Who, when clasp of loving hand and tender sound of loving voice shall fail, shall touch with His own strong, lasting light the feeble life that stretches up to Him; and this when human love and tenderness are powerless to aid us more. Listen, children of earth: God calls you to a higher, holier, purer vocation; eek in the ordinances of the Church the way to peace; seek in prayer, tears, and penitence, to regain or to keep the purity bestowed upon you in your bap-

The words of dismissal were spoken, and the Church-students, in their long, black cassocks, glided quietly from the chapel. Then followed they laystudents, and-

"The dim lamp softly burns,
And a wongrous slience reigns,
Nought but the sweet, low voice
Of the Holy One complains,
Long, long I we waited here
And thou, thou heed'st not Me;
The heart of God's own Son
Beaus ever on for thee."

Two figures slowly pass from the door of the central entrance into the grounds. One is wrapping his gown around him to keep the cold away; the other is long black cloak, showing the first one is a deacon. The light, flaxen hair curls under his biretta; the clearblue eyes and the fair complexion show off well under his black habiliments. off well under his black habitments. A holy, childish expression nestles on his face, and the merry smile makes him a general favorite. He is about the middle height, and rejoices in the name of Paul Wright. His companion is in the divingle players but he is is in the divine's play-room, but he is of a darker complexion; a heavy ex-pression falls over his face; his eyes are of a beautiful brown, and he has hair to match. He is also of the middle height, and, by his particular dress, the cloth of his cassock, and his silk biretta, one would almost say he had for the ecclesiastical nicety gone in for the ecclesiastical incety which all converts from ritualism consider correct. His name is Francis Carley. They saunter slowly about the grounds, and now the paths are well filled with strollers like themselves.

"Well, Frank, is he coming to right?"

Yes, zio mio. I heard from Father Ring this morning, asking me to do all ld for him."

'Shall you meet him, then, at the station ?

I went up to the rector's room before visit; he also has heard, and he gave me the permission directly

"How strange!"
"You know, Paul, old man, he comes from Oxford."

Does he, Frank?"

"Yes, and he has suffered a good deal to become a Catholic. Last week a long account of his conversion was in the paper. I didn't see it, but I will Didn't I show you the Father's

No; do. Francis Carley slowly pulled a letter from his pocket, and handed it to Paul Wright. Let us glance over his shoul-

der at the contents: er at the contents:

"St. Augustine's Monastery, London, St. Joannis A, Cruce, Nov. 24.

"My dear child in Christ: 1 have to ask mu to do all in your power for Mr. Edward secine a convert of one month, who is comik to St. Osmund's to morrow. He is from xford, and has been staying in the monastery with us, but no thinks he would rather go to mue college and see the Catholic world before a settles down to any order. I agree with m in his decision. Poor child! he nas much a suffer, both in the lose of friends and protry; so I have written to the Fathers I know of do all they can for him to make him compretable. Monaignore will doubtless allow you meet him at the station by the seven p m.

rain. He is gently born and bred, and I hope ou will be great friends you will be great friends.

"As for yourself, persevere in your hely vocation remembering, Qui nerseveravent usque ad finem. hie salvus erit. Converse with the good God only, labor with Him. walk with nim, fight and suffer with Him, and then you shall reign with Him.

"Oh. what a hely vocation you are called to in the priesthood! I do not forget to ask God that you may continue in it in the Holy Sacrifice

"Your affectionate father in Christ, "THOMAS RING, O. S. A."

"Poor old fellow!" said Paul, as he handed back the letter, "I am sure I hope I shall like him."
"I hope I shall, too," said Carley.

What a jolly name he has ! "Yes, it is a pretty name-Edward

" He has been a Puseyite, then?" "Oh, yes, I suppose so."
"He must be a good sort of fellow, though, or Father Ring wouldn't write

like that.' "What school will he be in, do you think, Paul?'

"Can't say."

"Can't say."

"Well, then, I know the rector said the Poets, and he has No. 11 allotted in the Poets' Dormitory."

"No. 11 this cold weather, and after

having luxuriant rooms at Oxford! We great, strong fellows is a shame. We great, strong fellow can stand it, but not a stranger wh

has been gently brought up."
"So I suggested to the rector, but he said possibly things might be altered often be come." after he came

Is he under the perfect, then "Why, yes, of couse. Father Clare has nous; that is one thing. How laughable to put a fellow like that on the Poets' table! I shall watch to see elevates his basin of tea to-

night. 'A fellow who has done and suffered what he has won't scruple at a thing like that, especially as he is going on for the priesthood. He, you may be sure, has learned 'how sublime a thing

it is to suffer and be strong."

"Well, I must go in, as I have some work to do, and then dress to go to th

'And I, Frank, shall go to the chapel and pray for Edward Lascine, for he will suffer much, in first coming among us, from the rough ways of the Poets

Two hours later saw Francis Carley on his way to the station. Two hours later saw Paul Wright kneeling in the chapel, still and motionless, his head buried in his hands, the folds of his gown falling gracefully around. Silence reigned, and in the dim twilight one could see kneeling forms adoring the All-Holy on His altar-throne. No light was visible save the red lamps burning before the high altar, and in the niche various saints. God grant, Paul Wright, your prayers may be heard for Edward Lascine, that he ma always stand close to "Him who walk that he may eth in our midst so often, and Whom we

More excitement than ordinary visible in St. Augustine's Monastery to-day. Father King was hurrying to-day. Father Ring was hurrying backward and forward from the church to Edward Lascine's room. Now and then a bell rang, communicating from the church to the house, and the popular confessor, Father Ring, was demanded. The last time the bell rang, manded. Father Ring said, very gently:

"Well, dear Edward, I must go now in the meantime, you had best make a visit to all the Fathers, as they have asked the Father to allow it." As you would wish, dear Father

Ring. The voice came forth quiet and calm but one could detect a touch of suffer

ing in it beyond the ordinary. Father Ring was gone.
Edward Lascine was kneeling at th

foot of the crucifix, impressing burning kisses on the feet of the Crucified. burst from his lips, "give, 'OJesu!" oh give me strength now to fight boldly under Thy banner. I give myself to thee, O Christ! to be Thy priest. Ac-

cept me, Jesu, accept me! Poor boy! The bowed head and the terrible stillness, told far more truly than pen can describe what was pass-

ng. Half an hour later he was in Father Denes's room. The good Father was talking quietly and calmly with him on the decision he had come to of going to

"Gladly would we have kept you among us, Edward; you always have a room and a warm welcome here. Should St. Osmund's be too rough for you, come back to us. Be strong in the faith; Jesu will guide you, Mary our Mother will pray for you, and we shall never forget you in the Holy Sacrifice. Take this book, a small token of affection from one who feels more than an ordinary interest in you."

An hour later Edward Lascine re turned to his room perfectly laden with books and gifts, for every Father has given him some little token of affection, sociales kind words. A month only among these good Fathers had wrought Some terrible fascination must be working in this young fellow's character. Yes, gentle reader, there was a fascination in him—the fascination of

real goodness. Father Ring was waiting for him. Edward Lascine rushed to him; his head was buried in the cassock of the man who had received him into the Church; who had, as it were, cut him off from home, friends, everything dear to him, and who yet loved him with unspeakable

The good Father's face was an index of his character. The simple, childish expression, the broad forehead, the thin, ern lips, the splendid figure, and the unutterable gentleness of the man, spoke

worlds in his favor.

He had been an officer in the army for rears, but always with the same quiet, gentlemanly bearing, talented, gifted; e was a favorite with every one in the mess-room—his brother officers adored When, one day at mess, the place Thomas Ring was vacant, and it was said he had gone to the Monastery of St. Austin, to become a monk and priest no one wondered, no chaffing expression went the round of the table, and it was noticed that a gloominess prevailed for a day or so. Every one among them admired that grand conception of "ali-quid immensum infinitumque" which revolved in the mind of Thomas Ring,

as in the mind of Cicero, and drew forth these splendid displays of genius which

kept the table almost enrapt while he spoke, or, as the subject changed, in roars of laughter. And, later on, many an officer was seen in the monastery chapel, and often the calm discourses of the Father have brought floods of tears to old, hardened, ruinan faces who for years had lived the lives whose endngs one shudders to think of. The oure life of the man whom they had known so many years among them made them feel that every word came from

neart. Edward!" -- Father Ring's voice his heart. was troubled, yet a wonderful tender-ness rang through the calm tone— "Edward, our will is the only thing that we have of our own, and can offer to God. Offer Him yours now. This it is that makes the religious life so meritorious — the renouncement of the will at every moment, the continual death to all that has most life in us. Edward Lascine, think of the agony of Christ in the garden. Connerts your sufficient Laseine, think of the agony of Christ in the garden. Compare your suffering to His. How small it is! Edward, God loves you, therefore He makes you suffer." suffer.

'Father Vincent, I am strong now. It is only the parting with all the good Fathers that troubles me. This house ems such a blessed home, such a shelter of refuge! Going to St. Osmund's neems like desolation!"

when you proposed it, my child, I foresaw this; but I think it right you should go for a time, however painful it is to you and us, so that the world may not say you have not had liberty in your of life."

"It is best so, Father."
"It is best. But you know the superior told you have ever your home here, when you like to come; and you must come up often. I will see to

The voice was half choked that re-"Thank you, Father." plied, "Thank you, Father.
"Come, Edward, we must pack your umerous presents.

"Bien, mon pere."
"And I, Edward, have given you no parting gift. Let me put this iron crucifix on your neck, the image of Him who gave Himself for you. They only are wise who love it, consult it, fathom it. Bitter as it is, nothing is so pleasing as to plunge into the depths of its bitterness. It is a school wherein is to be found all knowledge without weariness, all sweetness without satiety. Found your house on the cross-yo will fear neither wind, nor rain, nor

Edward Lascine's voice was stron and firm as he replied, "Thank you, Father Vincent; I will do so."

"And now, during the last half-hour we shall be together, let us go into the private chapel, and kneel before our Divine Lord, present in the ever-adorable sacrament of the altar. tercede with Him who is all strong to

Down through the long, winding ssages and staircases passed the Father and his charge, and there, in the great stillness, hefore the altar, they were

Twenty minutes elapsed: two came out of the chapel, with faces shin-ing with holy joy—two beautiful faces, that will haunt me until death. A lay brother came up. "The cab is waiting, Father.

"We will be there in a few min-

'Edward, are you strong to go forth, Edward Lascine pressed his hand on he iron cross. "In His strength, dear

the iron cross. "In His strength, dear Father, yes. I feel, in some degree, as our Lord must have felt when the purple robe and crown of thorns fell from Him, when the last agony was over— nothing but Easter joy."

"Te deum laudamus, te dominum conitemur!" ejaculated the Father. Edward, our parting must take place here. Remember, if ever you want money, if you want anything, in fact, write to me, as you would have done to your own father or mother, and you

shall have it." Vincent leaned over him, and imprinted the pax on his cheek. "Low, my child, I will give you the Church's Benediction.

Edward sank on his knees. Clearly and softly rang through the tone corridor those words: "Benedicat te Omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius

et Spiritus Sanctus.' They passed on to the door: the cab was waiting; the rain fell drearily enough, and the wind blew coldly.

Several Fathers were standing there talking, and wishing to see Lascine nce more.

"Dreary weather for you, poor child,

o leave," said Father Austin.
"All is light here, though," said be, once more pressing his hands on the Father Vincent smiled a sad, dim

rather vincent smiled a sad, dim smile; the pax was given all round; once more sweet words of blessing; then the sound of departing wheels, and Edward Lascine had left the Catholic home which had sheltered him since his onversion, going forth among strangers and to rough hardships with the joy of one of the old martyrs of old. brilliantly-lighted station, the ticketoffice, all seemed a dream to him; he was thinking of the farewell, and pressing the iron cross to his bosom. Poor child! The cross in time will press hard enough, without pressing it there. God help thee under thy coming burdens! TO BE CONTINUED.

How to Make Irishmen Loyal.

The recent death of Sir Charles avan Duffy reminds the Casket of Irish rebel who, removed from his own country, became a firm supportof the British government. er of the British government. This was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose name is still widely honored in Canada. Of those two noted Irishmen, the Casket writes: "Both Gavan Duffy and D'Arcy McGee won respect for their country throughout the empire, and furnished an answer to the Englishfurnished an answer to the Englishmen's favorite argument, that Irishmen are not to be trusted with self-government, by showing how just laws and equal opportunities are able transform hot-headed rebels into wise statesmen and bulwarks of the crown.

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life

EASTER MONDAY AT THE WHITE HUUSE

Easter weather in Washington is re-narkably like the disposition of the amous "little girl who had a little he the most perfect. famous "little girl who had a little curl," for it may be the most perfect, or the most disagreeable climate imaginable. The uncertainty brings anxiously to the hearts of many and various people, since Easter week is the high tide of social life in the capital and marked by a complete renewal of official, or semi-official functions among the cabinet, diplomatic and congressional sets, as well as the usual post-lenten flurry of entertainments of the older resident families, who justly consider flurry of themselves the nucleus of the real fashionable society of Washington. up" enough for the regular game, are content with simply rolling eggs to one there is another much larger class of very important individuals, em, at least, having latent claims to membership in all of the divisions of society mentioned, to whom good Easter weather means everything, since rain or cold will completely mar their pleaschildren of all the ure. These are the sidents of the District of Columbia, to whom the President gives the free-dom of his lawn—the big back-yard of White House—every Easter day afternoon, in order that they may eep up the custom of egg-rolling, and end a pleasant holiday. This is unspend a pleasant holiday. This is undoubtedly the most important and unique outdoor entertainment of the eason, important because it is attend ed by all sorts and conditions of little ones, irrespective of class or color, unique because there is no other func-tion exactly like it elsewhere, or so en-

tion exactly like it elsewhere, or so entirely informal, or under such distinguished patronage.

No one seems to know when or how the custom originated. Old inhabitants who were youngsters in the city over the century ago, relate that even then it was customary for the children of the District to assemble, not at the White House, but on the hill behind the Capitol every Easter Monday morning and roll colored

down its grassy slopes.

How the custom came to be abolished at the Capitol grounds and trans-ferred to the White House is told in a story which makes up in interest what it lacks in verification. The narrative relates that during the administration of President Hayes, the Senators deemed that it was out of all keeping with their dignity, and the dignity of the nation which they were bound to maintain, to have the back door of the Capito the Capitol turned into a kindergarten, though it occurred only one day in the The litter of egg-shells, the broken eggs, and debris, was most unbroken eggs, and depris, was most un-edifying, they said, and it soiled their glossy shoes; the grass was trampled on and prevented from growing, and altogether it was a most foolish and expensive practice and they determined to have it stopped. And so, one fine Easter Monday morning, over twenty-two years ago, when the little tots of the District, all unmindful of Senates and decrees, and happy in their blissful ignorance, arrived on the scene, they were met by blue coated guardians of the peace who ordered them " off the

Then, says the story, arose a such as was never heard in Washington before. The children stood around the coveted playground and wept as though their little hearts would break. It was useless to argue with them; what did they care for Senates and decrees. They were deprived of their rights, therefore they must cry. And cry they did, until the Senators within felt very much ashamed of themselves. Just then President Hayes drove up and eeing the children in tears, inquired as the cause. The chorus came back They wont let us roll eggs here!"

President, "I'll let you play in my big yard; its a better place than this for There was

There was a happy shout of thanks the little on changed to smiles. They knew that there was no lawn anywhere to compare with the President's, and they lost no time in accepting its hospital-ity, declaring when they had been admitted that it was " much nicer than the mean old capitol grounds.'

Whether or not we may believe this version of the origin of the White House custom, it is certain that President Hayes was the first to invite the children to play on the lawn of the Ex-ecutive Mansion, and that it was he also who established the custom which also who established the custom which of all of his successors have continued. It is highly probable, however, that the building of steps and terraces on the lawn in the rear of the Capitol, which was begun over twenty years ago ren-dered the place unfit for the observance of the egg celebration, and doubtless it was then that President Hayes came to their rescue, and won a place in the hearts of the Washington boys and girls next to Santa Claus. Since that time the custom has grown in observance, until to day the White House grounds on Easter Monday is the mecca for thousands of children, assembled from every quarter of the District of Columbia.

Usually the big iron gates of the President's lawn are opened at 10 o'clock. But long before that hour a stream of diminutive humanity has been setting toward the southwestern quar-ter of the city. And such a mixed, such a cosmopolitan crowd! Snart little fellows in knickerbockers and daintily attired little maidens, some-times followed by their colored nurses, and all carrying baskets of eggs; ragged urchins, with torn clothing and soiled faces, but with a store of amnunition no less plenteous than richer neighbors; kinky headed little pickannies from the region near the river front, eyes and teeth gleaming with delightful excitement—and all re-joining with the spirit of the occasion, and feeling that it is their especial holi-day. For has not the President himself invited them, and have not the District Commissioners sent big, good-natured policemen to look after them. and the school authorities freed them from their studies, and the Secretary of the Navy sent the Marine band to play nice tunes? Surely they have ample reason to be excited and happy, and to allow their exuberant spirits to time-honored custom will find increased

have full play for this one afternoon! Once the gates have been opened the in begins. Laughing and shouting and screaming in glee, the children ificent lawn, which at other times so carefully guarded, and try to find the sloping hillocks best suited to their An appropriate place having sport. An appearance been selected, they stand at the cres d roll their of the eminence, and one after another, down the slope laughing with pleasure if they reach bottom safely, or philosophically eating those which become cracked and broken in the colored cascade. Then the eggs which escape destruction are gathered up, and the programme is re peated. Other children who are not "grown

content with simply rolling eggs to one another, while they are seated on the grass, while others still, play the game of "picking" eggs. This game is played with two youngsters, and generally begins with a challenge. "I dare you pick this!" says the aggressive one producing an egg which he thinks one, producing an egg which he thinks has a strong shell. If the challenge is has a strong shell. If the challenge is accepted the smaller ends of the egg e struck together, and the one which are struck together, and the one whitely broken becomes the property of the victor. The possessor of a thick shelled Brahma egg, or better still, of a goose egg, is the admired of all admirers and either dares with impunity, or becomes a veritable Morgan in his absorption of witelling interests. "Picking" seems vitelline interests. "Picking" seems to be especially popular among the col-ored children, who are very fond of ored children, who are very fond of eggs and glad of the excuse given them to eat the broken ones. Many other games, devised for the occasion ingenius little ones, are played, and a favorite one is the sailing of egg-shell boats in the large fountain basin where

the water lilies grow. In spite of the large crowd which is usually present there is little disorder and few accidents. The efficient police are everywhere, and the mischievous lads who steal eggs, or do other unlawful things, have to be careful in conducting their depredations. Frequently some of the little tots wander away from their guardians and become lost in the crowd. This contingency has been provided for, and the lost ones are taken by the police to a summer house, the premises, and in the rear of tained there until they are claimed by their friends or relatives.

The celebration is at its height in the afternoon. The Marine band comes at about 3 o'clock, and renders a programme of lively music, and the dent usually appears, with some of his verandah of the White on the verandah of the White Indeed the children of Presi family, on House. dent Hayes were accustomed to mingle with the crowd, and play the with true Democratic spirit, and President Cleveland's children, who were too young to participate actively in the fun, always watched it with envioueyes from the windows and verandah. envious

Last year the weather was unfavorable, and consequently the attendance able, and consequently the attendance was very small and not so diversified as usual. On the previous year, however, (1901) the day was everything that could be desired. The Fourth Artillery band, from Fortress Monroe, took the place of the Marine band, which was absent from the city, on its annual was absent from the city on its annual tour, and Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Hobart, and a number of children of the mem-bers of the cabinet, watched the fun from the windows of the Biue room. McKinley The lamented President never missed the opportunity to extend his greeting to the little ones; on this particular occasion he left an important onference to spend a few moments

There is no limit to the diversity of types one sees on egg - rolling day.
Washington, the most cosmopolitan city in the country, containing as it does representatives from every district in shout of thanks and their tears the Union, and from every country in the world, can furnish a crowd more complex in its make-up, the community on the American continent. All of these various types, as well as the always constant one-third negro

population, whose representation on ny public occasion is their populate strength, may be seen at the egg-rolling, and for this one day at least, all seem to be on the same plane

of equality.

After the President had appeared in the 1901 celebration, I noticed particularly a dark-skinned little chap, who stood near the band-stand, watching the fun, listening to the music, and chatting with a typical American boy who stood near him. Both lads were attired in the uniform of Western High School Cadets. Pretty soon a solem looking Chinese attendant came up and said something, and the dark-skinned boy went away with him. This year this same lad, Minister Wu's little son, who is now in his native land, will be telling his Chinese companions of the American children's Easter holiday and the President's big lawn, and the little Chinese will wonder at the cus-tom's of the "foreign devils," who play

near their emperor's palace with fearful impunity.

Occasional fistic encounters are not uncommon among the larger boys. Last year I saw a veritable Little Lord Fauntleroy holding a much larger boy on the ground while he pummeled him unmercifully. A policeman came to the rescue and brought to light the fact that the "under" boy had been "picking" with a china egg, which is contempt to the regulations of the game.

contrary to the regulations of the game.

From about two to four in the afternoon the excitement is at its height. After that the attendance falls off, and by five the throng has departed, leaving fragments of colored shells and broken eggs, and a miscellaneous litter of debris that is at once the detestation and despair of the White House

gardeners. But a day's work makes everything spick and span again; the warm rain and bright sunshine conspire with the grass-roots to fill the indentations caused by the heels of the little ones, and the lawn of the President's back yard is none the worse, while the chil-dren are all the better for the Presi-

dent's mammoth law party.

There is no doubt that this good and

favor under the regime of our genial resident Roosevelt, and since recent additions built to the White House do not encroach upon the old play-ground, the children of Washing ton may look forward this year to a successful observance of their special and peculiar holiday.—John A. Foote in The (Easter) Rosary Maga-

## A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you " soothing that the tain opiates and narcotics dangerous to the health of infants and Every mother should shun these so-called medicines as she would deadly poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine specially prepared for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful Every dose helps little on drug.

and cannot possibly do harm.

No other medicine has been so warm-No other medicine has been so warmly praised by mothers everywhere.

Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N. W.
T., says: — "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipatlou, hives, or when teething. I have never used a medicine that give such

good satisfaction.

These Tablets will promptly relieve and cure an minor atiments of chil-dren, and may be safely given to a new born baby. Try them for your child-ren and we know you will use no other medicine. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box or sent by mail on receipt and cure all minor ails of price by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## THE LESSON OF EASTER

LIFE'S FAIREST VISTAS DISCLOSED ONLY

TO GRIEF-TAUGHT EYES. The story of Easter is the story of humanity. It is the growth of ages, born in primitive times, "weighted with memorials of successive generations; a heritage which knits us to the forefathers who sleep, and to the shadowy outlines of those who shall yet

come after us!"

It is a good idea, that of coming to church on Easter morning in new garments, unstained by contact with the world. It fits in with the pure white radiance of the picture, with the meaning of the mighty organ peal, "Ressur exit, sicut dixit!" chorus which uplifts the awed soul. But to rejoice in Easter means to have suffered in Lent. Unless one has gone down into the dimness and the dark, how shall be fully enjoy the light? The meaning of Easter is lost, where there has been no Lenten work, prayer, penance or self-denial. To enjoy best and most, one must have suffered. To be happiest one must have tested sorrow. To be content one must have

suffered deprivation.

It is an eternal law. Greatest beauty, greatest joy, greatest love springs from sufferings. A strong-souled man said once that to him the "sheltered flower" theory for a girl was all wrong. That "sweet simplic-ity" as practically to look at but desired. was pretty to look at, but dazing. That the woman who most merited love and who won and kept and held it firm was the woman who had been in the world, though perhaps not of it. woman in whom ignorance did not typify innocence, but who looked out on existence with frank eyes, and whose sympathies were large because she, too had known struggle and stress. It quite an upsetting of old theories. is the latter-day philosophy of Richard le Gallienne, often carnal and flippant, still hides many a golden truth in his prose, poems, and speaking of his amorous "quest" he says, after leaving "Nicolete":

"There was, indeed, only one quality of womanhood in which she was lacking, and in which, after much serious self-examination, I discovered the reason of my instinctive self-sacrifice of her-she never suffered! As my heart warned me at the beginning, 'she was hop much from life to spend one's days with. She lacked the subtle half tones of experience. She lacked all that a pretty wrinkle or two might have given. There was no shadowy melancholy in her skyclear eyes. She was gay, indeed, and had a certain childish humor, but she had a certain childish humor, but sale had none of that humor which comes of the resigned perception that the world is out of joint and that you were never born to set it right. These characteristics I had yet to find in woman. There was still, therefore, an object to my quest. Indeed, my experience had provided me with a formula. I was in search of a woman who, in addition to every other feminine charm and virtue, was a woman who had suffered!

"With this prayer I turned once

more to the genius of my pilgrimage.
'Grant me,' I asked, 'but this—a woman who had suffered!'"
Well, they are easy to find, the women who have suffered—who have had their Lent days. It is life's heritage; but, after all, comes Easter, in the full tide of its joyousness and jubilation of the Risen King, and who shall measure the recompense which the glorious feast brings to earth's exiled children ?- New World.

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Unto the alters bring the firstling flowers. The violet with even the value of the violet with even the value of the value of the the three that defidil in more breather agreement, whose Breather sprays end and the shy windflower of the value of value of the value of value of the value of t

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