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The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND

Letter.

A circular letter, from the Most Rev. Dr. Henry, has been read in the Catholic churches of Belfast, in which he said—*“Dearly beloved Brethren—I consider it my duty to direct the attention of the Catholic voters of Belfast to the importance of taking an intelligent interest in the progress of the Congregational Committee and two delegates from each parish or district to the Central Council of the Catholic Association. It is of vital concern to the progress of Catholicity in the city that the persons selected to serve on the Local and Central Committees shall be men who will loyally cooperate with me and my clergy in furthering the work of the Association, which has already achieved so much for the social advancement and political independence of our people. I have endeavored to raise the aspirations of the Catholics of Belfast for sectional, civil, and religious equality, and to teach the lesson that in the unity of our Catholic faith lies our strength and the hope of ameliorating the lot of the toiling masses whom the party of ascendancy in Belfast treated hitherto as “heavers of water,” and as unwelcome and dangerous to the common rights of citizens. The Catholic Association has changed the old order of things. We have now two wards created out by Act of Parliament to give representation to the Catholic minority. That representation must not be wrested from us by either the old forces of bigotry or the now-polluted opposition of secularizing, quasi-political groups.*

which Mrs. Parnell was the central figure. Mrs. Parnell, when asked if she desired to make any statement on the subject, said—*“My poor mother on good Saturday morning had a fever attack, was brought to her in her bed-room, in which she now sat. In her room a white fire had been set as usual. I had been to everything. It was about half past twelve o'clock and my mother was then partaking of her breakfast. I left the room for a few minutes, and was startled by hearing a loud scream, which frightened me greatly. I ran back to the room and found my mother clothed in flames. Several things in her room were also burning near to her. My daughter, Mrs. O'Clery, had already come to the room from her bedroom, which adjoined, and was endeavoring to put out the flames. We rang the bell for help, and covered the burning clothes with blankets. We succeeded in extinguishing the flames to a very great extent, and in keeping my mother free from them by my own hands. I must say that my daughter showed very great presence of mind, and indeed how we both retained our presence of mind I do not know. The servant began to scream when she came up, and I may say that in the effort to keep away the flames from my mother, they almost caught on to myself, and I was nearly suffocated, but I did not mind it at the time. After a while some men came, and the fire that was springing up about the room was extinguished with buckets of water. I should have told you that when I came back was blazing, and I had to drag her away from it, and my poor mother could do nothing but cry out. It was, after all, a miracle my mother was not burned to a cinder, but thank God, it was not so. The men lifted mother from the floor to the bed, and while they went for Dr. Leeper and Dr. Ryan my daughter and I used every soothing remedy we could think of. The injuries were not very extensive or apparently serious, and the pain soon subsided. She never lost consciousness. On the contrary, throughout she was thoroughly calm and intelligent. She passed a good night, and yesterday, indeed, wanted to get up. Dr. and Mrs. Leeper stopped the whole time, and we had the further advantage of the presence and help of a trained nurse—Mrs. Hill—from the asylum. We had great hopes that all would be well, but her heart attack failed, and at about five minutes past five last evening she passed peacefully away, being conscious to the very end. Indeed she went off just as if she was going asleep.”*

On March 14 an extremely interesting function took place in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, before an enthusiastic assembly, when Mrs. M. T. Pender, the well-known Irish writer, unfurled a new and splendid banner for the James Joyce '98 Club, a body which is doing first-class work for the National cause in the Ulster capital. Mr. W. D. Hasboun presided and Mrs. Pender, in performing the ceremony of the evening, delivered an eloquent eulogy of the brave Antrim warrior who was the hero of so many daring exploits during the Rebellion.

Mrs. Dickenson added that she could not suggest or imagine how the accident could have been brought about, save that a spark must have fallen from the fire on to her dress.

Atmash.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, on Sunday 27, was celebrated with becoming religious feeling and splendour the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Standing room was scarcely obtainable, and such a vast congregation has seldom been seen in the National Cathedral. After the Adm. of the Rosary Rev. J. Quinn, Rev. A., ascended the pulpit, and preached a brilliant sermon appropriate to the occasion and which was listened to with the deepest interest and attention. The sermon being concluded, the Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament took place, and Rev. Michael Quinn solemnly recited, coram sanctissimo, the Act of consecration to the Sacred Heart.

A man residing at Knockash, about four miles from Loghaura, possesses a very interesting '98 relic, which he became owner of under peculiar circumstances. Not very far from his residence rises a sharp hill, which is crowned by huge rocks. It was amongst those rocks that Mass was celebrated in the dark and evil days. A huge slab, resting on two upright boulders, served as an altar, and the blurred marks of human feet can to this day be distinguished on a smooth rock, where the Holy Sacrifice while offering up the Holy Eucharist. A deep hole scooped in a hole to the right of the altar served as a holy water font. Some years ago a rabbit made a burrow under one of the rocks, and while scooping out the earth, exposed something bright to the view. On inspection a farmer found the bright material to be nothing less than a silver amulet, and on further investigation another amulet was also discovered, buried in the soil. They were evidently used by the altar.

Case.

The Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kilmore and Leighlin, communicated with the officials of the Gaelic Association in Carlow, asking them to put off till after Easter meetings arranged for the remaining Sundays of Lent. In Carlow the undertaking was promptly given.

The Mysterious Duke of Portland.

The Duke case, in which an order was recently made for the opening of a vault in Highgate cemetery, London, is assuming a most extraordinary character. Mrs. Druce now says that her father-in-law, whose coffin she is to have opened, was in reality the late Duke of Portland. She further says that she has been offered a sum of £60,000 by the Portland family not to proceed with the present inquiry. Either or both these allegations may be hallucinations, in all other respects Mrs. Druce seems to be in all other respects a remarkably sane woman. The late Duke of Portland—whose eccentricities of his life are alleged by her to have lived a double life. The agent of his life at Welbeck belonged to the underground passages he constructed there. Another part of the Duke's life was lived in London, at the Baker street of Bazaar, which was tunnelled, she alleges, as Welbeck. It is not clear how she saw the face of the late Duke in London, and Mrs. Druce's story is that she was haunted by her brother, Lord George Bentinck, who was in love with the same lady. The Duke, it is asserted, elected to elaborate to do as Mr. Druce, and an elaborate fraud was carried out by which the coffin supposed to contain his remains was filled with lead and duly interred in the family vault of the Druce family.

Deep regret is felt on account of the death of a very distinguished clerk of the Irish Protestant Church, the Rev. George T. Stokes, rector of Blackrock, of Marsh's Library, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin.

ENGLAND.

Irish Actors on the English Stage.

Lecturing before the "Society of Actors" in London last week, Mr. Frederick Whyte delivered an address, in which he claimed that the stage—the British stage—had been indebted to Ireland for the best of its actors and

dramatists. He pointed out that it was with Farquhar that the rise of Irish dramatic began, and in the course of his remarks he referred to Kitely Olive, Mrs. Siddons, Goldsmith, Sheridan, David Garrick, Jack Johnson, and many others, in support of his contention that Ireland took a prominent position on the British stage. The lecturer also referred to Mrs. Jordan who, he said, was born in 1762, and was a great singer in her time. She was the daughter of an Irishman named Bland who resided in County Kerry. Miss O'Neill was the next most famous actress after Mrs. Jordan, and Miss O'Neill owed almost her endless successes on the stage to Richard Lalor Sheel. References were next made to the Sisters of Mercy, Edmund Kean, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and other actors.

Declared Dead, But Was Alive.

LIMA, Peru, April 4. The Archbishop of Lima, Most Rev. Manuel Antonio Bandini, D.D., after an illness lasting many weeks, apparently expired at noon on Saturday last. He was seized with a paroxysm, and as he fell back in bed those in attendance quickly felt his pulse and listened for his breathing. Both, it was said, had ceased, and the Archbishop was declared dead.

Physicians who were present at the time when the Archbishop apparently expired were not entirely satisfied that life was extinct, and on the bare chance of reviving their distinguished patient they resorted to heroic measures. They injected caffeine and ether, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, scarcely an hour after his pulse had ceased, the Archbishop opened his eyes languidly and gazed on the expectant group which surrounded his bedside. At first it will be only a few days before the prostrate is carried off, for he is weak and sinking rapidly.

Mrs. Druce now claims that the opening of his coffin will corroborate that part of her story. As to Mr. Druce's life after the funeral there is further mystery. Mrs. Druce says he passed as a Dr. Harmer, and was seen by many people after he was supposed dead. Dr. Forbes Winslow recognizes the photograph of Mr. Druce as being that of Dr. Harmer, who was under his care in the asylum many years after Mrs. Druce's alleged death. But, whereas Dr. Winslow says he was an incurable lunatic, Mrs. Druce alleges that he was frequently out of the asylum for long periods. But one of the most inexplicable features of this strange case is that Mrs. Druce's husband, the son of the reputed Duke of Portland, should have lived and died without making any attempt to come by his own.

A Convert's Beautiful Words.

Mr. Kegan Paul, the well-known London publisher, as everyone knows, is a recent convert to the Church. A Positivist before conversion, he declares that that belief prepared his mind for the Church. His conversion was brought about by Newman's writings. He concludes an account of it in the following beautiful language:

"It was the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and the one bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know that he had done for me, and his was the hand which had drawn me in when I sought the ark floating on the stormy seas of the world. But a few days afterward, as I went by his grave at Egham, I felt that indeed he knew, that he was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the heart of my first communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the mystery of the altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, our Lord more a tender, the great company of saints more fraternal. If I dare use the words—my Guardian Angel closer to my side. All human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all."

Disraeli and the Catholic Church.

In "The School for Saints," John Oliver Hobbes' novel, just published by Fisher Unwin, Disraeli is brought on the scene (writes Israhel Lucy in the "Sydney Morning Herald"). The novelist has evidently made a careful study of a master of his craft. In one respect the result is surprising, for Disraeli is minutely described in a detail at the service of a Roman Catholic Chapel. A well-known literary man, himself a member of the Church of Rome, writes to me on the subject makes a still more curious assertion. He says it is within his knowledge that Disraeli was an occasional visitor to the Catholic Church in Farm street. He hears—but this is not vouched on his personal authority—that when Disraeli was certain that the end was approaching, he manifested a desire to be received into the bosom of the Catholic Church. A messenger was dispatched to one of the priests in residence at the Farm Street Church. The servant was informed that the Rev. Father was not expected for a couple of hours. He did not respond with information as to whose messenger he was, nor did the hall porter, unaware of the urgency of the case, say where the priest might be found. The priest applied did not come till long after the usual opportunity of receiving an invalid convert into the bosom of his Church. This is a curious story, but not improvable on the face of it. As Disraeli showed in "Lithair" and elsewhere in his writings, the ceremonial of the Romish Church had a peculiar fascination for him. He is not the only tired toiler who, under the shadow of the Valley of Death, has sought light and guidance in that quarter.

the immediate neighborhood of their homes. This bill is before the Legislative Committee on Education.

2. In relation to the employment of minors and the school attendance required of them, shall be the one providing that minors shall have their names placed up at the entrances to their places of employment, which it appears that they are not able to read and write simple sentences in English, though they may be well instructed in other languages. This bill before the Legislative Committee on Labor.

In relation to neglected children. This bill is in character like all the rest. It makes it mandatory on magistrates to commit neglected children to institutions. This bill is before the Committee on Education and the Committee on Public Charitable Institutions, sitting jointly.

None of these bills provide for respecting the belief of the parents of children committed to these institutions; nor for furnishing them with means or religious instruction in the institutions; nor in the families in which they may be placed to board or to work.

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KIDNEY DECEIT.

How Many are Unintentionally Deceived in Treating Kidney Disorders—See Advertisements to Trifle with Your Own Existence—If You Suspect There is any Kidney Trouble, Discard Pills, Powders and Cure-Alls—South America's Own Kidney Cure is a Time-Tested and Tested Kidney Cure.

A remedy which dissolves all obstructions, which heals and strengthens the affected parts, and which from its very nature eradicates all impurities from the system, is its only safe and sure remedy in cases of Kidney American. Such a remedy is South America's Own Kidney Cure. This is not hazardous. The formula has been put under the severest of tests, and it has been proclaimed by the greatest authorities in the world of medical science that liquids—and liquids only—will obtain the results sought for. A liquid remedy taken into the system goes directly into the circulation and attacks immediately the affected parts, while solids such as pills or powders cannot possibly attain these results. Kidney disorders cannot be cured to be trifled with. The quickest way is the safest way to combat these insidious ailments. This great remedy never fails. It is a liquid kidney specific. It's a solvent.

The Editor of "Punch."

The many admirers of Mr. F. O. Burnand will be glad to hear that his editorial duties on "Punch," Mr. Burnand was at one time very seriously ill indeed, and grave fears were entertained for his recovery.

SCOTLAND.

Scottish Whiskey.

The purity of Scotch whiskey has been called in question before the Licensing Commission by no less a personage than the High Constable of Banffshire. There is no county in Scotland where in the possession of more distilleries than Banffshire, and the functionary declared in cold blood that Banffshire whiskey was particularly injurious because it was adulterated. Proof of this startling accusation was demanded, but was not forthcoming, and at the instance of some members of the Commission the sample of Banffshire whiskey were ordered to be taken on the spot and analyzed for analysis on Somerset House. The position of the High Constable when he returns to his county will not be one to be envied. The Scotch can stand a good deal in the way of detection, but when it comes to a fellow-Scot depreciating Scotch whiskey it hits the Caledonian on its tenderest part.

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Proposed Anti-Catholic Legislation in Massachusetts.

There are various bills pending in the Legislature containing provisions unfair to Massachusetts Catholics. They stand as follows says The Pilot:—Three bills received from the State Board of Education, in House Document 209.

1. In relation to school attendance and truancy, which includes intermeddling with private schools, and the creation of a new commission to establish four great Parental Schools in different parts of the State. To these all the State will be committed until twenty-one years of age. All present schools to be discarded. All transient children, when committed to institutions, are committed to those in

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Famine and Plague in Ireland.

Famine and plague have been raging in Ireland for months. The situation is now critical; but the Government remains indifferent. The people of England and the United States are coming to the relief. We append two letters written to The Freeman's Journal, Dublin, giving the latest accounts of the crisis in the hope that the facts set forth will appeal to the humanity of some Canadians also.

LETTER FROM MISS MAUDE GOVNE.
 DEAR SIR—I have been traveling in Mayo for the last month, where I have been distributing the little sums kindly contributed by the readers of Ireland Libre. I am powerless to describe the suffering I have witnessed. The famine as usual is accompanied by a terrible amount of sickness. In Belderrig, a village in Killa Union, composed of some twenty houses, eighteen people have died from measles; they are terrible, these famine measles, killing people in less than three days and leaving the corpses black and dreadful. In many other places I hear the influenza is proving as fatal. If we would look facts honestly in the face and call things by their right names we should say that these unfortunate peasants did not die of measles or influenza, but of starvation. If they had proper food and nourishment they would, like the rest of us, have strength to resist these ailments. I saw mothers with nothing to give their dying children but Indian corn, strabour and no milk.

Few seem to fully realize the terrible extent or intensity of the famine, and how inadequate the methods adopted for its relief. Private charity is doing something, but unless the funds in the possession of the Mansion House and Manchester committees are very much larger than they are at present, they will not be able to stave off the dreadful catastrophe which is menacing the South and West of Ireland for next year.

For the most serious point of the situation is that, bad as things are this year, they will inevitably be worse next year unless the Government can be made to take immediate and more practical methods of supplying the people with seed.

I fear this is a vain hope. It is true the Government has granted a loan to the guardians to buy seed for the people, but the conditions of this loan are so unpractical that in many places where potato seed can be bought in the ordinary market for 3s. a hundred weight the guardians are charging the people actually as much as 9s. the hundred weight. They have two years in which to repay it.

Three years ago this same sort of relief was given, and I am told that in many places the potatoes thus supplied, at three times the market price, were so bruised and rotten that not one-third were available for seed, though the unfortunate people had to pay for them just the same. As if to emphasize the mockery of this so-called assistance, at the beginning of this winter, when the pinch of hunger was already keenly felt, the last instalment of this old seed rate was collected. People who had saved a few pounds of this money earned in England and Scotland to buy seed had to give it up to pay the old debt, while those who had no money saw their last cow driven off, which meant no milk for the children, and in some cases even the flannel spun by the women to make clothes for the young ones was seized to repay the British Government's last charity. What wonder if this year the people, though entirely without seed, should refuse such onerous help?

The Mansion House and Manchester Committees are trying what they can do to remedy this. In many places they have sent seed potatoes; but their funds are very limited and the maximum amount of seed accorded to any individual is one hundred weight. In the majority of cases the recipient has absolutely none beside, and when we consider that, in the ordinary year, he puts down at least ten or fifteen hundred weight, the prospects for next year are simply appalling.

The good work of these charitable committees is hampered also by the idiotic system of Government relief works. By this system the head of the house is taken on the relief works, to work at some generally useless road from eight in the morning till five in the evening, at the miserable pittance of from 2s. 6d. to 6s. a week; and where his family are young the vitally necessary work of mauling, draining and digging his own holding is left undone; so when the hundred weight of potatoes does come the ground is ill prepared and the chances of a good crop for next year injured.

As Mr. Dillon said in his recent letter, no sufficient publicity is being given to all such facts, and his suggestion, that the Manchester and Mansion House Committees should add to the good work they are doing by the publication of reports of the distress, is a very practical one. I enclose £10 subscription to the Mansion House Fund, to show my ap-

preciation of the efforts they are making and the useful work they are doing in supplying seed (I only wish they were able to supply a great deal more), and in organizing relief work on the people's own holdings.

John Mitchell said in 1817 that England actually organizes famine in Ireland. One may really be pardoned, after studying the actual system of relief adopted, if one day he echoes his saying. A little aid judiciously given last year in the way of small seed loans, supplying the people in time with spray machines, and sending teachers to show how to use them, would have prevented the present famine at comparatively small cost. With the terrible experience of past famines and acquainted with the precarious conditions of existence of the people of the congested districts, a National Government having the country's welfare at heart would have undoubtedly given this aid—instead of which the English Government turned a deaf ear to all warnings of the approaching distress. No relief works were started until the unfortunate peasants had been reduced by starvation to eat up the last remnant of their seed, both oats and potatoes.

There is a suggestion I would like to make. Surely there are Irishmen and women, whom this cause of humanity would interest sufficiently, and whose position would permit them to volunteer their services in going round at their own expense and visiting the famine-stricken districts, making reports of the suffering of the people and of what is being done for them. The charitable funds are not large enough to permit of paid inspectors for this work. An immense amount of good might be done in this way. It would encourage the downhearted people to feel that their fellow-countrymen are interesting themselves in them, and not leaving them to their fate. It also stimulates poor law guardians, relieving officers, and those who are apt to get slack to the keener sense of their duties to the people. Women of Ireland—will not some of you find time for this important work? The gratitude of the people, and the help you will be able to render them, will more than repay you for the trouble and hardships you may meet with. I remain, sincerely yours,

MAUDE GOVNE.
 Dublin, 29th March.

LETTER FROM MR. DILLON.
 House of Commons, London, 26th March 1898

DEAR SIR—Will you kindly take charge of enclosed subscription of £5 for the Mansion House Committee for relief of distress in the West of Ireland. I would venture to suggest that, in view of the terrible state of things which exists in the distressed districts, it is very desirable that the Mansion House Committee should be increased in numbers, so as to be made more thoroughly representative of all classes, and that it should meet more frequently and publish fuller statements, giving details and particulars of distress selected from the communications which must reach it day by day. This could be most usefully done in the form of fuller reports of their meetings communicated to the Press. And I am convinced that the result will be well worth the while, in addition to this, to issue fortnightly statements carefully compiled from the information acquired by their agents, and the reports reaching them from clergymen and other responsible people, showing—

1. The extent and urgency of the distress.
 2. The immediate wants of the districts in which they are giving relief.
 3. Giving details of the manner in which they have distributed the money placed at their disposal.
- From the letters which reach me constantly from different parts of Great Britain, I am convinced that if reports such as I have indicated were sent every fortnight to the leading newspapers in Great Britain a great stimulus would be given the collection of funds. Not a week passes in which I myself do not receive several letters from persons anxious to organize meetings, concerts, etc., for the purpose of raising funds, who ask me for information as to the nature and extent of the distress, and wish to be referred to some authoritative publications from which they could lay before the people in their district a detailed statement of the situation in the distressed districts. To meet such demands I can only turn to the excellent articles and letters which have been published in the Freeman from time to time, private letters from priests and others in the distressed districts, and the publications of the Manchester Relief Committee. I think it will be evident that there is a great want which ought to be supplied by the Dublin Mansion House Committee in the way I have suggested.
- My attention was arrested by a letter in yesterday's Freeman from Sir Thomas F. Brady, in which he gives the following passage, extracted from a report of

one of their agents, read at the last meeting of the Dublin Mansion House Committee. Speaking of a parish which he had been deputed to visit, he says—

"I found when I went there upwards of sixteen families actually starving. Some of them did not get the usual seed, and others who did use it as food, as they could get no credit. In all, I have the names of thirty-five, who are in a most forlorn condition, and if not helped will actually starve."

Sir Thomas Brady goes on to say that the Mansion House Committee sent at once all the aid in their power, but that their funds are fast being exhausted, and that aid falls short of the absolute wants of these poor people. This is an appalling condition of things. Why not bring it more prominently before the public? Why not give the name of the parish, and see that such facts, which, made public only as in Sir Thomas Brady's letter, catch the eye of every one—are brought under the notice of the public of the whole kingdom?

I feel convinced that if the course I have ventured respectfully to suggest is adopted, not only will the collection of funds receive a great stimulus, but that the Government will be compelled by public opinion to abandon their present attitude in the face of the distress, and adopt one more in accordance with the dictates of common humanity.—

Yours sincerely,
 JOHN DILLON.

DISTRESS IN THE ISLANDS OF BOFIN AND SHARK, CO. GALWAY.

Rev. J. M'lyotte, Adm. has addressed the following letter to the Archbishop of Tuam:—

Bofin Island, Co. Galway, March 24th, 1898.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's kind letter of the 22nd instant, enclosing a cheque for £12 to be distributed amongst the suffering poor of the Islands of Bofin and Shark, and to express to your Grace my very grateful thanks for this generous gift.

Hitherto, notwithstanding the failure of the potato crop last year, there has not, happily, been much suffering in these islands. This, I consider, is owing to the following causes:—The large number of remittances received from Scotland and America; the non-payment of rent by a large proportion of the islanders; the success of a few at fishing last year; and, finally, that Mr. Allies, as supervisor of the Government relief works open here for the last month, received permission to admit to these works any person he might consider in want.

Now, however, that this permission is withdrawn, that much of, if not all, the money received is spent, that there is scarcely a potato left either for food or seed; and that the weather, since spring set in, has been too rough for fishing, the state of things is most certainly becoming rather alarming.

In Aora Glen.

In your valley I had friends once,
 There I have friends no more,
 For lowly lies the rafters
 And the intel of the door.
 The friends are all departed,
 The hearthstone's black and cold,
 And sturdy grows the nettle
 On the place I loved of old.
 The fires were scarce in ember,
 Or the window blank and dim,
 And the song was scarce concluded,
 Or the garden out of trim.
 When up came good Sir Nettle
 (True friend to me this day)
 And the sign of man's utility
 He hid them all away.

Oh! black might be that ruin
 'Twas my dear friend's death so long,
 And nothing hides the shame of it,
 The ugliness and wrong;
 The cabar and the cornerstone
 Might bleach in winds and rains,
 But for the friendly nettles
 That took such a courteser's pains.

Here's one who has no quarrel
 With the nettle thick and tall,
 That wraps the cheerless hearthstone
 And screens the hunched wall,
 That clusters on the footpath
 Where the children used to play,
 And guards a household's supremacy
 From all who come the way.
 There's deer upon the mountain,
 There's sheep along the glen,
 The forest's hum with feather,
 But where are now the man?
 Here's but the lowly larch,
 Whose soft the footstep fall,
 My folks are quite forgotten
 And the nettle's over all.
 —NEIL MUNRO in The Sketch.

* Laroch (Gaelic): Site of a ruined house.

HEAD-NERVES
 Are Disturbed When The Stomach Refuses to do its Work—Indigestion Upsets the Whole System and Makes Wrecks of Men Hospital Lives than any other Complaint Under the Sun.

"For several years I have been a subject of severe nervous headaches, and last June I became absolutely prostrated from the trouble. I also became a martyr to indigestion. I was persuaded to try South American Nerve. I procured a bottle, My headaches were relieved immediately, and, in a remarkably short time, left me entirely. The remedy has toned up and built up my system wonderfully." James A. Bell, Beaverston.

The Domain of Woman

There is nothing like persistent hammering if one wants to make any impression. If any result is to be achieved in the warfare against the senseless and cruel extermination of the birds in the interests of an idiotic fashion, it can only be done by the constant and unwearied protest of the women who write for women.

Our loveliest birds are being slowly, nay, rapidly and surely wiped out of existence. Soon we shall have to be taken ourselves to museums and exhibitions of nature as manifested in the feathered tribe. What are you going to do, my Lady Fashion, when there are no more egrets, or terns or birds of paradise left for you to stick on your empty cranium? Do you suppose the Creator will condescend to make a few more species just for you to exterminate?

If there is any lore of birds left in the female heart, if we have any pity for the tiny creatures or any compassion for the thousands of young nestlings left annually to die of starvation and cold, for heaven's sake let every mother's daughter of us set her face against this abominable cruelty. It is popularity that assures the continuance of a fashion. It is not the few women who make, but the millions of women who wear a thing, who ensure its continuance and propagation. If every woman who feels any indignation at the wholesale massacre of the innocents will steadily refuse to wear any plumes but that of the ostrich or the useful barn door fowl, the humanitarians will soon see their dearest wish accomplished, and the beautiful feathered songsters will be left in peace.

A young Catholic writer who has caught all the freshness and fragrance and beauty in Catholic literature, and is breathing it out in sketches and stories that are living prose poems is Miss Margaret Kenna. This young girl, for she is little more, has already made a name that ensures the acceptance of her work by the best Catholic magazines, and she has endeared herself to the hearts of hundreds of Catholics who seek for, and appreciate all that is best and purest in literature.

There is an unworidly sweetness in everything Miss Kenna writes, an undercurrent of deep religious feeling which finds vent in simple and heart touching sketches of character. There is no attempt at fine writing, everything is simple, pure, and fresh as a spring violet.

This young writer has a future before her. The Register publishes a sketch by Miss Kenna from the "Easter" "Catholic World." Its insight into childish character, shows the writer to have retained the memories and aspirations of childhood amid the dawning knowledge of a woman's power.

"No, Mr. Coolhand," she said, kindly, "I assure you could never learn to love you." "Oh, perhaps you could," rejoined Coolhand, absently. "Never too old to learn, you know."

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quickness to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL three or four times if the cough spells render it necessary.

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- April 14—S. Justin, 15—S. P. Gonzales, 16—S. Bonifacius Joseph Labre, 17—Low Sunday, 18—S. Isidore, 19—S. Ephigene, 20—S. Leo the Great.

It is needless to pour hurried eulogies of the late Cardinal Taschereau. A record of his life-work will be needed for the information of posterity. This generation of Canadian Catholics have known him, and the sense of real bereavement which his demise, even in advanced old age, inspires, is his truest eulogy for to-day. May his soul rest in peace.

The congregation of St. Michael's Cathedral parish are to be highly commended for the zeal they are displaying in paying off the church debt. The weekly contributions at the morning and evening services are very steadily increasing. The Easter contribution this year amounted to \$900; and this is but an evidence of the splendid activity which has always characterized the worthy parishioners of St. Michael's. In a few more years, God willing, their beautiful church will be free from debt, if they only continue their generous contributions.

Her Majesty has personally remembered Col. Mason's command of the Canadian military contingent at the "Diamond Jubilee" celebrations. As announced in another column, the gallant and popular officer has been made the recipient of a signed photograph of the aged sovereign. No one will be surprised at this characteristic act, because her gracious Majesty possesses in a notable degree the ladylike faculty for remembering people. The honor is, however, remarkable because it has been conferred in an unusual way. It was a matter of surprised comment that the Jubilee honors for Canadians were few and in some other respects, also, not up to the occasion. The reason of that, perhaps, was that they were really "political" honors. It would have been freely commented upon if the officer who so fittingly represented the military efficiency of Canada at the Jubilee should have missed her Majesty's recognition, supposing the Queen to have had any part in selecting all the recipients of her royal favor. But that she does make some selections, and those of the right and appropriate kind, is shown by the souvenir given to Col. Mason which has a special value on that account. We do not think it an unworthy sentiment to say that as Col. Mason is a Catholic, it is a pleasure to his fellow-Catholics that he has been honored, as any officer filling his position at the Jubilee would naturally deserve.

In a decidedly "blue" hour for England, with her prestige in the far East broken by Russia, and with France trampling trespassing upon her latter African claims, an Irish soldier has restored the despondent imperial mind by a dash and decisive victory in the Sudan. Major-General Sir H. Kitchener, of the "ancient kingdom" of Kerry, sirdar of the Egyptian army, has opened the road to Khartoum, broken the power of the dervishes, made a prisoner of Mahoud Pasha and 4,000 others—(besides killing 2,000 odd)—and substantially avenged Gordon. The Kerryman was very given a free hand by the imperial authorities, and has amply justified the confidence reposed in him. The restoration of British influence over all the revolted provinces of the Sudan, and the capture of Oudourman and Khartoum, are now in sight; so that Kitchener is mourning for the tragedy of January 1885, can at last be laid aside. The imperialists of England might be excused for despairing to find a savior after "Chinese" Gordon able to subjugate the Sudan. They believe Gordon could have done it if he had sufficient force. The story of the Sudan, the frequent discomfiture of a succession of England's ablest commanders. At last when the admiring imperialists were paying no attention, being in the dumps particularly, an Irish soldier has made a prouder chapter of history than any of them dared hope for. But after all, it is thus that nearly all "British" history is made.

McKinley in the Hands of the Diplomats.

President McKinley's message on the Cuban question was delivered to Congress on Monday. It did not verify the anticipations of the jingoes, its tone was moderate, even when compared with the authorized forecasts of its tenor published a week ago; in short, it hung up the spectre of war upon a whole string of further contingencies, possibilities and accidents. The document bore upon its face ample evidence of recent revision. It was not the same message Mr. McKinley had ready before the representatives of the European powers interviewed him. The President appears to have used the "blue pencil" with a free hand, and upon the advice, if not at the dictation, of Europe. That he himself has been all along a friend of peace is pretty well understood by the world at large; but it had likewise come to be generally understood that he had given way before the fury of the stockjobbers, the jingoes and fanatics. The better opinion of the American people would undoubtedly have supported the President had he never allowed himself to weaken. Every friend of the American idea, in the Republic and outside of it, certainly would have rejoiced more in the triumph of Mr. McKinley's efforts for peace had he kept his responsibility completely free from the intervention of Europe than as matters now stand. In order to fully grasp the "moderation" of the revised message, it is necessary to go back over the events of the past week. On Monday the 4th, the President was to have read a message to Congress, the substance of which had been semi-officially published to feel the temper of the people of the United States and all others concerned. Peace was to be immediately enforced in Cuba by the armed intervention of the United States. The Spaniards were to be driven from Cuba, and the Americans would then naturally become responsible for the establishment of order. American intervention would inevitably destroy the autonomous government and override the Cuban Junta. By the way, the latter organization at once declared that it would resort to arms against the United States. The nation waited in breathless anxiety for the promulgation of the fateful message, not on account of the warlike attitude of the Junta, however, but in face of the grim business-like preparations for a fight to the death made by the much-despised Spaniards, who were to have been kicked so unceremoniously and summarily. Even the blatherskite press and the pulpit ranters were stricken with momentary silence. Monday came, and instead of Mr. McKinley's message ringing from Atlanta to the sea, the President received a polite deputation of European diplomats, who had an ambiguous note prepared for the public, and a long secret conference with the President. There was no message. On the same day the European powers waited on the Spanish Government at Madrid. This handling of the impending trouble at both ends showed with sufficient certainty that the Powers had agreed between themselves to enforce peace between Spain and the United States, and if possible, in Cuba also. In other words, while the President was threatening to intervene, Europe actually did intervene. The delay of the President's message was the first result of the European action. At the same time it was sought to compel Spain to declare an armistice in Cuba; but this was resisted for several days, and in the end was achieved only through the untiring offices of Pope Leo, who is mentioned in the Spanish proclamation issued on Saturday, in the following terms:

Famine in Ireland.

The letters on another page of THE REGISTER this week, with reference to the state of famine prevailing in the south and west of Ireland, speak for themselves. They give the latest and gravest aspect of the dire destitution that has once more overtaken those poor and isolated cottiers on the Atlantic shore. Things have gradually been coming to the present awful stage; but on account of a mistaken confidence in the ability of the Government to meet its responsibilities, the cry for relief has not gone out to the world until now. It is clear, at last, that the victims of sickness and starvation can no longer be neglected for the sake of humanity. The surest sign of the urgency of the call for help appears in the summoning of public meetings all over Ireland to sustain the Famine Fund. In Manchester, Liverpool, London and other English cities, also, good and charitably disposed people are responding with contributions. In New York and Boston the appeal has not fallen upon indifferent ears. Shall Canada hear and heed not? We are well aware that the disposition of this country is ever generous; but in order to secure any considerable interest in a good work of this kind, it is essential that a special and organized effort to get the public attention must be put forward. We do not undertake to suggest what particular form such an effort should take under all the circumstances. We can only give the facts, and let all who have hearts to feel for the misery of others take thought of the best practical means of giving the succor so sorely needed.

"if necessary," to establish order in Cuba. But in the rider he says that the armistice granted by the Queen Regent in deference to the Pope may fully realize American "aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people." If not it can only justify the American "contemplated action." There is no contemplated action; it is all in the air—and in Congress. That body may take weeks making speeches, and after that the President will be exactly where he was before. There is, of course, a possibility of Congress reaching a hasty decision, and of the President employing the military and naval forces of America in pursuance of his "contemplated action." And what is likely to happen in that event? The Americans had better ask Europe what she did in Crete. What happened in the island of Crete a year ago is likely to occur again in the island of Cuba, as soon as America declares war against Spain. The Turks and Greeks were allowed to fight between themselves, but not in Crete. Europe and her cannon kept Greeks and Turks off. Spain by granting an armistice has given Europe the right to do the same for the island of Cuba. America and Spain have the right to fight, if they must, but Europe has now the right to say to them: "You must not fight in Cuba." If this is not the triumph that European diplomacy has won over President McKinley there is no meaning in the events of the past week. It is a triumph that must be peculiarly unpleasant for the Americans, because it goes to the root of the Monroe doctrine. The idea of Monroe, and the American idea of to-day, which has the sympathy of millions outside of the United States who distrust the tendencies of Monarchy, is that there shall be no interference of European

power in questions affecting the peace of the United States. In other words the only practical application that the Monroe doctrine could have in Cuba would be the reservation to the United States (not to a European power or powers) of restoring order in Cuba, Spain having failed to do it. But the very opposite is foreshadowed in the action already taken by Europe. The Pope having gained the indulgence of an unlimited armistice for the Cubans, Europe finds herself in the position to keep the combatant Spaniards and Americans on the island, and if they still insist upon a trial of strength, they must fight their battles on the open sea. These considerations are not likely to hasten a war-like decision either on the part of Congress or the President.

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Fanaticism Wakes Up.

The violent and inflammatory manifesto of the Methodist ministers of the United States, issued into a war, the end or extent of which no man can undertake to speak of, was in all truth an un-Christian course on the part of men who call themselves the servants of God. But those preachers of the hot and reckless doctrines of hate are American citizens; and at least it is possible to lead in excuse for them

the incidents of war, the profligate mother of horrors. But the American and Cuban Junta versions of reported atrocities are not to be freely accepted. The Spanish Minister at Washington has just given to the American public the Spanish version of these matters. He says: I give you my word that this savagery does not exist at all, that all reliable reports, official and unofficial, Spanish and American, agree that whatever may have been the condition of affairs a year or two ago, Gen. Blanco has inaugurated a humane and beneficent system characteristic of the man. Naturally, with an insurrection in progress, military affairs have pursued the usual methods of military life; and in this have been constantly restrained at all times by the determination to have their operations worthy of an honorable nation and an honorable people.

We do not pretend to say that the Spanish version is entitled to more respect than the stories circulated by the Cuban Junta and the officials of the United States. But, at least, one side is as trustworthily as the other. If the Cubans were fighting against the Americans to-morrow, would their condition be any better than it is? Prejudice is the leaven within the hearts of the Belleville ministerial busybodies. If Catholic bigots in Canada were to begin passing resolutions of encouragement for their Spanish co-religionists, we might have a little religious war upon our hands in this Dominion in due course. Why do the Belleville preachers not condemn English atrocities by the use of the "Dum Dum" bullet on the Afridis? What is the matter with the English incubus over India, and the terrible record of revolution, plague and famine that goes back not for three years merely but over 300? What sort of an incubus would we have in Canada had England not granted us responsible government, which is no more than Spain has conceded to the Cubans?

Fanatical War-Dogs

The ministerial organization of American Methodists have been raising a shriek for war that commands attention for sheer malevolence and fanaticism, and on no other account. On Wednesday, the 6th, after the publication of the European despatches describing the efforts of Pope Leo XIII. in behalf of peace, the Committee on National Affairs, appointed by the New York Methodist Episcopal Conference, in session in the Metropolitan Temple, through its chairman, Rev. Dr. James M. King, secretary of the Society for the Protection of American Institutions, submitted a report referring to the Spanish-American situation

We quote the opening paragraphs of this report: "It seems to have been the Divine purpose to prohibit Latin civilization, with its ecclesiastical domination, and its inquisitorial persecutions, with its heartless tortures and conscienceless cruelties, from taking root in soil reserved for the great experiments in self-government. "The oppressed of all climes have been welcomed to the security and enjoyment of our free institutions. Sometimes refugees from the darkness and the degradation of the Latin civilizations across the seas, seeking the light and opportunities here afforded, have threatened the very liberty they have sought by injecting into its veins the poison of the perverted civilization from which they have fled. The general health of the body politic, nevertheless, has been measurably preserved. "Inspired by this republic the nations in the South and Central America, and of Mexico, have thrown off the yoke of Latin tyranny, and despite the bondage of heredity have made commendable progress toward the republican form of government. "The relations of Spain to the Americans have always been those of oppression and spoliation, of commercial monopoly, and political despotism, and her grasp has never been relaxed except by successive revolts and revolutions. When Charles V. was enthroned he was the ruler of a mighty Roman realm. Ecclesiastical powers came to be supreme, and coerced the civil powers into submission. Since then intrigues and intolerance, conspiracy and cruelty, have marked every step of the march to death of Spain's Latin civilization in all lands. Philip and Alva have been the typical leaders, their successors differing from them in calibre but not in character. "Although Spain once owned this entire hemisphere, and was the most powerful nation on the earth, to-day in the Western world she holds only in the grasp of her cruel hand, already struck with paralysis, Porto Rico and unhappy Cuba."

So on through two columns of bigoted and blasphemous violence. The American Government is called upon to go to war with Spain, in defence of Europe, for ten "reasons," each a repetition of the Spanish "crime" of "Latin civilization." "Reason" No. 8 puts the whole report in a nutshell. "Its (Spain's) sacrilegious pretence of claiming to be a Christian nation." It is plain that the American Methodists in issuing this report to the public have lost their cunning as well as their better sense. They are worked up for religious war and they imagine it glorious to proclaim their frenzy. They hate Spain because of the religion of the Spaniards. The one and only hope they have is that the dogs of war may be let loose on the sect of Catholic blood. Of course they do not count upon going to Cuba themselves, no, they would stay in New York and rejoice in hearing the horrid drum from afar, whilst they were preaching blood-thirsty bigotry in their meeting-houses and taking up silver collections from the patriotic multitude. They would gladly let their fellow-citizens who worship at the same altar as the Spanish nation do the fighting on the American side. It is a fact worth pondering over that a considerable number of the American sailors who went down in the Maine were Catholics—Irish-Catholics—uncoursed by any enmity of race or religion towards Spain, the ancient friend and benefactor of Ireland. And let war now come between the United States and Spain and Irish-Catholics, who are numerous in the navy and army of the Republic, would have to fight under a flag dishonored by blaspheming bigots, frenzied and blinded to every principle of the strife save the thought of shedding Catholic blood. The sight of Catholics fighting against Catholics would be satisfaction indeed to malevolence as brutal as that displayed by the New York Methodist ministers. Let us hope, however, that instead of war between the United States and Spain, it is reserved for the civilized world to witness the power and influence which the Catholic Church possesses for peace, notwithstanding the ravings of the fanatics who hate her and her children, whether they live under the civilization of Spain or America.

The Queen Honors Col. Mason.

Lieut.-Col. Mason of the Grenadiers has been accorded the honor of being the recipient of a photograph of her Majesty the Queen, bearing the Royal autograph, and accompanied by a letter from Lieut. F. G. Bonny, M. V.O., of the Grenadier Guard, Assistant in Ordinary to the Queen, Assistant Keeper to the Privy Purse, and Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen. The picture is a handsome photographure on parchment, and represents her Majesty in a sitting posture and wearing the dress in which she appeared at the jubilee procession on June 22nd last. It bears in the Queen's own writing her signature, "Victoria R. I., 22nd June, 1897," and in the corner of the picture, also in her Majesty's writing, the dates, "1837-1897." The letter of Lieut. Bonny is dated Windsor Castle, Feb. 21st, 1898, and is as follows: "Windsor Castle, Feb. 21, 1898. "Dear Sir,—I am desired by the Queen to send you a portrait of Her Majesty as a souvenir of the Diamond Jubilee. It is from a photograph of the Queen taken in the dress worn by Her Majesty on the 22nd of June last. Yours very truly, F. G. Bonny. "Colonel James Mason." The letter, from Lord Aberdeen, reads as follows: "Government House, Ottawa, "March 10, 1898. "Dear Colonel Mason,—I desire to inform you that I have received from the Queen a packet containing a portrait of Her Majesty, with instructions that it be forwarded to yourself. "I have handed the packet, with one or two others received at the same time, to the Adjutant General, with the request that it may be transmitted. "I desire to convey my thanks for the token from Her Majesty your gracious giving, which I am sure will upon a much-valued souvenir of your experience on the occasion of your celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. I remain, yours very faithfully, Aberdeen. "Lieut.-Col. James Mason, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers."

Col. Mason commanded the infantry and rifles of the Canadian military contingent at the jubilee, and on several occasions was in command of the entire contingent and also of the whole of the Colonial Infantry. The picture is now in the window of Robert's art gallery, King street west, where it may be seen. Great interest is being evinced in it. C. Y. L. A. The regular meeting of the C.Y.L.A. was held Tuesday evening. The greater part of the evening was taken up in arranging for the "At Home" to be held in St. George's Hall, Tuesday evening, April 19th. A pleasing programme in evening will be a musical programme, in which the following will take part: Misses Flanagan, Foley, Forbes, Girvin, Tymon and Mr. Wicklet. Mr. A. E. Harding will preside at the piano. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. Ravanagh, St. Gloucester St., on Monday night, April 18th.

THE RESURRECTION

Beautiful Sermon of the Archbishop of Toronto on Easter Sunday.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER)

St. Michael's Cathedral was crowded on Easter Sunday at the celebration of solemn High Mass. The sanctuary was decorated with growing Easter lilies, and the high altar was beautiful with lighted candles, festal colors and fresh flowers.

The High Mass, at which His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto assisted in cope and mitre, was celebrated by Rev. Frank Ryan, with Rev. Dr. Tracy, deacon and Mr. Aveling sub-deacon.

After the Gospel His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto ascended the pulpit and said in part: In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. "Do not be frightened, ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, Who was crucified. He is risen; He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him."

Such, dearest brethren was the announcement made by an angel to the holy women who went out on the first Easter morning to anoint the dead body of Christ. "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen, He is not here: Behold the place where they laid Him."

Words of immortal hope! Words of perpetual joy! Words of immortal gladness! Words that bring glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, to men of good will! During the past week, dearest brethren, under the guidance of holy Church, we have followed our blessed Saviour through the various scenes of His suffering and death. We saw Him arrested. We saw Him dragged before the tribunal of the Roman governor. We heard the false charges made against Him. We heard the sentence of death pronounced against Him. We accompanied Him on that sorrowful journey up the hill of Calvary. And we heard the cry that announced the completion of the sacrifice and the redemption of the world.

Devotion carries mind and heart back to the actual night and day of the passion, when His few friends as well as the public at large had heard of His death and had concluded that His mission on earth was at an end, His history closed. But now, my dearest brethren, a different note is heard. On the glad dawn of Easter morning it is announced to the world that Jesus Who died on the Cross had risen; that He was no longer the prisoner of death; that by His God-like power He rose triumphantly over the empire of death and the tyrant of the grave; that He triumphed over the power of old by the prophet: "O death I will be thy death, O hell I will be thy bito."

The resurrection of Jesus conquered death and the principle of corruption and ended the empire of the grave. When entering into the sacred cemetery or some subterranean chapel we see splendid monuments raised to the memory of the great departed; we observe that the epitaphs written on their tombs describe the great achievements that made their names famous and filled the world with their glory. But those epitaphs all end with the sad tale, Beneath the ashes of the brains that planned those great achievements, and the hands that accomplished them. How different, my dearest brethren, were the words written on the tomb of the Saviour. "He is risen; He is not here; Behold the empty place where they laid Him." And are those not words, therefore, that the Christian world should rejoice in? Are those not words to make men's hearts go out to the risen Christ? Are those not words to lift up to the eternal kingdom of glory purchased for us by the death and victory of Jesus Christ? The resurrection of our blessed Lord, my dearest brethren, is the fact basis of our holy religion. It is the most clearly demonstrated proof of the power of His divinity. The resurrection of our Saviour placed the stamp of heaven on His mission, put the seal of the God of Truth upon His teaching; it proved that the fire of divine Love kindled on earth by the Son of God was fire brought from the altar of God in heaven. Other miracles the Son of God had wrought during His life on earth. He had restored hearing to the deaf, and made the lame to walk. By Him the lepers were cleansed, and the dead raised again to life were commanded to return home to their families. These miracles would have proved His divinity. But not to them, nor to any one of them, did our Saviour appeal as an irrefragable proof that He was indeed the Son of God—that He was very God, as by His death, He proved that He was very man. My dearest brethren, miracles of this kind sometimes can be explained away. They can be attributed to the efforts of imagination; they can be attributed to one device or another of human invention. But for a man to raise himself from the tomb transcending all the laws of nature. Men, we know, have done wonders of genius and of power; especially in this latter part of the 19th century. Men have done deeds to fill the world with wonder; they have won the secrets of nature from her bosom; they have measured distant worlds in the realms of space; they have called the lightnings of heaven into submission to the will of man; they have annihilated distance. They have, indeed, achieved many wonders. But one thing there is that no human power can ever do; that the greatest man that ever lived, or ever will live, cannot effect. A man who is dead can never raise his hand from among the grave-clothes that envelop him; he cannot bring one drop of life or one thought of intellect back again to the heart and the brain that are silent and thoughtless forever. It is only God who can do that. It is only God who can rise from the grave glorious and immortal. Therefore, if we are the Son of God in His wisdom appealed to the resurrection as the convincing and final proof of the redemption of the world described by the eternal hills. He said to the Jews: "Destroy this body and in three days I will raise it up again." "We believe," He said, "we have asked a miracle of Me. The miracle I will give is that as Jonah

the prophet was buried in the womb of the fish for three days, so the Son of man will rise from the grave after three days. This was the power, this the appeal which was to convince the world. You dearest brethren, from the empty tomb of Jesus has come forth an influence that has changed the face of the earth. From the empty tomb of Jesus has come forth a power mightier than the mightiest armies. From the empty tomb of Jesus has come forth a sweetness and a light of glory that have transformed the world as with the beauty and glory of a divine transformation. Other men have figured in history and have won fame and some regard and admiration. There were Cyrus, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon—those men thought of themselves almost as gods. They trampled down thrones. They trod kings from their high places. They changed the boundaries of countries. But they who have died, they who have died with them if their memories have remained. Indeed the graves of most of them are unknown. How different the glory and the power of Jesus. That mystery became imbedded in the human heart. It arose from the tomb of the grave and has continued through the centuries. His holy Name is this day on the lips of the millions; His love in the hearts of millions of the human race. He has brought hope, comfort and peace to broken hearts; He has filled the world with the light of His benediction. He brought to this cursed earth, like the covering waters, the blessings of mercy and Christian civilization—the civilization effected by the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth. He does not leave that world, that our hearts are glad to day that the cry of mystery puts all human sorrow and disappointment aside and allows mind and heart to exult. For this is the day that the Lord hath made. On this day, my dearest brethren, should we have a soul lesson from the mystery we are commemorating. It is this, and it has a meaning for each of us: that as Christ died the death of the body on Good Friday, so we should die the death of the body on Good Friday, a glorious and immortal resurrection on Easter Sunday morning, so should we spiritually arise from the grave of sin into the life of grace and friendship with God. This, as St. Paul tells us, is the lesson we should learn from the death of Christ. We should die to sin, we should commemorate to-day that we should realize in our own life the mystery of the resurrection of the Son of God. If we be risen with Christ, as St. Paul says, we will seek the things that are above. We should die to sin, we should be risen with Christ. If we be risen with Christ, we will seek the things that are above, and let us remember what our Lord Himself has told us: Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and the moth consume and where the thieves can break in and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where the rust and the moth cannot consume and thieves cannot break through and steal. We should die, therefore, to the holy life, walking in the footsteps of the risen Christ. We speak of two elements, or laws, of life when we speak of death and life. The law of death is the law of the flesh in the material world and in the spirit of the world. The law of life is the law of the spirit, the supernatural, the law of the soul. We must kill sin within us if we would give full freedom and power to the law of life, to the light that will lead us in following the example of the risen Christ. Hear again what St. Paul tells us: "Christ risen from the dead, dieth no more." Death no longer shall have dominion over him. So we also should die in newness of life. This should be the attitude of the mind between Christ risen and our life freed from sin. Our Blessed Lord restored again to life Lazarus and the widow's son; but not in these cases have we an example of the risen life, because they died in following the example of the risen Christ. He rose from the tomb, dieth no more, Christ, dieth no longer has dominion over Him. So we, having risen into holy life, should like Jesus Christ die no more, fall no more into sin. We should die to sin, as we do to the law of death. He rose from the tomb, dieth no more. Christ, dieth no more. We will say our hearts beat with joy on Easter morn, which reminds us that he who died because of our sins has arisen for our sanctification; seek not Jesus among the dead. He arose in the tomb. He is arisen. So spoke the angel of the Lord to the pious women who went to the tomb to anoint the body of the Saviour three days after his death. "O great seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is not here. He arose as you see." Christ arisen from the dead, dieth no more." Rom. 1. Truth and consistency then should be the two great qualities of our spiritual resurrection. In the evening grand musical vesper (Mercadante) and sermon in aid of the Altar Society.

of the Father, to live for ever in the kingdom of God's happiness. O my dearest brethren, this is a blessing I wish you all to day from the bottom of my heart. May God in His mercy grant to you and yours days and years of blessing; may He bless you abundantly, keep them in the path of Christian duty, and moral rectitude that also leads to happiness here and everlasting joy hereafter. These blessings I wish you all in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

The choir under the direction of Rev. F. Rohlfed, rendered the full choir service in Haydn's sixteenth mass. The soloists were Messrs. McNameara, Doherty, Russell, Egan, Stack, and Messrs. Kohler, Flannigan, Foley, Aluco McCarroll, and others.

Easter at St. Mary's Church.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER)

The ceremonies at the above named church have been celebrated this year with more than usual splendor. On Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock the choir sang the Mass in a most resonant voice; Mr. Armstrong, who gave "Jerusalem," and Miss Maud Backs, who rendered "The Holy City" in pleasant style. The "Ave Maria" was given by Miss Annie Foley. Mr. Duelli acted as organist.

On Good Friday morning the Mass of the pro sanctified was celebrated, at the conclusion of which took place the veneration of the cross. The cross was again chanted as on the previous evening at 7:30.

The ceremonies on Saturday morning commenced at 7 o'clock lasting until 8:30, when High Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. Carberry and Mr. Murray.

On Easter Sunday, the eastern sky, adorned with the crimson hue of the morning announced that the glorious day of our redemption was at hand for splendor. The people of the West-end seemed to take advantage of the coming of the dawn, as with its first appearance hundreds were wending their way to assist at first Mass, which was a High one. The vestments were of white. We did the sacred edifice look more beautiful. The main altar which has lately undergone repairs, having been beautifully painted and gilded, was decorated with exquisite tapers, lilies, roses and carnations. The altar was flanked by two large tabernacles, the one at the back and either side, the delicate green of the slender palms blended exquisitely with the white, while rare plants graced the chancel below.

At the 10 o'clock mass the girls of the Holy Angel's Choir sang beautifully. I have often wondered how it is that the singing of the boys and girls in St. Mary's Church is so far superior to any other in the city. The choir sang the 11 o'clock Mass with the choir soloists. Offertory Regina Coeli (Weigand). After the first gospel Vicar McCann ascended the pulpit and General Vesper was sung. The choir sang the 12 o'clock Mass with the choir soloists. The choir sang the 1 o'clock Mass with the choir soloists. The choir sang the 1 o'clock Mass with the choir soloists.

St. John's Church, East Toronto. The devotions of Holy Week and Easter Sunday at St. John's Catholic Church, East Toronto were more than usually impressive this year. Since the good and popular Father Dodsword took charge of the parish special attention has been paid to the proper observance of the solemn events in the life of our Saviour commemorated by the ceremonies of Holy Week and Easter Sunday were most fittingly exemplified by the proceedings at this church. Each day of the week the decorations were arranged in a manner that reflected great credit on the delicate taste of the pastor and the committee of ladies who carried out his ideas.

On Easter Sunday the services were of most impressive character, and were elaborated decorations were arranged in a manner that reflected great credit on the delicate taste of the pastor and the committee of ladies who carried out his ideas. On Easter Sunday the services were of most impressive character, and were elaborated decorations were arranged in a manner that reflected great credit on the delicate taste of the pastor and the committee of ladies who carried out his ideas.

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did style by a largely augmented choir under the direction of Mrs. Wm. Pettley. A short and eloquent sermon suitable to the day was delivered by Father Dodsword, and a most edifying sight was the large number of communicants; a fitting testimony of the noble work that is being done in this parish. Language is scarcely sufficient to describe the appearance of the church in the evening, when the myriad of lights of every color arranged in most artistic form appealed to the admiration of all. The beautiful ceremonies and the eloquent and fervid sermon of the pastor were much appreciated by the large congregation which filled the church, and no doubt will have a good effect on the number of non-Catholics who attended the various services.

The New Steamship Dominion.

On April 21 the new Dominion Line steamship Dominion will be launched from the shipyards of Harland & Wolff, Belfast, on April 28, will sail from Liverpool for Montreal on her maiden voyage. The Dominion is a large passenger steamship of 6,000 tons, and will be the largest vessel in the Canadian passenger trade this season. She is fitted with twin screws, and is said to be in every way a model of comfort and elegance. The passenger accommodation is very much on the same general plan as the Canada of the same line. The Dominion will accommodate 175 first-class cabin, 100 second cabin, and a large number of steerage passengers.

How Will You Trade?

Trade what? Trade work for money; you want men and women everywhere to sell your Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders for cakes, candies, ice-cream, etc. They are perfectly pure and twice as strong as liquid extracts. We pay \$3.25 a day and give steady work; if you can't get more than that, write to us at once and we will start you to work. Address the U.S. FRUIT CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Knights of St. John.

The members of the R. O. U. Knights of St. John will receive Holy Communion in a body at St. Michael's Cathedral at the 9 o'clock Mass, Sunday, April 17th. The parade will form at the corner of Queen and McCarroll streets at 8 1/2 a.m. and leave for the church at 8:30 a.m. sharp.

Can You Write a Better ad?

\$35.00 Will be paid by the American Dunlop Tire Company for the two best advertisements setting forth the superiority of the Dunlop Detachable Tires.

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INCORPORATED 1855. Paid-up Capital \$2,600,000 Reserve Fund \$1,150,000 Total Assets \$11,400,000. Office: Company's Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto. DEPOSITS are received at 3 1/2 per cent. interest, paid or compounded half yearly. DEBITMENTS issued in Currency or Sterling, with interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or England. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company.

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Chats with the children

WELCOMING NEW COMERS.

We are welcoming new cousins every day. The Register will soon have the largest and most family of cousins of any paper in Canada.

One of these new cousins "Cousin Flo" will pop into the schoolroom when you are all hard at work, and don't expect her, so you had better keep your company manners on all the time.

"He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small, For the dear God who loveth us Hath made and loveth all."

DEAR COUSIN FLO—I am one of the many little boys of St. Helen's sanctuary. Our church had the mission first.

When Father Devlin was preaching to us one morning, he told us a story about a little boy who used to tell lies, and his mother caught him one time telling her a lie and she told him to stick out his tongue and she put some red pepper on it.

The children were not allowed to go to church in the night but I went because I was on the sanctuary and we had to go and sing. The Jesuit Fathers said that we could pronounce and sing the Latin better than any boys they ever heard and they said they heard a great many.

DEAR COUSIN FLO it would be worth your while to come and see them the first chance you get.

From your loving cousin, Age 9 years. THOMAS COLAND, TORONTO, April 2nd, 1898.

I shall certainly come and see St. Helen's sanctuary boys after that. They must be a sight to behold. I think cousin Thomas's prayer to be made a "smart" boy has been speedily answered; he has given us the best letter we have had yet in "Chats."

Now it is in order for some of the sanctuary boys of other churches in the city to come forward and stick up for their special guild like this sturdy little nine year old champion.

We want to hear from St. Michael's, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's and St. Paul's; didn't they get any compliments worth mentioning? They had better try and get their champions to crack them up, or they will be left behind in other matters besides Latin and santonies.

COUSIN FLO.

PUZZLES.

WORD REBUS.

A man his takings and found they hauled worldly and found they com [anagram] pie.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

An old woman had a basket of apples which she sold at two for a cent. Presently some boys came along who snatched some apples and ran away. The old woman offered two boys six apples apiece to run after them.

have had half as much again." How many apples did she sell, how many did she lose and how many had she altogether?

CONUNDRUM. What is the difference between a newly married couple and the fruit that Eve ate in the Garden of Eden? It took the snail just 9 days.

DIAMOND. A M Y F L I E T A M E R I G O E D I T H O A G K O

TRIANGLE. I C U B E R C U B E R E R A S E B L A B E Y E R O G

CONUNDRUMS. 1. Seven, of course. 2. A sentence has a pause at the end of a clause, and a cat has its claws at the end of its paw.

MARKS. Mamie Foy, 5; C. Oaserry, 5; A. Blondin, 5; M. E. Morrison, 4; J. O'Malley, 3; M. McGoe, 2; M. H. Smith, 1.

Cousin Mary's story will appear next week, and so will the letters of Cousin Aloysius and Cousin Teresa.

In reply to Mary, Cousin Flo's address is Catholic Register, 40 Lombard street, Toronto. If the cousins mark are not credited at once, they must have a little patience; the totals will be published soon.

What Shall I do With my Boy or Girl?

[WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.]

The above question is the subject of a series of articles in a city daily. Another and equally important question which suggests itself is, "What does the boy or girl wish to be?"

I hear of men who are going to bring up their boys as a lawyer. They cast the horoscope of a son's future without consulting the son's likes or capabilities. Ten chances to one the boy doesn't want to be a lawyer. His tastes may be artistic, mechanical, or commercial.

To those who have travelled some of the way, the paths of life run in many directions and seldom cross. As we step in our hurry and look back we can see the fork in the roads where we turned, and we are tempted to wish perhaps, the rejected road might have been broader, easier to travel.

As your boy chooses the fork in the road let him choose the path. Do not force him into the path of your desires, if it is not suited to his certain vocation, and remember that you are not the owner of your son, but his guiding star.

HELPLESS FOR SIX MONTHS.

Rheumatic Cold Him in Chances—Suffered Until Yesterday—The Great Relief—America Rheumatic Cold Waxed War and Won a Complete Victory—Relief in a Few Hours.

"I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I was completely helpless for over six months. I tried all kinds of remedies but got no relief. Having noticed several testimonials published of the cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure I obtained a bottle of it, and received relief from pain from the first dose, and in an incredibly short time I was entirely freed from my sufferings." James K. Colo. Almonte, Ont.

Farm and Garden

Prof. J. H. Shepperd, in American Agriculturist: It is usually advisable to seed spring wheat as early as the soil is in good condition after the ground has warmed sufficiently for the seed to grow.

Farm and Home. The orchard is never injured by fowls, but on the contrary excellent work is done by poultry in destroying insects. Every one who has an orchard and does not keep a flock is losing a profit that is more easily secured than in any other manner with poultry.

Consular reports received at Washington give some interesting statistics relating to the sheep and wool industries of Australasia. The report from New Zealand shows that the number of sheep in that colony increased from less than 768,000 in '65 to over 19,000,000 in '96.

The number of sheep in New South Wales increased from a little over three-quarters of a million to over 129 million pounds, and the value of the wool from less than a million dollars to nearly twenty-one and one-half million dollars.

In Tasmania the number of sheep increased from 42,000 in 1821 to one million and a half in '96. The production of wool increased in the same period from less than 148,000 pounds to nearly seven and one-quarter million pounds.

In Victoria the sheep increased from 782,288 in 1840 to over 13,000,000 in 1896, and the production of wool from less than 942,000 pounds to nearly 79,000,000 pounds.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, who makes a specialty of growing tomatoes, says: For an early crop of tomatoes, I prefer a light sand or gravelly loam, with a south or western exposure. Avoid all soils not being good drainage. I have seen good crops grown on soil plowed under in the spring, but prefer to have the previous crop a hoed crop, which has been well manured, no manure being necessary for the tomatoes.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer from it more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, genuine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Cardinal Gibbons on the "Future of Religion."

Several distinguished Catholic writers, including His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, were among the contributors to a symposium on "The Future of Religion" in the columns of The New World.

"Do you look for the continued increase of the influence of the Christian religion upon modern thought and its power to sway the lives of the actions of man?"

"Are you an optimist or a pessimist in your views of the modern phases of scientific unbelief as affecting the position of the Church? Is unbelief growing with knowledge, or does it wither in the light of higher culture?"

"Is the gospel of Christ a living power to-day in all civilized lands?"

"Has religion accomplished so much in the nineteenth century that we may fairly look for even more mighty works in the twentieth?"

"Is your denunciation in particular growing in the vital elements of true Christianity as well as in the number of its adherents and the wealth of its churches?"

"Are the problems of labor and capital and of the warlike spirit between nations likely to be solved by the better enforcement and understanding of the Christian law?"

Cardinal Gibbons writes as follows: "The distinguishing characteristics of modern thought may be summed up in two words—a desire for liberty and a desire for truth.

"The Christian religion has no reason to fear the full light of truth. As long as men's minds are darkened by ignorance or deceived by half truths, so long will the progress of Christianity be impeded. It is truth that Christianity proclaims. The more the world is divested of prejudice, the greater liberty men are accorded in seeking truth and the more enlightened becomes their conscience.

"The Gospel of Christ is the greatest living power to-day in all civilized lands. Even those who do not profess themselves followers of Him who said, 'Love your enemies,' are so surrounded by the healthful atmosphere of Christianity that they cannot but breathe its spirit.

"In the beginning of the present century the outlook for Christianity from a human standpoint was anything but encouraging. New schemes, new ideas and new theories were eagerly followed by the multitude with little discernment, and often times for the sake of novelty only.

"The French Academy.

The presence of Comte Albert de Man in the French Academy strengthens the Catholic party in the great institution first organized by Cardinal de Richelieu. The other Chief representatives of Catholicism in the Academy are Cardinal Perrault, Bishop of Autun, who is an authority on Ireland; the Duc de Broglie, Comte d'Haussonville, M. Herve, editor of l'Observateur; and M. Coppes, poet and dramatist; and M. Brunetiere, University lecturer, and editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Another Prominent Convert.

Newport, R.I., April 4.—Rev. Edward L. Buckley, until recently rector of the fashionable Zabrickie Memorial Church, which many summer residents attend, has been converted to the Catholic faith.

They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughton, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Domestic Reading

After all, wealth is the test of the welfare of a people, and the test of wealth is the command of the precious metals. No-nonsense! Great wealth is a great blessing to a man who knows what to do with it, and for honors, they are inestimable to the honorable.

"The fundamental law of Christianity is the love of God and love of our neighbor. When men have made this law their rule of life in the counting-house and foreign office, as well as in the church and home, we shall not have long to wait for all friction between labor and capital to disappear and all war and rumors of war to cease.

"Christianity affirms the truths: we cannot force us to accept them. We shall probably have to receive many hard knocks before we have sense enough to become through Christians.

A Well-known Editor Killed.

Waco, Tex., April 1.—W. O. Brann, editor of The Iconoclast, an A. C. C. paper. T. Davis met to-day and fought a revolver duel to the death. When the battle was over Brann was found to be wounded in the left lung, the left leg and the right foot. Davis was shot through the right lung and through both arms.

The difficulty between the two men grew out of the Brann-Baylor feud of last year. Capt. Davis' daughters are pupils of Baylor University, a Baptist institution, and the references made in the Iconoclast to Baylor, which were generally construed to mean reflections on the moral character of the faculty, brought forth from Capt. Davis a denunciation of Brann, delivered in language forcible and direct.

In the city campaign, now in progress, Capt. Davis is the chairman of one of the committees, and was active all day in the duties that position entailed. Election day is close at hand, and excitement was high. Brann was an advocate of the candidate Capt. Davis was seeking to defeat, and that state of affairs contributed to no small extent to the chief cause, by any means.

About a month ago, a friend of the city campaign committee, friend of Brann's referred to him in complimentary terms in the presence of Capt. Davis, and nearly provoked a row then and there. Remarks on that occasion made by Capt. Davis as to the Iconoclast and its editor were repeated, it is said, in Brann's hearing, and Brann's episode carried up the men against each other, and increased the bitterness between them, which began when the Brann-Baylor trouble arose, and grew intense when the Gerald-Harris tragedy occurred last November. It was often predicted that when Brann and Capt. Davis met there would be bloodshed.

This six-month Brann and his business manager, W. H. Ward, were opposite the street from the Cotton Belt office, and were seen crossing the street together, going in the direction of French's book store. Capt. Davis' office being between the book store and the Cotton Belt office. When Brann and Ward reached the front of the book store, Capt. Davis was in front of his office. The words that passed between them were terms of reproach, and they lost no time in getting out their weapons. About ten seconds were occupied in the shooting, at the end of which Brann and Davis lay bleeding, and W. H. Ward, Brann's business partner, was shot through the right hand, the bones being shattered. A wild bullet hit Motorman Kennedy in the knee. Another wild bullet hit Eugene Kepler in the foot. The wild bullet wounds are not serious. Kepler and his partner, Prince, are touring the world on a wager, and had just reached Waco.

St. Ann's Young Men.

MONTEAL, April 7.—The course of popular free lectures inaugurated by St. Ann's Young Men, has grown steadily into favor, and one of the most successful was given last night by Sir William Hingston, entitled: "A Social Chat." The speaker began in a chatty way, and soon entered upon his favorite theme of medicine, and dwelt on the differences in temperament and physical development of the people of the old land and their descendants in this. He had obtained data from actual tests, that this country rather improved than otherwise. The people who came to their shores, they grew taller than their ancestors, had more muscular strength and greater intellectual acumen.

The French Academy.

The presence of Comte Albert de Man in the French Academy strengthens the Catholic party in the great institution first organized by Cardinal de Richelieu. The other Chief representatives of Catholicism in the Academy are Cardinal Perrault, Bishop of Autun, who is an authority on Ireland; the Duc de Broglie, Comte d'Haussonville, M. Herve, editor of l'Observateur; and M. Coppes, poet and dramatist; and M. Brunetiere, University lecturer, and editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes. This is a formidable combination, sufficient to keep out M. Zola should he again offer himself as a candidate, though so heavily compromised by his defence of Dreyfus.

Another Prominent Convert.

Newport, R.I., April 4.—Rev. Edward L. Buckley, until recently rector of the fashionable Zabrickie Memorial Church, which many summer residents attend, has been converted to the Catholic faith.

Catholic School Debentures

The figures laid before the Toronto Catholic Separate School Board at the meeting on Tuesday evening, with regard to the recent large sale of 4 per cent. debentures cannot be regarded as unwelcome. The sale was quick and resulted in 42,198 over and above the par value. We do not think we err in saying that a better success has never been made to a similar sale in the city of Toronto. The Board is entitled to take no little credit to itself over the result.

The Little Red Lamb

O minstrel of morning, Thy grassy home scoring, To welcome the rising day. O sweet is thy singing, 'Neath heaven's gate ringing, Out joy in thy gladsome lay. O greeter of brightness, With song full of lightness, No harp of the mountain had trilled more like thy putting in the firmament soaring. In raptur' of love and song O'er thy home in the flowers, While thy tender mate covers, Sing us thy bridal lay. 'Thro' bright sunbeams gliding, The honey cloud lulling, Make sad sounds of mortal's day May thy lay last forever. May the soulful tones never Miss music from the sky, Long, long mayst thou sing it, And from sunny air ring it, Euthroned in bright clouds on high. —Translated from the Irish by A. P. Graves.

MADRE MARIA'S HOPE

BY MARGARET KENNA

A WAYSIDE CALVARY.

Three little boys passed under the cross, which stretched its rude arms across the troubled sky of Italy. The climb to the mountain-top had tortured a hot scorching into their cheeks, their eyes had a wild brightness in the sunshine, and the sweat dripped from their faces to their breasts. They could not speak for their beating hearts.

Luigi Roseti ran back for little Margherita Riardo, who stood in the path with tears in her eyes. She could not make the marching-time the boys did, but the tears only glistened in her eyes, they did not fall. Luigi's strong little heart was thrilled at her courage, for she was little—so little she still wore the coarse white linen slips of a baby. He was sorry she was not as strong as he was, and, although he was wearier than the others, he ran back for her.

"Come, bambino," he cried, dragging her by the hand, "it is the hour." Margherita looked at him a moment, wondering at the words. Luigi looked at her, wondering, for she was strange to his Southern eyes. She had the faxen hair and the pallor which make an angel in Italy.

Pietro Valdi was already climbing the cross when they reached the spot. "No, Pietro," said his brother Nino, a year older than Pietro and then only seven, "come down; Luigi is the oldest. He must be crucified."

"Come down, Pietro," Luigi called. "I will be Jesus." Pietro came down sadly. Nino twisted a wreath of green thorns and laid it on Luigi's black curls. Little Margherita had heard the women talking about the Passion Play the night before, and her mother had told her that Joseph Meyer, who took the part of Christ, was not hurt, only very tired for many days after.

"I will be Jesus," Luigi called. "I can hang myself on the cross, Nino, but I cannot get up, so you must come back for me," said Luigi softly.

He climbed the cross with the might and grace of his little hands and hung himself to it by a flax rope. The boys looked up at him with eyes blinded by the sun.

"Come down, Luigi," said little Margherita; but Luigi did not speak. "Come home now, Margherita," Nino and I will come back for Luigi at three. We're only practicing for the Passion Play. Once, when Luigi was a baby, the fishing-boats did not come home, and the village was starry, and an artist painted a picture of Luigi's mother and the Madonna, and then Madre Maria bought bread for the village. Luigi and Nino and I will soon be men. If the village is in need again, we can have the Passion Play, and many people will come from Rome to see it, and you, Margherita, can be the Madonna; so come home now, bambino."

He and Nino started down the mountain, but Margherita would not follow.

"Luigi," she murmured, winding her little arms around the foot of the cross, "are you thirsty?" But the boy hung there in ecstasy. A thorn pressed into his temple and the blood purified over his cheek.

"Madre Maria will be crying for you, Luigi!" The lashes fluttered over his eyes at the Madonnina's name.

"Come down, Luigi," Madre Lucia told me last night that Jesus died on the cross to make us happy. Are you happy, Luigi?"

The cross did not tremble under his frail figure and the earth was still. The bird Margherita stayed, and the birds gathered on the arms of the cross and sang as if sin had never touched the world.

lio in the grass and watch the sheep. "Madre mia," he said one afternoon, "when I lie still and close my eyes I can hear the birds singing as they sang when I hung on the cross. It is the music of Good Friday."

Maria laid her hand over his eyes and sat trembling and thrilled. She scarce dared look at Luigi those days, lest the village should see in her eyes the hope in her heart. It was a mighty hope to Maria's pure heart. It made halo-angels of her smiles and tears. Only Padre Filippo divined it. It was her secret and his, and it stood between them like an angel of God.

"Luigi," she said to the child, "you must not think so much about the cross and the birds. The cross of Jesus is a gospel of gladness to the world it redeemed. You have a sad nature, like mine. I want you to have your father's soul. He was like the sea, Luigi mo—rough some days, but with the sun over shining on his heart, as it does on the wild waves. Have you not seen how little Margherita and her mother are always laughing in the fields? Yet Margherita's mother is a saint, and Padre Filippo—he is smiling always and so poor!"

"Luigi has a good heart," Padre Filippo murmured, pausing where the mother sat with the boy's head on her knees. "He needs to watch the flocks and let that wild little Nino light the altar-candles. The scent of the fields, the bleating of the lambs in the dawn, the salting of the sheep in the starlight, the drinking of the grape juice from old Mario's wine press—these are what Luigi needs to make his body grow as great as his soul!"

"Yes, padre," said Maria, with a glad smile. Luigi looked out dreamily over the meadow. The grass ran down to the brook and finished with a fringe of lilies. He raised himself on his elbow to watch old Mario leading the donkey about, with little Margherita on its woolly back. It was his mother's donkey, and for her birth-day old Madre Pollogini had woven him a gay blue bridle to give to her. The laughing child and the donkey and Mario, so black with sun-burn, were a wondrous picture to Luigi, who had the Italian love of color. The lambs were drinking in the brook. In the moist air the splashing of their little tongues made a murmur of music. In the distance the women were coming home from the vineyard, singing snatches of Vesper chants.

Maria saw Luigi watching Margherita. The child was growing so beautiful as a seraph. Already he loved her very dearly in his little heart; Maria loved her too, but ever a vision rose before her eyes. She tapered the flame in the village chapel, the priest was speaking to his people. It was not Padre Filippo. Margherita would go to a convent in Rome to be educated. The Riardos were wine-sellers and could well afford it. Perhaps she would marry a prince, and Luigi—

"Madonna," said the boy, "I have been thinking of what Padre Filippo says, and I am going to be a shepherd!"

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a sword of disappointment, thrust into her heart never to be withdrawn. Though the lips smiled, the black eyes seemed to sing an eternal requiem. It mattered not to Luigi that her bodice was of a brilliant blue and her skirts shorter than Roman women wore. She was his mother, and he saw the world gaze at her with joy in his heart. He wanted her to come home with him to lunch and then back again to the church, so he carried a little flagon of wine to her and made her drink it in the porch.

Margherita was waiting for him when he reached his studio. "Where is Madre Maria?" she cried when she saw Luigi. "She is still at church," he said, the spirit of the church lingering in his voice as he held out his hands to her.

He stood looking at her, and she returned his gaze, regarding him softly with her blue eyes—eyes which did not know the world, and yet eyes which it would never dazzle.

"I love you, Margherita," he murmured, bending and touching her brow with his lips. "Yes," she said, just brushing his curls with her fingers.

"The statue is nearly finished. It is wrought from memory. Memory is so beautiful sometimes that one fears to make it better."

He drew the sheet away. Margherita clasped her hands as at a vision. The studio was darkened; the angel seemed to stand in a twilight between the worlds. The head hung low on the breast, giving a beautiful dreaminess to the ethereal face. The strong light wings swept down, as if a breeze were brushing them, in flight, and the hands touched the shoulders of the child playing in its shadow. It was not a bare theme under Luigi's chisel. It was the angel fluttering between time and eternity.

"Yes," she said, as thrilled, and yet he stood trembling as she waited for her to speak. She rose and wound her arms around the angel's throat and laid her cheek against the stone. Luigi saw that out of the fire of his heart he had made the marble breathe, even as she was breathing now.

"Luigi, how could you make it so human and so divine? You are the new Angelo!"

"Perhaps Angelo's shade was with me as I worked. Oh, that old man! He had more than a sculptor's chisel—he had a seraph's heart. But, Margherita, my angel is not fit fame. It is a little votive-offering which I make—not that the world may tremble at the beautiful art of it, but that the angels may look up and smile as they pass, even as I smile, because God has given me an Guardian Angel!"

"—he raised her hands to his lips. Then he struck the angel's face one or two exquisite blows and the spirit of a smile passed over the lips. "Tell me, Luigi, how is old Mario? Did not Madre Maria tell you of him?"

"Yes, he is well, and Giovanni— it is not strange that Mario must always have a donkey, Giovanni, to ride the babies about on, since the one he gave my mother when we were little? The present one is wiser than his ancestors, for he goes alone to carry the convent linens, though you must know he meets many on the mountain-path to tempt him from the way of honor!"

"Has Madre Pollogini still her rheumatism?"

"Yes; and Padre Filippo's grave has just had a new sod laid on it, and my mother has planted lilies and passion-flowers there."

A shade passed over the two young faces and they looked up at the crucifix.

"Is Nino's little brother tired of being shepherd, in your place?"

"I do not know. My mother says the lambs are beautiful this year."

She was still standing by the angel, with her hands resting on its wings. A breeze swept the hair over her brow, and her young eyes looked out at Luigi through a cobweb of gold.

She was faintly conscious of her own charm. In the school the girls all turned to her, but she tried to conceal her sovereignty. Alas for the veils which human tenderness would draw! A violet may be sorry for its own beautiful blooming and may hide in the deep grass, but the dew falls in its little heart, the sun lights up the dew-drops, and the violet is betrayed! Luigi smiled as he watched her.

brava, Luigi? Madre Maddalena worldly! It was a sweet day, and in the evening we had a feast of straw berries!"

"There came a pause after their sweet laughter. The blue paled in the sky. A flight of doves stormed the window for the crooning crumbs. Ave Maria sounded in one moment from all the bells in Rome.

Luigi started. "Would you like to be married in the village church at home, Margherita?"

As he spoke Madre Maria stood in the door. It was Good Friday. Together Madre Maria and Margherita and Luigi went to St. Peter's.

"The day hung its shadow over the two women, as they stood waiting in the throng. Maria's eyes were cast down and the lashes trembled on her cheeks. Her gnarled hand clasped her wooden rosary. There was a prayer on her lips for the world. That was its only existence to her. In the midst of it she abandoned herself to God. Beside her Margherita was but a child. Rome had nothing to match her white loveliness, unless it be the lilies in its tremendous battlements for the Easter bells.

At last they were within the doors. Was there a garment of death upon the human race, or was it but the darkening of the sun in St. Peter's? They were almost affrighted in the gloom. Scarlet and purple and gold were dimmed, the blue sky was forgotten, the multitude was as one human heart throbbing before the Presence which the altar fire betrayed.

"Out of the silence, out of the darkness, voices rose. "Stabat Mater Dolorosa."

The Lamb was meeting a new death. His blood waited in the music. Night had fallen when Luigi and Margherita left the church. The streets were like snow in the moonlight. They had lost Madre Maria in the crowd, and they paused by one of the columns to wait.

Margherita spoke at last. "Luigi, Padre Filippo's little donkey is waiting to take you far and wide across the mountains, on missions of love. There is none to take his place but you, Luigi—I know it now—you are chosen."

"Yes, I will break the Bread of Life to Padre Filippo's people."

She lifted his hand with sweet reverence to her lips, as if his words had already consecrated it. He looked into her eyes.

"And I?" she murmured—"I will sing for the world. God has given me song."

Luigi found Madre Maria sitting on the steps in the moonlight. She had lost her way, but she was not afraid. In the church she had confessed to her own heart that she had sinned in her blind yearning to see Luigi a priest of God. Now a smile waited on her wan lips, to bless his betrothal to Margherita.

"Madre Maria," the girl whispered; just at that moment a breeze swept the lilies at yonder door, and they bent their heads—"the shepherd is going back to his lambs."

At last Maria realized. Tears splashed on Margherita's hand.

"Madonna!" Luigi cried, kneeling for his mother's blessing.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

M. A. Pages, president of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, has sent a copy of the general report to the Holy Father. The Pope has written him a letter in reply, warmly expressing his satisfaction with the progress of the work, especially in England, and sending him the apostolic Benediction to the members of the Council and to all associates.

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DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE)

Pretty St. George's Hall was a scene of unparalleled festivity on Easter Monday. If I used the usual eulogistic phrases, I should say the dazzling lights, and glittering toilettes made up a vision of supreme beauty, but, bless you, stilted stock phrases like that don't describe him the good time we enjoyed, and besides we didn't look in for five minutes just to get the names and then scurry away to write a description we kept stereotyped on purpose for "social function" paragraphs.

Not we, we went for a good time, and as much of it as we could get, and the consequence was that we committed a lamentable breach of social etiquette by arriving only ten minutes after the time specified, and finding ourselves the solitary occupants of the hall. However, as we rather apologetically remarked to the President, who affably tried to entertain us before her duties of receiving the guests commenced, somebody had to arrive first, so it might just as well be us; and we were agreeably surprised to find that nobody considered they could have too much of us.

About 9 o'clock most of the guests had arrived, and our fear that there might not be enough gentlemen to go round was soon dispelled. There was no scarcity of the lords of creation, and they did not lounge about listlessly and hang around the door as though they thought everything "such a duff of a bo don-cher-ko;" they tried to give as much pleasure as they could, were always on hand for a dance or a promenade or a chat.

The indefatigable master of ceremonies did not believe in the cultivation of the sweet-smelling wallflower. "Would not Miss—like to dance?" there were half a dozen gentlemen anxious for the pleasure "etc.", and the wallflower was promptly rooted up and borne off in triumph. The dancing was in full swing when the joyful face of Rev. Father Ryan, the director of the Sodality appeared in the doorway. He was speedily captured and installed in an armchair on the platform, where card-tables had been provided for those who did not care to indulge in the mazy dance.

All too soon the flight of time warned us that we should miss the car if we lingered longer, and a pleasant game of eubrie was broken up by an invitation to supper. Downstairs, Mr. Harry Webb's men had spread a feast of good things, and were soon busy attending to the wants of the hungry guests.

Twenty minutes to twelve! We had three transfers to make, and were already too late. With many regrets at having to leave so early, off we bolted, without time even to obtain the names of the managers of the entertainment.

"There is a car coming up!" Off darted the gentleman who had kindly volunteered to see us to the car, and away we peeped after him, just in time. The conclusion of the adventure must be left till next week. TEXASA.

Easter Sunday at St. Peter's. The brightness and joy of Easter found appropriate expression in the various services of St. Peter's Church on that day. At the 8:30 Mass the school children under the excellent guidance of Sister Ermelinda, gave a choice and well rendered selection of Easter hymns. At the 10:30 Mass the choir sang Farmer's Mass in B flat. The precision and vigor with which they rendered this difficult but noble Mass, did credit to their industry and to the able and energetic work of their very capable leader, Mr. McEvay. The Vespers' music was up to the standard of the morning. In the morning and especially in the evening the altar was adorned with Easter lilies and other beaming flowers, arranged in a manner which did honor to the Altar Society, and to Misses Rodgers and Dunbar who had charge of the work.

On Monday evening a concert under the auspices of St. Peter's Broph of the League of the Cross, was given in Broadway Hall, and was well attended considering the many attractions of a similar kind on that night. An excellent programme was rendered. After a fine quartette by Messrs. J. O'Malley, E. Crowley, J. Curtin, B. Wainright, Mr. D. A. Phillips, delighted the audience with his refined comedy, his partner, Mr. Wray ably seconding his efforts in this respect. The elocution was of a high order, Miss Louise Halley and Miss McCarthy being the accomplished contributors. A pleasing feature of the programme was the beautiful and cultured singing of Mr. M. Costello, whilst Mr. Bert Wainright's first attempt at concert singing was gratifyingly successful. Mr. J. J. Landy, though laboring under a cold sang vigorously and acceptably. The names of the Misses McEvay and Evelyn Kennedy are a guarantee that the instrumental portion of the concert was of a high order, whilst Miss Flynn was an efficient accompanist.

Why will you allow a cold to rack your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

HOLY WEEK AT ST. HELEN'S

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER)

At St. Helen's Church, the office of Holy Week were carried out with that conscientious regard for detail, which distinguishes its Reverend Pastor. On Holy Thursday after Tenobrav Rev. Father Jeffcott delivered a beautiful sermon on the Blessed Sacrament and on the following evening Rev. Father Grogan, C.S.S.R., gave a graphic and touching description of the Passion. At the High Mass on Sunday morning, the pastor Rev. Father Cruise preached from the text "Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified." The Reverend speaker said: "In the same way as the children sang this song, after witnessing the danger from which God had delivered them, so should we sing on this joyous Easter day. Death and Life had just passed through a strange and awful strife. Life had won, Christ has risen and our souls have risen with Him. Some have risen to condemnation, others to everlasting life, glorious, immortal and blessed. All we hope for is found in the corporeal resurrection of Christ. Christ's body is a spiritualised body, so should ours be when we have risen from the death of sin. Death has no longer dominion over Christ, nor should it longer have dominion over us. We should remember that Our Lord in rising from the tomb took with Him no remnant connected with it; the place, the elements, all things of death were left behind. Thus if we take with us anything pertaining to sin, our resurrection will not be like that of Christ, but rather like that of Lazarus. If therefore we wish to be truly risen, we must seek the assistance of our blessed Mother, who will obtain for us grace to persevere and to withstand all temptations; it may then be said of us as it was of Our Lord, "Christ being risen, dies no more, death can have no further dominion over Him." The music both morning and evening was particularly good and though unassisted by an orchestra, the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo and Agnus Dei from Gounod's Messe Solennelle together with the Sanctus and Benedictus from Mozart's First Mass were given with good effect. The Regina Coeli was sung at the offertory. The solo work in the mass was done by the Misses Kearns, Mallon, Dickson and Hart, and by Messrs. Dickenson, Mottram and Molloy. At Vespers the solos in Emmerig's Magnificat were taken by Messrs. Mottram and Dickenson, and during Benediction Rossi's Tantum Ergo was admirably given by Miss Kearns and Mr. Dickenson assisted by the choir. The beautiful "Victimae Paschali" was also rendered.

The organ was presided over in her usual able manner by the proficient organist Miss Memory. Nor must the sanctuary boys be forgotten. They sang the alternate verses of the psalms and assisting in the litany. These boys deserve an extra word of praise; they sing well, sometimes beautifully, and their phrasing and pronunciation is something which many adults might copy with profit. In their services about the altar they are exemplary; their department is most pleasing and edifying. The choir being large, a greater number of boys than is usual in a small church can be accommodated, and thus somewhat in the vicinity of forty boys, beautifully vested were yesterday seated in the

sanctuary. The servers wore ascooks of soft creamy white material, finished with red sashes over which was worn the pretty lace surplice, others wore soutanes of red with handsome sashes of green, while still others wore the ordinary black gown with snowy surplice. Grace and harmony were in the whole. From an educative point of view the benefits arising from the training of these boys in music and in all else pertaining to the altar, are incalculable, and the results cannot be but those who assist him in this work. For years the altar of St. Helen's have been noted for the fine taste displayed in their adornment, and though the church itself has nothing to recommend it from an architectural point of view, yet on Sunday, so tasteful rich and chaste, did the altars appear that an air of beauty was given to the whole. Lights in scarlet and green surrounded the back framework, from the centre of which rose a cross in the same colors. Fronting the altar on the floor of the sanctuary, stood out joyously in colored lights the word "Alleluia," green foliage intermingled with the easter lily and delicate white bloom found resting places here and there amidst the twinkling fairy lights and numberless lighted waxen tapers, the whole displaying as seen through the mystic haze of the ascending incense, a most beautiful shrine erected in honor of the risen Lord. M. L. H.

HEART DISEASE.

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An Oranville Lady Who Has Suffered Severely from Heart Disease and Tells How She Found a Cure

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

A remarkable case recently came under the notice of our reporter, and for the benefit it may be to some of our readers, we are going to tell them about it. In the south ward of this town lives Mrs. Hubbard, a lady much esteemed by those who knew her. Mrs. Hubbard has been a great sufferer from heart trouble, and ultimately became so bad that it would not have surprised her friends to have heard of her death. But a change has come and she is once more rejoicing in good health. When our reporter called upon Mrs. Hubbard and made his mission known she said she would be delighted to tell him of her "miraculous cure" as she styled it. "Of course no one thought I would get better, I thought myself I could not last long, for at times it seemed as if my heart was going to burst. Oh, the dreadful sensations, the awful pains and weakness, together with a peculiar feeling of distress, all warned me that my life was in danger. I consulted a doctor but he could do absolutely nothing for me. My friends saw me gradually sinking, and I would have been glad to see them. My strength waned, my nerves were shattered; I could not walk, for every step caused my heart to palpitate violently. It is utterly impossible to fully describe my condition. One day a friend brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and told me to use them, but I said there was no use—they could do no good. To this my benefactor replied that if they did not they would at least do no harm, so to please her I took the box of pills. Then I procured another box and began to feel that they were doing me good. I took in all eight boxes and now I feel strong and healthy, each day doing my housework without fatigue or weakness. For anyone who suffers from weakness of the heart, I believe there is no remedy so sure or that will bring such speedy results as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Had I only used these wonderful pills at first I would have been spared months of intense suffering. Mrs. Hubbard but re-echoes the experience of scores of sufferers, and what she says should bring hope to many who imagine there is no relief for them in this world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved more lives than we will ever know of."

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