

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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THE FAULT-FINDER

One of the greatest arguments against the advance of civilization is the habitual fault-finder. For him the progress of the ages, the transmuting of aspiration and thought into achievement, the examples of saints and sages have no meaning, and he is immune to either warning or criticism. He lives amid gloom and the dank, noisome emanations of a diseased imagination. His mission is to go about seeing flaws in every plan, deriding every work, spitting out venom on all things and persons. And all this is done in the name of religion. His insinuations are but the exhalations of a saintly spirit and his calumnies but the proofs of his zeal for good. He works always in the dark, for your fault-finder is always the meanest kind of coward, willing always to stab in the back, but too fearful to ply his devilish trade in the open. He is a moral desperado urged on by a perverted mind to harry and wound, to disseminate gossip and scandal, to collect and to scatter tittle-tattle—in a word, to be the incarnation of all that is unlovely and un-Christian. He could and would be stamped out if Catholics refused to allow themselves to be receptacles of what he fishes out of dark places. If we were always mindful of our duty the fault-finder would be left alone to gloat over his miscellaneous collection of scandals.

GOOD WORK

We are glad to learn that the Catholics of Halifax, N. S., are taking up a work that is not only of the highest importance but one absolutely necessary for their development and progress.

True, indeed, that they have always manifested an interest in education, but they feel that their efforts should be redoubled in order to give the Catholic student every opportunity to enter life well equipped and able to compete with others. They see things as they are. They are not contented with the reading of the pages that chronicle the sacrifices made by our forebears in the faith for education, but they mean to emulate their example, and to show that they also are not unwilling to give of their time and substance for the upholding of our educational traditions. To this end they purpose to begin a campaign to enlarge and to place St. Mary's college on a sound financial basis. This is a work which needs no commendation of ours. The diocese that maintains a college has ever at its disposal a store of light and efficiency. It may not be able to boast of magnificent shrines, but it can take a legitimate pride in a clergy well trained and in laymen grounded in the principles of Catholic philosophy, alert, competent and confident in their ability to contribute their quota to the moulding of public opinion.

A college stimulates ambition. It lifts us out of the rut of conservatism that clogs and blinds. It encourages us to keep step with all that is of value in modern progress, garners and develops talents that would otherwise be unused for the good of the community and God's glory. But it is not built in a day. When, however, the project receives sympathy and support it requires no vivid imagination to see in the future a goodly structure dedicated to the cause of education. When the idea that a college is necessary takes root in the hearts of Catholics it is bound to germinate and to bring forth fruits of self-denial for its attainment. Some of us we think have been remiss in this matter of education. While the non-Catholic has been concentrating his efforts upon giving his children every advantage, we have been supinely inactive, careless with regard to the future and unconscious that we were drifting into a back water. We are not niggardly in support of charity, but we forget that education is of paramount necessity and a potent factor in the development of all things that can redound to the good of a diocese. A college is our greatest asset, and wise are the people who remember the fact. We congratulate the Catholics in the movement. They may have to give

time and toil. Even the fruition of their desires shall be visible, but perseverance and fidelity to ideals never yet went unrewarded.

Not far from them they can see in St. Francis Xavier's a proof of what determined and united effort can accomplish. That college is to-day in the highway of prosperity, splendidly equipped, influential, guided by erudite and earnest professors, but its golden present was preceded by years of work, by constancy in face of obstacles of all kinds. Its walls are red with the blood of a faithful people who read aright the signs of the times, and its stones are cemented together with the devotion and love that saw in a college a well-spring of good to the Church and of efficiency in every department of human activity. We feel sure that their brethren of Halifax will emulate their example. The Irish Christian Brothers, who are to take charge of St. Mary's in September, have an enviable record as educators. In the old country and in Canada they are known as scholars of repute, and teachers of acknowledged ability.

THE REMEDY

We hear complaints about our boys who drift into the Y. M. C. A. and other Protestant clubs. Snobbery may have something to do with it, because some Catholic boys, thanks to worldly and foolish parents, believe that membership in these organizations is a passport to social and business success. They are too purblind to see that they are admitted on sufferance only, and the blood moves too sluggishly in their veins to allow any resentment at their anomalous position. They prate about the non-sectarian character of the Y. M. C. A. while the world knows that it is Protestant in method, policy and aim. Not a few Catholic lads, however, join the Y. M. C. A. on account of the gymnasium. With regard to these it is obvious in our opinion that the average boy, associating with mainly Protestants, living for a few hours each week in an atmosphere of Protestantism, spoken to by ministers who are engaged in the work of making bodies healthy and cities beautiful, may be troubled as time goes with the disease of weakening of the backbone. We do not think that complaining will remedy this matter. We may stand by looking at our boys going into Protestant clubs and waxing doleful about it, but the boys will not be deterred by our melancholy. What we should do is to build our own gymnasium. Let us give our boys the opportunities offered them elsewhere and we shall be doing something besides agitating the atmosphere with futile reprimands. Let us train the children to organization, surround them with safe-guards and sympathy and they will be responsive to our efforts. We remember that a prominent churchman said, referring to boys who have left school: "They are lost, not through Protestant efforts, but through our neglect." We endorse these words. It is not enough to give advice, which can be dispensed generously by the most selfish, but we should try to demonstrate that these boys are our brethren. If we wrap ourselves up in our little schemes, blind to our manifest duty, we are but pitiable Catholics. Organization that is up to date is the barrier, to our mind, to the drift into Protestant clubs.

POPE PIUS X. AND AN OLD GREEK BISHOP

The following is taken from a recent letter received by us from an English student at Beda College, Rome (formerly an Anglican clergyman): "The Bishop of Salford (Dr. Casartelli), who is staying here, was up in the common room for recreation recently. He told us he had been conversing with a Greek Bishop now living in Rome. The Bishop was a Greek schismatic and made his submission to the Holy See. He is a very old man—ninety-two years of age. He was blind in both eyes and paralyzed in one arm and side. When he went to the Pope he asked him to breathe upon his eyes and to lay his hand upon his arm. The Holy Father did so, and the aged bishop came away healed. This happened a year ago; he told Bishop Casartelli about it himself. The bishop heard the old Greek bishop say Mass. He resides at the Convent of the Cobnaeum.—The Lamp.

THE NEW CATECHISM

(Suggestions and criticisms are to be addressed to Rev. H. J. Canning, 5 Earle St., Toronto.)

Lesson Thirteenth

The second commandment forbids all acts that are contrary to the respect that we owe to the holy name of God. God is the Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things. He is the King of kings, and His name is above all things. We should pay the highest honour to His name. "The Lord will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain." This is what God himself says. We owe special love and honour to the holy name of Jesus, because it is the name not only of our God but of our Saviour as well, who so loved us as to die for us on a cross. The Apostle tells us that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and every tongue should confess that He is most high in the glory of God the Father. To abuse the holy name of Jesus is a crime and a shame. If we hear anyone do it, we should try to make amends for it by piously calling upon His holy name and praising it.

XIV THE THIRD COMMANDMENT

What is the third commandment of God? Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Do you keep the Jewish day of rest? No; we keep the first day of the week, Sunday, or the Lord's day. Who changed the Jewish Sabbath into Sunday? The Catholic Church. Why? Because our Lord rose from the dead and the Holy Ghost came down on that day. How do you keep the Sunday holy? By hearing Mass devoutly, and doing no servile work. Are any other days kept holy? Yes; holy days of obligation. Which are they in this country? They are Christmas, New Year's Day, the Epiphany, Ascension Day, All Saints' and the Immaculate Conception.

What does the Immaculate Conception mean? It means that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without original sin.

Lesson Fourteenth

Sunday is the Lord's Day. It is set apart, one day out of the seven, for the worship of God. The great act of public worship is sacrifice. Hence our one great duty on the Lord's day is to assist at the Lord's sacrifice, which is the Holy Mass. We must never stay away from Mass, unless there is a serious cause. A serious cause would be if one is sick, if the weather is very bad, if the distance is very great. Besides hearing Mass, we should try to sanctify the Sunday in other ways, by going to Holy Communion, hearing instructions, learning or teaching the catechism, reading good books, assisting at Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sunday is also a day of rest. Both man and beasts need one day of rest in the seven. We are bound to rest from servile work, that is, bodily work, such as is usually done for hire. Only works of necessity and charity may be done on Sunday.

XV THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

What is the fourth commandment of God? Honor thy father and thy mother. What does it bid you do? Respect and obey our parents and all who are placed over us. Why are they to be obeyed and respected? Because towards us they hold the place of God. Who are over you in the Church? The Pope, Bishops, and priests. What did our Lord say to them? "He that heareth you heareth Me." (Luke 10:16.) Who are placed over you in the State? Kings, governors, magistrates, police.

What if those that are over us are bad men? We must still obey them, but not follow them to do evil. What reward does God promise for keeping this commandment? A long and happy life.

Is this reward always given in this world? No; under the New Law the promises are mainly of happiness in the next world.

Lesson Fifteenth

After God, we owe most to our parents. We are bound to love them, to respect them, to obey them, and to

help them when they need our help. In this, as in all things, our Lord set us an example. He was subject to His Virgin Mother and to St. Joseph, though He was their Lord and their God. God will bless the children who honor their parents. On the other hand, we read in Holy Scripture: "Cursed be he that honoreth not his father and mother" (Deut. 27:16). It is our duty also to obey all who rule over us. "Let every soul," says St. Paul, "be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but from God, and the powers that be are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." (Rom. 13:1-2). We should pray for all who have authority over us, whether in the Church or in the State.

XVI

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT What is the fifth commandment of God? Thou shalt not kill.

What is forbidden by this commandment? All wilful murder, all fighting, quarrelling, anger, hatred and revenge.

Must you forgive your enemies? Yes, or else God will not forgive us.

What is the sin of killing the soul called? Scandal.

What is this? Leading others into sin.

Is cruelty to animals a sin? Yes; the good man cares for his beast, but the heart of the wicked is cruel. (Prov. 12:10.)

Lesson Sixteenth

Murder is one of the sins that cry to heaven for vengeance. It brings the curse of God upon the earth. It springs for the most part from anger, which is allowed to lodge in the heart, and to harden into hate. "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old 'Thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of judgment,' but I say unto you that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment." (St. Matt. 5:21, 22.) Put away from you all feelings of anger as quickly as you can. "Let not the sun set on your anger" (Sph. 4, 26.) It is a sin against the fifth commandment to expose oneself to serious danger without good reason; also, to injure one's health by eating or drinking to excess. Drunkenness is a degrading vice, which brings ruin on soul and body. The sure way to guard against drunkenness is not to taste intoxicating drinks.

XVII

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT What is the sixth commandment of God? Thou shalt not commit adultery.

What does it forbid? All sins against purity in word or deed.

Is impurity a very great sin? Yes; and no sin is more shameful.

What must you do to keep yourself pure? We must remember that God always and everywhere sees us, pray earnestly to the Blessed Virgin, and shun whatever leads to impurity.

What is it that most often leads to impurity? Idleness, bad company, bad books and papers, bad dances and plays.

What does our Lord say of those who keep themselves pure? "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God." (Matt. 5:8.)

Lesson Seventeenth

Purity is the angelic virtue. It makes men like the angels of God. There is no telling how much God loves the clean of heart. On the other hand, God hates impurity, and punishes it with hell-fire. Even in this world men suffer for it. Because of it the deluge came upon the earth, and the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were wiped out by fire from heaven. This sin saps the health of the body, darkens the mind, weakens the will, and makes one a slave to the devil. There is no other sin that brings so many souls to hell. We have to fight hard against it, shun bad companions, call upon Jesus and Mary when we are tempted, and go often to confession and Holy Communion. Without the grace of God we cannot be pure, and we get His grace through the sacraments. The Blessed Sacrament is called the Bread of Angels, because it fosters in those that receive it the growth of the angelic virtue.

ROBERT EMMET

JUSTORUM MEMORIA IN ETERNUM MANET

"Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given. To earth, were meant for ornaments to heaven."

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin during the turbulent period of 1778, and was executed in the year 1803, as a Revolutionary by the British Government.

In his earlier years he was a student attending Trinity College. Through his assiduous literary and scientific pursuits, he soon gained notoriety and considerable distinction, and as early as 1788 had already obtained three gold medals awarded by the Historical Debating Society, for his able and learned treatises on historical as well as forensic topics.

Much time did not elapse until Emmet's superiority of powers and his exceptional gifts caused him to become the foremost figure of the Association, as also the most conspicuous adherent to the Revolutionary party, which was being formed in Ireland at that epoch.

Having soon gained the esteem and creditable recognition of all his associates, Emmet was accordingly chosen for the Leadership of the Irish Reform Party. The youthful leader became immediately imbued with the prevailing spirit of the times and at the very outset eagerly enjoined in the spirit of this newly organized association, lending his whole hearty co-operation and sincere interest to the furthering and final attainment of that praiseworthy object—Irish Independence.

Although Emmet clearly perceived that the two most indispensable qualifications to true patriots were valor and magnanimity, and though convinced of the fact that his loyal followers were none others but the staunchest possessors of these virtues, still, it did not escape his observant mind, that these grand and noble sentiments could be but most easily overpowered; that their good results might not be obtained, if an equivalent amount of power and strength did not constitute their main support.

Ireland was, at this time, contending with an influx of critical affairs, and consequently, could not possibly lend profitable or yet efficient aid to meet the oncoming crisis. In view of these circumstances Emmet made speedy preparations to procure the assistance of their neighboring nation—France.

Not a few commentators on this period of Irish History have in vain sought for an adequate justification of this supposedly "very rash and imprudent step." Many reasons may be undoubtedly advanced to uphold this opinion; but many may also more appropriately be offered that would likely explain the situation to better advantage. We must not overlook the fact that very little aid, and more probably, none at all could come from any other source save from France. Since the moment that any power took steps to advance the Irish Cause it would immediately have (ipso facto), entered into an inimical relation with Great Britain; likewise involve itself amidst serious political complications, and, at the same time, possibly incur an immediate counter-action from other sources; we can likely conclude that few nations were then very desirous of placing themselves in such a position. None were anxious to risk or forfeit their prosperity merely for the sake of aiding others in attempting to regain Independence, since war would seem to be the inevitable issue for the settlement of the dispute.

This motive led to an interview with Emperor Napoleon and the Diplomat Minister Talleyrand; this unfortunately resulted entirely unsuccessfully, thus offering an immediate and incontrovertible proof that Ireland's independence was the ideal of the Irish people and certainly not of the perturbed French, and that Ireland's Freedom could only be obtained through the untiring efforts and unceasing struggles of his loyal followers. Emmet foresaw that the complete attainments of Ireland's rights and the re-establishment of just laws could only be wrested from the mailed hand of its Oppressor through the adoption of violent measures and that the Oppressed could be rescued only through the blood of those faithful subjects who espoused his cause.

The call to arms was quickly heeded; it came to the brisk ears of the Irish youth like "the shrill notes of the clarion or the echoing horn" that arose from their deep sleep, none were too old, none too feeble, to grasp a sword in Freedom's cause. Many soon flocked to his standard and devoutly adhered to the noble initiative which their magnanimous leader had unfolded.

Emmet now fostered the hopes of succeeding in storming the Dublin stronghold, thus striking the first blow at the very heart of the enemy—Dublin—that was the keystone to put in progression the inaugural movement of the Revolution, and at

the same time furnishing an incentive to arouse the whole Irish community, inciting their indignation and strong abhorrence to British Sovereignty in Ireland, which to their mode of thinking, was nothing else than synonymous with "tyranny and persecution."

Unquestionably the noble ideal that was always present to young Emmet's mind was the final separation of his country from English dominion and rule, and his sole life desire was to attain the complete freedom of his people. He failed signally in attaining the fulfillment of his hopes, sealing his ill-success with his own blood on the scaffold. He welcomed the thought of death as heartily as he would cherish the dawn of Ireland's resurrection from thralldom, but the cruel fates would not permit that he should offer a satisfactory vindication from the load of false accusations cast upon his irreproachable and blameless character.

The alleged false imputation with which he was charged, namely: "That he was a French Emissary" formed the basis of his condemnation, and appropriating this accusation as the professed crime of the prisoner, the British Law would willingly cleanse itself of having dealt so unmerciful, so inhuman, so incomparable a sentence; a sentence that would not have fallen upon the head of the vilest criminal. In less than four hours the head of Robert Emmet was impaled and then held to the gaze of the awe-stricken populace. "Behold the head of Robert Emmett!!!"

With the death of Robert Emmet the revolutionary spirit was quickly quelled, and the Irish people fell anew in their deep, lethargic mode. They were in need of a leader and none better could result from their choice than young Robert Emmet. He possessed all the essential qualifications as well as all the distinctive marks of a great general and statesman; and there is no doubt that he would have punctually answered all and every promising indication to a great career, if he had not been plucked in his immanence, and a fair and just trial had been his lot when convicted of high treason. But it seems—"Dis aliter visum"—the gods deemed it otherwise.

The character of this great Irish hero has become the subject of much comment and the victim of a great deal of criticism that was totally uncalled for, and immensely rash and untrue, and we are at loss to find an instance which could possibly serve as constructive material for the foundation of the deep-rooted, prejudicial statements rendered by Attorney-General Plunkett in the course of his speech addressed to the jury. Nothing but the grossest bigotry, linked with a vast narrow-mindedness could have given expression to such rank mis-statements and groundless arguments.

There is no doubt that Plunkett, in the position of Crown Prosecutor, was quite within the boundaries set by law and the legal profession, but he unquestionably went far beyond the limits that a man of honor, a man of conscientious uprightness would have, in all cases respected, and if necessity demanded, dispensed with all such legal technicalities, with such professional, or better yet, Machiavellian tactics.

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The life of Robert Emmet forms one of the grandest and most pathetic episodes in all Irish literature. The gentle and delicate romance that envelops the persons of Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran, is, beyond all doubt, one of the truest specimens of sincere love that has ever engaged the noblest sentiments of the human heart. This romance has attracted the pen of a Washington Irving, who treated this model case of sincere affection, with incomparable delicacy, in the sketch of "The Broken Heart."

It can be said with all assurance, and without the least shade of improbability, that it would be a difficult task indeed, if not a useless one, to find an equal to Robert Emmet; one who could possibly compare with all the noble accomplishments of his nature, one, who entirely free of any moral strain, free of any political corruption, free of any miscreancy that could possibly mar his purity of conscience or vary his correctness of purpose.

Notwithstanding the fact that Robert Emmet did not live to see the realization of his project, nevertheless we must not be wrongly impressed that owing to his singular failure he is, consequently, not entitled to our esteem or veneration, but on the contrary, we owe to him the greatest gratitude for his exceptionally great sacrifice for his country's cause; he offered his own life; what greater or nobler deed could possibly be wrought?

All depends upon the spirit of the age, and the way that an age receives a great man; that is the pivot whereon revolves the success or downfall of a man; the immense antagonism that has always buffeted the doings of the great geniuses can always be accredited to the intrusion of some or other exoteric element. The true genius has always been fully equipped to execute his mission, but the times and customs of the age have seldom been prepared to welcome him rightly; misappre-

hension and misguided criticism are the two inseparable and implacable enemies to all true greatness.

No age or clime will ever wither the laurel leaves of immortality that have crowned the brow of Robert Emmet. His memory will serve as a hidden scintilla beneath an ignitable mass which, "better times and better men" will some day set aglow.

His aim was indeed great and noble; for what greater or nobler motive could excite the most powerful sensibilities of our nature than that which has been so beautifully expressed by the gentle Latin poet, Horace—*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*—It is certainly an honor and an envied lot to die for one's country.

No further seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, But there in trembling hope repose, In the bosom of his father and his God.—(Gray.)

SERAFINO C. CASTRUCCI.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The date of consecration of Bishop elect O'Leary of Charlottetown has been set for May 22. The consecrating Prelate will be the most Reverend Archbishop Stagni, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

While the Scottish pilgrimage was at Lourdes, the Marchioness of Bute (who is Irish born) in white, with a mantilla of black lace, followed the banner of St. Patrick leading the Children of Mary in procession. Her husband, Lord Bute, served the Mass, besides carrying the umbrella over the Bishop during the blessing of the sick.

Within the past three months, two Jesuits (one from France and the other from Poland) have died as lepers in the colony at Ambatolampy, Madagascar. Father Dupuy, S. J., was pronounced a leper, about a year ago, while Father Bryzin, S. J., the other victim, has been suffering since 1904. Both were buried in the leper cemetery among those for whom they had lived and died.

For the first time since 1560, when the monks were expelled, Resteneth priory, Forfarshire, Scotland, has passed into Catholic hands. Miss Charlotte Louisa Hawkins Dempster of Dumfrieh, is a Catholic. She has just succeeded to the estate of Dumfrieh, Resteneth and Auchter for far, and has hastened to address a petition to the Holy See to give consent to her possession of the Church lands of Resteneth and to remove all her disabilities.

According to an article contributed to a Hildesheim paper by Herr Heinrich Gamel, who formerly edited a Danish journal, and is now secretary to Bishop Von Evert, of Denmark, having become a convert to the Catholic Church, the Danes are singularly free from religious prejudices, Catholic priests are often invited by Protestant associations to deliver addresses on subjects directly or indirectly concerning the Catholic religion.

The laureate of "The Maiden City," (Londonderry, Ireland), Mrs. Tonna, who under the name of "Charlotte Elizabeth," wrote a good deal in prose and verse in support of ultra-Protestant views and the conversion of Ireland to those views, was, an Irish paper says, a grand-aunt of the Rev. Henry Browne, who is a distinguished member of the Irish province of the Society of Jesus and Professor in the National University.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, February, 8.—Word was received from Rome, at Winnipeg, Man., on Feb. 8, that Right Rev. Emile Joseph Legal, O. M. I., D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of St. Albert, has been appointed Archbishop of Alberta. Archbishop Legal is a native of Brittany, and came to Canada in 1879 as a missionary to the Blackfoot Indians. He was consecrated Titular Bishop of Poggia on June 17, 1897, and took possession of the See of St. Albert, June 3, 1902.

Gertrude Sans-Souci Toomey, perhaps the most promising of all our younger Catholic musical composers in America, passed to her reward on the 19th ult. She studied chiefly under Moskowski in Berlin and was one of the two women musicians, out of ninety-eight performers, who was engaged to play the tremendous organ at the St. Louis exposition. Her songs are to be found in the repertoires of Gadske, Schumann, Heink, Melba, Farrar, McCormick, Bispham, Ludwig and most of the other grand opera celebrities. Her memory deserves well of the music-loving world.

Monsignor De Becker, the noted theologian and canonist of Louvain university, and one of the most prominent figures in the Catholic Church to-day, is now visiting in this country. At present he is the guest of Bishop Metz in Denver, where he also has many former pupils. Monsignor De Becker is a Bulgarian nobleman and is reputed to be one of the greatest ecclesiastical jurists in Europe and is president of the Louvain university. He is on tour of the United States and is visiting as many of the Louvain former students in this country as he can reach.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE NINTH JURYMANS TALE

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

CHAPTER IV

In this mood of thought I was walking one evening in the outskirts of the town, when I saw a figure at a distance, which I soon recognized as that of my benefactor. Enraptured at the idea of speaking with him, I hurried towards him, but it did not appear that I was welcome. His air was gloomy and reserved, and he sought to escape me by a sudden turn as I approached. Perceiving this, however, to be impossible, he stopped short and awaited my coming, with a cold and chilly look. My ardour, as I drew nigh, gave place to timidity, and I stood before him out of breath and agitated.

"Chenides," said he, "why do you follow me? Did you not perceive by my action that I wished to be alone?"

"I wished to thank thee," I replied, "generous stranger, for the succour thou hast afforded me, and for the advantage I have derived from it."

"Thou hast done so then, and leave me," he said abruptly.

I knew not what reply to make. His coldness checked and surprised me, as if I were leaving one in whom I felt the strongest interest, in a situation of danger and perplexity. I turned, therefore, after some hesitation, and said, "I beseech thee, pardon me, if I offend without designing to do so; but I am poor and friendless, and thou art almost the only being who has shown me kindness from my childhood. I cannot assume at once the indifference which thou desirest. Be kinder than before, and permit me to be grateful."

The stranger remained awkwardly, shifting his person as I spoke, and eyeing me with that disagreeable and questioning glance, which was peculiar to him. I cannot describe the mixture of feelings which his demeanour excited within me, but gratitude was ever paramount.

"I entreat of thee," I said with ardour, "do not deny me the satisfaction of sharing in some way, the sense I have of what thou hast done for me. Let me know who my benefactor is—let me love—let me serve him."

He looked on me for some time with a smile, if smile it could be called, which conveyed unmixed contempt.

"I see Chenides," he said, "thou canst be curious as well as grateful."

"And is it evil?" I exclaimed. "Is it for harm or for mere satisfaction of an idle thought, that I do seek to know thee? The weakest may often have the power of rendering good service, even to the strong. Thou hast aided me in seeking happiness—shall I see thee in want of the blessing, and not feel desirous to sympathize with and befriend thee?"

"How knowest thou," he asked, with a sudden gesture of rebuke and haughtiness, "that I am not happy?"

"Thy speech—thy action reveals it."

"Tush fool!" he exclaimed, "thou art of the brainless herd who think that happiness consists in a perpetual sunning of the teeth, and giggle of the voice. Silence and gravity, and even tears, have more to do with happiness than thou, and such as thou conceivest."

"Aye," I replied, "but peace of mind has yet even more."

The stranger started, and frowned scowlingly upon me.

"How darrest thou twit me with the want of peace?" he said sternly, "what dost thou mean?"

"Answer me first," I exclaimed, "what is that dread design which occupies thy reason even at the instant that we speak? Does peace consist with that?"

He recoiled and looked upon me, like one betrayed and ruined.

"I seek not to deceive thee," I exclaimed, "I was not alarmed. I know not what it is, but I have learned enough to know that it is likely to make a lasting wreck of thee and of thy peace. Let thy astonishment cease. All that I know of thy designs, I learned from thy own lips on a certain night which thou canst not have forgot so soon, in the temple of Hecate."

"Mean spy that thou art," the stranger exclaimed, with an anger which seemed increased by the previous terror he had undergone. "Is it then thy wont by such means to pry into the purposes of those whose folly leads them to befriend thee? Is this what thou hast learned at Athens?"

"Do not think so hardly of me," I exclaimed, "I went there with a different intent, and all I heard was purely accidental. Let me not suffer in thy thought, by dealing openly with thee as I have done. If it were ever my intent to reveal what I saw and heard to thine injury, I would not have mentioned it to thee."

The stranger paused for a time, during which his eyes, that either from doubt of others or of himself, never rested on one object for more than an instant, were frequently directed to my countenance. I felt his glance upon me, while the fear of offending yet further kept mine still fixed at his feet. At length he said, in a more tranquil tone, but still with the contemptuous manner which was usual with him.

"And what reason hast thou, inquisitive tailor, to judge that the project which I have in hand in such a case cannot consist with peace or happiness?"

"I fear," I replied, "if I tell thee all my motive thou wilt make little account of my philosophy."

"Say it however," returned the stranger.

"A few nights after I had seen thee at the temple," I said, yielding to his wish, "it happened that I sat alone in my room, thinking of thee, and lamenting that I had not found some means of seeing and conversing with thee ever since I received thy generous gift in Macel. The night stole on while I continued still occupied with these reflections, and it was near midnight before I retired to rest. They returned in my sleep, and a singular dream, which I had, added nothing to my tranquillity. But you will think me foolish."

"No—no—let me hear thy dream," the stranger said, with an appearance of sharper interest than he had hitherto manifested.

"But then thou wilt be offended," I said, "at that part of my vision which relates to thee."

"Fear not, Chenides," he said, "I know thou art not the master of thy sleeping thoughts; few have that sovereignty even in waking."

"I thought, then," I continued, "that I was walking in a fertile plain, where I beheld a beautiful child running sportively from place to place, and wherever he came, scattering around him seeds, which presently struck root, and changed the whole scene into a garden of the loveliest fruits and flowers. While I enjoyed myself amidst the sweets, I beheld with horror, a swarthy looking figure creeping behind some rose trees at my side with bended bow and arrow ready drawn, and eyes full of the deadliest enmity, intently fixed upon the naked infant. I looked upon the intensely wrought countenance of the stranger—forgive me—it was thine own!"

"Proceed," said the unknown; still manifesting an interest that surprised me—"what followed?"

"I was about to cry out and catch thine arm," I resumed, "but it was already too late, the arrow had sped hissing from the bow which gave a shrill and mournful vibration as if grieving to be made the instrument of so cruel a murder. I glanced to the child—he looked back at me with a piercing smile, as if half-amused at my idle fears for his sake, and went on with his occupations as before, unhurt and untroubled. A moan of the intensest anguish made me turn again to them— but shall I tell the rest? thou seemest disturbed."

"Disturbed! at what?" cried the stranger, recovering himself with a sudden effort at laughter. "At a dream? Proceed."

"Thou wert lying on the ground, on thy left side," I continued, "the arrow buried half way in thy right breast, just above the shaft, and death already visible on thy features. At the same instant I heard a sound as if of millions of distant voices chanting a hymn of victory, while another voice more near, and resembling that which we both heard in the temple of Hecate, exclaimed with a burst of mocking laughter: 'Did I not tell thee to beware of Phrygia?'"

The stranger remained for a considerable time after I had concluded, absorbed in the profoundest thought, with his eyes fixed immovably on the earth.

"Judge now for thyself," I said at length, "whether it were a merely idle curiosity that moved me in desiring to know thy name."

"Chenides," the stranger asked at length, "didst thou truly dream this, or dost thou know more of me and of my affairs than thou pretendest, in order to impose upon and lead me into an explicit confession?"

"Canst thou think," I replied, "that I would compass my end so falsely. Thou hast my assurance, and my word at present is no better than my word that is past."

"Well," he said at length, "I do believe thee—and more—I thank thee for the interest thou showest in my fortunes. But once again, observe, if thou wouldst have me continue to be thy friend, never while thou livest on any pretence, whether of benevolence or gratitude, or whatsoever cause, seek to know more of my affairs than I have given thee leave. For the present be content with what thou hast learned already. And now to speak of thine own interests. Thy dress and countenance (for wisdom soon begins to show itself in the features when it inhabits the head) tell me that thou has been long a resident among the schools of Athens. Art thou yet weary of the long beards and gowns of the philosophers?"

"Not of their beards," I said, "but more or less so I confess of their brains. I have been even thinking seriously for some time past of returning to Macel, and resuming the practice of the needle and the shears. There is some positive utility in covering the bodies of men, though it be not so noble an employ as the attiring of their minds; but I have yet made so little progress in qualifying myself for the loftier profession that I am almost fain, already, to recur to that which I learned from my father. A whole coat for the body is at any time preferable to a pied and ragged patchwork for the mind, such as the greater number of our sophists furnish it with. And as to profit, an expert tailor can at any time earn more than an ordinary sophist."

"Thou hast got, I see, some satire in thee," said the stranger. "If thou were really bent on leaving Athens, and hast not yet fixed upon thy future place of destination, I have thought of a way by which thou mayest do both myself and thee a service."

"And what is that?" I asked anxiously.

"Pursue thy inclination," he replied, "give up the sophists—return to thy tailoring—and neither speak of what thou hast already seen and heard respecting me, nor ever seek to learn more."

With those words, he turned abruptly and hastily away. I looked wistfully after him, but dared not follow, and presently lost sight of him, as I thought, for ever.

I begin to be sensible, Chrysanthus that I have not been sufficiently brief in what I have hitherto related. I will therefore hasten to the conclusion of my narrative, with as clearness, entreating thy patience, if I still seem tedious. I will not, therefore, run through the whole course of my researches at the schools of various philosophers, without being contented with any. Neither will I detain you with an account of my journey to Alexandria, my visits to the deserts of Scetis and Arsinoe, and the conversation I there held with those extraordinary recluses, who have taken up their abode amongst the dens and caverns and extensive marshes of those regions. Nor will I detail to you the sojourn I made, for a few delightful days in that wonderful city of the same name, which is all inhabited by monks, who meet the traveler outside the city gates, and receive him with a hospitality that makes him long to live and die amongst them. Their simple manners, however, wounded my intellectual pride, for I had not yet done with the sophists. At length, being utterly offended with a Pythagorean teacher, who advised me to learn music, (as if at my time of life it were necessary, in addition to the use of my needle, to learn to scrape the fiddle in order to arrive at wisdom.) I followed the advice of my unknown benefactor, and gave up my studies altogether for the practice of a poor, but honest and useful trade.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WITHERED PALM

It was Palm Sunday. The chill morning air had yielded to the softening influence of the sun's rays and had turned what threatened to be cold and disagreeable into a beautiful calm day. The vast congregation of St. Mark's all carrying their palm branches were pouring out from the 10 o'clock Mass, their bright, cheerful faces beaming the peace and joy that animated their hearts on that glorious morning.

Mr. Hamelin turned down from the main avenue. He had hardly crossed the threshold of his home when he was surprised by a gentle knock at the door. It was Lillie Matherson, who had been eagerly watching the long procession of Catholics coming home from Mass.

"Oh, Mr. Hamelin," she cried, running up to him, her face bright with joy and her arms curiously folded behind her back. "I have been looking out of my window for the past ten minutes at all the people before I could find you. Did you forget me?"

"No, Lillie, I did not forget you," replied Mr. Hamelin, pensively, "but you are forgetting something, aren't you?"

"Ah, no," broke in the little girl, while a playful smile stole over her lips. She calmly withdrew her arms from behind her back and presented a worn and withered branch of palm. "See, I did not forget," she continued, "here is the palm you gave me just a year ago."

The daughter of Protestant parents who had been living for some years as tenants to Mr. Hamelin, Lillie Matherson was loved by her neighbors and a special favorite of her father's landlord. Just one year before she came to him, anxious to know the meaning of the palm branch. Learning that it recalled the glorious entry of Our Lord into Jerusalem a week before His sacred Passion, when the Jews "spread their garments underneath in the way, took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him," she innocently stretched out her little hand and said:

"Mr. Hamelin, why should I not remember Our Saviour and carry a branch of palm as well as the Catholics?"

"You shall have your palm, dear child," he replied, moved by the innocent question. "And Lillie," he added, "if you bring back this branch next year I shall replace it with a fresh one."

Such was the first step of Lillie Matherson towards the Catholic Church. The simple practice she continued for years faithfully bringing back the withered branch every Palm Sunday, while Mr. Hamelin was glad to replace it with a fresh one. "Who knows," he was heard whispering, "but this may be the occasion later of leading a little child to the true light?"

The Mathersons were now beginning their ninth year in the Hamelin Apartments. Nothing but the sunshine and peace and happiness during all this time had brightened their home. Now and then a cloud of sorrow and discontent was seen over their heads, but it was always of short duration. But God's ways are not our ways; whom He loves He chastises. Before He bestows His precious crowns He sends heavy crosses, crosses that often turn out to be blessings in disguise. Lillie Matherson was no exception to this rule; the time for her first real sorrow had come. In a little room of their home a loved mother was lying upon her bed, striving in vain to foster a few last, flickering sparks of life. What a cheerless scene that home present-

ed—nothing to suggest the happier life of eternity; no crucifix, no picture to fortify a mother's heart in those last, fleeting moments; no priest bending over that bedside to strengthen a parting soul with the Bread of Life to purify it with the precious Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; no one to whisper the holy name of Jesus, to press the image of the Crucified to those pale lips, to speak one last kind word of hope or cheer. In those last lonely hours of human life nature itself seemed to intensify the loneliness; no stars lit up the heavens; the dull, bleak winds blew hard against the window panes, while a dismal shower of rain pattered on the roof.

Was there none to brighten that scene, none to cast a ray of sunshine? Yes, there was at least one, a faithful daughter, her heart heavy with sorrow, her eyes wet with tears. There she was kneeling beside her broken-hearted father, thinking how she might lift the veil of gloom and sadness, but feeling her powerlessness in the presence of impending death. Suddenly she rose from her knees, and softly approaching the bedside she clasped her mother's hand and said:

"Mamma, you were always so good to me, and you tried so hard to make me happy; now let me make you happy to-night."

Then holding a little cross before her mother's eyes, she whispered: "See here is my cross. I made it from a branch of palm that Mr. Hamelin gave me last month. Take it, mamma," she continued; "kiss this little cross, Jesus is watching you. He will be glad; kiss it dear mamma, and Jesus will not forget you."

The dying mother touched by the simplicity of her child, took the cross of palm and feebly pressing it to her lips, murmured the name of Jesus, and then, as if in a quiet sleep, closed her eyes forever.

The passing away of one so loved was for Lillie Matherson the dawn of a new life. It was while kneeling beside her mother's coffin that she began to realize the vanity of human wishes and the end of the world's blinding pleasures. Had not the Great Master already marked her out as a willing laborer in His vineyard? Father and child moved from the Hamelin Apartments and went to live in another city, not without a pang of regret in the heart of the child for the Catholic landlord and neighbor who had shown such interest in her young life.

During the five years following her mother's death, alone with her father Lillie lived a life of singular piety and innocence, cravings all the while for the moment when she would be received into the Catholic Church. Her father, imbued with all the prejudices of Protestantism, dissuaded her, hoping that time would dim the impressions she had received, he knew not how or where, in her childhood.

But the young woman had never forgotten her interviews with Mr. Hamelin. Better than he knew this pious man had sown the seed which blossomed into flower the day Lillie Matherson made her profession of faith and received baptism in the Lady chapel of the Cathedral.

Other favors were yet to come. God is generous in His gifts to those who try to correspond to His designs. He watches unceasingly over His little ones, beckoning them to come nearer to Him. He had been holding in reserve for the young convert the fairest and noblest of His blessings—a vocation to the religious life. Naturally, the first inkling of this new development came as a blow to her Protestant father. At first he refused to listen to her, and exerted every means to dissuade her from the step.

"Lillie," he said to her, when she came to ask his permission, "after all these years, are you thinking of closing yourself up behind the walls of a gloomy convent?"

"Yes, father," she humbly replied, "there to live with Jesus and to labor for things eternal."

"Then you would leave me alone?" he continued, trying to check the tears now trickling from his eyes.

"Dearest father," replied Lillie, "the separation is hard for you and for me. Still I cannot serve God and the world. He has deigned to call me to His service; I know it. Should I not follow His call?"

"But listen, Lillie," the impatient father persisted, "do you know my case in business has last month made me manager of our firm. What does that mean for you? It means wealth and happiness for the rest of your life if you will only stay with me."

"But father," said Lillie, gently interrupting him, "all these things mean nothing for me. What are they but passing shadows in comparison with the eternal riches of God? For me, dear father, I can now see only His finger beckoning me to come and follow Him; I can hear no voice but His calling me to labor among His poor and suffering members. Father, I must go, I cannot refuse."

How often is the pathetic tale of Lillie Matherson repeated in the world to-day! Parents cannot get beyond those natural motives which chain their hearts to earth and blind them to the greatness of the work among souls that awaits their sons and daughters. They do not realize the blessings God bestows upon them and theirs, nor do they understand, much less appreciate, the peace, the joy, the happiness that dwells in the hearts of the glorious army of the vowed virgins of Christ. Only after wearied consideration and repeated petitions did he consent to separate himself from his daughter and per-

mit her to make the sacrifice of her young life to God.

Twenty years had sped rapidly away. A bright June sun was pouring its welcome rays through the windows of the main ward of St. John's Hospital. Cheerfully and busily Lillie Matherson—or Sister Ignatia, as she was now called—passed from bed to bed offering her services to the sick and dying, praying with them and brightening their last moments with kind words, and by occasional invocations urging them to raise their hearts to Him who was soon to be their Judge.

Late one evening an elderly man in a dying condition was hurried into the ward. He had fallen while boarding a street car and had received injuries which, the physician said, were undoubtedly serious.

Sister Ignatia, who happened to be on duty, hurried over to the bedside on the suffering newcomer.

"I think my time is come," murmured the patient in great pain. "Sister, will you send for a priest?"

In a few minutes the chaplain was with the stricken man, giving him all the consolations and helps of our holy religion.

The days passed wearily away. The kind nun was assiduous in her care of her patient. It was evident that his days were numbered, and as she was exceedingly interested and not less deeply moved by the few words dropped now and then of a life once of affluence, but now, by the changes of time, reduced to the shelter of a cot in a public hospital ward. The voice of the unhappy man, though weakened by illness, had, it appeared to her, a familiar ring to it, while he was reticent about his past, the Sister soon discovered, to her own intense surprise, that she had under her care the landlord who was such a friend of hers in her childhood.

"Isn't it sad," he asked her one day, "that I should be left here alone to die and without a friend?"

The attentive nun had not yet revealed her identity, but those sad words moved her to tears. She felt the time had come to tell him who she was.

"Don't say that you are without a friend," she gently protested. Then raising a trembling hand to her habit, she drew forth a locket in the form of a cross which hung around her neck, and, coming nearer to her patient, she opened the lid and bending over the bedside whispered: "Mr. Hamelin, look!"

"There was a tiny cross of withered palm and underneath the words: 'A souvenir of my first step toward the true Church.'"

The emotion displayed by the patient when he heard his name was intense. Tears filled his eyes as he looked up and asked:

"Is this Lillie Matherson? And did God at last hear my prayer?"

"Yes," answered the bright-faced Sister. "This was Lillie Matherson; I am now Sister Ignatia. Your prayer was heard. I became a Catholic years ago, and, what's more, I am now a nun and here to help you in return for your kindness shown to me in former years."

The heart of the dying man heaved with happiness at this unexpected and happy meeting. With a look of gratitude in his eyes he turned feebly to the gentle figure beside him, and asked her to thank God with him for all His goodness. A week later he was carried to the cemetery in the suburbs, the final scene in an episode that showed Sister Ignatia once again how good God really is.—George E. Hanlon, S. J., in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"CHRIST ON CALVARY"

Spoken on Good Friday evening, March 29th, 1912, at the Very Rev. St. Luke's Church, the Dominican Church, New York to the largest audience ever assembled in that city. Not only was the church packed with the richest multitude who could get admittance, but the balcony was filled with the echoes of the voice of the preacher.

All who pass this way, come and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

These words are found in the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah. There was a festival, dearly beloved brethren, ordained by the Almighty God, for the tenth day of the seventh month of the Jewish year; and this festival was called the "Day of Atonement." Now, amongst the commandments that the Almighty God gave concerning the "Day of Atonement," there was this remarkable one: "Every soul," said the Lord, "that shall not be afflicted on that day, shall perish from out of the land." The commandment that He gave them was a commandment of sorrow, because it was the day of the atonement. The day of the Christian atonement is come—the day of the mighty sacrifice by which the world was redeemed. And if, at other seasons, we are told to rejoice, in the words of the Scripture, "rejoice in the Lord; I say to you again, rejoice," to-day, with our holy Mother, the Church, we must put off the garments of joy, and clothe ourselves in the robes of sorrow. And now, before we enter upon the consideration of the terrible sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ—all that He endured for our salvation—it is necessary, my dearly beloved brethren, that we should turn our thoughts to the Victim Whom we contemplate this night, dying for our sins. That Victim was our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. When the Almighty God, after the first two thousand years of the world's history, resolved to destroy the whole race of mankind, on account of their sins, He flooded the earth; and, in that universal ruin, He wiped out the sin by destroying the sinners. Now, in that early hour of God's first terrible visitation, the

water that overwhelmed the whole world, and destroyed all mankind, came from three sources. First of all, we are told, that God, with His own hand, drew back the bolts of heaven, and rained down water from heaven upon the earth. Secondly, we are told, that all the secret springs and fountains that were in the bosom of the earth itself, burst and came forth—the fountains of the great abyss burst forth," says Holy Writ. Thirdly, we are told, that the great ocean itself overflowed its shores and its banks, and the sea uprose until the waters covered the mountain-tops. In like manner, dearly beloved brethren, in the inundation, the deluge of suffering and sorrow that came upon the Son of God, made man, we find that the flood burst forth from three distinct sources. First of all, from heaven, the Eternal Father sending down the merciless hand of justice, to strike His own Divine Son. Secondly, from Christ our Lord Himself. As from the hidden fountains of the earth, sending forth their springs, so, from amidst the very heart and soul of Jesus Christ—do we gather the greatness of His suffering. Thirdly, from the sea rising—that is to say, from the malice and wickedness of man. Behold, then, the three several sources of all the sufferings that we are about to contemplate. A just and angry God in heaven; a most pure and holy and loving Man-God upon earth, having to endure all that hell could produce of most wicked and most demonic rage against Him. God's justice rose up—for, remember, God was angry on this Good Friday—the Eternal Father rose up in heaven, in all His power—He rose up in all His justice. Before Him was a victim for all the sins that ever had been committed; before Him was the victim of a fallen race; before Him, in the very person of Jesus Christ Himself, were represented the accumulated sins of all the race of mankind. Hitherto, we read in the gospel, that when the Father from heaven looked down upon His own Divine Child upon the earth, He was accustomed to send forth His voice in such language as this: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Hitherto, no sin, no deformity, no vileness was there, but the beauty of heaven itself in that fairest form of human body—in that beautiful soul, and in the fullness of the divinity that dwelt in Jesus Christ. Well might the Father exclaim: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!" But, to-day—oh, to-day! the sight of the beloved Son excites no pleasure in the Father's eyes—brings forth no word of consolation or of love from the Father's lips. And why? Because the all-holy and all-beloved Son of God, on this Good Friday, took upon Him the garment of our sins—all that His Father detested upon this earth; all that ever raised the quick anger of the Eternal God; all that ever made Him put forth His arm, strong in judgment and in vengeance—all this is concentrated upon the sacred person of Him Who became the victim for the sins of men. How fair He seems to us, when we look up to that beautiful figure of Jesus—how fair He seemed to His Virgin Mother, even when no beauty or comeliness was left in Him—how fair He seemed to the Magdalen, again, who saw Him robed in His own crimson blood. The Father in heaven saw no beauty, no fairness in His Divine Son, in that hour; He only saw in Him and on Him all the sins of mankind, which He took upon Himself that He might become for us a Saviour. Picture to yourselves, therefore, first, this mighty fountain of divine wrath that was poured out upon the Lord! It was the Father's hand—the hand of the Father's justice—outstretched to assert His rights, to restore to Himself the honor and the glory of which the sins of all men, in all ages, in all climes, had deprived Him. Picture to yourselves that terrible hand of God drawing back the bolts of heaven, and letting out on His own Divine Son the fury of this wrath that was pent up for four thousand years! We stand stricken with fear in the contemplation of the anger of God, in the first great punishment of sin, in the universal deluge. All the sins that in every age roused the Father's anger were actually visible to the Father's eyes on the person of His Divine Son. We stand astonished and frightened when we see, with the eyes of faith and of revelation, the living fire descending from heaven upon Sodom and Gomorrah; the balls of fire floating in the air, thick as the descending flakes in the snowstorm; the hissing of the flames as they came rushing down from heaven, like the hail that comes down in the hailstorm; the roaring of these flames, as they filled the atmosphere; the terrible, lurid light of them; the shrieks of the people who are being burned up alive; the howling of the tortured beasts in the fields; the birds of the air falling, and sending forth their plaintive voices, as they fall to earth, their plumage scorched and burned. All the sins that Almighty God, in heaven, saw in that hour of His wrath, when He rained down fire—all these did He see, on this Good Friday morning, upon His own Divine and adorable Son. All the sins that ever man committed were upon Him, in the hour of His humiliation and of His agony, because He was truly man; because He was a voluntary victim for our sins; because He stepped in between our nature, that was to be destroyed, and the avenging hand of the Father, lifted for our destruction; and these sins upon Him became an argument to make the Almighty God in heaven

forget, in that hour, every attribute of His mercy, and put forth against His Son all the omnipotence of His justice. Consider it well; let it enter into your minds—the strokes of the divine vengeance that would have ruined you and me, and sunk us into hell for all eternity, were rained by the unsparring hand of omnipotence, in that hour, upon our Lord Jesus Christ.

The second fountain and source from which came forth the deluge of His sorrow and His suffering, was His own divine heart, and His own immaculate nature. For, remember He was as truly man as He was God. From the moment Mary received the Eternal Word—in the great depth of His generosity and exalted human spirit. Nay, more, the very body in which that blessed soul was enshrined was so formed that it was the most perfect body that was ever given to man. Now, the perfection of the body in man lies in a delicate organization—in the extreme delicacy of fibre, muscle, and nerve; because they make it a fitting instrument in order that the soul within may inspire it. The more perfect, therefore, the human being is, the more sensitive is he to shame, the more deeply does he feel degradation, the more quickly do dishonor and humiliation, like a two-edged sword, pierce the spirit. Nay, the more sensitive he is to pain, the more does he shrink away naturally from that which causes pain; and that which would be pain to a grosser organization is actual agony, is actual torment, to the perfect man, formed with such a soul that at the very touch of his body the sensitive soul is made cognizant of pleasure and of pain of joy and of sorrow. What follow from this? St. Bonaventure, in his "Life of Christ," tells us that so delicate was the sacred and most perfect body of our Lord, that even the palm of His hand or the sole of His foot was more sensitive than the inner pupil of the eye of any ordinary man; that even the least touch caused Him pain; that every rougher air that visited that divine Face brought to Him a sense of exquisite pain that ordinary men could scarcely experience. Add to this that in Him was the fullness of the Godhead, realizing all that was beautiful on earth; realizing, with infinite capacity, the enormity of sin; realizing every evil that ever fell upon nature in making it accessible to sin; and, above all, taking in, to the full extent of its eternal duration, the curse, the reprobation, and damnation that falls upon the wicked—oh, how many sources of sorrow are here? Here is the heart of the man—Jesus Christ—here is the fullness of the infinite sanctity of God—the infinite horror that God has for sin. For this man is God! Here, therefore, is at once the indignation, the infinite repugnance, the actual sense of horror and detestation which, amounting to an infinite, passionate repugnance, absorbed the whole nature of Jesus Christ in one act of violence against that which is come upon Him. Now, every single sin committed in this world comes and actually effects, as it were, its lodgment in the soul and spirit of Jesus. At other times, He may rest, as He did rest, in the Virgin's arms; for she was sinless; at other times He may allow sin and the sinner to come to His feet and touch Him; but, by that very touch, she was made as pure as an angel of God. But, to-day, this infinitely holy heart, this infinitely tender heart, must open itself to receive—no longer simply to purify, but to assume and atone for all sins of the world.

The third great source of His suffering was the rage and the malice of men. They tore that sacred Body; they forgot every instinct of humanity; they forgot every dictate, every ordinance of the old law, to lend to their outrages all the fury of hell, when they fell upon Him, as the Scripture says, "Like hungry dogs of chase upon their prey." He is now approaching the last sad day of His existence: He is now about to close His life in sufferings which I shall endeavor to put before you. But, remember, that this Good Friday, with all its terrors, is but the end of a life of thirty-three years of agony and of suffering! From the moment when the Word was made flesh in Mary's womb, from the moment when the Eternal God became man, even before He was born, the cross, the thorny crown, and all the horrors that were accomplished on Calvary were steadily before the eyes of Jesus. The Infant in Bethlehem saw them; the Child in Nazareth saw them; the Young Man, toiling to support His mother, saw them; the Preacher on the mountain-side beheld them. Never, for a single instant, were the horrors that were fulfilled on Good Friday, that were absent from the mind or the heart of Jesus Christ, in Oh, dearly beloved brethren, well did the Psalmist say of Him, "My grief and my sorrow is always before me;" well the Psalmist said, "I have, during my whole life, walked in sorrow; I was scourged the whole day!" That day was the thirty-three years of His mortal life. Picture to yourselves what that life of grief must have been. There was the Almighty

God in the midst of men, hearing their blasphemous, beholding their infamous actions, fixing His all-pure and all-holy eyes on their licentiousness, their ambition, their avarice, their dishonesty, their impurity. And so the very presence of those He came to redeem was a constant source of grief to Jesus Christ. Moreover, He knew well that He came into the world to suffer, and only to suffer. Every other being created into this world was created for some joy or other. There is not, even in hell, a creature whom Almighty God intended, in creating, for a life and an eternity of misery: if they are there, they are there by their own act, not by the act of God. Not so with Christ. His sacred Body was formed for the express and sole purpose that it might be the Victim for the sins of men, and the sacrifice for the world's redemption. "Sacrifice and oblation," He said, "Thou wouldst not, O God; but Thou hast prepared a body for Me." "Coming into the world," says St. Paul, "He proclaimed, 'for this I am come, that I may do Thy Will, O Father.'" The Father's will was that He should suffer; and for this He was created. Therefore, as He was made for suffering—as that body was given to Him for no purpose of joy, but of suffering, exulting and of sorrow—therefore it was that God made Him capable of a sorrow equal to the remission He was about to grant. That was infinite sorrow.

And now, dearly beloved, having considered these things, we come to contemplate that which was always before the mind of Christ—that from which He knew there was no escape—that which was before Him really not as the future is before us, when we anticipate it and fear it, but it comes indistinctly and confusedly before the mind; not so with Christ; every single detail of His Passion, every sorrow that was to fall upon Him, every indignity that was to be put upon His body—all, in the full clearness of their details, were before the eyes of the Lord Jesus Christ for the thirty-three years of His life.

As the sun was sloping down towards the western horizon on the evening of the vigil of the Pasch, behold Our Divine Lord with His Apostles around Him; and there, seated in the midst of them, He fulfilled the last precept of the law, in eating the Paschal lamb; and (as we saw last evening) He then changed the bread and wine into His own Body and Blood, and fed His apostles with that of which the Paschal Lamb was but a figure and a promise. Now, they are about to separate in this world. Now, the greatest act of the charity of God has been performed. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ is living and palpating in the heart of each and every one of these twelve. Now—horror of horrors!—He is gone into the heart of Judas! Arising from the table, Our Lord took with Him, Peter and James and John, and He turned calmly and deliberately to enter the Red Sea of His Passion, and to wade through His own Blood, until He landed upon the opposite shore of pardon and mercy and grace, and brought with Him, in His own sacred humanity, the whole world. Calmly, deliberately, taking His three friends with Him, He went out from the supper-table, as the shades of evening were deepening into night, and He walked outside the walls of Jerusalem, where there was a garden full of olive-trees, that was called Gethsemane. The Lord Jesus was accustomed to go there to pray. Many an evening had He knelt within those groves; many a night had He spent under the shade of these trees, filling the silent place with the voice of His cries and prayer before the Lord, His Father, to obtain pardon and mercy for mankind. Now, He goes there, now, for the last time; and as He is approaching—as soon as ever He catches sight of the garden—as soon as the familiar olives present themselves to His eyes, He sees—what Peter and James, and John did not see—He sees there, in that dark garden, the mighty array of the mighty, tremendous array of all the sins that ever were committed in this world, as if they had taken the bodily form of demons of hell. There they were now, waiting silently, fearfully, with eyes glaring with infernal rage; and He saw them. And amongst them was He, the Lord God, to go? Amongst them must He go? No wonder that the moment He caught sight of that garden, He started back, and turning to the three apostles, He said: "Stand by Me now, for My soul is sorrowful unto death." And leaning upon the virgin bosom of John, who was astonished at this sudden and awful trial of his Master, He murmured unto him, "My soul is sorrowful unto death! Stand by Me," He says, "and watch with Me, and pray!" The man—the man, proving His humanity, which belonged to Him as truly as His Divinity; the man, turning to and clinging to His friends—gathered them around Him at that terrible moment when He was about to face His enemies. He cries, "Stand by Me! stand by Me! and support Me, and watch, and pray with Me!" And then, leaving them, alone He enters the gloomy place. Summoning all the courage of God—summoning to His aid all the infinite resources of His love—summoning the great thought that if He was about to be destroyed, mankind was to be saved, He dashes fearlessly into the depths of Gethsemane, and when He was as far from His apostles as a man could throw a stone, there in the dark depths of the forest, the Lord Jesus knelt down and prayed. What was His prayer? Oh, that army of sins was closing around Him! Oh,

the breath of hell was on His face! There did He see the busy demons marshalling their forces—drawing closer and closer to Him all the iniquities of men. "Oh, Father!" He cries—"Oh, Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away from Me!" But He immediately added—"Not My will but Thine be done!" Then turning—for the Father's will was indicated to Him in the voice from heaven, with the first tone of anger upon it, the first word of anger that Jesus ever heard from His Father's lips, saying: "It is My will to strike Thee! Go!" He turned; He bared His innocent bosom; He put out His sinless hands, and turning to all the powers of hell, allowed the ocean-wave of sin to flow in upon Him and overwhelm Him. The lusts and wickedness of men before the flood, the impurities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the idolatries of the nations, the ingratitude of Israel—all the sins that ever appeared under the eyes of God's anger—all—all—like the waves of the ocean, coming in and falling upon a solitary man who kneels alone on the shore—all fell upon Jesus Christ. He looks upon Himself, and He scarcely recognizes Himself now. Are these the hands of the Son of God, scarcely daring to uplift themselves in prayer, for they are red with ten thousand deeds of blood? Is this the Heart of Jesus, frozen up with unbelief, as if He felt what He could not feel—that He was the personal enemy of God? Is this the sacred soul of Jesus Christ, darkened for the moment with the errors and the adulteries of the whole world? In the halls of His memory nothing but the hideous figures of sin—desolation, broken hearts, weeping eyes, cries of despair, dire blasphemies—these are the things He sees within Himself; that He hears in His ears! It is a world of sin around Him. It is a raging of demons about Him. It is as if sin entered into His Blood. Oh, God! He hears it as long as a suffering man can bear. But, at length, from out the depths of His most sacred Heart—from out the very divinity that was in Him—He moved, and forth came a rush of blood from every pore. His eyes can no longer dwell on the terrible vision. He can no longer look upon these red scenes of blood and impurity. A weakness comes mercifully to His relief. He gazes upon the fate that God has put upon Him; and then He falls to the earth, writhing in His agony; and forth from every pore of His sacred frame streams the Blood. Behold Him! Behold the Blood as it oozes out through His garments, making them red as those of a man who has trodden in the wine-press! Behold Him, as His agonizing face lies prone upon the earth. Behold Him, as in the hour of that terrible agony, His Blood reddens the soil of Gethsemane! Behold Him, as He writhes on the ground—one mass of streaming blood—sweating blood from head to foot—crying out in His agony for the sins of the whole world! A mournful cry of the anger of God is upon Him. Behold Him in Gethsemane, O Christian man! Kneel down by His side! Lie down on that blood-stained earth and for the love of Jesus Christ, whisper one word of consolation to Him! For, remember that you and I were there—were there, and He saw us—even as He sees us in this hour gathered under the roof of this church. He saw us there in our quality of sinners, with every sin that ever we committed—as if it were a stone in our uplifted hand flung down upon His defenceless form! When Acan was convicted of a crime, Joshua gave word that every man of the Jewish nation should take a stone in his hand, and fling it at him, and all the people of Israel came and flung them upon him, and put him to death. So every son of man, from Adam down to the last that was born on this earth, every son of man—every human being that breathed the breath of God's creation in this world, was there, in that hour to fling his sins, and let them fall down upon Jesus Christ. All—all—save one. There was one whose hand was not lifted against Him. There was one who, if she had been there, could be only there to help Him and to console Him. But no help, no consolation in that hour! Therefore, Mary, the only sinless one who was present, was absent. He rises after an hour. No scourge has been yet laid upon that sacred Body. No executioner's hand has profaned Him as yet. No nail had been driven through His hands. And yet the blood covered His body—for His Passion began from that source to which I have alluded—His own divine spirit! His Passion—His pain—began from within. He rises from the earth. What is this which we hear? There is a sound, as of the voice of a rabble. There are hoarse voices filling the night. There are men with clubs in their hands, and lanterns lighted. They come with fire and fury in their eyes, and the universal voice is, "Where is he? Where is he?" Ah, there is one at the head of them! You hear his voice. "Come cautiously! I see Him. I will point Him out to you! There are four of them. There He is, with three of His friends. When you see me take a man in my arms and kiss Him. He is the Man! Lay hold of Him at once, and drag Him away with you—and do what you please!" Who is he that says this? Who are they that come like hell-hounds, thirsting for the Blood of Christ? That come with the rage of hell in their blood, and in their mouths? They are come to take Him and to tear Him to pieces! Who is this that leads them on? Oh, Judas, Oh, friends and men! It is Judas, the

Apostle! Judas, who spent three years in the society of Jesus Christ! Judas, that was taught by Him every lesson of piety and virtue, by word and by example. Judas, who received the priesthood. Judas, upon whose lips, even now, blushes the sacred Blood received in Holy Communion! Oh! it is Judas! And he has come to give up his Master, Whom he has sold for thirty pieces of silver. He went, after his unworthy Communion, to the Pharisees, and he said: "What will you give me, and I will sell, betray to you?—give Him up?" He put no price upon Jesus. He thought so little of his Master that he was prepared to take anything that he would offer. They offered him thirty small pieces of silver; and he clutched it to the money. He thought it was a great deal, and more than Jesus Christ was worth! Now comes to fulfill his portion of the contract, and he points the Lord out by going up to Him—putting his traitor lips upon the Face of Jesus Christ, and stamping upon that Face the kiss of a false-hearted, wicked and a traitorous follower. Behold him now. The Son of God sees him approach. He opens His arms to him. Judas flings himself in his Master's arms, and he hears the gentle reproach—Oh, last proof of love!—Oh, last opportunity to him to repent—even in this hour!—"Judas, it is with a kiss thou betrayest the Son of Man?"

Now, the multitude rushes in upon Him and seizes Him. We have a supplement to the gospel narrative in the revelations of many of the saints and of holy souls, who, in reward for their extraordinary devotion to the Passion of our Lord, were favored with a closer sight of His sufferings. Now, we are told by one of these, whose revelations, though not yet approved, are tolerated by the Church, that when our divine Lord gave Himself into the hands of His enemies, they bound His sacred arms with a rope, and rushed toward the city, dragging along with them, forcibly and violently, the exhausted Redeemer. Exhausted, I say, for His soul had just passed through the agony of His prayer, and His Body was still dripping with the sweat of blood. Between that spot and Jerusalem flowed the little stream called the Brook of Kedron. When the crowd came to that little stream our Saviour stumbled, and fell over a stone. They, without waiting to give Him time to rise pulled and dragged Him on with all their might. They literally dragged Him through the water, wounding and bruising His Body by contact with the rocks that were in the river's bed. It was night when they brought Him into Jerusalem. That night a cohort of Roman soldiers formed the body-guard of Pilate. They were called archers; men of the most corrupt and terrible vices; men without faith in, God or man; men whose every word was either a blasphemy or an impurity. These men, who were only anxious for amusement, when they found the Prisoner dragged into Jerusalem at that hour, took possession of Him for the night, and they brought Him to their quarters; and there the Redeemer was put, sitting in the midst of them. During the whole of that long night, between Holy Thursday and Good Friday morning, the soldiers remained sleepless, employed in loud revel, in their derision and torture of the Son of God. They struck Him on the head. They spat on Him. They hustled Him with scorn from one to another. They scourged Him. They wounded Him in every conceivable form. Here, silent as a lamb before the shearer, was the Eternal Son of God, looking out with eyes of infinite knowledge and purity, upon the very vilest of men that all the iniquity of this earth could bring around Him.

He was brought before the high-priest. He was asked to answer. The moment the Son of God opened His lips to speak—the moment He attempted to testify—a brawny soldier came out of the ranks, stepped before our divine Lord, and saying to Him: "Answerest Thou the high-priest thus?" drew back his clenched, mailed hand, with the full force of a strong man, flinging himself forward, struck Almighty God in the face! The Saviour reeled, stunned by the blow. The morning came. Now He is led before Pilate, the Roman governor, who alone has power to sentence Him to death, if He be guilty; and who has the obligation to protect Him and to set Him at liberty, if He be innocent. The Scribes and the Pharisees were there, the leaders of the people; and the rabble of Jerusalem was with them; and in the midst of them was the silent, innocent victim, who knew that the sad and terrible hour of His crucifixion was upon Him. Brought before Pilate, He is accused of this crime and that. Witnesses are called; and the moment they come—the moment they look upon the face of God—they are unable to give testimony against Him. They could say nothing that proved Him guilty of any crime; and Pilate, enraged, turned to the Pharisees, and said: "What do you bring this Man here for? Why is He

bound? Why is He bruised and maltreated? What has He done? I find no crime, or shadow of a crime in Him." He is not only innocent, but the judge declares, before all the people, that the Man has done nothing whatever to deserve any punishment, much less death. How is this sentence received? The Pharisees are busy amongst the people, whispering their calumnies, and prompting them to cry out, and say: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! We want to have Jesus of Nazareth crucified! We want to do it early, because the evening will come and bring the Sabbath with it! We want to have His Blood shed! Quick! Quick! Fall Pilate he must condemn Jesus of Nazareth, or else he is no friend to Caesar! The people cry out: "Let Him be crucified! If you let Him go you are no friend of Caesar! What says Pilate? 'Crucify your King! He calls Himself 'King of the Jews.' You, yourselves, wished to make Him your King, and you honored Him. Am I to crucify Him whom you would have for King? Am I to crucify your King?' And then— in an awful moment, Israel declared solemnly that God was no longer her King; for the people cried out: "He is not our King! We have no King but Caesar!" We have no King but Caesar! The old cry of the man who, committing sin, says: "I have no King but my own passions; I have no King but this world; I have no King but the thoughts of money, or of honors, or of indulgence!" So the Jews cried: "We have no King of ours; we have no King but Caesar!" Pilate, no doubt in a spirit of compromise, said to himself, "I see this Man cannot escape. I see murder in these people's eyes! They are determined upon the crucifixion of this Man, and, therefore, I must try to find out some way or another of appealing to their mercy." Then he thought to himself, "I will make an example of Him. I will tear the flesh off His bones. I will cover Him with blood. I will make Him such a pitiable object that not one in all that crowd will have the heart to demand further punishment, or another blow for Him." So he called his officers, and said: "Take this Man, and scourge Him so as to make Him frightful to behold; let Him be so mangled that when I show Him to the people they may be moved to pity and spare His life, for He is an innocent Man." In the cold, early morning the Lord is led forth into the court-yard of the Pretorium, where the sixty of the strongest men of the guard are picked out—chosen for their strength; and they are told off into thirty pairs, and every man of the sixty has a new scourge in his hand. Some have chains of iron some, cords knotted, with steel spikes at the end of them; others, the green, supple twig, plucked from the hedge in the early morning—long, and supple, and terrible, armed with thorns. Now these men come and scourge our Lord. They strip Him of His garments; they leave Him perfectly naked, blushing in His infinite modesty and purity, so that He longs for them to begin in order that they may robe Him in His Blood. They tie His hands to a pillar; they tie His feet to another pillar; they move, nor shrink from a blow, nor turn aside. And then the two first advance; they raise their brawny arms in the air; and then, with a hissing sound, they scourge upon the sacred body of the Lord! Quicker again and quicker these arms rise in the air with these terrible scourges. Each stroke leaves its livid mark. The flesh rises into welts. The Blood is congealed, and purple beneath the skin. Presently, the scourge comes down again, and it is followed by a quick spurt of Blood from the sacred body of our Lord—the blows quickening, and without pause, and without mercy, until those two strong men are fatigued and tired out—until their scourges are soddened, and saturated and dripping with His blood, do they still strike Him—and then, retire, exhausted, from their terrible labor:—in comes another pair—fresh, vigorous, fresh arms and new men—come to rain blows upon the defenceless body of the Lord, upon His sacred limbs upon His sacred shoulders. Every portion of His sacred body is torn: every blow brings the flesh from the bones, and opens a new wound and a new stream of Blood. Now He stands ankle deep in His own Blood—hanging out from that pillar, exhausted, with head drooping, almost insensible. He is still beaten—even when the very men who strike Him think, or suspect, that they may have killed Him. It was written in the Old Law "If a man be found guilty," says the Lord in Deuteronomy, "let him be beaten, and let the measure of his sin be the measure of his punishment; yet, so that no criminal receive more than forty stripes, lest thy brother go away shamefully torn from before thy face!" These were the words of the law. Well the Pharisees knew it! And there they stood around in the outer circle, with hate in their eyes, fury in their hearts, and even when the very men who were dealing out their revenge thought that they had killed the Victim they were scourging, still came forth from these hardened hearts the words of encouragement: "Strike Him still! Strike Him still!" And there they continued their cruel task until sixty men retired, fatigued and worn out with the work of the scourging of Our Lord.

Now, behold Him, as senseless He hangs from that pillar, one mass of bruised and torn flesh—one open wound, from the crown of His head to the soles of His feet—all bathed in the crimson of His own Blood, and

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terrible to behold! If you saw Him here, as He stood there; if you saw Him now, standing upon that altar—there is not a man or woman amongst you that could bear to look upon the terrible sight. They cut the cords that bound Him to the pillar; and the Redeemer fell down, bathed in His own Blood, and senseless upon the ground. Behold Him again, as at Gethsemane; now, no longer the pain from within, but the pain from the terrible hand of man—the instrument of God's vengeance. Oh, behold Him! Mary heard those stripes and yet she could not save her Son. Mary's heart went down with Him to the ground, as He fell from that pillar of His scourging! Oh, behold Him, you mothers! You fathers, behold the Virgin's Child, your God—Jesus Christ! The soldiers amused themselves at the sight of His sufferings, and scoffed at Him as He lay prostrate. Recovering somewhat, after a time He opened His languid eyes and rose from that ground—rose, all torn and bleeding. They throw an old purple rag around His shoulders, and they set Him upon a stone. One of them has been in the meantime, busily engaged in twisting and twining a crown made of some of those thorns which they had prepared for the scourging—a crown in which seventy-two long thorns were put, so that they entered into the sacred head of Our Lord. This crown was set upon His brow. Then a man came with a reed in his hand and struck those thorns deep into the tender forehead. They are fastened deeply in the most sensitive organ, where pain becomes maddening in its agony. He strikes the thorns in till even the sacred humanity of Our Lord forces from Him the cry of agony! He strikes them in still deeper!—deeper! Oh, my God! Oh, Father of Mercy! And all this opens up new streams of Blood!—new fountains of love! The Blood streams down, and the face of the Most High is hidden under its crimson veil. Now, now, indeed, Oh Pilate,—Oh wise and compromising Pilate—now, indeed, you have gained your end! You have proved yourself the friend of Caesar. Now, there is no fear but that the Jews, when they see Him, will be moved by compassion! They bring Him back and they put Him standing before the Roman governor. His rugged Pagan heart is moved within him with horror when he sees the fearful example they have made of Him. Frightened when he beheld Him, he turned away his eyes; the spectacle was too terrible. He called for water and washed his hands. "I declare before God," he says, "I am innocent of this Man's Blood!" He leads Him out on the balcony of his house. There was the raging multitude, swaying to and fro, and some were crying to crucify Him; some were preparing the Cross, others getting ready the hammer and nails, some thinking of the spot where they would crucify Him! There they were, arguing with diabolical rage. Pilate came forth in his robes of office. Soldiers stand on either side of him. Two soldiers bring in Our Lord. His hands are tied. A reed is put in His hand in derision. Thorns are on His brow. Blood is flowing from every member of His sacred Body. An old, tattered purple rag is flung over Him. Pilate

brings Him out, and looking round on the multitude, says: *Eccce Homo!* Behold the Man! You said I was no friend to Caesar. You said I was afraid to punish Him! Behold Him now! Is there a man amongst you who would have the heart to demand more punishment? Oh, heaven and earth! Oh heaven and earth! The cry from out every lip, from out every heart, is: "We are not yet satisfied! Give Him to us! Give Him to us! We will crucify Him!" "But," says Pilate, "I am innocent of His blood!" And then came a word—and this word has brought a curse upon the Jews from that day to this. Then came the word that brought the consequences of their crime on their hard hearts and blinded intellects. They cried out, "His blood be upon us and upon our children! Crucify Him!" "But," says Pilate, "here is a man in prison; he is a robber and a murderer! And here is Jesus of Nazareth whom I declare to be innocent. One of these I must release, which will you have—Jesus or Barabbas?" And they cried out: "Barabbas! give us Barabbas! But let Jesus be crucified!" Here is compared the Son of God to the robber and the murderer. And the robber and murderer is declared fit to live, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is declared only fit to die! The vilest man in Jerusalem declared in that hour that he would not associate with our Lord, and that the Son of God was not worthy to breathe the air polluted by this man! So Barabbas came forth, rejoicing in his escape; and, as he mingled in the crowd, he, too, threw up his hands and cried out: "Oh, let Him be crucified!" Let Him be crucified! He is led forth from the tribunal of Pilate. And, now, just outside of the Prefect's door, there are men holding up a long, weighty, rude cross, that they had made rapidly; for they took two large beams, put one across the other, fastened them with great nails, and made it strong enough to uphold a full-grown man. There is the cross! There is the man with the nails! And there are all the accompaniments of the execution. And He who is scarcely able to stand—He, bruised and afflicted—the Man of Sorrows, fainting with infirmity, is told to take that cross upon His bleeding, wounded shoulders, and to go forward to the mountain of Calvary. Taking to Him that cross, holding it to His wounded breast, putting to it in tender kisses the lips that were distilling blood, the Son of God, with the cross upon His shoulders, turns His faint and tottering footsteps toward the steep and painful way that led to Calvary. Behold Him as He goes forth! That cross is a weight almost more than a man can carry; and it is upon the shoulders of One from whom all strength and manliness are gone. Behold the Redeemer, as He toils painfully along, amid the shouts and shrieks of the enraged people. Behold Him as He toils along the flinty way, the soldiers driving Him on, the people inciting them every one rushing and hastening to Calvary, to witness the execution. John, the beloved, follows Him. A few of His faithful followers toil along. But there is one who traces each of His blood-stained foot-steps there is one who follows Him with a breaking heart; there is one whose very soul within her is pierced and torn with the sword of sorrow. Oh, need I name the Mother, the Queen of Martyrs! In that hour of His martyrdom, Mary, the mother of Jesus, followed immediately in His footsteps,

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and her whole soul went forth in prayer for an opportunity to approach Him, to wipe the blood from His sacred face. Oh, if they would only let her come to Him, and say, "My child! I am with You!" If they would only let her take in her womanly arms, from off the shoulders of her dear Son, that heavy cross that He cannot bear! But, no! She must witness His misery; she must witness His pain. He toils along; He takes the first few steps up the rugged side of Calvary. Suddenly His heart ceases to beat; the light leaves His eyes: He sways, for a moment, to and fro; the weakness and the sorrow

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

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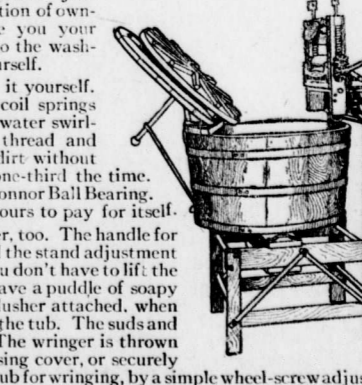
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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apoteotic Delegation Ottawa, June 15th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noticed with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church. It is the same thing promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATO, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apoteotic Delegation

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1913

AN INTERESTING LECTURE

When Germany is mentioned nowadays many good people in our peaceful and peace loving country hear of wars and rumors of war and can already see the famous New Zealander with his sketch-book making his way to the broken arch of London bridge.

However one may regard the "German Peril," the authorities of Trinity College, Toronto, are to be congratulated on the fact of having provided a lecture on Germany by a German.

"It is the want of knowledge of each other that makes great nations suspicious."

Mr. Platon Reich, Ph. D., delivered the fourth of the series of Lenten lectures at Trinity College, Toronto, on "Germany of To-day." He made the foregoing quotation from Lord Haldane's "Germany in the 19th Century."

Dr. Reich dealt comprehensively with education in Germany. One could wish for greater detail than the newspapers gave to his treatment of this all-important subject, but one phase of the question is made clear in the report of the lecture by the Toronto World.

Evidently in Germany religion is not divorced from education; rather is it treated, quite as a matter of course, as the greatest educational influence.

The following paragraph, which we take from the World, will be of great interest to our readers:

"There are three state churches in Germany, the Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish. Two-thirds of the population are Protestant. Clergymen are appointed by the state, they being semi-officials. All are entitled to pensions. The Protestant church is losing ground to-day, said Mr. Reich. In three years 17,000 secessions were handed in, in Berlin alone. Reasons for this the lecturer thought were that the clergy were inclined to become too academic and lacking in sympathy. The clergy scarcely ever visit. Socialists charge them with being state officials first, teachers of Christianity after. Every child when fourteen years of age is allowed by the state to choose his own religion."

"Referring to the Roman Catholic Church the lecturer said you will be surprised at its power. The storm of 1873-1891 ended with Bismarck's defeat and the triumph of the church. The increase in forty years was from twelve to twenty-three millions. Religious feeling here is far from being on the wane. Reasons for this are that the Catholic church has unity, the priest is the friend of the people, his training is even more severe than that of the Protestant clergy, and the state does not interfere with the discipline of the hierarchy. The Catholic clergy get only half of that received by those of the Protestant Church, but the bishops refused an increase from the state, saying it would lead to the loss of the simple life for the priests. The Jewish church has the same rights as others with regard to levying taxes."

That is not re-assuring for the Ulster "Unionists" who threaten, in the event of Home Rule, to annex themselves to the "greater Protestant nation on earth."

Statistics show that not only are German Catholics keeping pace with the growth of population, but that proportionally they are gaining even in Prussia.

It is still more gratifying, however, to know that conditions are such as to justify the hope that ere many

generations pass away the land of Luther will be brought back to the unity of the faith once delivered to the saints.

A WOMAN'S LOGIC

In connection with the women's suffrage movement a great deal of emphasis is laid on the fact that man is more logical than woman; that man reaches his conclusions by pure reason, while woman, though quite as rational, is so largely influenced by her feelings that her conclusions are not logical, but the result of reason modified to a greater or less extent by her emotions.

Hence we have grown familiar with the terms, man's logic and woman's intuition.

That in many cases feminine intuition is right when masculine logic is far astray, only shows what from the beginning of things has been admitted, that the two should go together as a general rule. Whether this is an argument for or against the vote for women we shall not attempt to determine. Neither shall we venture an opinion as to how far it is true that woman's emotional nature affects her judgment.

But that men at times may be hysterical, the Ulster campaign bears eloquent testimony; and that women, even suffragettes, may be coldly logical is put beyond question by the following:

Mrs. Pankhurst was the chief speaker. "Although I am not here to incite," she said, "I am here to talk about incitement to violence on the part of leaders of other political parties. When I take my place in the dock on April 1, by my side there ought to be certain leaders of the Unionist party, Bonar Law, F. E. Smith, Sir Edward Carson and Walter Long. Acts of violence in Belfast following on the speeches of the Unionist party can as plainly be traced to those speeches as any acts of violence can be traced to speeches of mine."

That strikes one as being a forcible presentation of well known facts, and a master of dialectics would be put to it to controvert the logical conclusion indicated by Mrs. Pankhurst.

OATHS—BOGUS AND BLOOD-CURDLING

In the distant future men may laugh at the superstitions of the present generation; but we have no very good reason for believing that they will have any right to do so.

Compared with any past age the twentieth century has its full quota of credulous people swayed by superstitious fears.

Perils, yellow, Russian and German, come and go, but the "Roman Peril" is perennial, and will last as long as ignorance and bigotry beget superstitious fear of Rome in the minds of timid Protestants.

There is little sign of the approach of the time when Protestants will be sufficiently enlightened and have sufficient self-respect to treat with contempt the ridiculous appeals to their fears of the Catholic Church. In every Protestant community there is found all too large a proportion of the people grotesquely like the children who are in mortal terror of imaginary bogies.

"And the Gobelins will git you, ef you don't watch out."

The latest "gobelin" to put terror into the hearts of Protestant children is the "oath" taken by the Knights of Columbus. Needless to say it is blood curdling. In England, where there are no Knights of Columbus, the "oath" of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is the gobelin that points its gory finger at the horrors of Rome Rule in Ireland.

Millions of the bogus K. of C. oath have been circulated in the United States and no doubt many have found their way to Canada. Whether or not it was worth while to trace the libel and punish the bearers of false witness, was for some time an open question.

However, in St. John's, Nfld., Grand Knight Charles O'Neill Conroy instituted an action for criminal libel against Charles A. Swift for printing and circulating the alleged K. of C. oath.

The prisoner admitted the charges, expressed deep regret, and apologized to all concerned. He had never seen the alleged oath until shown him by Henry Bloch who had induced him to print and circulate the slander. He had since learned that it originated in a paper called The Menace.

By the way The Menace, a vile anti-Catholic sheet, was owned by J.A. Wayland, who recently committed suicide rather than face the consequences of his acts in the courts.

Swift, having explained and apologized, and given proper information, the counsel for the Knights declared that his clients desired the proceedings to go no further against this particular person. If he had justified his conduct or attempted to set up the truth of the alleged oath the prosecution would have been pushed to the extreme limit.

The Knights of Columbus of Philadelphia have likewise succeeded in delaying the publication of the infamous oath to Charles Megonigal, a printer, and Clarence H. Stage, both of that city, and have instituted criminal proceedings against them.

The Christian Advocate of New York, "having been supplicated so earnestly to denounce its horrible terms," says of the "oath": "We have never believed in the genuineness of the absurd document and cannot understand how even the most inveterate anti-Romanist could be cajoled into accepting it as an authentic instrument."

But the very Christian Advocate adds that it is probably a Jesuit trick.

"It would be not at all opposed to Jesuitical practice for one of their order to circulate such a fiction among Protestants, exciting them to an attack upon Rome, which could be defeated on the final exposure of the fiction to the humiliation and chagrin of the Protestant controversialist."

That ought to satisfy the "suppliants"; at any rate it is the best the Christian Advocate could do in view of those pestilent knights taking the matter into the courts.

And the Christian Advocate "cannot see how the most inveterate anti-Romanist can be cajoled" into believing in the bogus oath! Cannot understand how Protestants can be so silly as to be afraid of this bogus oath goblin; but while the wily Advocate, under the outward and visible appearance of sound common sense, points out the absurdity of the "oath," it slyly whispers to its inveterate anti-Romanist dupes, "it is a gobelin after all, a Jesuitical gobelin, and that's the worst kind. They have often been seen by Methodists."

Not only has the "oath" been exposed in the courts, but was brought before congress in a memorial of Eugene C. Bonniwell, objecting to the right of Thomas S. Butler to sit for the Seventh Congressional District of Pennsylvania. The ground of the objection was the circulation of the "oath" by Butler's agents. Butler admitted its circulation but denied having anything to do with it; and the congressional committee thus expressed itself:

"This committee cannot condemn too strongly the publication of the false and libellous article referred to in the paper of Mr. Bonniwell, and which was the spurious Knights of Columbus oath."

The silence of the daily papers of Canada on this subject makes it tolerably certain that history will repeat itself; and that the miserable forgery which was used so largely in the recent American elections will reappear in places where it will do the most good when our own elections are held.

We have a lot of voters who can easily be persuaded that the gobelins will git them if they don't watch out.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN SASKATCHEWAN

When the opponents of Separate Schools raised a clamor over the recent changes in the School Act of Saskatchewan we obtained from the Department of Education of that province the following copy of the amendment, which in the name of liberty was so strongly objected to:

3. Subsection (2) of section 45 of the said Act (The School Act) is amended by adding thereto the following proviso:

"Provided that in the case of any Separate School district having heretofore been or hereafter being established within which a Separate School is maintained in operation, the ratepayers of the religious faith of the minority supporting it shall hereafter be assessable for Separate School purposes only, and the ratepayers of the religious faith of the majority constituting the Public School district as established shall be assessable for Public School purposes only."

Very naturally we thought the Amendment introduced some change into the law as it had obtained up to that time. And since the amendment leaves no option with the ratepayers as to whether they will support the Separate or the Public school, concluded that hitherto such option existed as in Ontario.

As a matter of fact no such option was ever considered to exist either before or since the passage of the Autonomy Act. With the single

exception of the decision of Judge McLorg, the courts have always held that where there was a Catholic Separate School, Catholic ratepayers were not free to transfer their taxes to the Public School, and non-Catholics could not elect to support the Separate school. Similarly where the Separate school was Protestant, all Protestants in the district were obliged to support it, and could not transfer their support to the Public school controlled by Catholics.

Contrary to this accepted interpretation of the law, Judge McLorg decided that regardless of religion ratepayers might elect to support either the public or the Separate school, Catholics supporting the Protestant Public school or Protestants supporting the Catholic Separate school as they deemed expedient.

This being an altogether novel interpretation of the law, at variance with all other decisions handed down from the Bench on the subject, the Scott Government simply removed all doubt, and confirmed the uniform practice by the amendment in question.

We are indebted to Mr. McCarthy of Regina for the information and gladly make room for his interesting letter.

It will be noted that it was not at the instance of Catholics, but merely to remove all doubt consequent on Judge McLorg's decision that the amendment was passed. It is quite evident that there is no advantage to Catholic Separate schools that is not shared equally by Public schools and Protestant Separate schools.

Regina, Feb. 24th, 1913. THE EDITOR, CATHOLIC RECORD.

Dear Sir,—As I have been a reader of your esteemed paper for over a quarter of a century I could not fail to notice your reference in last issue to "Separate schools in Saskatchewan."

Your opening remarks indicate that your youthful contemporary, American, published in New York, had erred in its report or deductions regarding recent school enactments here.

Not having read America's article I assumed that it had fallen into the trap laid for the credulous by ignorant or designing anti-Walter Scott papers who state that Saskatchewan law hitherto permitted Separate school ratepayers to send their tax to the Public school.

This statement was made here by a few new arrivals from Ontario, when Parliament was closing, and one or two rabid Provincial papers enlarged on it, but the law and the practice were so plain that they were simply laughed out of court and it is now for the "down easter" to get the overflow.

I am sorry to read that you say "Hitherto in Saskatchewan as in Ontario, Separate school supporters might at any time transfer their taxes to the Public school."

Now I hope that you will correct above statement at once as it certainly puts an unfair and untrue argument into the hands of our enemies by Catholic papers making same.

We have had Gratton Roman Catholic School District in operation here for the past fourteen years and this question has been continually before us during that period. Every year we have had cases before the Court of Revision and except on three occasions the only question ever raised was as to the religion of the ratepayer, not his desire.

In some few cases the Town (now City) Councils, under advice from ex-Ontario Solicitors, thought it only just that desire should rule, but when any case got past them to a Judge their opinions were invariably reversed until in one case District Justice McLorg, at Vonda, gave an opinion that Separate School ratepayers might elect to support the Public school and Protestants ratepayers elect to support the Separate school. This opinion, provided it were good law, would be highly pleasing to us here in Regina at all events, but it being from a lower Court Judge we did not hear of it.

It seems, however, that Hon. Walter Scott, Minister of Education and Premier of Saskatchewan, heard of the opinion and that he also saw the possibility of further contradictory deductions from the Territorial law handed down to him in 1905 and so he inserted a declaratory clause rather than an "amendment" which left no room to doubt what the law always has been under the provisions of the B. N. A. act.

My claim that the law of the North West Territories never gave school ratepayers the right to dictate where their taxes should go is supported (to my own knowledge) by decisions of Regina and Prince Albert Supreme Court Judges during Premier Haultain's regime and only last year by Justice Farrell at Lemberg when he denied to a non-Catholic the right to avoid a 20 mill Public School rate by desiring to come under a much cheaper Separate School rate.

Our enemies, ever true to their principles, only quote the one side of Justice McLorg's opinion which was that we had "Unrestricted Reciprocity" in school taxation matters.

A few Regina lawyers saw a curtailment of their litigation fees

through the Premier's clear cut "amendment" and with a number of Protestant Ministers and Public School officials waited on Premier Scott in protest, but they got a real nice set-back as was shown that the Catholics had not asked for the legislation and that it was more in the Public than Separate School interest.

There was, however, a real amendment passed at last session which supporters of Separate Schools desired which is shortly to be effect that they can get a fair start of companies' (soulless corporation) taxes. Formerly the provision governing this was unworkable in the words of Rev. McKinnon, one of the "deputations" who objected to Premier Scott giving a "handle" to Separate schools, but we now have a real handle to a hitherto clumsy provision.

I have good reason to believe that it is this financial provision which really aggravates our good friends the enemy but they are ashamed to say so openly so they pretend their poor defenceless Catholics, but they forget that if non-Catholics could legally divert their taxes to us we would be the ones to benefit.

I request you in the interests of truth and justice to correct your last week's reference.

Very sincerely yours, JOHN MCCARTHY.

UNFAIR TO CATHOLICS

We are more than surprised to note that the editor of our contemporary the Ottawa Citizen is marching in step with the majority of the Toronto papers when dealing with matters pertaining to the Catholic Church. Bigotry is a fearful disease. It laughs at all manner of anti-toxins. Some few years ago a clergyman of the Church of England, actuated, we doubt not, by the best of motives, brought a colony of Anglicans to the North-west for the purpose of settlement. His scheme received acclaim on every hand. Now let us see how the apostles of "equal rights for all and special privileges for none," show the white feather when they should be loyal to their banner. The Citizen says:

"A despatch from Winnipeg states that Father Giroux, a Jesuit priest, is colonizing a certain section of the Peace River district with several thousand Catholic immigrants from the United States. Already the advance party has arrived upon the spot, and preparations are being made to bring the others early in the spring. This despatch spells a distinct danger to Canada. The importation of any class of settlers in bulk, and their settlement in bulk, is a bad policy. It means a lump in the national dough-dish that will resist the permeation of the Canadian yeast. Assimilation is necessary to homogeneity, and this method of segregation is fatal to it."

So it seems there is danger when Catholics make settlement in bulk, but as in the case of the Anglicans, it is altogether admirable when non-Catholics take a slice of country to themselves.

We wish it were possible that our Protestant fellow Canadians would employ the scales of justice when dealing with their Catholic fellow citizens. It oftentimes pains us to draw attention to this regrettable condition in our civic life. There is not only a note of bitterness in our contemporary's comments, but, as well, a little coarseness, which ill becomes a first-class daily newspaper.

Says he: "Too much has been done by steamship companies, Salvation Army officers, and Jesuit priests, Mormons and all the sundry and various organizations, that in every case make secondary that which ought to be primary, namely, the future strength, unity and stability of this country."

Would not our contemporary think us ungentlemanly or coarse were we to put the Anglican clergymen side by side with, we will say, the Dowieites. But not alone in this respect has our contemporary shown bias. He shows a lack of information in dealing with the school question. He finds fault because Quebec and Ontario are placed in the same class as regards the Educational Guarantees of the British North America Act. "As a matter of fact," he says, "Quebec is in a class by itself, both on account of its religion and its language. In such case the English Protestant minority needed a guarantee of equal rights. In Ontario no such conditions were provided for. Catholic schools were separate, as the name indicates. The other schools were not Protestant, but public in every sense of the word, and a normal part of the public organism of the Province." We say to our contemporary in all honesty and seriousness that the English Protestant minority in Quebec needed no guarantee so far as their rights were concerned, but that the Catholic minority of Ontario would now be

in a sorry plight had such guarantees not been given on their behalf, for from the very inception of the Separate school system in the Province, indeed almost up to our own day, every amendment made to the Separate School Act which would render it workable was given most grudgingly, and many a time there had been an agitation to wipe out the Separate school system altogether. This would have been done had it not been for the Provisions of the British North America Act which stood in the way.

Our contemporary tells us that the Public schools are not Protestant. This may be taken as a half truth. While in many cases they are not Protestant, in a few localities they are semi-Protestant. A glance at the advertising columns of the Globe will show the editor scores of advertisements for teachers for Public schools in which the condition is laid down that the applicants must be Protestants.

It is with the utmost regret that we have so frequently to draw attention to the unfair treatment of Catholic subjects by the secular press. The fountain pen is too frequently filled from a bottle of bigotry.

HOW IT WORKS

"Eighteen thousand dollars, according to the evidence given yesterday in Judge Winchester's Court by Robert Jessiman, is the sum which the city has lost through the alleged neglect of contractors to carry out their contracts on Board of Education work in the different city collegiates and public schools. Moreover, in his testimony regarding the defects in Balm Beach School, Mr. Jessiman said that a capable inspector should have found any faults in the work in that school, and that such would not be a matter of careful investigation. Mr. Jessiman and Mr. Craddock were to go over the work of the different contractors, and this is the result of their investigation."

"In forty-four public and high schools of Toronto Mr. Jessiman found that contracts had not been carried out according to specifications. In a great many of them hemlock and spruce have been substituted for pine and oak, cast iron weights in place of lead sash weights, whitewash for plaster, and that the concrete work was an inferior quality.—Toronto Globe, March 1.

And the fife and drum band continues to play, "Croppie Lie Down," "The Boyne Water," "We'll Kick the Pope Before us," and "God Save the King."

P. S.—"No Surrender."

CATHOLICS IN CANADA

From a return brought down recently in the Senate we are enabled to publish the following table showing the Catholic population of the different provinces of the Dominion:

Table with 2 columns: Province and Catholic Population. Alberta: 62,193; British Columbia: 58,397; Manitoba: 73,994; New Brunswick: 144,889; Nova Scotia: 144,991; Ontario: 484,997; Prince Edward Island: 41,994; Quebec: 1,724,683; Saskatchewan: 90,992; Yukon: 1,849; Northwest Territories: 4,962.

THE FUTURE OF IRELAND

As we pause on St. Patrick's day to do a little national stock-taking, we find in looking back over the past that although there is much to deplore, and very much more to weep over, yet there is nothing in all the long history of Ireland of which children need feel ashamed. We have to deplore the sad fate that has played such cruel pranks with her: we cannot but weep over the many blood-stained chapters in her annals; but although she may be poor and in rags, those who have eyes to see will find that it is success, not failure, that is written at the end of the page. For above the long night of her suffering her twin-stars rises resplendent. Fidelity to her two-fold ideal has ennobled even her failures. Her double gifts of pure-souled patriotism and religious consistency have crowned as with a halo her every action. Religion and patriotism have been the inspiration of her people. God and country—these were her ideals, and through smiles and through tears, in sunshine and shadow, she has never for an instant lost sight of them. It was a hard rough road that she had to traverse. There were many temptations along the way. She had to deny herself many things that the world prized. But she did so cheerfully, for in her view it was worth the price. Her's was a choice the highest and holiest that can animate the human heart. For the love of God epitomizes all we hope for in the life to come, and the love of country embraces what is sweetest and most

precious in the present life. For the one the choice spirits of humanity, the saints and martyrs, have made the greatest renunciations; the other has had its martyrs also, and the poets and patriots are its canonized saints. As the soul is more and greater than the body, so is the measure of Ireland's success greater than that of earthly empire and the pomp and power of proud humanity. She has preferred to live for heaven—to build for eternity. She has ever deemed it her highest glory to endeavor to teach the world the beauty of the things of the spirit. Alone in the midst of a materialistic world she has been a witness to the Unseen. The worldly wise have dubbed her a dreamer and visionary, but

"A dreamer lies forever Whilst the toiler dies in a day,"

and when the deeds of the empire builders have crumbled into dust beyond the portals of time, the dream of the dreamer will be clothed with life in the sunshine of eternal day.

But though Ireland's inspiring past has been mostly a Calvary, it would seem that at long last the hand of time is about to roll back the stone from the sepulchre of her disappointed hopes. The dawn of a new era is breaking above the hill-tops. Before many months the sun of Liberty will shine upon her in all its noonday splendour. How shall she use her new found freedom? Will she be true in prosperity, as in adversity, to her twin-ideal? We are not of the number of the doubting Thomases who think she will swerve somewhat from the old paths. To do so she would have to tear out her very soul. For the Irish mind is essentially spiritual. The very atmosphere is religious. The winds and the streams speak to her of the Promise. Patrick still keeps watch and ward over his people, and until the sands of time have run their course his people will be true to Patrick. The faith that waned before the sun of prosperity had never taken root in the peoples' hearts. But Patrick planted deep, and the Promise made to him when the seed was still young in the ground he had tilled, still holds good:

"Many a race, Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years, Shall cease from faith * * * * * But over thine God shall the shadow of His hand extend, And in the night of ages teach to her that song,

Which when the nations wake, shall sound their glad deliverance."

There is still work for the children of St. Patrick to do. The new era will but increase their possibilities. And with the wider field that will be theirs will also come greater responsibilities. We have no fear that they will not acquit themselves worthily in the days to come. To fail were to betray the heritage of centuries of glorious deeds for faith and fatherland—to forget the days when their motherland was the missionary of Europe and the teacher of the world. The world to-day has sore need of teachers and missionaries. Christianity has to contend with enemies more relentless than Hun or Vandal. And the nation that gave battle to the one will not shirk the conflict with the other. The race of Columba and Scotus is not dead. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WRITING SHORTLY after the election of the new President of the United States we remarked that, judging by certain incidents in his career, the Catholics of the great republic had every reason to look forward to his administration of that high office with hope and confidence. His inaugural address the other day seems to us to give point and emphasis to this estimate of the man. Conceived in a lofty vein, and distinguished above ordinary Presidential deliverances by the grace and dignity of its expression, it gave voice to ideals which, if even tolerably approximated to, will make for the elevation of public morals and the purification of the political life of his country.

IT IS SOMETHING at least to have a high sense of public duty, and, in putting one's hands to the plow, to determine upon a straight furrow, President Wilson passes from the Governorship of New Jersey to the higher office of the Washington Executive with a reputation for rectitude and self-reliance which fits in well with the sentiments of his inaugural. That he may be enabled to adhere to them and, as he himself expressed it, "square every process of the national life with the standards so proudly set up at the beginning,"

will be the aspiration of all that is best in the life of the nation.

As to President Wilson's bearing towards Catholics, we heard the epithet bigot coupled with his name a short time ago, on the authority of his "History of the American People."

HERE IS WHAT Woodrow Wilson, as Governor of New Jersey, and former President of Princeton, had to say to the faculty and students of that institution:

"No society is renewed from the top; every society is renewed from the bottom. I can give you an illustration, concerning that which has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which governed them, was that the men who were the efficient instruments of government—the men who were efficient—were drawn from the Church, from that great Church body which we now distinguish from other church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church.

"Every chancellor in Europe, every court in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained, and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and then dominant Church.

"So, what kept government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of sap from the bottom, from the ranks, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood."

We may surely accept this as some sort of promise that an enlightened intelligence and an open mind will be brought to bear upon affairs in the wider sphere of the nation.

THE CENSUS of Sutherlandshire, with the exception of Caithness, the most northerly country of Scotland, has just been published, and it affords us a fresh glimpse of the process of depopulation which has been at work for some years in the Highlands. The total population of the country in 1911 was 20,179 as against 21,440 in 1901—a decrease of 5.9 per cent in ten years.

WRITING in the Ecclesiastical Review, Dr. Grattan Flood calls attention once more to Cardinal Newman's passion for music, and to the large place it occupied in his youth and budding manhood. Even in his boyhood he was an accomplished violinist and—what was very unusual in those days—took to the study of chamber music. He graduated at Trinity, Oxford, in 1820, and in the same year writes: "Our music club has been offered and has accepted the music room for our weekly private concert."

fact" is, that his first attempt at authorship was the writing of something like a comic opera. This is authenticated by a letter of the year 1815.

THE TRUTH is that all through his career the future Cardinal found solace and relief from the many anxieties which encompassed him in music or in poetical expression. It was his hymns, including the well-known "Lead, Kindly Light," that first gave impetus to the Oxford Movement, and during the entire period of that momentous epoch, the muse was never long absent from him.

AS IN HIS Oxford days, so later as a Catholic, music and poetry were, after religion itself, his solace and comfort. "The Dream of Gerontius," his greatest poetical effort and one of the greatest poems in the language, was written out of sorrow over the death of his beloved Father John Joseph Gordon, "Fratris Didericissimo," as he is termed in the dedication. In the anxious days at the Dublin University some of his sweetest verses were written, and at every period of anxiety in his career, we find him turning to the muse as an outlet for his overburdened spirit.

VISITORS to the charming Retreat at Rednal, the country home of the Oratorians, where the Cardinal lies buried, will be told of his reveries there with the violin. He is said to have had remarkable skill on that instrument, which, had his walk in life been other than it was, might have brought him fame and fortune. The old story of his answer to the challenge of a redoubtable bigot to public debate has been grossly misinterpreted of late. It is even said that he challenged his assailant to a public trial on the violin for a stake of 500 pounds. This of course is ridiculous. What actually happened the Cardinal himself has left on record.

READERS of the Apologia will recall Cardinal Newman's tender allusion to the snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite his old rooms at Trinity which for years he had regarded "as the emblem of his own perpetual residence, even unto death, at his university." Through recent extensions to Balliol, the adjoining college, this wall is now built up against, says the Tablet, and "spoils for snap-dragon." It is related of the Cardinal that when after his elevation to the Sacred College he revisited Oxford and looked over his old Trinity rooms, the Tablet publishes a letter giving a contemporary account of this visit. It says: "Cardinal Newman visited Trinity in 1878. One of the servants told me he took the Cardinal up to his old room, and after glancing round, he said, 'Oh, what a change in the room! No carpets, no sofa, no easy chairs in our day; but we had our beloved books. He then went to the window, which was open, and looked out, and I heard him say, 'Oh! there is my beloved snap-dragon on the wall now just as it was in my day.'" If, finally, concludes the Tablet, "the snap-dragon perished in its old place, its seeds will not wholly perish. Not a hundred miles from St. James' Presbytery, Spanish Place, flourishes a cutting from the parent plant, and others of its offspring are to be found far afield, some even in the United States."

APROPOS CARDINAL Newman and Trinity College, we are pleased to note that under the auspices of its name-

sake in Toronto, the President of Toronto University has been lecturing on Newman, and (notwithstanding sundry misinterpretations and misjudgments, which are apparently inevitable in Protestants), if we may judge from press reports, lecturing in a kindly and appreciative spirit. This is but another indication of the strong and enduring hold the Oratorian Cardinal has taken upon the deeper thought of the age. Men may quarrel with Newman's conclusions, and lament his loss to Protestantism which, after all, is but natural, but the simple beauty of his character, the depth and penetration of his intellect, and his abiding place among the greatest spiritual forces of the age no man may gainsay. That he is an intellectual and spiritual force to be reckoned with all testimonies concur.

THE SILENT MONITOR

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY SKETCH

The little brown parcel was lying on the hall table as he came in. The housekeeper had so placed it that it would be the first object to catch his eye as he entered, for well she knew that this was his Patrick's Pot—his present from over the seas that never failed to reach him every St. Patrick's Eve. They were shamrocks from Ireland, and her mother's heart understood why it was that the cold reserved nature melted perceptibly during the days that followed their arrival. There was one spot remaining in his heart that was not yet dried up, she said to herself. And who could tell but it might yet lead him back to the world of faith that he had lost?

With a cry that is a strange blending of joy and of pain he snatches it up. And the hard face melts, the cold steely eyes soften, as he looks upon the labored handwriting he knew so well. He retires with it into his private sanctum, and there tenderly, almost religiously, he undoes the ribbon that binds it. Ah, there it is, his shamrocks from home? There are the little withered leaves plucked by a mother's hand, and moistened by a mother's tears? Dear shamrocks from Ireland, what memories they recalled of the dead past that he had striven so hard to forget, and yet, in moments like the present, the thought would sometimes come to him that perhaps they were the best days after all? They were happy days anyhow. He wondered if he had known any such happy days since? How often had he brushed the morning dew from off the green leaves as the Mass bell called across the fields on St. Patrick's Day? And then down the quiet country lane to the village chapel where grey-haired Father Tom murmured the sonorous Latin of the Mass? And there he was by his mother's side, bowing down to the earthen floor, as the White Host was elevated, and the adoring waves of the grand old Irish prayers swept the congregation in one glad outburst of welcome. A cynical smile played about his lips as his thoughts wandered back to those memories of days he would like to forget. It did very well for those simple peasants who had no other aim or ambition in life. It satisfied them, and there was room for it in their uneventful lives. But with him it was altogether different. A conscience was always below par on 'Change. The never-ending search for the dollar choked out all thought of the supernatural. Every moment given to the service of this God of his childhood was so much time stolen from the service of Mammon, and Mammon was a jealous god that demanded a whole-hearted service, and would not be gainsaid. Anyway faith was but a superstition that still haunted the old-world hillsides of Ireland. It was laughed out of court by the modern mind, and he was nothing if not modern. He was glad, he told himself, that he had done with it. It was more years than he cared to remember since he had seen the inside of a church. He was almost sure he had forgotten how to go to confession. A man on 'Change going to confession? Why, it was simply ridiculous. If he still remembered the Hail Mary the Blessed Mother of God must have forgotten him, because it was many a day now since he had called upon her name. The promise made to his aged mother as he kissed her goodbye, the promise that, come weal come woe, he would never forget his holy religion, had long since gone by the boards. Ah, God? The promise? The promise? Why did it rise up now to haunt him? What had given a tongue to these withered leaves that they should upbraid him with his unfaithfulness? What strange magic conjured up these thoughts of the dead past that he would fain forget? The little withered trefail that had only been to him the symbol of a mother's love, why did it now remind him of the faith that sanctified it? Why was it wet with the blood and tears of a people that, disdaining the pomp and glory of the world, had seen in it a symbol of the promise? What strange spectre shapes were these closing in around him? Figures of saint and scribe of doctor and scribe of king and peasant; glimpses of ruined abbey and broken shrine, of moss-covered Mass-rock, and the lonely graves of the holy dead, why did they rise up now to condemn him? Had he not tried

during all these years to forget it all? Had he not made for himself strange gods instead of these gods of his fathers, and why had they gone back on him? What mystic power had worked this miracle? With a heart-breaking cry he fell on his knees beside the table, the tiny package clasped in his hands. "Mother of Mercy," he prayed, and then the absurdity of it all came back to him. What! He praying! Hadn't he done with all that? This God that had to be propitiated with mumbled words and sighs and tears—had he not broken with all this superstition? And with a mocking laugh he rose to his feet. Selecting a pipe he filled it, and settling himself in the most comfortable chair, spread out the evening paper and began to read. But though he looked upon the printed page he could not distinguish a letter. The figures from 'Change danced before his eyes as if they mocked him. He flung it from him with an oath, and picking up an illustrated journal, tried to interest himself in the pictures. There was the magnificent State building that was to be dedicated to-morrow. He knew it was on the front page, but by some strange metamorphosis it, too, disappeared, and in its stead he found himself looking upon the picture of an humble chapel in an Irish village. He could almost fancy he heard the bell tolling, and there were the people crowding in to Mass, with a happiness and a joy upon their faces to which his own was a stranger. He tossed the paper aside and stood up. "Egad," he thought, "that last drink at the club must have been a curious concoction. I must feel sober to be more careful." He strode across to the window and looked down into the deserted street where the snowflakes played hide and seek with one another. Boom! Boom! Boom! Some church bell was calling the poor dupes to some devotion or other. Bah! It was good to have outgrown such fetishes. Clang! Clang! Clang! Why could not these people get through with their mummery and have done with it without disturbing folks with their jangling of bells and all this uproar? He pulled down the blind with an angry exclamation, and turned to walk to the fireplace. But even as he turned his eyes fell once more on the little package on the table. He felt himself drawn towards it by some unseen force that would brook no denial. And what was this he was now saying to him? "Do you not hear the bells? They are calling out their summons to the novena in honour of St. Patrick. Listen to the bells. Listen to the bells!" A mad fury seized him. Was he to be forever reminded of this past that was dead and buried? He would destroy the haunting, uncanny thing that walked to and fro with him. He caught up the little bundle of withered leaves and strode quickly to the fireplace. But then another voice called to him, "What? Destroy your mother's gift? Surely not? Surely not? A strange weakness shook him. Had it, then, come to this, that for the sake of this new god that he had learned to worship he would prove traitor to the only religion he now believed in—his love for his mother? No, no. Not that. Not that. He would not destroy her mother's present. It would seem like an insult to the only deity he worshipped. He shuddered as if racked by a sudden pain, and as the tiny package fell from his nerveless grasp, he threw up his arms in a mute appeal. "O God," he cried, and leaning against the mantelpiece he buried his face in his hands. The fire burned brightly in the grate, throwing uncanny shadows upon the rich carpet; outside the snowflakes floated lazily down on the wings of the fast-gathering night; from afar off the din of traffic was borne to his ears; somewhere a door shut and a footstep sounded on the pavement; the bells no longer called the believers to worship. And there by the fireplace a man wrestled with the twin demons of despair and doubt, above the poor little withered leaves that were his mother's gift for St. Patrick's Day.

A hand touched his. An arm, encircles his neck. Warm lips are pressed against his own that are cold as death. A voice—her voice—is speaking. "Ah, light of my eyes, what is the sore trouble that is on you this blessed night?" A glad cry breaks from him. His arms are wide to fold her to his breast. But ere he can press her to his heart the thought of his apostasy comes back to him. He is not worthy. God of heaven! Has it come to this! She notices the hesitation, but the cause is a mystery to her. A terrible thought takes possession of her. He was ashamed of his poor old mother!

"Pulse of my heart," she says to him. "Why do you not speak to me? Have you forgotten me?" "I have forgotten you!" he answered, and there was a world of tenderness in his voice. "Ah, I never thought it would come to this. There is one up there I have forgotten, and he pointed upwards—"One Whom you taught me to love, but Whom the world taught me to forget. And now I know that in losing Him I have lost you also. Thus am I punished."

"Vain of my life," she answered him wondering, "what strange words are these that I hear from your lips?" And then in heartbroken accents, in which despair and contrition were strangely mingled, he told her everything. She listened at first incredulous, then horrified, and then as the

whole dread story came home to her in all its awful reality she gathered him to her bosom with a gesture of unutterable love. "Poor child! poor child!" she whispered soothingly. "Ah, flesh of my flesh! why did you never tell me?" "Tell you!" he faltered. "How could I break your heart?" "But I might have helped to bind up your own?" "In the beginning, yes," he answered, "but now it is too late."

"Too late?" and she stroked the iron-grey locks that had been golden brown and curly in the days when he had clamoured on to her lap for his good-night kiss after the Rosary had been recited. "Ah, my son, it is never too late to go back to God and to crave forgiveness. Could it ever be too late to come to me and ask forgiveness? And does our dear Lord say that His love is greater than a mother's?" "And you think He has not abandoned me?" "Let us ask His Mother," she said. "Come, we will say the Rosary together as in the old days when you were 'Mother's boy.'" "The Rosary?" he repeated. "Why, I have forgotten it. It is more than three decades of years since I have seen a beads."

"Look in the parcel," she commanded, pointing to where the shamrocks lay upon the floor. The silent figure by the fireplace shook convulsively. He drew his hand across his eyes as if to brush something away. "I have been dreaming," he thought, but there was a glad smile upon his lips. The fire had burned low in the grate. The little brown parcel lay still where it had fallen. Very tenderly he stooped and picked it up. Lovingly he replaces it upon the table, bending over it more tenderly than ever valiant knight above the soft hand of fair lady in the olden days when chivalry was king. With a caressing fondness, as a miser turns his gold, he strokes the serene brown leaves that seemed fit emblem of his parched and barren soul, while there break from his lips such accents of unutterable sweetness as a mother is wont to pour out over the cradle of her little one. Only a bunch of shamrocks, serene and brown and sapless, but precious to him who held them in his hands, more precious than ever to-night because of the blessed hope of forgiveness they had brought him. Very tenderly he lifts them from their receptacle. With more than religious fervour he raises them to his lips. But what is that within! A little brown beads! Is he awake or dreaming? He puts forth his hand to draw them forth, and then he hesitates. He fears to dispel the glad illusion. But, joy of joys! It is no fantasy of his imagination. They are real as the little brown beads. Just like the ones he used to finger in the days of his faith and trust. They had come to him at the turning of the tide. They were a tangible symbol of the Reconciliation, "Mother of God!" he cried in a perfect ecstasy of joy. "Mother of mine."

ENGLAND STIRRED BY ACTION OF MONKS

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe) London, March 2.—The withdrawal from the Church of England of the English Benedictine community, known as the Monks of Cady Island, has aroused considerable interest in religious circles. The community, which owed its inception largely to the financial support of Americans, consists of thirty monks, who before they left the world were scholars, door-walkers, clergy, undergraduates, or men-about-town. The whole abbey, which was the only house of contemplation in the Church of England, passed over to the Roman Church, with the exception of two priests and a solemnly professed brother.

The community was founded, as it now is, in 1906 by Aelred Carlyle, a hospital student, who, with the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury, became Abbot. Since the arrival of Dom Aelred and the monks, Cady Island has grown wealthier day by day. The monks carry on various crafts, such as vestment-making and metal work; they also quarry marble and limestone, which is sent to Devon in little sailing boats, and are now learning to make stained glass. The monks have thus become self-supporting, save for the cost of their cloisters and towers, which are being built by two hundred masons from the mainland.

To Cady have been added Llathoy, where Father Ignatius worked, and where bands of monks go six times a year to sing their office, and where at the present only a ruined abbey stands, and St. Bride's at Milford Haven, a Sister convent, whose Abbess acknowledges the Abbot of Cady as visitor and overlord. ROMAN BENEDICTINE INSTALLED All this, which was likely to become a rich and powerful sanctuary, such as the middle ages knew, has gone to Rome. Already a Roman Benedictine, Dom Bede Camm, has been installed at Cady, and will probably become temporary Abbot, while Dom Aelred will go to Rome to begin his novitiate. Soon the Roman Bishop of Rineva is going to Cady to receive the brethren into Roman obedience. Dom Aelred has told an interviewer how the change came to pass. He desired, in order to avoid the failures

of the past, that the community should receive the full authority and support of the Primate, for Cady from time immemorial had been part of a diocese, and it was agreed that the power should be delegated to Dr. Gore, Bishop of Oxford, who, if he approved of the monastery, would become visitor, but Dr. Gore, before he would do this, asked that the island and other abbeys should be transferred from the Abbot and his chapter to a Church trust, so that they might never pass away from the Church of England. He also insisted on certain doctrinal points on which the Abbot and brethren felt they could not agree. "As for me," said the Abbot, "I shall begin again as a layman. It may be three years before I come back from Rome, but whoever rules here during that time will have the loyal support of the brothers, and the community will go on."

IN DARKNESS AND THE SHADOW OF DEATH

On March 1st the Editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China. We ask our readers to give it special consideration. There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser. Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

Do it now, in the name of God.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS We gladly acknowledge the following very prompt and generous donations to the worthy appeal of Rev. Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China: Most Rev. N. McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto..... \$100 00 "Mac," Toronto..... 10 00

ST. PATRICK

Throughout the English speaking world there is no saint's day better known than that which the Church has set apart in honor of Ireland's apostle. When you mention St. Patrick's day it is not necessary to name the month or the day of the month. Catholics and Protestants alike know it. Who could tell you off hand the date assigned to commemorate the patron saint of England, of Wales, of Scotland, or of any Continental country? Not so the 15th of March. It is associated in the minds of all with him whose life history is resplendent with services to Christianity that have placed him in the foremost rank of Christian Apostles.

It is not our purpose to enter into any lengthy details dealing with St. Patrick's life. Coming to Ireland as a boy of sixteen, the victim of pirates who had kidnapped him and condemned him to slavery, and dying at a patriarchal age, he performed a work that left not only a deep impress upon the age in which he lived, but which has been felt in the centuries that have elapsed since his earthly labors ceased, and which will be felt to the end of time. Wherever the Irish race has erected the cross, there the effects of St. Patrick's apostolate are in evidence. The seeds of the faith planted by him in Ireland have brought forth a great harvest that is beyond human computation.

That harvest has been garnered in many lands. St. Patrick's converts, with all the enthusiasm of the race from which they sprung, devoted themselves to the task of propagating the teachings they had received. Their descendants carried those teachings into Scotland, into England, into France, into Germany, and into other Continental countries centuries before Columbus set foot on American soil. In the New World their loyalty to the faith brought to their fathers by Patrick is known by all men. It was the greatest factor in the upbuilding of the Church in this land.

The spirit that made the Irish, according to the testimony of the historian Lecky, appreciate their religion as "the one thing they valued more than their land. . . the passion and consolation of their lives," remained with the Irish exiles in their new homes on this side of the Atlantic,



and was transmitted to their children. In the days of persecution their fathers were unwaveringly loyal to the faith delivered by Patrick. Other people fell away, but to quote Macaulay, "alone amongst the Northern nations Ireland adhered to the ancient faith." And so St. Patrick's work went on. We say St. Patrick's work, for it was he that was really working through successive generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen, who would have chosen death itself rather than apostatize.

As one thinks of what St. Patrick accomplished during his life time, and then reflects that the results of his apostolate are still making themselves felt, one can appreciate the great role the apostle of Ireland enacted and in a certain sense, is still enacting. His figure rises up before us as that of one of the greatest personalities in all history. In honoring his memory the Church is actuated by the same motive that prompts her to honor her other canonized sons. Her saints are the great moral heroes who set us exalted examples of virtue. When they become identified with the life of a nation, as is the case of St. Patrick, they are drawn closer to the races that have taken them as their patron saints. Hence the ardor of devotion to the apostle of Ireland manifested by the Irish race the world over on every recurring St. Patrick's Day.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CANADA LAND

Write for our 32 page booklet containing 63 photographic views, and statistical and detailed information about our lands in east central Saskatchewan. It's free. The Walsh Land Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

Our Blessed Lord does not invite the rich and the joyful to Him, although of course He does not reject any, no matter what their state of life, so long as they are ready to love Him; but He has given a special invitation to all who are weary and heavy laden.

THE OLD FAITH OF IRELAND

When others boast of wide domain, And far-flung flag of Empire waving; When thy poor rags the proud disdain, The pomp and power of kingdoms craving; E'en though thine eyes be wet with tears, Thy fields be stained with dewdrops gory, Yet canst thou stand among thy peers, And point with pride to this thy story. For thy boast is the Old Faith of Ireland, The joy and the pride of our sire-land, What though blood and though tears Have been thine through the years, Thy proud boast is the Old Faith of Ireland.

They cast it forth from ancient shrine, Proscribed and banned its Symbol holy, They nailed Thee to the Saving Sign, E'en as of old thy Master lowly, But deep in wild and lonely glen— The winds of winter all unheeding— The gray-haired Soggarth pardoned sin, The "Mass-Rock" saw the Victim bleeding. Thus they exiled the Old Faith of Ireland, The joy and the pride of our sire-land, But though blood and though tears Have been hers through the years, She was true to the Old Faith of Ireland.

But now her Passionist is o'er, The Easter Dawn is softly glowing, She stands unloosed beyond the door, The Sepulchre no longer knowing, And in the brighter days to be, Though many praise her new-found Beauty, Please God an Ireland fair and free, Shall still be true to Faith and Duty. Then hurrah for the Old Faith of Ireland, The joy and the pride of our sire-land, Sealed with blood and with tears Through the long weary years, God be praised for the Old Faith of Ireland.

—REV. D. A. CASEY

Advertisement for Furniture at Factory Prices, Sent Freight FREE to any Station in Ontario. Includes Adams Furniture Co., Limited TORONTO, ONT. and an illustration of a chair.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

"CHRIST ON CALVARY"

PALM SUNDAY

SERVING GOD FROM THE HEART

"Hosanna to the Son of David." (St. Matt. x. 9.)

To-day, my dear brethren, we are reminded of that hour in the life of Our Lord on earth in which He was receiving from the people of His own nation all the honour they could render Him. He then entered the chosen city of God in triumph over all who had opposed Him.

Thousands surrounded Him, went before Him and followed after Him. They paved the road before Him with their own clothing and with the branches of trees, that they might thus make His entry into Jerusalem as glorious as possible.

In a few days, when He had been arrested by His enemies, there was this great crowd? Where were those who had cried out so fervently, "Hosanna to the Son of David?" But few could there be found. The rest had either deserted Him or joined in with the crowd that mocked Him even while He was dying on the Cross.

But who are these men worse than the others? Simply because they received the graces of Christ in their baptism, in their confirmation, and in their First Communion, as well as in their many Communion thereafter. In Communion they receive Our Lord Himself, the Lord of eternal glory who is eternal life itself.

Why do I say this? Because nothing can move their hearts to return to God. Missions, sermons, exhortations, threatenings, warnings, counsels, the prayers and entreaties of fathers, mothers, kindred, and friends are all unheeded by them, are all in vain. Even the tears of their fathers and mothers, and the blushes of shame whenever they are alluded to by friends, have no effect upon them, none whatever. They will not return to God.

Poor souls! Remember that whatever excuse you make to yourselves, this is true, that those who keep the Commandments and the laws of the Church show they are the true friends of Our Lord; those who do not keep these show to all in heaven and earth that they are His enemies. We have but one sure and positive test of our love for Our Lord. The Ten Commandments and the laws of the Church constitute that test. All who really love Him keep this faithfully.

What, then, is to be done? Let those who are faithful profit by the terrible examples of these abandoned souls. Let them dread and tremble lest they also be brought into the same state by their increasing tepidity and neglect. Let them care to secure to Our Lord a complete triumph in their own souls that they may rule there in time and eternity.

When a person puts himself in an occasion of sin, saying: "I shall not fall. I shall not commit it," it is an almost infallible sign that he will fall, and with all the greater damage to his soul.

What art thou, O human life? Thou art the way of life and not life itself. We must traverse thee without dwelling in thee—no one dwells on a great road; we but march on through it to reach the country beyond.

Never be scandalized at what you see or hear. If you lived among the angels, and gave heed to what was going on, many things would seem to you not to be good because you do not understand them.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

of death are upon Him; He totters, falls to the earth; and down, with a heavy crash, comes the weighty cross upon the prostrate form of Jesus Christ! Oh, behold Him, as for the third time, He embraces that earth which is sanctified and redeemed by His love! Mary rushes forward; Mary thinks her Child is dead; she thinks that terrible cross must have crushed Him into the earth. She rushes forward; but with rude and barbarous words the woman is flung aside. The cross is lifted up and placed on the shoulders of Simon of Cyrene, and with blows and blasphemies, the Saviour of the world is obliged to rise from that earth, and, worn with the sorrows and afflictions of death, faces the rugged steep on the summit of which is the place destined for His crucifixion. Arrived at the place, they tear off His garments; they take from Him the seamless garment which His mother's loving hands had woven for Him; they take the humble clothing of Cyrene, and with blows and blasphemies, the Saviour of the world is obliged to rise from that earth, and, worn with the sorrows and afflictions of death, faces the rugged steep on the summit of which is the place destined for His crucifixion.

It is impossible for us to do as they did. No; it is not possible, for many who are Catholics born and bred do the same thing now. They are those who fail to keep the Ten Commandments of God and the precepts and laws of the Church. Every Catholic who breaks the Commandments of God and refuses to obey the laws of the Church does worse than those who deserted Our Lord when He was condemned and crucified. With their lips they declare they are Catholics, and in this way cry out "Hosanna to the Son of David," but in their hearts and lives they live and associate with the enemies of Christ.

But why are these men worse than the others? Simply because they received the graces of Christ in their baptism, in their confirmation, and in their First Communion, as well as in their many Communion thereafter. In Communion they receive Our Lord Himself, the Lord of eternal glory who is eternal life itself.

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RHEUMATISM KEPT HIM IN BED

Suffered Tortures Until "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Him

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Since then, I take 'Fruit-a-lives' occasionally and keep free of pain. I am satisfied 'Fruit-a-lives' cures Rheumatism and they will cure anyone who takes them as directed. If this letter would be of value to you, publish it." JOHN B. MCMILLAN, D. D. Indeed, this letter will lead you and to the thousands of sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuralgia. It points the way to a certain cure. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

not one of the Pharisees or doctors of the law had the courage to argue with Him. His reputation for power was such that the Pharisees all said: "This man speaks and preaches, not as the Pharisees, but as one having power." Christ had sacrificed and given up His reputation for sanctity, for He was crucified as a blasphemer and a teacher of evil. His reputation for wisdom was sacrificed in the course of His Passion, when Herod declared that He was a fool. Clothed in a white garment in derision, He was marched through the streets of Jerusalem, from Herod's palace to Pilate's house, dressed in a fool; and then came to their doors to point the finger of scorn and laugh at Him, and reproached each other for having listened to His doctrine. His reputation for power was gone. They came to the foot of the cross and said: "Now, if You have the power, come down from that cross and we will believe You. Now, all the man's earthly possessions are gone; His few garments are gone; Mary's love and Her sustaining compassion are gone, and His reputation is gone. He is one wound from head to foot; the anger of man has vented itself upon Him. What remains for Him? The ineffable consolations of His divinity; the infinite peace of the God-head, the Father! Oh, Man of Sorrow! Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, cling to that! Whatever else may be taken from you, that cannot be taken away. Oh, Master, lean upon Thy God-head! Oh, crucified, bleeding, dying Lord, do not give up that which is Thy peace and Thy comfort—Thy joy in the midst of all this suffering! But what do I see! The dying head is lifted up; the drooping eyes are cast heavenwards; an expression of agony absorbing all others comes over the dying face, and a voice breaks forth from the quivering, agonized lips: "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me!" The all-sufficient comfort of the divinity and the sustaining power of the Father's love are put away from Him in that hour! A cloud came between Jesus Christ upon the Cross, the victim of our sins, and the Father's face in heaven; and that cloud was the concentrated anger of God which came upon His divine Son, because of our sins and our transgressions. Not that His divinity quitted Him. No; He was still God; but by His own act and free will, He put away the comfort and sustaining power of the divinity for a time, in order that every element

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of sorrow, every grief, every misery of which the greatest victim, of this earth was capable, should be all concentrated upon Him at the hour of His death. And then, having used these solemn words, He awaited the moment when the Father's will should separate the soul from the body. Now Mary and John have embraced; Judas is struggling in the last throes; of his self-imposed death; Peter has wept his tears. The devil for a moment triumphs; and the man-God upon the cross awaits the hour and the moment of the world's redemption. The sun in the heavens is withdrawn behind mysterious clouds; and though it was but 3 o'clock in the day, a darkness like that of midnight came upon the land. Men looked upon each other in horror and in terror. Presently a rumbling noise was heard; and they looked around and saw the hills and the mountains tremble on their basis; the very ground seemed to rock beneath them; it groans as though the earth were breaking up from its centre; the rocks are splitting up, and round them strange figures are fitting here and there; the graves are opened, and the dead entombed there are walking in the dark ways before them. What is this? Who is this terrible man that we have put up on that cross? The earth quakes; darkness is still upon it; perfect silence reigns over Calvary, unbroken by the cry of the dying Redeemer—unbroken by the voice of the scoffers—unbroken by the sobs of the Magdalen. Every heart seems to stand still. Then, over that silence, in the midst of that darkness, is heard the loud cry, "Oh, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!" The head of the Lord Jesus Christ droops; the Man upon the cross is dead; and the world is saved and redeemed! The moment the cry came forth from the dying lips of Jesus Christ, the devil, who stood there, knew that it was the Son of God Who was crucified, and that his day was gone. Howling in despair he fled from the Redeemer's presence into the lowest depths of hell. The world is saved. The world is redeemed. Man's sin is wiped out. The Blood that washed away the iniquity of our race has ceased to flow from the dead and pulseless heart of Jesus. Wrapt in prayer, Mary bowed down her head under the weight of her sorrows. The Magdalen looked up and beheld the dead face of her Redeemer. John stretched out his hands and looked upon that Face. The Roman soldier lays hold of his lance, under some strange impulse. Word comes from head to foot; the lance they did not know whether our Lord was dead; there might yet some remnant of life remain in Him; the question was to prove that He was dead, and this man approaches. As a warrior, he puts his lance in rest, rushes forward with all the strength of his arm, and drives the lance right into the heart of the Lord! The heavy cross sways; it seems as if it was about to fall; the lance quivers for an instant in the wound; the man draws it forth again; and forth from the heart of the dead Christ streamed the waters of life and the Blood of redemption. The soldier drew back his lance, and the next moment, on his knees, before the Crucified, with the lance dripping with the Blood of the Lord still in his hand, he cried out, "Truly, this Man was the Son of God!" Then the earthquake began again, the dead were seen passing in fearful array, turning the eyes of Jesus Christ upon the faces of those Pharisees who had crucified the Lord. And the people, frightened became conscious that they had committed a terrible crime, when they heard Longinus, the Roman soldier, cry out, "This Man is truly the Son of God. Whom you have crucified." Then came down from Calvary the crowds, exclaiming, "Yes, truly, this is the Son of God." And they went down the hill-side, weeping and beating their breasts. Oh, how much we cost! Oh, how great was the price that He paid for us! Oh, how generously He gave all He had—and He was God—for your salvation and mine! It is well to rejoice and be here; it is well to come and contemplate the blessings which that blessed, gracious Lord, has conferred on us. It is, also, well to consider what He paid and how much it cost Him. And if we consider this, then, with Mary, the mother, and Mary, the Magdalen, and John, the Evangelist and friend—then will our hearts be afflicted. For the soul that is not afflicted on this day, shall be wiped out from the pages of the Book of Life.

TEMPERANCE

THE WATER WAGON

"I'll take a glass of seltzer." The words were spoken before a crowded hotel bar at 5 p. m. Jan. 4; and the protesting and sympathizing boon companions that he had gone "on the water wagon." "Did it Jan. 1, by jingo!" But why, then, was he here in the midst of temptation? Probably nine out of ten of these good fellows fall off the water wagon in the course of a few months. It becomes a joke. The resolution of itself is not sufficient.

It is a negative purpose to which other negatives and some affirmatives should be added to make it stick. To keep a good resolution; avoid the occasions, avoid the temptations and cultivate the opposite virtue. One must add specific measures which will make the resolution like-

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

and practical of fulfillment. Enter no bar room. Pass by the drinking companionship. Make no proclamation; but if it need be, let your deed speak for you. Seek positive help also; as for instance daily prayer in behalf of firmness of purpose. A resolution proclaimed without establishing the right condition of persistence may weaken the will. It may actually cause a man to lose confidence in himself.—Catholic Citizen.

AN ELOQUENT TEMPERANCE SERMON

Considerable comment has been going the rounds of the secular press in reference to the circular issued by the Bartender's Union of Chicago, appealing to its members to become total abstainers and warning them that the bartender who drinks is just as likely to become a drunkard as the "guy in front who pays for it." The New York Sun comments: "We do not find waiters appealing to each other to beware of foods, nor shoe clerks forming an organization to save their fellows from wearing shoes. The bartender is in a position to know, and his advice is to let it alone. We have never read a more striking and eloquent temperance sermon than this hundred-word appeal from bartender to bartender, with its implied scorn of 'the guy in front' of the bar, 'who pays for it.'" CATHOLIC DOCTRINE ON DRUNKENNESS

Here is the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of drunkenness. It is so clear, in such accord with common sense, that it requires no explanation. A simple statement will suffice: 1. Whosoever drinks deliberately to such an extent as to lose his reason commits a mortal sin.

2. Whosoever knows by past experience that when drunk he is accustomed to blaspheme or utter other improper language, or to injure others about him, besides the sin of drunkenness, is guilty of those other crimes committed during the state of intoxication. 3. Whosoever does not adopt the proper means for the correction of his vicious habit of drunkenness remains in a continual state of sin. 4. Whosoever entices or urges another to excess in drinking, whom he foresees will be intoxicated, commits a mortal sin. 5. Any seller of liquor who continues to supply drink to any individual that he knows will become intoxicated thereby commits a mortal sin, because he deliberately co-operates in the grievous sin of another. 6. Whosoever is guilty of excess in drinking, though not to intoxication, in such a way as to cause distress to his family by squandering that which is needed for their support commits a mortal sin.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WORKING FOR A LIVING

The man or woman who works for a living has to put up with a great many inconveniences—or most of us do. We find the dismal grind wearing on nerves and patience at times. Then when we look about us and see others struggling on, bearing their burdens and not complaining any more than enough to keep their hand in, the old world changes from the gloomy spot which it has been pictured into a comfortable, agreeable and quite commodious place of abode. When necessity compels one to work for a living, no matter what character the work may be, if there is a daily profit the necessity is alleviated, the burden is lightened, for the day is coming to that person when necessity will not be so compelling. But if that happy day when compulsion will not be so wearing seems a long way off, there is still comfort to be gained by the world ever arrived at that unhappy goal through work. Mighty few men have ever accomplished anything useful in the world without work. Men do not arrive at responsible positions either in private or public life without the elevating influence of work. Of course, there is a popular notion that work is degrading; that the man or woman who works loses some of the attributes of manhood or womanhood and becomes unfit to associate with those who through circumstances beyond their control or which do not seek the light of day are permitted to live in idleness. But work nevertheless remains the prime cause of the world's progress in the arts and the sciences, in literature and mechanics, and the man or woman who performs the most menial of tasks is a fitter object of the world's respect than any whose proudest boast is that their bodies were never soiled nor their hands burdened by labor.—Intermountain Catholic.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS

Have you had disappointments, doubts, sorrows, troubles? So have we all. They are the weeds that grow in all highways. We may be unable to pull these rank growths out by the roots and cast them from us. We may not be able to forget the past entirely. But we are under no compulsion to make ourselves needless burdens. No one escapes trouble, so that, you have no monopoly in suffering. But, just as none goes unscathed, so it is true that no one is afflicted with all the troubles of the world. We have our compensations. Those who have known misfortune and disappointment often are given ample opportunities, and larger compensations. Don't whine! If the world buffets us, let us not be utterly cast down. We will wrest its good opinion, its golden fruits from it yet. We will at least not throw the orange away until we have squeezed all the juice out of it. Make the best of things. This homely phrase, after all, is the shibboleth of life. It is the faculty of seeing some good, of drawing some inspiration from the most hidden source that glorifies life. If you are unsatisfied with your achievements, you can still find your reward in your home, your friendships, in the enlargement of your charities, and in the misfortunes you have escaped.

BOOKS ARE LIKE FRIENDS

Too many of us treat books—especially the classics—as if they were something remote from the schemes of life, and to be approached with awe. If you will read the best literature you will discover, perhaps to your amazement, that it is very simple. The word "classic" has perhaps frightened you away from many libraries. Just as people vary, books vary; and while you may admire one type of person, you may not admire another. Because you do not care for a certain book you need not necessarily be ashamed of the fact. You may realize its intrinsic greatness but it may have no special message for you. That is the way a fine writer once felt about Milton, and he had the courage and common sense to say so. We should always beware, however, of judging too hastily. A person may mean very little to you on a first casual meeting; but don't give that person up immediately. Try again. A deeper acquaintance may lead to a life-long friendship. There is the friend who is good to have with you in times of trouble, and the friend, no less valuable, who is wonderful in times of joy. So there are books for rainy days and bright days, for dark moods and light moods. Choose your books according to your mood, and see how the doors of enchantment will open for you.

CHARACTER

Character is, after all, the chief accomplishment. Character, according to Emerson, is reserved force or latent power by whose impulses a man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot impart; a talent which acts by presents directly and without means; something in a man finer than what he does and says; some strong element that gives him superiority and ascendancy everywhere; a possession of attributes and qualities in a degree that creates a magnetism, and compels acknowledgment and homage always, and by everyone. Character is not a mere gift of nature or a result of prayer. It is not bought with gold and silver, or acquired by bonds and jewels. Social intercourse cannot weave it into us, and position cannot engrave it on us. No man can give it to us; we must hammer and forge it into ourselves. The precious ore lies within our own bosoms; the fires of our heart must heat it and our wills must pound it; every sacred deposit which experience may gain from the flow and ebb of time and tide, from personal and general happenings, must be added to it, and the whole composite, by your own exertions, be molded into beautiful and attractive shape.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN LITTLE PATRICK BECAME WORTHY OF HIS NAME

Little Patrick Ryan's birthday fell on the 17th of March, the day devoted to the celebration of the great St. Patrick. And that was why little "Pat"—as he was commonly called—happened to be named in honor of the good Irish saint. "I wish I could do something great and be called Patrick instead of plain Pat," said little Pat to himself one day after he and his mother had been talking over the coming birthday and the plans for a party. "But I'm just a little Irish kid and don't know what I can do to make myself uncommon. At present I'm no more than Johnny Woods, Fred Smith, Fatty Thompson and Snubby Travis. And all those kinds are just common kids." Then Pat was called to run an errand for his grandmother, who lived in Pat's home, and was Pat's best chum of all the family. Somehow, dear old grandmother knew just what children wanted, and she understood Pat's wants as well as she knew his needs. She never forgot that while Pat was to have plenty of good, wholesome bread and milk and vegetables and fruit for his meals, he loved a nice fat doughnut or a "turnover" pie occasionally, and with her own ready hands she

made the doughnuts and "turnover" pies for him. "Granny," said Pat to the old lady, after he had performed the errand for her, "do you know what I should love to do? I should love to do something—something—well, something that everybody can't do, you know. I want to be—deserving of the name of Patrick, but until I do something worth notice I must remain plain Pat Ryan. And I don't like the name of Pat. I want to have my full name, granny, dear."

"Bless my boy," smiled the old lady. "Well, you'll do something yet, sonny, that will make you a real hero, and then everyone must call you Patrick. But—come to the kitchen with me—I've got a fine 'turnover' pie in the oven baking for a certain young laddie that I know. And it's an apple pie, too, with a sprinkling of brown sugar on top." "Um, granny, that sounds good!" And Pat smacked his lips and ran off to the kitchen ahead of his grandmother. And for the time his eagerness to do something worthy of the name of Patrick was forgotten in his enjoyment of the spicy smell that came from the big cooking oven. "It's 'turnover,' all right, all right!" he cried, laughing with happy anticipation as grandma entered. The days passed and preparations were made for the 17th, St. Patrick's day and little Pat's birthday. About twenty young guests had been invited and a fine time was expected by Pat. Indeed, he knew everything would go off splendidly, for dear old grandmother had superintended everything pertaining to the party. And secretly she had baked a little—very little—"turnover" apple pie for each invited boy and girl. "I know what they will enjoy," she had said to herself. And she was right; for though apple pie as a rule is very indigestible when eaten at night (and Pat's party was to take place at 8 o'clock in the evening), dear old grandmother's pie was not the heavy kind. She knew how to bake "child's pie," a secret few people of to-day understand.

When the morning of the 17th arrived everything was bustle and hurry in the home of young Patrick. Of course, Pat had to attend school as usual, but the preparations for the evening went on during his absence. There were grandmother, mother, Aunt Kate and Bridget, the house servant, to get things in readiness for the great event. "I'll have John hitch up the horse to the buggy, and I'll go to the florist for green ferns and leaves, and to the store for green ribbon, for the decorations must be in keeping with the day," said grandmother, as full of enthusiasm as though she were a child again. But was not it her dear little Pat—who was already great in her eyes—whose birthday was to be celebrated that evening. And was it not the greatest joy for her to help with the arrangements and to make the party a glorious and happy success? It was a few minutes before 4 o'clock when grandmother, in cape and bonnet, climbed into the little black-covered buggy, to which was hitched old Custer, a fine, spirited horse, but one as gentle as a dog. Grandmother was used to driving Custer, and took up the lines and called out to him to trot along. Custer, feeling sprightly and in need of exercise, for the weather was cold for March and Custer had been standing in the warm barn for days together without once feeling the bit between his teeth, pricked up his ears and trotted off down the street at a lively gait. At the corner old Custer took the turn so suddenly that poor old grandmother, in trying to keep her balance on the seat, fell full lines. They were jerked over the dashboard by the quick swaying of the buggy, and then grandmother again became settled comfortably in her seat she found the guiding lines gone. In vain she called out to Custer to stop. On and on he went, his speed quickening, for he was in the spirit to travel and felt no restraining hand. Down the almost deserted street he went, now turning his gait into a swinging gallop. Poor old grandmother sat white and silent, realizing her great danger. As she was traversing the residence streets,

GILLETTS PERFUMED LYE



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there were few persons about, and those few hardly grasped grandmother's dilemma before the buggy was out of sight around a corner. After a few minutes old Custer turned into one of the busiest streets of the town and there his excitement grew. Vehicles were passing him every which way and he became nervous and frightened and must have wondered why the driver had ceased to guide him. He probably did not understand that the flapping strings about his hind feet were the guiding lines, and that the dear old lady in the buggy could not turn him this way or that, according to their path of safety. So he went at a run, his head thrust out, his nostrils dilating, his eyes full of fright. He did not turn out of the way of other horses and vehicles, and often he and his precious freight came within an inch of disaster. A crowd of pedestrians grew and followed the runaway horse, but it seemed no one could reach old Custer's head to stop him in his madness. Several men made the dash toward the horse, but the next instant Custer was far away from them, turning corners and dashing through the streets wildly. And all the time dear, white-faced grandmother sat perfectly still, not daring to move lest she be thrown to the earth, for the frail buggy was rocking like a boat on troubled water. Within a few seconds after old Custer's advent into the busy part of the town the streets were thronged with an excited and anxious crowd of people, for the occupant of the buggy had been recognized and the cry went from throat to throat that "dear old Grandmother Brown was in danger of a sudden and terrible death." For the pursuing people expected to see the buggy thrown over against a lamp post or a telephone pole at any moment.

Just as the danger was growing—for old Custer had headed toward a railroad track on which were passing an engine and several freight cars—there dashed from the pursuing crowd of men and boys one little figure slight and swift. With almost superhuman effort one slim arm was swung out, the little figure leaped into the air and Custer's head was jerked quickly to one side, the old horse dropping to his haunches, while the buggy, rolling upon him, came to a sudden standstill. Then the crowd gathered about, cheering the brave boy who had come just in time to prevent a most horrible accident—maybe a most terrible death, for both woman and horse, for the railroad tracks were only about one hundred yards distant, when old Custer was brought to such a sudden stop. Then the brave boy who had saved the life of dear old Grandmother Brown came from the horse's head, and going to the buggy, looked into the face of the dear old lady, who was smiling as quietly as though nothing had happened. "Well, Granny, dear, you had a close call." It was Pat's voice that spoke, and dear little Pat's eyes that looked so lovingly at the old lady. And then it was that grandmother broke down and wept—wept from very happiness and pride, for she understood that it was her own dear little Pat who had saved her from fatal accident. Holding out her hand to him she whispered through her tears. "You are a hero, dear sonny, a real hero, and you deserve your birthday to fall on the glorious 17th of March. Come, fix the lines, and let us be going home together. Your father and mother will be proud of you this day. Is old Custer calm and reassured, poor old horse? He must have wondered why some hand did not guide him safely. Quickly the crowd dispersed, knowing that all danger was passed and that grandmother and Pat wanted to be alone, for the emotion of each was battling for expression. Pat soothed old Custer, who now seemed to be very peaceable again, and, gathering up the dusty lines, he climbed into the buggy and told Custer to "get up." And as he and grandmother rode homeward, going first to the florist for green ferns and leaves, and to a shop for green ribbon, Pat said: "Grandmother, you are very calm to have passed through so dangerous an experience. Most any other old lady would be hysterical."

"I have forgotten the danger of the incident, sonny, in remembering your brave deed. You risked your life for old granny. It was a noble thing to do, and you shall be called from henceforth by your full name, for you deserve it. You are not a saint, child, but no saint is greater than a great hero, and you are Hero Patrick, named for the great St. Patrick. And no one shall call you plain Pat any more."

A BOOMERANG

The Protestant Woman, a virulently anti-Catholic English paper, announces an exhibition at Earsfield, South London, which is to include "relics of the Spanish Inquisition." The only article, however, that is at all suggestive of an inquisition of any kind is the "Iron Maiden" of Nuremberg, which, as its name indicates, has nothing whatever to do with Catholic Spain but with Protestant Germany. There are probably hundreds of copies of the terrible Nuremberg statue in existence, but the original still stands in the old council house of that unpleasantly famous Protestant city. It is a long, hollow figure of a woman, which opens in front, revealing an interior bristling with spikes. In that hollow space the victim was placed. The front closed and the spikes crushed him to death.

The Inquisition which used this atrocious machine was, as we have said, a Protestant tribunal, and the history of the "Iron Maiden" can be read in the city record. "It was in 1525," writes A. Hilliard Atheridge in the London Catholic Times, that the Civic Council of Nuremberg, by a formal resolution, adopted Lutheranism as the State religion of their city. Eight years later, in 1533, the City Council bought and set up the "Iron Maiden" in the arsenal of torture. It was probably intended chiefly for the terrorizing and painful execution of another sect of Protestants, the Anabaptists. Between 1533 and 1718, when its further employment was forbidden, it was used on many occasions for the execution of persons convicted of plots against the Lutheran government and religion or of murder. It has not the remotest connection with the Spanish Inquisition or any Catholic tribunal.

Then nothing was said for several minutes, but granny's lips twitched and her eyes moistened. And after a little she said: "Your party is to be the grandest that any boy ever had in this town, for you are the dearest and bravest boy, and deserve that it should be so. To-night we celebrate the birthday of two Patricks—St. Patrick of old and Hero Patrick of to-day—the latter my own dear little sonny-boy."—Maud Walker.

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and a one-horse power, back-gear I H C engine. The engine is mounted on a portable truck, and can be used for any farm work to which power can be applied. The back gear adjustment runs at the proper speed to operate any hand turned machine. The working parts on I H C cream separators are accurately made and all bearings are well lubricated. The shafts and spindle are the strongest used in any separator. The gears are easily accessible for cleaning. Both separators have the famous I H C dirt-arrester chamber. See the I H C local agent and ask him to explain carefully all of the good points of these outfits. You can get catalogues and full information from him, or, write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Toronto



\$5,000,000.00 FOR PEERLESS WAY POULTRYMEN

Into the pockets of the users of The Peerless Way last year went five million dollars made from the poultry these people raised. Yet chickens are scarce in Canada and eggs are the scarcest of all food commodities. That is positively the fact.

To-day there are not enough CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of chickens and hundreds of thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand.

Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars.

Now is the time to take advantage of this situation and make money out of it yourself. You can raise and sell 600 chickens this next year, and you will find a quick and sure market for every one of them. You can get the top notch price for all the hundreds of dozens of eggs that your poultry lay.

Let us tell you how! Poultry raising is the best business for any farmer, any farmer's wife or farmer's child. The poultry crop is the one crop that never fails. It pays better for the time and money invested; the profit is sure; it isn't overcrowded and never will be.

Our book "When Poultry Pays," will show you. Let us send it to you. It is interesting; it is instructive, and it contains the proof. You need this book. It will be mailed free. A post card will bring it.

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bunal. It is a relic of the civil jurisprudence of a Lutheran State.—America.

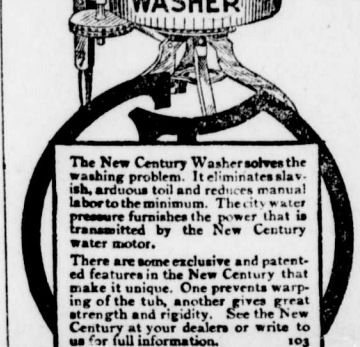
USE ABSORBINE JEL FOR IT. (Cuts, Bruises, Callous Bunches, Itred, Aching, Swollen Feet, It always pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood—relieves the pain, assisting nature in building new healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Ask Dr. J. C. Roberts, Ltd., write Box 10, 1222 St. George Street, Montreal, P. Q. "No doubt you remember my getting Absorbine Jelly for my feet, and for a burn on my foot. My foot is now perfectly healed. It is a wonderful relief for any swelling. Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Head Cuts, Bruises, and all other ailments. Sold at all drug stores or delivered. Book 4 for 50c. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 279, Lyons Ave., Montreal, P. Q.

AT 60 ENJOYING PERFECT HEALTH

Because He Takes GIN PILLS

A prominent Consulting Engineer of New York City, thus heartily endorses GIN PILLS: "I bought some of your GIN PILLS at Victoria, B. C., last September. Your remedy I find, at 60 years of age, to give perfect relief from the Kidney and Bladder Troubles incident to one of my age. I urgently recommend GIN PILLS to friends as being the one that does me good." E. G. WOODFORD. By the time a man or woman is 60, the Kidneys and Bladder need a little help to keep in good working order. GIN PILLS are what they need. GIN PILLS keep the urine neutral, prevent colds settling on the kidneys or bladder and ward off Rheumatic attacks. Remember, every box of GIN PILLS is sold with a positive guarantee to give perfect satisfaction or your money promptly refunded. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 138

WATER PRESSURE DOES MOST OF THE WORK NEW CENTURY WASHER



The New Century Washer solves the washing problem. It eliminates all the laborious and tedious work of hand washing. The city water pressure does most of the work. The New Century Washer is made of the best material and is of great strength and rigidity. See the New Century at your dealer or write to us for full information. Cammer-Dowell Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know as a thing about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but you must pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "all right" and that I might have to waste my money if I was parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it very much. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "1000 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1000 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong man, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump.

So, said I to myself, I will do my "1000 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1000 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1000 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that of the washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. It saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'til paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself saves the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1000 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—C. H. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

A Good Used Piano is often better than a cheap new one.

We have all makes in those slightly used instruments taken in part payment on Player Pianos. Send for our catalogue in prices today, stating make and style preferred. The Bell Piano and Music Warehouses 146 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILERS AND RADIATORS. THE NEW GOWN. To Smith, the winter had been a miserable one—cold, cheerless rooms—uncomfortable both day and night—Wife and children ill with colds and La Grippe—coal bills bigger than ever, and he was very discouraged. One evening his wife remarked on the new gown that Mrs. George Jones was wearing. He said, "I don't see how that Jones chap can afford it." His wife replied, "Well, Mrs. Jones was telling me that they had put in a new boiler a couple of years ago. At the end of the first winter, Mr. Jones in going over his coal bills found that notwithstanding the higher price of coal, they had spent much less in cash than in previous years and laughingly gave Mrs. Jones the difference, saying 'You can buy a dress with that'—So every year since, she buys a dress with 'Coal Money.' He called on Jones the next day to see this wonderful heater. It was called the PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER. Jones explained the many exclusive money-saving, heat-extracting features that the PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER possesses. Smith installed one and now his wife has gowns equally as good as Mrs. Jones'. The children are healthy—the house is always warm and comfortable and happiness reigns supreme. Smith is convinced that a PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER 'Pays for itself by the coal it saves.' Write to-day for free booklet. PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY. TORONTO. Branches—Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver, 720. Factories—Gr. Epton, Ontario.

THE IRISH OUTLAW

The St. Mary's Dramatic Society, so well known to the patrons of amateur theatricals in this city, promises a delightful St. Patrick's Day treat, entitled "The Irish Outlaw." The strongest cast that has ever represented the club, has prepared a dramatic scene from the peasant life of those troubled days when Irish men and Irish maids courted the dangers of a rebel's life to secure for Ireland that freedom for which her sons still battle in a more effective but less picturesque way.

The play, as presented by St. Mary's Dramatic, will feature two charming little Irish step dancers, Olla Riddle and Kenneth Dunlevy, and calls for several appropriate Irish songs, while the closing chorus offers one of the most beautiful of Irish songs.

The programme also includes solos by Miss Hickey of St. Thomas, Mr. Gilbert Reynolds, Jr., of this city, and music by Mr. Tony Vita and orchestra. The plan opens at Mr. McPhillip's Music Store on Saturday, March 15. Tickets, 50, 35 and 25 cents.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

The Graduating Class of 1918 beg to announce that the fourth volume of the Year Book will be ready for distribution March 31st.

The Year Book is published by the Students' Parliament, and edited by the Graduating Class. It is a complete review in word and picture of the events of the scholastic year. No old student of St. Michael's College, and no one interested in Catholic higher education should be without the book.

It is appearing this year under a new name, "The Echo," and in a new shape, bound in a handsome cloth cover, stamped with the College colors. The size has been greatly increased, and many new features have been added. Besides St. Michael's College, it includes Loretto Abbey and St. Joseph's College, in as far as they are doing University work with the young ladies registered in St. Michael's College, and explains clearly the relation of these two colleges to the University through St. Michael's. The price this year by mail will be \$1.25. Send subscriptions by money order payable to "The Echo," St. Michael's College, Toronto.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Sir,—I send herewith \$100 to be forwarded to the Rev. John M. Fraser in China. Your appeal in behalf of his missionary work is timely and deserving of generous response. He is, I think, the only Ontario priest doing mission work in China, and he is doing it successfully. After ten years of zealous labor he has been advanced to a more responsible position, and the CATHOLIC RECORD deserves our thanks for making it practically possible for all of us to have some share in the merit of his work.

WE'RE IRISH YET What means this gathering to-night? What spirit moves along The crowded hall, the touching light Each heart among the throng Awakes as though a trumpet blast Had sounded in their ears The recollections of the past, The memories of the years?

O! 'tis the spirit of the West, The spirit of the Celt, The breed that spurned the alien breast, And every wrong has felt And still tho' far from fatherland, We never can forget To tell ourselves with heart and hand, We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

And they, outside the Clan of Conn Would understand, but fail The mystic music played upon The heart strings of the Gael— His ear and his alone can tell The soul that lies within The music which he knew so well The voice of Kit and Kin.

Chapped Hands—Rough Skin—Sore Lips—cured by Campana's Italian Balm. Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size or 25c for a full-sized bottle postage paid—mentioning this paper—to the distributors, for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

Winnipeg Druggist Endorses Sanol Remedies

SANOL AND SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES EFFECT WONDERFUL CURES

Below is given a copy of a letter from a prominent Winnipeg Druggist. This is but typical of the many we receive, advising of the great demand for SANOL and SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES, and the many cures these sterling remedies effect.

The Sanol Manufacturing Co., Winnipeg. Dear Sirs,—In regard to the sale of SANOL and SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES I might say I have been handling the goods for about three months. I was obliged to put in SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES to supply one of my customers, who now is completely cured and whom, I believe, has sent a testimonial to your Office. Another customer ordered SANOL and I was obliged to stock it. This gentleman was so well satisfied that he has sent bottles to his friends. Up to this time I had never really taken much interest in the preparations but when customer after customer would come in and tell us about what SANOL had done for them I came to the conclusion it would be worth my while getting behind SANOL and recommending it to my customers. This I have done, and I have heard nothing but words of praise for SANOL and SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES. I am Yours truly, Austin's Drug Store, F. J. Hamlyn, Mgr.

The original of this letter, with many others of like nature, may be seen upon our files at any time. SANOL is the "RELIABLE CURE" for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Bladder Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price \$1.50. SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES is the only remedy which has a record of complete cures of Diabetes. Price \$2.00. For sale at all Leading Druggists. Send for Free Literature.

The Sanol Manufacturing Co. Ltd. Winnipeg, Man.

FAVORS RECEIVED

A Nelson, B. C., subscriber asks the prayers of the faithful for a temporal favor and if granted promises three Masses for the souls in Purgatory. J. B. and E. B. wish to return thanks for the recovery from sickness of a relative after prayers to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony.

A reader wishes to return thanks through your paper for favors received after prayers to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin and a promise to publish.

A reader wishes to return thanks for a favor received after prayers to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony, with a promise to have a Mass for the Souls in Purgatory and publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A Religious Community returns thanks for having been preserved from contagious disease after having promised Masses for the Souls in Purgatory and exposing Sacred Heart badges in different parts of the house, promising publication in the RECORD.

SHAMROCK WEEK IN OTTAWA

HISTORY OF THE INSTITUTION FOR WHICH SHAMROCK APPEAL IS MADE In 1857 Ottawa was chosen for the Capital of Canada. Destined to prominence from its date it saw an influx of population which while insuring growth and prosperity brought likewise an increase of dependence—that seemingly inevitable portion of the unsuccessful always found in large aggregations of men.

To meet the burden thus entailed on the growing population of a young city, alleviate the sufferings of the homeless and the helpless of the English tongue, at the suggestion, therefore, and with the concurrence of the Right Rev. Bishop Gaige, prominent citizens resolved to take action in the matter and open an institution to meet these urgent needs. The generous response with which the call was met resulted in the forming of an association composed of Catholic men. This association, now a cooperative body is still active, the members taking share in collecting subscriptions by which means the work is carried on. Much credit is due to the intelligent zeal of the gentlemen who compose it. The first official act of the new Association formed in 1865 was the renting of a house on Church street for the combined purpose of an Orphan Home and a Home for the Aged.

of inmates and in 1884 addition was added, which with advancing time and augmenting population proved unequal to the demands and in 1905 the children's Annex was erected. The few acres of land on the Rideau river acquired by the Asylum have been utilized as an outing ground for the orphans, to the manifest benefit of their health. (The annual reports show but one death in ten years among these children, this child being very ill when admitted—which speaks well for the manner in which the Asylum is managed by the Sisters in charge.)

Since the opening of the house on Church street to the present day many thousands have been cared for by the institution. Excellent educational advantages are afforded these children. No kindness, no vigilance, no incentive which circumstances will permit is omitted to the collecting, reforming the encouragement of children whom the institution aims to be good citizens of our great Dominion.

To the aged such maternal comfort is afforded as conditions allow. This much has been accomplished by the generosity of the citizens of Ottawa and the friends of the institution—but much, so much remains to be done—the Ladies Auxiliary sends forth its appeal. "Wear a Shamrock for the Orphans" (Shamrock Week, March 13 to 17th, 1918).

WE OFFER 1. A beautiful framed picture (22x31) Hoffman's celebrate Heart of Christ at 12" for only 75c. 2. Sacred Heart of Jesus for Mary in fine 3 inch gilt frame (22x26) \$1.25. The two for \$2.25. Your money refunded if you are not delighted with these pictures. 3. Pius X. A beautiful large picture and a true likeness. Gilt frame (22x31) \$2.00. 4. Landscape or marine scene in (22x31) gilt frame, only \$1.00. We stake our reputation on this picture. Agencies: THE ROYAL ART CO., P. O. Box 511, HALIFAX, N. S.

St. Patrick's Day The St. Mary's Dramatic Club WILL PRESENT The Irish Outlaw Monday, March 17 8.15 SHARP St. Mary's Hall, Lyle St., London Tickets 50c., 35c., 25c. Plan open at McPhillip's Music Store Saturday, March 15

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED A TEACHER FOR ADVANCED classes of Separate school, Carleton Place, Ont. French and English. Salary \$500. Apply to Rev. Thos. H. Trainor, Sec. Treas., Carleton Place, Ont. 1791-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 4, Dover Township, County Kent, who holds a first or second class professional certificate to teach and speak the English and French languages. Catholic preferred. Salary offered \$500 per annum. Duties to begin after the Easter holidays. Apply to Joseph Cadotte, Sec. Painsout, P. O. 1791-3

A QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR COMMERCIAL after Easter holidays. Apply, stating qualifications and salary expected, to Frank Mevius, Sec. Treas., Dubuque, Ont. 1791-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEP. S. S. NO. 1 Middleburg township Middlesex county. Applicant state salary and qualifications. Duties to commence April 1st, and apply to Patrick Ryder, Sec. Treas., Laran P. O., Ont. 1791-5

QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 2, Trout Creek, Ont. Duties to begin after Easter. Apply and state qualifications to Casper Veessiger, Sec. Trout Creek, Ont. 1791-6

(CATHOLIC) LADY TEACHER FOR JUNIOR room of the town of Trout Creek Public school. Duties to commence after Easter holidays. Second class professional certificate. Apply to the rate of \$150 per annum. D. F. Quinlan, Sec. Treas., Trout Creek, Ont. 1791-7

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. SECTION No. 4, Bishop's Lady holding a second class professional certificate. Experience. State salary and experience. Apply to Michael Blake, Esq., Edgemoor, P. O., Ont. 1791-8

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL NO. 6 No. 4 Pius and St. of Vespria, holding a second class professional certificate. State salary and experience. Duties to commence April 1st. H. J. Friel, Sec. Treas., Phenixton, P. O., Ont. 1791-9

SPLendid OPPORTUNITY FOR CATHOLIC EXECUTOR'S SALE—DAIRY STOCK GRAIN. Fruit Farm in Oxford county, 230 acres, clay, two story brick house 94 40 basement, barns near town, deposits, schools, creameries, conveniences. (Hurdons) Telephone rural mail, hydro power, canning factory, situated on a busy driving distance of three Catholic churches. Write for printed description as estate must be sold and closed out. Terms made easy. Address, J. J. McNally, Oranville, Ont. 1791-10

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London 1791-11

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Yes, free—a generous sample bottle of the great skin discovery—the wonderful remedy which is attracting universal praise—D. D. D. Prescription. Instant relief and permanent cure for eczema, psoriasis and all skin and scalp diseases. Your cure begins with the first few drops of this wonderful wash—let us prove it to you. Send the free coupon for this special introductory offer of a liberal sample bottle.

D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema Is a recognized remedy for eczema in all its forms, salt rheum, tetter, pimples, barber's itch, ulcers, dandruff, scalp eruptions, and all skin and scalp diseases. The most advanced physicians in the Province are now prescribing D. D. D. because they are convinced that skin diseases must be treated locally. Nauseating stomach remedies do no good, nor are greasy ointments advisable: they merely clog the pores and aggravate the disease. D. D. D. is a

Simple Hygienic Lotion It penetrates the skin as only a liquid can do. It sinks through the pores, kills and washes away disease germs and then soothes and heals the skin thoroughly.

D. D. D. is obtainable at all druggists' at One Dollar a bottle. Or if you wish to try the remedy first, send in free sample coupon.

Limited Offer Send Today We are making a liberal offer to introduce to you D. D. D. Prescription, the marvelous remedy for eczema. We have only a limited supply of these sample bottles and they will soon be exhausted. So fill in and send the coupon without delay.

FREE Sample COUPON D. D. D. LABORATORIES Dept. L 51, 49 Colborne St., Toronto. You may send me a Free Sample Bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to prove that it stops that itch instantly. I enclose herewith too, to pay postage on the liberal sample bottle.

Name _____ Address _____ Your Druggist's Name _____ Your Druggist's Address _____

Chapped Hands—Rough Skin—Sore Lips—cured by Campana's Italian Balm. Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size or 25c for a full-sized bottle postage paid—mentioning this paper—to the distributors, for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

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