

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER. CHAPTER XXXVII. RESCUE OF LADY HELEN—WALLACE AND BRUCE RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

The entrance of the old woman, about an hour after sunrise, awakened Wallace; but Balio continued to sleep. On the chief's opening his eyes, Bruce and Wallace rose, and whispering the widow to abide by her guest till they should return, they went forth to enjoy the mutual confidence of friendship. Wallace listened to the communications which Bruce had to impart relative to the recent scenes at Durham. The discourse turned on their future plans. Wallace mentioned his adventure with the Red Reaver, and the acknowledgment of Philip for the rescue of his son and proposed that the favour he should ask in return would be his interference with Edward to grant the Scots a peaceful retention of their rights.

"And then," said he to Bruce, "you will take possession of your kingdom, with the olive branch in your hand." Bruce smiled, but shook his head. "And what then will be Robert Bruce? A king to be sure, but a king without a name. Who won me my kingdom? Was it not William Wallace? Can I then consent to the throne of my ancestor, so poor, so inconsiderable a creature? I am not jealous of your fame, Wallace: I glory in it; for you are more to me than the light of my eyes; but I would prove my right to the crown by deeds worthy of a sovereign. Till I have shown myself in the field against Scotland's enemies, I cannot consent to be restored to my inheritance, even by you."

"And is it in vain alone, returned Wallace, "that you can show deeds worthy of a sovereign? Think a moment, my dear friend, and then scorn your objection. Look around on the annals of history; nay, before your eyes, on the daily occurrences of the world, and see how many are brave and complete generals; how few wise legislators, and such efficient rulers as to procure obedience to the laws, and happiness to the people. Show yourself before the vulgar apprehension of what is fame, and conscious of the powers with which the Creator has endowed you, assume your throne with the dignity that is due to it. Whether it be in the cabinet, or in the field, that He calls you to act, obey; and rely on it, that a name greater than that of the hero of Macedonia, will await Robert, King of Scots!"

"You cannot persuade me," returned Bruce; "but let us see Philip, and then we will decide." As morning was now advanced, the friends turned towards the cottage, intending to see Balio safe, and then proceed to Guienne, to the rescue of Lady Helen: that accomplished, they would visit Paris, and hear its monarch's determination. On entering the house, they found Balio inquiring how he had become of the sword on his hand to both, and said he should be able to travel in a few hours. Wallace proposed sending to Rouen for a litter to carry him the more easily thither. "No!" cried Balio, "Rouen shall never again see me within its walls. It was coming from there that I lost my way last night; and though my poor servants would gladly have returned thither with me, so, yet rather would I have been found dead on the road, a reproach to the kings who have betrayed me, than have taken an hour's shelter in that inhospitable city."

While the friends took the breakfast prepared for them by the widow, Balio related that in consequence of the interference of Philip le Bel with Edward, he had been released from the tower of London, and sent to France, under an oath never again to leave that country. Philip gave the exiled king the Castle of Galliard for a residence, where, for some time, he enjoyed the shadow of royalty; having still a sort of court, composed of the followers who were with him, and the barons in the neighborhood. Philip allowed him guards and a splendid table; but on peace being signed between France and England, the Earl of Flanders, De Lisle, offended liege lord, Philip consented to relinquish the cause of Balio; and though he should still grant him shelter in his dominions, remove from him all the appendages of a king.

"Accordingly," continued Balio, "the guard was taken from my gates, my establishment reduced to that of a private noble; and no longer having it in my power to gratify those who came about me, I was soon left alone. All but the poor old men whom you see and who had been faithful to me through every change of my life, deserted the forlorn Balio. In vain I remonstrated with Philip: either my letters never reached him, or he disdainful to answer the man whose cause he had abandoned. Things were in this state, when, the other day, an English knight found it convenient to bring his suit to my castle. I received him with hospitality, but soon found that what I gave in kindness he seized as a right; in the true spirit of his master Edward, he treated me more like the keeper of an hostel than a generous host; and, on my attempting to plead with him for a Scottish lady, whom his turbulent passion had forced from her country, and reduced to a pitiable state of illness, he derided my arguments, and told me, had I taken care of my kingdom, the door would not have been left open for him to steal its fairest prize."

to go back, and, by flattering De Valence, try to regain the favour of Edward. I retired in indignation, determining to assert my own rights in my own castle; but the storm overtook me; and, being abandoned by my friends, I was saved by my enemies."

Wallace explained his views with regard to Lady Helen, and inquired of Balio whether he meant to return to Galliard. "Immediately," replied he; "and, should you go with me, if the lady consent (and that I do not doubt, for she scorns his prayers for her hand, and passes night and day in tears), I engage to assist in her escape." "That," Wallace replied, "is precisely what I was going to request."

Balio advised that they should not all return to the castle together, as the sight of two knights of their appearance, accompanying his host, might alarm De Valence. "The quietest way," said the deposed king, "is the surest. Follow me at a distance, and towards evening, knock at the gates, and request a night's entertainment. I will grant it; and then your happy destiny, Wallace, must do the rest."

This scheme being approved, a litter of hurdles was formed for the invalid monarch, and the old woman's pallet spread upon it. "I will return it to you my good widow," said Balio, "and with proofs of my gratitude." The two friends assisted the king to rise. When he set his foot on the floor, he felt so surprisingly better that he thought he could ride the journey. Wallace, however, overruled this wish, and with Bruce supported him towards the door. The widow stooped and with Bruce placed a piece of gold into her hand. Wallace saw not what the king had given and gave a purse as his reward. Bruce had thought to bestow.

When the party approached the chateau Galliard, Balio advised his two friends to conceal themselves till sunset, and then requested admission for the night, and he would admit them. They acted accordingly to his wish and everything succeeded in furthering their object: De Valence had no suspicion who the strangers were but partook of supper with them, and entered into the most familiar conversation with each. After supper, Wallace (who had previously arranged the plan with Bruce) pretended to retire from the room for a short time on a call of necessity, leaving his absence. From what he had learned from Balio, Wallace had a tolerable guess in what part of the chateau Helen was confined, and he proceeded with caution to that portion of the building. On reaching a room which he thought might be the one he sought, he gently opened the door, and there he beheld the object of his search laid upon the bed asleep. He approached and called her by name; she opened her eyes and was about to cry out, but he quieted her apprehensions; and having convinced her that she should speedily be rescued from her persecutor, he produced a page's habit, and bidding her quickly attire herself in the dress, he retired into the passage.

During Wallace's absence, Bruce had performed his part so well, that De Valence had indulged himself to such an extent in the wine, that at length sleep overpowered him. Wallace and his faithful companion, habited in the page's dress, now appeared; and three horses being in readiness they quickly mounted. Whilst mounting however, a few words which dropped from the domestic who had prepared the horses, caused Wallace to pause ere they started. He inquired of the domestic his name and being answered, he was astonished to hear that he was a part of the party which acted so nobly at Ellerston, when the monster Hesselrigge had imbrued his hands in the blood of the sainted Marion; Wallace felt a melancholy pleasure in meeting with this honest soldier, and after some hasty congratulations, he asked him if he was willing to engage in his service. Grimsby replied that nothing would give him more pleasure; and another horse being quickly produced, the party proceeded rapidly in the direction of Paris.

Wallace and his party were received with distinguished honor by King Philip, his queen, the prince royal, and the other members of the royal family. Helen speedily changed her page's attire for that of one becoming her sex; and she daily grew in the estimation of the queen, and the other illustrious females connected with the French court. The time of their stay in Paris was chiefly occupied with King Philip in supporting and establishing his dominion in Scotland; and Philip, out of gratitude to Wallace, for having preserved the life of the prince royal, and for having vindicated the fair fame of his sister, the queen of Edward, was quite willing to grant their wish in every respect.

Many consultations were held on the matter; and at length, the preliminaries being arranged, Wallace despatched a messenger to Lord Ruthven, at Huntingtower, informing him of the present happy dispositions with regard to Scotland. He made particular inquiries respecting the state of the public mind, and declared his intentions not to introduce Bruce amongst his chieftains, until he knew how they were all disposed. Some weeks passed before the reply arrived. During this time, the health of Helen, which had been much impaired by the sufferings inflicted on her by De Valence, gradually recovered; and her beauty became as much the admiration of the French nobles, as her meek dignity was of their respect. A new scene of royalty presented itself to Wallace, for all was pagant and chivalric gallantry; but it had no other effect on him, than that of exciting those benevolent affections which rejoined in the innocent gaiety of his fellow beings.

The eighth morning from the day in which the Red Reaver's ship was launched from the Norman harbor, Wallace, now the representative of the pirate, entered the bay between the castles of Frith of Tay, and cast anchor under the towers of Dundee, where the chiefs did not stay longer than requisite to furnish them with horses to convey them to Perth, where Ruthven still bore sway. When they arrived, he was at Huntingtower, and thither they went. The meeting was fraught with many mingled feelings. Helen had not seen her uncle since the death of her father; and, soon as the first gratulations were over, she retired to an apartment to weep alone.

On Cummin being presented to Lord Ruthven, he told him he must now salute him as Earl of Badenoch, for his brother had been killed in a skirmish on the skirts of Ettrick Forest. He then turned to welcome Bruce, who received from Ruthven the homage due to his sovereign dignity. Wallace and the prince soon engaged him in a discourse connected with the design of their return, and the desire of Scotland did indeed relearned the royal arm, and the counsel of its best friend. The whole of the eastern part of the country was in the possession of Edward's generals; they had seized on every castle in the Lowlands. After a dauntless defence of his castle, the veteran knight of Thirstestane fell, and with him his only son. The siege of Ercildoune, having proved Lady Isabella Mar at Leven, during the siege of Thirstestane, on hearing its fate, condescended her northward, but falling sick at Rosslyn, he stopped there; and the messenger he despatched to Huntingtower with these calamitous tidings, also bore information that, besides several parties of Southrons which were hovering on the heights near Rosslyn, an immense army was approaching from Northumberland. Ercildoune was that he understood, Sir Simon Fraser was hastening forward with a small body to the advanced squadrons; but from the contentions between Athol and Soulis for the vacant regency, he had no hopes, even were his forces equal to those of England, that he could succeed.

At this communication, Cummin proposed himself as the terminator of this dispute. "If the regency were allowed to my brother, as head of the house of Cummin, that dignity would be mine; and give the word to his sovereign, I would dare to oppose," said he. Ruthven and John Cummin, Lord Badenoch, was immediately invested with the regency, and despatched to the army to assume it as in right of being the next heir to the throne, in default of Bruce.

Wallace sent Lord Douglas into Clydesdale, to inform Earl Bothwell of his arrival, and to desire his immediate attendance with the Lanark division and his own troops on the banks of the Forth. Ruthven ascended the Garamians to call the numerous clans of Perthshire to Wallace and his prince prepared themselves for meeting these auxiliaries from the towers of Rosslyn. Meanwhile, as Huntingtower would be an insecure asylum for Helen, when it should be left to domestics alone, Wallace proposed to Edwin that he should escort his cousin to Braemar, and place and there, under the care of his mother and the widowed countess, "Blithier," continued he, "we will send Lady Isabella should Heaven bless our arms at Rosslyn."

Edwin acquiesced, as he was to return with all speed to join his friend on the Southern bank of the Forth; and Helen, while her heart was wrung at the thought of relinquishing Wallace to new dangers, yielded a reluctant assent to that look of him which might be the last.

The day after the departure of Helen, Bruce became impatient to take the field. Wallace set forth with him to meet Ruthven and his gathered legions, and fell in with them on the banks of Loch Earn. Lord Ruthven, marshalling his men at the head of that vast body of water, placed himself, with the supposed De Longueville, in the van, and in this array marched into Stirlingshire. The young Earl of Ely, and the government of Stirling, and as he had been in support of the rebellious Badenoch, Bruce negatived Ruthven's proposal to send in a messenger for the earl's division of troops.

After rapid marches and short haltings, they arrived at Linlithgow, where Wallace proposed staying a night to refresh the troops, which were now joined by a thousand of his countrymen. While the men took rest, the chiefs walked to Bruce and Ruthven, and the brave Ramsay (to whom Wallace had revealed himself, but still kept Bruce unknown), were in deep consultation, when Grimsby entered, to inform his master that a young knight desired to speak with Sir Guy de Longueville. "His name?" demanded Wallace. "He refused to give it," replied Grimsby, "and wears his beaver shut." Wallace looked around with a glance that inquired whether the stranger should be admitted. "Certainly," said Bruce, "but first put on your mask." Wallace closed his visor; and the moment after Grimsby entered with a knight of elegant mien, and habited in a suit of green armor, studied with gold. He wore a close helmet, from which streamed a long feather of the same hue. Wallace rose at his entrance; to him he whom I seek. I am a Scot, and a man of few words. Accept my services; allow me to attend you in this war, and I will serve you faithfully." Wallace replied, "And who is the brave knight to whom Sir Guy de Longueville will owe so great an obligation?" "My name," answered the stranger, "shall not be revealed till he who now wears that of the Reaver proclaims his own in the day secret is as safe with me as in your own breast. Place me to fight by your side, and I am yours for ever."

Wallace was surprised, but not confounded. "I have only one question to ask you, noble stranger," replied he, "before I confide a cause, dearer to me than life, in your integrity. How did you become master of a secret which I believe out of the power of treachery to betray?" "No one betrayed your secret to me. I came by my information in an honorable manner, but the means I shall not reveal till I see the time to declare my name, and what parts may be in the moment what Frenchman," added the stranger, turning to Bruce, "again appears publicly in Scotland as Sir William Wallace."

"I am satisfied," replied he, well pleased that, whoever this knight might be, Bruce yet remained undiscovered. "I grant your request. This brave youth, whose name I share, forgives me the success of my sword. I slew the Red Reaver, and therefore make myself a brother to Thomas de Longueville, He fights on my right hand; you shall be stationed at my left." "At the side next your heart!" exclaimed the next youth; let that ever be my post, there to guard the bulwark of Scotland, the life of the bravest of men."

In crossing the Pentland hills into Midlothian, the chiefs were met by Edwin. Wallace introduced him to the Knight of the Green Plume (for that was the appellation by which the stranger desired to be known) and then made inquiries after the manner of Lady Helen's bearing the fatigues of her journey to Braemar. "Pretty well back there," said he, "but much better back again." He then explained that on his arrival with Helen, neither Lady Mar nor his mother would consent to remain so far from the spot where Wallace was again to contend for the safety of their country. Helen did not say anything in opposition to their wishes and at last Edwin yielded to the entreaties and tears of his mother and aunt to bring them where they might, at least, not long consented without suspense. Having ensured they might ladies to retrace his steps to Huntingtower, and there he left them under a guard of three hundred men, whom he brought from Braemar for that purpose.

On Edwin's introduction, the strange knight engaged himself in conversation with Ramsay; but Lord Ruthven interrupted the discourse by asking Ramsay some questions relative to the military positions on the banks of either Esk. Sir Alexander being the grand-son of the Lord of Rosslyn, and having passed his youth in his neighborhood, was well qualified to answer these questions. In such discourses the Scottish leaders marched along, till passing beyond the lofty ridge of the Corstorphine hills, they were met by groups of flying men, who were the Scottish peasantry. At sight of the Scottish banners they stopped, and, informed their countrymen that the new regent, John Badenoch, had attacked the Southron army on its vantage ground near Borthwick Castle, and was beaten. His troops had fallen back towards Edinburgh.

Wallace sent to Cummin and to Fraser, who commanded the two divisions of the beaten army, to rendezvous on the banks of the Esk. The brave troops of the Esk, whence he was to issue in various divisions, and with shouts, on the first appearance of advantage, either on his side or on the enemy's. Ruthven went for a few minutes into the castle, to embrace his niece, and to assure the venerable Lord of Rosslyn of the assistance which approached his beleaguered walls.

Edwin, who with Grimsby had volunteered the dangerous service of reconnoitering the enemy, returned in an hour bringing in a straggler from the English camp. From him he learnt that it was commanded by Sir John Segrave and Ralph Confrey, who deemed the country subdued by the two last battles with the Black and Red Cummins were laying schemes for a general plundering, and to sweep the land at once; Segrave had divided his army into three divisions, which were to scatter themselves over the country to gather in the spoil. To be assured of this being the truth, while Grimsby remained to guard the prisoner, Edwin went alone into the track he was told the Southrons would take, and discerned about ten thousand of them winding along the valley. With this confirmation of the man's account, he signalled to Ruthven. That nobleman pointed out to his men the colors of the Southrons as they approached. He exhorted them, by their fathers, wives, and children, to breast the enemy at this spot. "Scotland," cried he, "is lost or won this day! You are freemen or slaves; your families are your own, or the property of tyrants! Fight stoutly; and God will yield you an invisible support."

The Scots answered by a shout; and Ruthven placed himself with the regent and Fraser in the van, and led the charge. The Southrons were taken by surprise; but they resolutely stood their ground, till Wallace and Bruce, who commanded the flanking divisions closed in upon them with an impetuosity that drove Confrey and his divisions into the river. As the ambuscade earth seemed teeming with mailed warriors and the Southrons fled with precipitation towards their second division, which lay a few miles southward. The conquering squadrons of the Scots followed them. The fugitives, leaving the trenches of the encampment, called aloud to their comrades—"Arm, arm! hell is in league against us!" Segrave was soon at the head of the Esk, and a battle more desperate than the first, blazed over the field. The flying troops of the slain Confrey rallying around the standard of their

general-in-chief, fought with the spirit of revenge; and being now a body of nearly twenty thousand men against eight thousand Scots, the conflict became tremendous. In several points the Southrons gained so greatly the advantage that Wallace and Bruce threw themselves successively into those parts where the enemy most prevailed, and by exhortations and example, turned the fate of the day. Segrave was taken, and forty English knights with Southron blood; and the men were on all sides crying for quarter, when the cry of "Havoc and St. George!" issued from the adjoining hill. At the same moment a band from Midlothian (who for the sake of plunder had stolen into that part of the deserted English camp which occupied the rear of the heights), seeing the advancing troops of a third division of the enemy, rushed down amongst their comrades, echoing the war cry of England, and exclaiming, "We are lost; a host reaching to the horizon is upon us!"

Terror struck to many a Scottish heart. The Southrons who lately cried for mercy leaped upon their feet. The fight recommenced with redoubled fury. Sir Robert Neville, at the head of the new reinforcement, charged into the centre of the Scottish legions. Bruce and Edwin threw themselves into the breach which his impetuous valor had made in that part of their line, and would have taken Neville, had not a follower of that nobleman, wielding a ponderous mace, struck Bruce so terrible a blow as to fracture his helmet for the whole of Segrave's side fell dismay in the Scots as it encouraged the reviving spirits of the enemy. Edwin exerted himself to preserve his prince from being trampled on; and while he fought for that purpose, and afterwards sent the senseless body to Rosslyn Castle, Neville retook Segrave and his knights. Lord Ruthven now contended with a feeble arm. Fatigued with the two preceding conflicts, he bore the whole upon them on all sides a host pouring upon them the original force of Segrave's men, excepting those who had fallen in the preceding engagements, were now collected to the assault, the Scots gave ground; some throwing away their arms to fly the faster redoubled the confusion, and occasioned so general a havoc, that the day must have ended in the destruction of every Scot in the field, had not Wallace perceived the crisis, and that, as for the lofty ridge of the Corstorphine hills, they were met by groups of flying men, who were the Scottish peasantry. At sight of the Scottish banners they stopped, and, informed their countrymen that the new regent, John Badenoch, had attacked the Southron army on its vantage ground near Borthwick Castle, and was beaten. His troops had fallen back towards Edinburgh.

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Terror struck to many a Scottish heart. The Southrons who lately cried for mercy leaped upon their feet. The fight recommenced with redoubled fury. Sir Robert Neville, at the head of the new reinforcement, charged into the centre of the Scottish legions. Bruce and Edwin threw themselves into the breach which his impetuous valor had made in that part of their line, and would have taken Neville, had not a follower of that nobleman, wielding a ponderous mace, struck Bruce so terrible a blow as to fracture his helmet for the whole of Segrave's side fell dismay in the Scots as it encouraged the reviving spirits of the enemy. Edwin exerted himself to preserve his prince from being trampled on; and while he fought for that purpose, and afterwards sent the senseless body to Rosslyn Castle, Neville retook Segrave and his knights. Lord Ruthven now contended with a feeble arm. Fatigued with the two preceding conflicts, he bore the whole upon them on all sides a host pouring upon them the original force of Segrave's men, excepting those who had fallen in the preceding engagements, were now collected to the assault, the Scots gave ground; some throwing away their arms to fly the faster redoubled the confusion, and occasioned so general a havoc, that the day must have ended in the destruction of every Scot in the field, had not Wallace perceived the crisis, and that, as for the lofty ridge of the Corstorphine hills, they were met by groups of flying men, who were the Scottish peasantry. At sight of the Scottish banners they stopped, and, informed their countrymen that the new regent, John Badenoch, had attacked the Southron army on its vantage ground near Borthwick Castle, and was beaten. His troops had fallen back towards Edinburgh.

Wallace sent to Cummin and to Fraser, who commanded the two divisions of the beaten army, to rendezvous on the banks of the Esk. The brave troops of the Esk, whence he was to issue in various divisions, and with shouts, on the first appearance of advantage, either on his side or on the enemy's. Ruthven went for a few minutes into the castle, to embrace his niece, and to assure the venerable Lord of Rosslyn of the assistance which approached his beleaguered walls.

Edwin, who with Grimsby had volunteered the dangerous service of reconnoitering the enemy, returned in an hour bringing in a straggler from the English camp. From him he learnt that it was commanded by Sir John Segrave and Ralph Confrey, who deemed the country subdued by the two last battles with the Black and Red Cummins were laying schemes for a general plundering, and to sweep the land at once; Segrave had divided his army into three divisions, which were to scatter themselves over the country to gather in the spoil. To be assured of this being the truth, while Grimsby remained to guard the prisoner, Edwin went alone into the track he was told the Southrons would take, and discerned about ten thousand of them winding along the valley. With this confirmation of the man's account, he signalled to Ruthven. That nobleman pointed out to his men the colors of the Southrons as they approached. He exhorted them, by their fathers, wives, and children, to breast the enemy at this spot. "Scotland," cried he, "is lost or won this day! You are freemen or slaves; your families are your own, or the property of tyrants! Fight stoutly; and God will yield you an invisible support."

The Scots answered by a shout; and Ruthven placed himself with the regent and Fraser in the van, and led the charge. The Southrons were taken by surprise; but they resolutely stood their ground, till Wallace and Bruce, who commanded the flanking divisions closed in upon them with an impetuosity that drove Confrey and his divisions into the river. As the ambuscade earth seemed teeming with mailed warriors and the Southrons fled with precipitation towards their second division, which lay a few miles southward. The conquering squadrons of the Scots followed them. The fugitives, leaving the trenches of the encampment, called aloud to their comrades—"Arm, arm! hell is in league against us!" Segrave was soon at the head of the Esk, and a battle more desperate than the first, blazed over the field. The flying troops of the slain Confrey rallying around the standard of their

general-in-chief, fought with the spirit of revenge; and being now a body of nearly twenty thousand men against eight thousand Scots, the conflict became tremendous. In several points the Southrons gained so greatly the advantage that Wallace and Bruce threw themselves successively into those parts where the enemy most prevailed, and by exhortations and example, turned the fate of the day. Segrave was taken, and forty English knights with Southron blood; and the men were on all sides crying for quarter, when the cry of "Havoc and St. George!" issued from the adjoining hill. At the same moment a band from Midlothian (who for the sake of plunder had stolen into that part of the deserted English camp which occupied the rear of the heights), seeing the advancing troops of a third division of the enemy, rushed down amongst their comrades, echoing the war cry of England, and exclaiming, "We are lost; a host reaching to the horizon is upon us!"

What's the Matter with the Blood

It is thin and watery, the lips and gums are pale, the whole system is weak and run down. The food fails to supply the necessary nutrition and to get well you must use such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Your mirror shows you that the lips and gums are pale and the inner eyelids without color. What can be the matter? You are anemic. There is a deficiency in the quality or quantity of blood in your body. The food you eat fails to make good this shortage. You must use some preparation that will supply in condensed form the elements from which blood is made. Now Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is exactly what is required in ailments of this nature for it is above all else an enricher and builder of the blood. Women and girls are particularly subject to anaemia. The feminine system demands an immense amount of blood in carrying on its functions and unless the system is strong and well nourished there is likely to follow a bankruptcy in the blood supply. Such symptoms as loss of appetite, lack of interest in the affairs of life, feelings of languor and faintness, impaired digestion, shortness of breath, dizziness and fainting, cold hands and feet, heart palpitation and weakness and irregularities are an indication of anaemia or bloodlessness. Do not delay treatment thinking that you will get all right for anaemia in its pernicious form is often incurable unless under this treatment and fresh air you can add to the richness of the blood by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You will soon note improvement under this course. A bottle of the benefit derived by keeping a record of your increase in weight, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers of Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

IN THE SKIRT O' THE WIND.

Una Morrin was sighing as she tidied up the kitchen for the evening after the meal. She sighed as she piled high the turf on the fire. She sighed as she raked the embers under the Dutch oven which held the cake for the morning. She sighed again as she brushed back the ashes of the hearth, and she heaved a mournful "Mhuire's a' trugh!" as she drew out the stool and sat down to card some wool. And it was a bad sign for Una Morrin to be sighing like that, because she was always the light-hearted girl, was Una Morrin.

Though she possessed the thrift—and all the need of it that often drives the inhabitants of Ireland's coast country from their homes—to-night the "cards" lay idle in her hands, while she gazed, wide-eyed and long, through the chinks of red glow which the loosely heaped turf made upon which the coals beneath. Faith, there was a weary look on the face of Una Morrin's daughter, as if she were thinking long for the voice of some one. And it was not her prayers that kept her silent.

Outside the wind blew hard, as the winds of Connacht do, when they whip in from the sea on stormy nights. Its wail rose and fell between the booming of the surf that beats against the rocks at the foot of Maev's Cliff. Now and then an alien noise would pierce the thundering of the sea and wind—a sound of falling boards, a slamming of a neighbor's door, the creak of hinges straining to be loose. Aye, and through the wildness of the night there came the sorrowful note that is heard only along the Erse coast, when the women of the fishing folk sit within their cottages, hugging memories of nights long past, bitter recollections of this night or of that day, when their lad or himself went out to sea—and did not return. Was it the wild cry of poor souls drowned, that came through the stillness of storm and drifting winds to those of the lonely hearth? God knows!

Starting from her reverie, Una Morrin arose to light the candle. The noise of the stopten grating upon the earthen floor aroused old Moira from her doze. "What's keepin' Niall Murtagh these nights, alanna?"

"How should I know, Granny?" the girl exclaimed impatiently. But her cheeks and neck showed red, and it was not the glow of the candle's light that made it so.

"He has not been here since the Sunday that brought Jamie McElin in here. Had ye any words?"

"For what should we have words?" "I don't know, I don't know, at all. Only I thought he was 'extrem wid the actin' ye had wid Jamie McElin."

findin' fault with him, an' isn't it as well that you are here wid your old grandmother as bein' over there among strangers as Nora is, wid not a soul near her from the village? Sure it's not lonely you are for them that writes to you only to trouble you with longin' when they know you cannot leave your old Granny?"

"Aye, it's lonely I am, Granny, an' wishful for the ones beyant. An' why shouldn't I be, wid all belongin' to me over there save you, Granny? Whin I sit on the beach on an evening, an' the little waves come creepin' in an' breakin' themselves against the rocks below, my heart is breakin' wid them, an' I can hear the whispurin' o' voices in them, their voices, Ned's an' Dominic's an' Moira's, and the liltin' voice of Noreen. D'ye mind the voice of our Noreen, Granny?"

The girl had been playing idly with the tongs, but now she dropped them absently, and with hands hanging listlessly before her, she sat and stared with wet-eyes into the fire.

There was silence broken only by the clicking of the old woman's beads against one another.

Una looked up from the fire at her grandmother's face. There were tears, too, in Granny's eyes.

"'Tis the will o' God, and He knows best, acushla, an' sure, agradh, I'll soon be goin' home an' then—"

Una arose abruptly and kissed her. "Orra, Granny, dear, don't be talkin' that way. Sure I would not be leavin' you at all. Doesn't Neddeen want me to bring you out—"

"God forgive the poor lad, an' give him sense, an' what would I be doin' out there?"

Una went over to open the half-door, where argument was useless.

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know that it was the gold watch which her brother Dominic had sent from New York to Niall Murtagh. It was a souvenir of another evening such as this, when young Murtagh had saved her brother's life.

"I should like to give this to you, if he did not come back," Michael O'Gallagher whispered in her ear, as if they could be heard on the storm-swept beach, "but God send that you may have the chance to give it back to him, Una agradh."

She placed the watch in her bosom, and lifting her eyes looked wistfully toward the sea. A solid wall of darkness seemed to lie between those on shore and the waters that belched and roared beyond the rocks. Only the white foam and salt spray came in to beat upon their faces as they stood there, waiting for their knew not what.

"The young fisherman shook his head, but with the faith of an Irish heart answered: 'Who knows but God will bring them both back safe?'"

At last she turned to him with a quick anxious movement and demanded: "Did you hear that?"

"Whisht!" she cried, "there it is again! God and His angels be wid it, it's His voice, His voice I tell you!"

Michael O'Gallagher stood staring helplessly after her.

Down at the Gap a fierce struggle was taking place. Through the mist the young priest could discern a dark mass of men swaying back and forth, their arms and legs tossing back and forth, now nearing the boat at the water's edge, now crushing back the gigantic form of a rugged old fisherman.

When Father Edward drew closer he could only hear the labored breath of the men who were striving with the old man, Paudheen Gill, who with oars in hand was trying to break the little phalanx before him. Una Morrin, with another pair of oars was guarding the boat from a possible attack.

Even as the priest came upon them a cry arose: "Hold her, hold her! She's gone without him!"

And she was. For giving up all hope of going out to the rescue when she saw the white habit of the Dominican rising out of the mist, she made one desperate leap into the boat, and pushing out from the shore was threading her way through the small rocks when they saw her.

With the thundering voice of authority the priest called out: "Una Morrin, Una Morrin, in the name of God I command you to come back!"

A hush of awe fell upon the men on the shore. Old Paudheen, nervous now with fear, had dropped his oars, and with the others was standing, his arms hanging lifeless by his sides.

When they came back to the landing the priest drew out his rosary, saying: "Come, my people, and let us say our beads for their deliverance, or," he added, after a pause, "for the eternal repose of their souls. Kneel down, lads, kneel down. You may be wanting this some day yourselves."

She had closed the door, lest any of the villagers would intrude on her in her grief, for she had the pride of the pure-blooded Erse, had Una Morrin; and now she scarcely heard the shout which arose at the sound of Niall Murtagh's voice.

Granny had gone to bed "up" in the room, for since Dominic had gone to America and "made his way" there, the cottage of the Morrins boasted of a room "up" from the fire. And Granny with the weariness of saddened years, was sleeping soundly, while her granddaughter wept alone.

For a moment superstitious fear came over her, but she arose and, with her brain whirling, she reeled towards him with outstretched arms.

"I have been close to you half formed within her heart at your quick forgetfulness of the tragedy when suddenly the door was thrown open and Niall Murtagh's form entered."

"Can you hear me, Una Morrin?" shouted the priest, his time through a trumpet formed by his hands.

"I am a little while the priest was handing her out of the boat, and saying, in as gentle a voice as it had been harsh before: 'Go home, child, and put your faith in God, and His holy mother. Sure, do you not know that, if He is His holy will that the men will be saved, it will be done without your help, and if it is not His will, how ridiculous would be your efforts?'"

After the first decade, Father McHugh passed long enough to insist on Una's returning to her grandmother. And she obeyed, though with lagging steps and repeated glances into the misty darkness of the sea.

Those who are interested in doing everything for the best, who are deeply educated and highly cultured. There is a prevalent impression in America that the Church has its attractions only for the poor and the uneducated and the uncultured. These stories from the Oxford Movement show that just the opposite is true and that it was the very best people in every sense of the word who were attracted to the Catholic Church.

These stories are a magnificent exemplification of the fact that the Catholic Church has its principal attraction for beautiful souls who have lived lives of unselfishness, who are interested in doing everything for the best, who are deeply educated and highly cultured.

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It's the Matter with the Blood

Water, the lips and gums of the whole system is weak down. It is necessary to supply the necessary and to get well you must have a treatment as Dr. Chase's Food.

WHY ECZEMA PATIENTS SUFFER

No Wonder They Despair—But Cure Has Now Been Found. It is a strange thing about eczema. After wasting money on nostrums, dosing the stomach or smearing on greasy salves for years, many a skin sufferer gives up in despair. He says: "What is the use, some may be cured, but my case is hopeless."

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR FOR SIX YEARS

High Bluff, Man., Jan. 22, 1909. Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Dear Sirs.—It is now six years since we bought our Oxodonor, and I never could tell you half the troubles I have used it for.

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Dr. H. Sanche

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We are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we should be. Let us wish you all, good readers, the joys of Easter morn and earnest gratitude and praise to Him who, rising from the dead, dieth now no more. May it be so with us all!

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Our attention has been called to a lecture on "Newman and Modernism" delivered in Christ Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Dr. Symonds. The meagre report given by the Montreal Gazette under date of March 20th leaves the reader dissatisfied with the whole business. The criticism it presents of the eminent Cardinal is unfair. The explanation offered concerning Modernism is obscure and erroneous, and the opening imputation contained in the report is discourteous and unfounded.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firm by the teaching and authority of the Church, at the same time 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 and more of our people, earnestly recommending Catholic homes and standards. Therefore, with Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Blessings, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings, I can recommend it to the faithful.

We claim therefore that Dr. Symonds' title "Newman and Modernism" is ill-chosen. In regard to all these caricatures of Newman which appear from lecturers and reviewers it is well to quote the Cardinal himself: "I must show," he wrote in his introduction to the Apologia, "what I am that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me." Here is the man who is alleged as ready to make, and actually making, concessions. He writes: "Nor was it only that I had confidence in our cause both in itself, and in its polemical force, but also on the other hand, I despised every rival system of doctrine and its arguments too. As to the High Church and the L. w Church, I thought that the one had not much more of a logical basis than the other; while I had a thorough contempt for the controversial position of the latter." Speaking of the principle of dogma Cardinal Newman says: "I have changed in many things: in this I have not. From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. What I held in 1816, I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end." He was also confident of a visible Church "with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace." Finally, let us quote a letter to a friend which the Cardinal wrote in 1862. "We know perfectly well," he said, "and hold with all our hearts, that the Catholic Church is the sole communion in which there is salvation. But we know, too, that there is such a state of mind as is invincible ignorance; and the present Pope, in one of his allocutions, has expressly recognized it. He has said too, 'if my memory is correct—that no one can decide who is in invincible ignorance and who is not.' This is not the thought of a man ready to make concessions; charitable and full of consideration though it may be. People who argue as Dr. Symonds does base their statement upon Newman's Development of Doctrine. This treatise is absolutely different from the evolution of dogma as enunciated by Modernists. The doctrine of the primacy of St. Peter or any other dogma may have become more definite as ages went on. That does not mean that the same truth was not held from the beginning. From the day of Pentecost the Church taught all truth. Whatever development has marked history is only the application of the original dogmatic principle to the new

phase of question or doubt. Modernism erects dogma on an entirely different basis. Development is an analysis of a dogma divinely established, not fully explained, but left to be explained by a duly constituted authority to whom the keys were left and whose infallibility was guaranteed for all time. Modernism is synthetic. There was no dogma originally. It grew not from the seed planted by the divine Husbandman. It grew by the accretion of human thought with human thought. No lecturer wishing to impart information or anxious not to wrong a noble memory should class Cardinal Newman amongst Modernists. He evidently does not understand Modernism and is not careful enough about his statements.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A correspondent has asked us to write up something upon this subject. Furthermore, our friend asks why the Church favors it—"if it does so"—and lastly, what parts of the New Testament uphold it. We are not aware that the Church has made any pronouncement upon the subject unless it be to hold as a principle that legitimate society has under certain conditions the right of life and death over a citizen. Nor do we know of any text in the New Testament for or against capital punishment. The subject may be looked at either from the standpoint of principle or that of expediency. If the former be admitted, as we think it must, both because it is required by the existence of society and as a protection of the weak and the good against brute force and malice, society has the right of making war, which certainly includes the right of putting its enemies to death. It has also the right of punishing with extreme penalty any of its members who have been guilty of an extreme crime. Murder is the highest crime against an individual; high treason against society. In both cases capital is perfectly justified in using capital punishment. This severe penalty was in former times not limited to murderers. Men were hanged for much lighter crimes. We may not agree with the law which would have a human life for a sheep's life. However, it shows that society felt convinced that it had the power of capital punishment. As to the expediency of using this right nations differ. Murderers are a class upon whom we can waste no sentiment. We think that some degrees in the crime of murder might with advantage be made so as to arrive at a just estimate of the malice of the crime. Once a clear case is proven we hesitate not to say that society owes it to its peaceable citizens to rid itself of the guilty party. Hanging may seem harsh, yet as great a writer as Father Faber sees in capital punishment the mercy of God. Nor is it so hard to follow him. Day and date of death are fixed with time enough to repent of the past and to prepare for judgment. On the other hand, a lingering life in prison leaves the present without remorse and the future without provision.

WAS ST. PATRICK SCOTCH?

The Lord be good to us, poor Irish, these hard times. They are trying to take our Apostle from us—some doubting if ever he lived, and last of all, trying to make him out a Scotchman. The Rev. Dr. Mackie of Kingston, in an eloquent and touching lecture advances this claim, which he urges as a reason for others than the Irish celebrating the Feast. "Have not Scotsmen," says Mr. Mackie, "a good right to him, to a large part of him—to a brother Scot, to the greatest missionary that Scotland ever sent forth from her shores all these hundreds of years, and that is saying a great deal." That, we readily admit, is saying entirely too much. The argument for St. Patrick being Scotch rests only upon the temporary abode in Scotland of a body of Roman soldiers. Mr. Mackie gives the points very nicely. It is too nice. The heather made the lad and the seaside and the stirring banks of the Clyde and the bracing air. His educational advantages were few. Here, however, our lecturer, after stating that St. Patrick was the son of Calpurnius, a Christian and deacon, adds "that in his youth Patrick's spirit had not perceived the true God nor had his will surrendered to Him." That is Calvinistic. Stripped of its heterodoxy it may be assumed to mean that St. Patrick did not know his high vocation. His slavery of six years followed. Afterwards he escaped. Mr. Mackie now comes out boldly and maintains that the saint's immediate preparation for the apostolate was around Dumbarton in Scotland. He who proves too much proves nothing. We are accustomed to the proposed idea that St. Patrick was, or should have been, born in Scotland. We cannot admit that his preparatory studies for the priesthood were made in a land where schools were unknown and where missionary ideas and zeal had no example or encouragement. To tell us, however, that "in the church of

St. Patrick there was the Bible as the only rule of faith and morals and the "Presbyterian polity," is far too much for us to digest. To be silent about Rome and Pope Celestine's commission to the Irish apostle is unfair. To claim that the Irish Church founded by St. Patrick was congregational episcopacy is too utterly funny. We might forgive a man who would argue that St. Patrick was a Scotchman, but we draw the line at making him a Presbyterian. Until the Rev. Mr. Mackie proves that the Papacy is Presbyterian we must hold to the old belief that the Irish Church in the beginning was, and is now, and ever shall be, Roman Catholic Apostolic. The faith St. Patrick planted is the same to-day at home and abroad, guarded with sacrifice, pure and undefiled, as it was delivered to the saint by Rome and as it was given by him to Ireland, and as it was transmitted to us in unbroken line through the many ages.

A PRACTICAL JESUIT.

This is a term used lately by The Christian Guardian in a sense as uncomplimentary as it is undeserved. When, however, this deeply religious and charitable journal urges that Methodists should become "practical Jesuits," it is falling into the snare which it thought was prepared for others. The Christian Guardian, by this insinuating phrase would have its readers believe that a "Practical Jesuit" is a man who makes the end justify the means. Why is the worn-out calumny made to do service again? It is the dark line in spectral analysis—meaner and more contemptible in the every day advice and the running estimate of men and things than when formulated under special heading. Habits betray themselves when least expected. Prejudice seldom breaks down or broadens out. So is it with the Christian Guardian. Ignorant of all things Catholic, maliciously ignorant of the great Society of Jesus, this Methodist organ could not lose the chance. Wishing to advise its own people not to be particular about the means, it urges them to be "Practical Jesuits." Not bad advice if the view were not distorted! It would be most opportune for Methodism if, when men like some of their preachers were undermining the Bible, they had some "Practical Jesuits"—scholars in the highest sense of the term, men of science whose faith is a light to the world and whose learning scatters the modern Lilliputians! It hardly becomes the Christian Guardian to cast slurs upon the Jesuits. Still less becoming is it for a religious journal to calumniate them or any other body, however fashionable it has ever been amongst non-Conformists.

SCIENTIFIC FRAUD.

The successor to Darwin in the chair of materialism is Haeckel, whose name has an international reputation as the creative genius of the pretended science of embryogenia. He is a fierce, loud-mouthed opponent of religion. Monism is his pet theory—that other name for pantheism, which sees in all existent things but one and the same nature substance and proper essence, and which finds all differences merely apparent not real. This high priest of pantheism delivered a conference at Jena in Germany last year upon the "The Problem of Man," which he illustrated with plates. These were intended to prove the affinity between man and the mammals. The first of the plates showed skeletons of man, gorilla, chimpanzee, orang and gibbon. The other two plates contained drawings of embryos of mammals to show that the human embryo hardly differs from those of the other mammals. Well and good! But these plates were prepared by the prophet himself. A tail was cut off one creature and put on another according as it would suit his theory best. It was not a question of nature but of a proposed system. It is not what was in the ordinary forest but what should have been to satisfy Haeckel's solution of "The Problem of Man." The thunderbolts were forged to favor evolution. An eminent scientist accused Haeckel of falsely representing various evolutionary stages of man, the monkey and other mammals. He (Haeckel) actually took from some scientific work "the figure of a macaco, cut off its tail, and made a gibbon of it." The most refreshing part is that the prophet of evolution admits the falsification. He says himself: "All those figures for which the material possessed by us is so incomplete and insufficient that when we come to make an uninterrupted chain of the evolutionary stages we are obliged to fill the vacancies by hypotheses, to reconstruct the missing members by comparative syntheses." Men who claim property by forging old deeds receive due retribution. Bold and proud is science. Rather than gracefully acknowledge their error and inability to demonstrate their position, they proudly and impudently falsify their data. Intellectual pride is the mother of falsehood.

THE OLD SPIRIT REVIVED.

That there are some very peculiar people in this country of ours becomes more evident each day. Last week there was held in the city of Toronto what was called a "Missionary Congress," confined to the lay element of the churches of our separated brethren. Their purpose was to evangelize the world. There were present men from far and near—men engaged in business pursuits who had climbed to the top—men of renown in science, arts and letters—men highly respected, and deservedly so, in the community. They had formed the splendid conception of bringing the world to Christ. It was the event of the week in newspaperdom. Towards the close, however, there appeared, on Friday, in the Toronto Globe, a report of a meeting of the Board of Education of that city, at which this resolution was passed:

"That this Board of Education place itself on record as being opposed to the engagement or employment in the future of teachers of the Roman Catholic faith in the public schools in the city of Toronto."

The resolution was introduced by a Mr. Levee, whose name we have seen before in connection with similar escapades. In favor of the resolution there voted Trustees Davis, Conboy, Smith, Levee, Brown and Rawlinson, and against it Trustees Houston, Simpson and Bryan. If a Board of Trustees had resolved not to employ Catholics in a Protestant school we could quite understand the situation, because Catholic teachers would be somewhat out of place teaching Protestantism to Protestant children, as would Protestants be out of place teaching in Separate Schools; but we are dealing with Public Schools, in which no form of Christianity is supposed to be taught. What prompted these men to cast their votes in favor of the resolution shows us plainly to what depths inane bigotry may descend. But extraordinary as this transaction may appear to the average citizen, it is not to be wondered at. The seed is scattered from the pulpits and as it begins to germinate it is nurtured in the Orange lodges. Let us imagine a band of missionaries, inspired by the missionary congress of Toronto proceeding to bring the world to Christ. Let us suppose they drop into India to engage in the work of evangelization. They accept a man who reads the papers and keeps well posted on current events. When the Christian missionaries say their piece, the Mahomedan may reply in this wise: "Out upon thee, hypocrites, you tell me you are the ambassadors of the God of peace, of the God of Love, of the God of Justice. If you are sincere, why do you not practice these Christian attributes among yourselves. You Christians are as a house divided. If you are the ambassadors of the God of Love why do you hate each other? If you are the ambassadors of the God of Justice, why do you deny to fellow Christians who are not in accord with you the means of making a livelihood? If you are the ambassadors of the God of Peace why do you on occasion maltreat some of your fellow-Christians because they do not belong to the same branch of Christianity. You ask me for proof? Read the Toronto Globe of the 2nd of April and you will therein notice that some of your Protestant Christians refuse to give employment to Catholic Christian because they are such. What am I to think of you? Please retire and put your house in order. Come to me again when you practice what you preach." The Mahomedan stood on solid ground.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD wishes to extend heartfelt condolence to the Rev. Dr. Teefe, of Toronto, whose mother died a few days ago. She was the life-partner of Mr. M. Teefe, J. P., Richmond Hill, the oldest postmaster in Canada. Mrs. Teefe had lived to a patriarchal age and her life-work was full of kindness, of charity and of all those admirable traits which belong to the model Catholic matron. May we not hope that her blameless life has brought her the joys of heaven and that her Easter will be spent with the Redeemer of Mankind. May eternal light be her portion!

WHILE on this subject it gives us great pleasure to note that advices from Ireland convey the assurance that that country is the most crimeless in the world. At Limerick County Assizes Judge Dodd said the circumstances enabled him to congratulate the Grand Jury, as representing one of the foremost counties, on the good order and peace of the district. At the opening of the Waterford Assizes, Lord Chief Baron Palles congratulated the Grand Jury on the crimeless condition of the city, and also upon the decline in the number of arrests for drunkenness. Lord Chief Justice O'Brien remarked that the condition of Waterford County was undoubtedly satisfactory. At Fermagh Assizes, Mr. Justice Kenny was pleased that the police reports made no break in the continuity of peace and

good order of that county, which enjoyed complete absence from crime. In Monaghan white gloves were presented to the Judge of assize, there being no crime to investigate. Notwithstanding this we have cable despatches coming at regular intervals representing Ireland as a lawless country but not a word about the terrible crimes taking place in England every day. It is the old, old trick to keep Ireland in the grip of the ascendancy faction by creating the impression the world over that the people are unfit for self-government.

AN ITEM OF NEWS from London has been taken by some of our contemporaries to mean that there is increased discussion in the Irish Parliamentary party. Such, however, is not the fact. When Mr. John Redmond, at a St. Patrick's day dinner, stated that the obstacle to the achievement of Irish liberty was the self-made discords and dissensions of the Irish race, he had in mind the anti-home rule faction in Ulster which is dominated by the Orange leaders, these latter being the tools of the landlord interest. That section of the Irish party, who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Redmond in the policy he is pursuing, is so small in number and so insignificant in influence that it is scarcely worthy of notice. Under a system of responsible government there will ever be dissensions of a more or less serious character within the ranks of every party. Even in Canada both of the great political schools are at times confronted with members who will not obey the party whip. Why, then, should there be so much astonishment expressed when something of this sort takes place in the ranks of the Home Rulers? There has never been more unity of action in Ireland than at the present moment, and never a brighter prospect for the attainment of self government for that country.

ONE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS in Belle Island, Nfld., wishes to know what we think of the statement made by the Orange Sentinel, of March 11, to the effect that St. Patrick was a Protestant, and, were he living to-day, would be a member in good standing of the Royal Orange Association. Statements of this kind are not worthy serious consideration. We are not surprised that such matter should appear in the Orange Sentinel, but we are somewhat amazed to note that even some Protestant ministers, who are supposed to be educated men, made the statement in their 17th of March deliverances that St. Patrick had no intercourse whatever with Rome. Some claim him as an Episcopalian, some a Methodist, and, not a few, a Baptist. It would not surprise us, next year, if one of these preachers give us some information about Mrs. St. Patrick and the children.

AT LAST MR. WM. O'BRIEN, M. P. for Cork, has severed his connection with the Nationalist party, and has formed a new combination under the name, "All for Ireland." It is a pity that this man, who once gave promise of a brilliant future in the Irish cause, has adopted a course the outcome of which would be turmoil, in case he had any considerable following. This, however, is not the case. Those who see eye to eye with him count for about as much as third parties in the Canadian House of Commons. The disloyal element in the Nationalist Party are either sincere freaks or tools of the landlord faction.

WHERE IS THE CATHOLIC GENIUS?

Lately, Archbishop Farley has inveighed against the character of the drama, as presented on the boards of the metropolis, particularly during the last few years. "Obscene orgies" is the name his Grace gives the entertainments of these our very Christian times. Truly are these infamous plays "stewed in corruption," deemed worse than the spectacles of pagan times. In days of old, barbarities were not doubly dinned, in so far as men had not the theatre, we believe the Church in her power and genius should virtually be there ahead of the multitude, by inspiring love for the splendid ideals of Shakespeare or Corneille, or by prompting her own children to write dramas like "Fabiola" or "Callista" that will have their environment in storied days, their themes religious without any of the mawkish traicings of hot-house piety, the ideas exalted in themselves and exalting in their influence, and the moral ennobling.

We should condemn, even as does His Grace, but it seems to us the right hour for a Catholic genius to substitute the virtuous for the vicious, the refined for the puritan, the true for the false and the dishonoring.

This has been done before and it can be done again without even sacrificing the life of a Telemachus.—Catholic Union and Times.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1909.

EASTER SUNDAY.

"If in this life only we have faith in Christ we are," says the great Apostle, "of all men the most miserable." Earth with its trials, time with its changes, age with its sorrows have enough to grieve the soul of man in this vale of tears. The stern sailing of life's ship keeps labor and suffering on the watch lest all be vain. And last comes death, frustrating plans, leveling the castles of pride and filling the yawning grave with its unwilling victim. Is there no hope for man who is so marvellously constituted in hope? Is there no triumph for him who, though weak and wounded has triumphed over all else? Will none return from the tomb with the olive branch of peace and an answer to the heart's immortal craving? Behold the answer on Easter morn! The open tomb of Jesus Christ—the King of glory, the magnificent conqueror of sin and death. Sun of Justice, Splendor of the Father, Head of all Principality—First Fruits of the Grave—Hail—Thy tomb is Thy arch of glory, the hope of Thy disciples, the reward of Thine own transcendental virtue. All sorrow was swallowed up in Easter Joy—all suffering changed in its majestic brightness—all humiliation exalted by its life-giving Plenitude.

Many are the glories of mankind. None are so sweetly condescending or so ennobling as the sweep of Easter's rising. The glories of man are really truth and life. Science may have its triumph, but it is only for the few. War has its victory: yet woe to the vanquished. When our Lord rose from the dead He sealed His truth and vindicated His doctrine. His divinity was forever established and His law eternally promulgated. The flood-gates of the eternal Sonship were opened—and over the sacred Humanity there poured the glory which he had had before the world was. All things were changed. Most of all were sin and death. The curse that had rested upon man was removed; the dark shackles lifted; and the chain fell from the shackled slave. Truth took its rightful throne henceforth to sway the heart and destiny of man. The eye looked up from the dull mountain range of earth to the eternal hills over whose heights rested the brightness of everlasting days and from whose tops came light to earth and hope to sinful man. There never was joy like that of Easter morn. Sin was changed, for its bite could no longer kill the repentant soul. Death too lost its terror; for a champion had stood in its arena and conquered it with its own fighting. He had tasted Himself the bitter fruit and gone down to the grave to open its shadowy portals henceforth and forever to those who would believe and hope in Him. Easter is a day of truth and life. All the struggle and labor that man can give to know truth or possess life without a share in our Lord's resurrection is vain and futile. Failure marks the one and death closes the other in a hollow tone of mockery. It is only when we kneel down in adoration of, and faith in, the risen Saviour that we find truth, peace, success, life. No failure there. Simple faith is changed to vision. Grace is changed to glory. We are raised with Him from sin to friendship, from death to life, from uncrowned manhood to a place amongst the princes of God's people.

CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND. "AGGRESSIVE" AND "POLITICS."

The Catholic Archbishop of Westminster in an address recently in Hull, in support of the movement for a Federation of all the Catholic Societies of England, made some interesting observations on the charges by Protestants that the Catholic Church in England is "aggressive" and that it takes too much to do with politics.

As to the "aggressive" charge the Archbishop described it as a very easy way of getting out of the difficulty of answering an argument, and he went on to remark that at the time of the Eucharistic Congress some of the papers, not of the best repute in the religious world, were at a loss to find some solid subject of criticism, and then at last they said: "See, these Catholics are becoming so aggressive. Why, at the head of the procession during the Eucharistic Congress little children actually carried a banner with the words, 'Jesus, convert England.'"

And that was the only proof they were able to bring forward that there was something aggressive about the Eucharistic Congress. That banner, or nothing whatever to do with the Central Committee, it was not in any sense a promediated act, but if it were, what harm ought there to be in the minds of anyone, in asking Our Lord to convert England, for surely even those not of the Catholic faith must agree there was a certain need of conversion amongst us?

In making this assertion the Archbishop was undoubtedly well within the limits of moderation. Hardly anyone will deny that in some, if not many, respects England and the English people stand in much need of conversion.

With regard to the charge of "politics," the Archbishop prefaced his remarks upon it by reference to another subject before the public mind at the present time—the politics of conversion. The Declaration which the Sovereign has to make at the time of his accession to the throne. Of course, said the Archbishop, every fair-minded man has to admit that it is an outrage that any one form of religious belief should be singled out on an occasion like that, and reprobated publicly by him who is the sovereign of all his people.

Therefore no one is prepared to defend the Declaration on its own merits. But they say, "It is all very well, but you know Catholics are not like other people; they are always going in for politics. Because they are a strong political body we have to take strong measures against them that we could not possibly defend were they taken against anybody else, and so, after all, we must keep up this extraordinary Declaration."

Replying to this charge the Archbishop asserted that there is not a single religious body in England at the present time from the pulpits of which less is heard about politics than from Catholic pulpits. Complaints have recently been heard among prominent nonconformists that very often their (Nonconformist) pulpits are turned into political platforms. It is not unknown back through the past, and the Protestant Church of England prominently associated with political movements, but Catholic pulpits have nothing whatever to do with politics and the Catholic people are told over and over again by their clergy that they may have any political opinions they like so long as they keep the Commandments of God and of the Church.

The Archbishop might have added that it is strongly and impudently inconsistent for Protestants in England to charge "politics" against the Catholic clergy in face of the fact that Protestant bishops are professional and Party politicians and legislators with seats in the House of Lords.—New York Freeman's Journal.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

At a great meeting of the Catholic electors of Edinburgh held to choose Catholic candidates for the School Board, addresses were delivered by Canon Stuart and Father Donlevy, the present representatives at the Board. In the course of his address Canon Stuart, who has been on the Board nine years, took occasion to refer to the outcry raised by a certain class of Protestant bigots against the proposal to grant free books to Catholic schools. Canon Stuart said that before the passing of the new Education Act for Scotland the Catholics were not in a position to get any relief from the local rate in their very hard struggle to support their schools. The new act gave the School Boards power to come to their assistance and give free books to the children attending their schools, and because the School Board thought this power should be exercised, this extraordinary cry had been raised.

Canon Stuart pointed out that there was no such thing in Scotland as national schools. They must not forget that the system consisted of Presbyterian schools, Episcopalian schools, and Catholic schools. Catholics had always been called upon to pay their share of the rates, and they had never got one penny from them in return. Now, when they were to have an opportunity of getting about two shillings per head from the rates it was received with an extraordinary outburst of condemnation. Who were opposing them? A set of religious bigots, and these religious bigots were helped to a certain extent by would-be political bosses.

It is satisfactory to note that since the delivery of Canon Stuart's speech, the School Board of Edinburgh have passed the resolution which gives free books to the Catholic schools there. The Catholic schools in Scotland, as may be gathered from the foregoing statements, are voluntary schools, and have hitherto received no aid from the local taxes, having depended entirely for their support on the Government grant allowed in virtue of the number of passes in each standard, and the contributions of Catholics themselves. The passing of the new Education Act for Scotland gives School Boards power to relieve Catholic schools of some part

of their burden. Of course there are in Scotland no Separate School Boards like those in Canada, and Catholics have not the power to divert their local taxes to the support of their own schools.

THE "CASSET" AND ITS EDITOR.

We learn with regret of the dangerous illness of the editor of the Casket of Antigonish, N. S., the Rev. David V. Phalen of North Sydney, N. S. Though issued in a relatively small Canadian diocese, the Casket, because of the character and ability of its editor, is justly considered one of the leading Catholic papers. The Western Watchman of St. Louis, whose editor, the Rev. D. S. Phalen, is a near relative of the Canadian priest, says in its last issue: "No one reading that paper, the Casket, for the past eight or ten years would suppose for a moment that it was edited all the time from an invalid chair. But such was the fact. Father Phalen has been not only a sick man, but a dying man, for ten years, and that he is alive is a marvel to all his friends. Father Phalen was only a few years ordained when that dread disease, consumption, that has no pity for bright eyes and brighter spirits, fastened itself upon him, and he has fought its ravages in every most salubrious spot in both countries. He spent some years in Colorado and New Mexico, and made several lengthy visits to this city. But he got too weak to travel, and finally settled in his native town, North Sydney, to wait and prepare for death. It is a pity that so good and so accomplished a young priest could not live longer. His death will create a striking gap in the ranks of American writers, and it will be long before we look upon his like again.—Sacred Heart Review.

AMERICA TO BE CATHOLIC.

Rather a startling pronouncement was that of Rev. Mr. Talmage, pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, last Sunday morning. He was speaking of play grounds for children and in closing his remarks referred in the following terms to the Catholic Church:

"Now I am going to say something you may not agree with me in, and which will shock some of you here present. The only Church which is dealing with the spiritual development of her little children aright is the Catholic Church. The Catholic priest says, 'Let me mould the child up to twelve years of age and I care not who has the child after that.' A few weeks ago four Presbyterian writers of the free-brand variety undertook to make it topical for the 'Romish Church' in the diocese of London, Canada. Presently two of the C. D. L. heavy-weights swooped down on the Calvinists and put all of them out of commission in quick succession.—Chicago New World.

"And when I say this I am not attacking the Catholic Church. Mr. Beecher used to say that some people had two requisites for heaven: 'First, do you believe in Christ? Second, do you hate the Catholics?' Well, then, pass into heaven. Like Mr. Beecher, I am no bigot. I would infinitely prefer one of my children to be a Catholic rather than to have him go to no church at all. Indeed, I would prefer one of my boys to be a good Catholic rather than a poor Presbyterian, although I would prefer to have my children good Presbyterians than good anything else.

"But whether I like the Catholics or no, one fact is certain, the Catholics train their children for the Church. The result: the Catholics are simply going ahead by leaps and bounds. The coming universal creed of this land is the Catholic creed, unless we as a Church have the brains of the Catholic priest and put the chief emphasis of our spiritual work into moulding our children under twelve years of age for God."

WAS HE A HERO.

Many years ago a young priest went to live with the Coeur d'Alene Indians in Northern Idaho. He left his white companions, his friends, his home, and went among a strange people in a strange land.

These new companions with whom he chose to live were a savage people who delighted in wars. Often their tomahawks were dyed red with human blood, and their belts were ornamented with the scalps of their victims. They did not love the peaceful pursuits of farming and they knew nothing of the good God who made the mountains and all nature around them.

This young priest carried no guns or knives with him; he went armed with the Crucifix and a mind full of love for the souls for whom Christ died. He taught the people about their good Brother and Saviour Who wished them to give up war and learn to till the soil. He showed them how to build houses and how to read.

Now the Northern Pacific railroad goes through the country, and the passengers can see the first church which these Indians built for the good "Black God." It is forty years since this church was built. Not a nail nor a piece of iron was used, and yet it stands today.

The St. Paul Globe said of this holy priest, Father Joseph Joset, a Jesuit: "He was not known outside the little world in which he lived for nearly two generations. He sat by the bed of the sick and the dying and spoke words of comfort. No night was too dark, no road too wild and rough, or too long, to prevent his attending every call. "He was an upright man, and he conquered a people by peaceful means. He found them savages, living by war and the chase. When he died they were living from the produce of their farms, and many of them had bank accounts."

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SHREDDED! A Quick Breakfast for Dark Mornings. When you rise late the only breakfast is Shredded Wheat—ready to serve—easily digested, fits you for half a day's cheerful work—none of that grouchy feeling usually following "burry-up" breakfasts. Try with hot milk and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 12c. a carton; two for 25c.

"The story of his privations and dangers will never be told; his name will not live in books with heroes of daring, but chance incidents; but he was a hero whose heroism covered a time extended far beyond the average period of human life. The dusky faces of his parishioners were sad when he was laid to rest, but they will remember to pray for him as he taught them to pray for the dead. Many a soul was saved by Father Joset, who gave his life for souls. What faith he had, what love for God, when he turned his face toward an unknown land and sought a home among the savages; but greater faith and greater love was shown when he lived and labored among them for years, and then died. Was he a hero?—Catholic Advance.

Would Not Remove Cross. The capitol annex in Nashville was once occupied as a dwelling by Bishop Byrne, and is surrounded by a cross. Last week, a resolution was offered in the lower house of the legislature to remove the cross. It was emphatically voted down. The school board of St. Louis once purchased a parish school house. Of course, it had a cross above it. The board did not remove the sacred emblem for several years. Then they elected a Catholic school architect and he removed it. And he never prospered afterwards.—New World.

FOUND DEAD IN BED Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg, N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her. He died of heart disease, and no, because he died from so-called natural causes—yes, because for months he'd known that he had heart disease, and that sudden death might come from the least over-exertion, or by sleeping on his left side, and this last proved too true! And yet this bright, intelligent young man, with everything to live for, wouldn't listen to reason—either to his doctor or to the earnest pleadings of his wife to do something. "It don't amount to anything," he'd say, "only a little palpitation. It's my stomach, I think. It will go away of itself." But delay cost his life! Was not this self-murder? This case is only one; sixty thousand people die yearly of Heart Disease! Six in every ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better; and a good many who do know it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease; we have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases! Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured! In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the nerves and

CATHOLIC DEFENSE LEAGUE.

CATHOLICS OF CANADA HAVE EXCELLENT PLAN FOR NAILING MISREPRESENTATIONS AND FALSEHOODS.

Canada possesses a Defense League that is unique in its aim as well as in its plan of action. Its raison d'être is not to create a religious war but to render one unnecessary and impossible.

Its object is to reply promptly to every anti-Catholic article appearing in the secular papers, and this is accomplished by printing the Catholic reply in the same columns in which the slander was printed.

The tone of all Catholic Defense League (C. D. L.) correspondence is expository, but not acrimonious. The plan of action is simplicity itself. The subjects of debate are distributed between twelve different departments, and at the head of each department is placed a writer who is a specialist in the subjects assigned to him. Press scouts are on the watch everywhere for offensive editorials and letters. Archbishop Donatus Sbarretti, D. D., Apostolic Delegate, is the moving spirit in the league and the Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L., parish priest, St. Columban, Ontario, is the general secretary.

A few weeks ago four Presbyterian writers of the free-brand variety undertook to make it topical for the "Romish Church" in the diocese of London, Canada. Presently two of the C. D. L. heavy-weights swooped down on the Calvinists and put all of them out of commission in quick succession.—Chicago New World.

Bought Her A 1900 Washer One of our Readers Tells How Her Husband Learned What Wash-Day Means to a Woman

Dear Editor:—Most men have no realization of what "Wash-Day" means to a woman. My husband is one of the best men that ever lived, but he laughed when I asked him one day to get me a 1900 Gravity Washer. I told him it would wash a tubful of clothes in six minutes. "Why, wife," said he, "a washing machine is a luxury. And, besides, there's no better exercise than rubbing clothes on a wash board. It's good for the back. I think we had better wait till we get the farm paid for before flying away money on such untried things as washing machines."



That settled it. I gave up the idea and kept right on washing in the same old way. I confess I felt hurt, but I knew John had no notion how hard it was to do the washing for a family of five—three of them little tots. I am not very strong, and the washing with all my other work, finally got the better of me. I had quite a headache and my arms ached for nearly two weeks. I suggested to John that he had better do the washing. "We couldn't hire a girl for love or money and the situation was desperate."

So one morning he started in. "My! what a commotion there was in the kitchen. From my bedroom I occasionally caught a glimpse of poor John struggling with that mountain of dirty clothes. If ever a man had all the 'exercise' he wanted, my husband was that man! Couldn't help feeling sorry for him and yet it made me laugh, for I remembered how he made fun of me when I hinted so strongly for a 1900 Gravity Washer. When he finally got the clothes done and on the line he was just about 'all in.' That evening John came to my room and said kind of sheepishly: "What's the name of the firm that makes those Washers you were telling

me about?" I looked up their advertisement and found the following address: C. R. N. Bacher, Manager, The 1900 Washer Co., 837 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

That's all he said, but he lost no time in sending for his Free Washer Book. The book came in due time, and with it an offer to send the 1900 Gravity Washer on thirty days' free trial. My husband jumped at the chance to try the Washer without having to spend a cent. "We'll have four weeks' use of the Washer anyway, even if we don't desire to keep it," he said. So he told the company to send on the Washer.

It was sent promptly, all charges paid, and the 1900 Washer Company offered to let us pay for it in little easy payments. The next week I felt well enough to use it. It is the nicest Washer I ever saw, and it almost runs itself. Takes only six minutes to wash a tubful, and the garments come out spotlessly clean.

We were all delighted with the Washer, and wrote to the company that we would keep it and accept their easy payment plan of 50 cents a week. We paid or it without ever missing the money, and wouldn't part with the Washer for five times its cost.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and aches. Takes away bills, the dread of wash-day. I feel like a different woman since I got the use of the Washer. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will print for the benefit of the women readers of your valuable paper. Sincerely yours, MRS. J. H. SMITH

The Secret of the easy operation of the 1900 Washer is the peculiar "S" shaped links, which no other washer can have; then it has no iron to come in contact with the clothes! and also has a removable tub, which, is a great convenience.

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