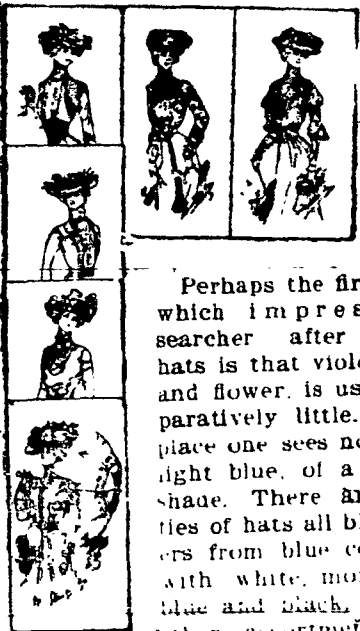


## OUR FASHION LETTER

BLUE AND PINK ARE SAID TO BE THE  
CORRECT SHADES.

Violet Color Is But Little Used - The Togue  
Is the General Shape - From Gold Feath-  
ers to Gilded Grapes - Braided Maline  
Solves Many Problems.



Perhaps the first point  
which impresses a  
searcher after spring  
hats is that violet, color  
and flower, is used com-  
paratively little. In its  
place one sees no end of  
light blue, of a rather  
shade. There are qual-  
ities of hats all blue, or  
all pink, or all white, com-  
bined with white, more from  
black and black, and an-  
other assortment from  
blue and variegated foliage. Next  
in popularity to blue is pink. In  
all shades from shell to mellow. The  
woman who is without a pink hat in  
the coming season will need to con-  
sider her wardrobe incomplete. She  
may have it of pink trimmed with  
pink, or of white ornamented with pink,  
or of last choice of black with pink.  
Red, scarlet, is destined, it is said, and  
one sees, to play an important part in  
early millinery. Prophecies do not  
continue its wearing into the summer.  
But violet, the fashion of many pre-  
vious springs, is among the colors  
which it is unnecessary to wear. If  
one's inclinations are toward the  
gentler and more modish pink and  
blue.

Shapes in general are the toque, the  
left side turned up, and the mushroom  
frame, with whole or half drooping  
brim.

An English walking hat, so modified  
that it would not know its own name,  
and yet retaining an outline which  
recalls the one time favorite, shows a  
decoration of two long, wide quills, a  
chou of black maline, and six stiff  
loops that hang away from the back  
of the turned up brim. The body of the  
chapeau is of four outstanding widths  
of black and white satin straw braid.  
The crown is a flat spiral of tucked  
black tulle. The lower portion of the  
higher black quill shows a tasteful use  
of gilding on feathers. If any applica-  
tion of it to the trimmings of ordinary  
hats may be considered good style.  
Likely it may, since many of our mil-  
liners whom we are accustomed to re-  
gard as authorities are plunging gold-  
en feathers into brims or crowns of  
their newest confections. The ease  
with which gilded quills may be ob-  
tained rather threatens their perman-  
ency. Although the present price is  
such as to place them among luxurious  
necessities, any woman who owns a  
ten-cent bottle of gold paint may make  
an aviary of quills to glow like the  
morning. Before dropping the subject,  
here is reference to a white outing hat  
from Manila braid, the brim rolled,  
but pliable, the crown in sugar loaf  
shape. A twist of white crepe do  
chine was the only trimming of the  
crown. Where it joined, at the left  
side, a gold quill, as if snatched care-  
lessly from some bad bird, came in-  
to fresh being with the young century,  
was placed jauntily. The spirit of Po-  
cahontas, which more or less is in all  
of us, may applaud this glorified  
feather decoration. But there is no  
good excuse for liking the golden pol-  
ka dots big as half dollars with which  
some over-enterprising Yankee has  
seen fit to trick out certain feathers  
from our festive national bird—the  
turkey.

From gold feathers to gilded grapes  
is a small flight. The latter are offered  
abundantly for millinery use in the  
late spring. All varieties are found,  
even to grapes as "golden" as highly  
polished brass, cheap and ugly. They  
are designed for what certain of the  
dealers name deprecatingly "the West-  
ern trade" (as if there were not West-  
ern trades and Western trades). Other  
golden grapes, all sizes, are in soft-  
ened colorings and carefully made  
bunches. The fifth avenue trade is  
supposed to desire particularly the "uit  
of the vine in a greenish gold hue  
which blends marvellously well with  
shell pink. Refined taste selects a hat  
from pink wood straw completely cov-  
ered with wee plaatings of self-colored  
maline. The hat is turned up at one  
side, after the manner of the majority  
of new modes. Snuggling under the  
brim, where it turns, half hiding a  
handful of greenish gold wax grapes  
and leaves. Even they are too pro-  
nounced for what is considered best  
taste, so they are veiled closely with  
white maline.

Pin this item where it may be use-  
ful to you until, as poor Mme. Butter-  
fly says, "The robins nest again." It  
is permitted to veil any floral, feather,  
knot of ribbon or any mortal thing  
which you might put on a hat with  
tulle or lace to modify what is beneath  
it. A good fairy took me the other  
day into the workrooms of a popular  
shop. There I saw a woman swathing  
with white maline some white frills  
which were soon to be placed on a  
white hat which was intended for rather  
dresy mourning wear. The work-  
woman was winding and winding,  
around and around, as one binds a  
hurt finger, though not bound so  
tightly. Speaking of maline, some one  
has thought of a fresh application of it.  
Strips four or five inches wide are  
braided loosely, then flattened and  
used as the facing of the brim. Nearly  
every hat has to be faced or fashioned  
with something in particular. Several

braids of maline are nearly as ef-  
fective as overlapping fine tucking, and  
there is far less trouble in preparing  
and placing them in it, keeping in  
mind the way a woman coils her braided  
hair, one strand meeting but not  
overlapping the next. Braided maline  
should solve many of the amateur  
summer. Bolder effects in trimming  
are obtained by loosely braiding en-  
tire widths of maline, and laying it as  
a wreath around the brim of a pictur-  
esque chapeau. In one instance, the  
hat-body was of white crinolins, the  
rouleau, or braided roll, from white  
maline, the three-inch round crown of  
blue forget-me-nots and a chou of  
silver blue Louisiana ribbon. Closely  
braided maline, put on in spiral style,  
beginning at the centre of the crown,  
then circling wider and wider, as our  
grandmothers made rag rugs, forms  
entire hats for afternoon or evening  
wear. The foundation shape is of  
wire, usually covered and faced before  
the braiding is applied with maline or  
chiffon of the color which will be used  
in the braid.

Quills, and again quills, as if they  
were freshest novelties in the millin-  
ery world. But one has respect for the  
permanency of a mode which contin-  
ues for very excellence. Nothing takes  
the place of the quill for durability,  
likewise for suitability when the hat  
under consideration is intended for  
general wear. Somewhere on this page  
you may find, if you like, an example  
of a smart use of quills in natural  
colorings shading from white to deep-  
est wood brown. The body of the  
chapeau which is in torador shape, is of  
white straw flecked with wood brown.  
The four upstanding knots and the  
crown are from wood-brown taffeta  
stitched in the same shade. Some extra stitches are re-  
quired to keep the lengths of the  
feathers closely against the rolled  
brim, as the composition requires. Yet  
a third employment of the decorative  
quill shows it of silver on a toque  
made entirely from gray maline and  
narrow gray straw excepting the dozen  
of little loops of stitched panne velvet  
under the brim against the hair. This  
shape high at the left side, low at the  
right, the crown a great circle, is far  
away the most popular among the



models so far developed. For that reason  
some women will like it. And for the  
same reason others will avoid it.  
An exceedingly simple—in the way  
that a muslin dress is simple—toque  
is mostly from finely tucked white  
chiffon. No earthly thing except that  
is used outside the chapeau. The brim  
is faced with a great roll of scarlet  
maline. A knot of reddish-green  
foliage and red bunch berries nestle  
against the hair near the left temple.  
The nearly inevitable buckle of the  
spring hat is from oxidized silver.  
A mushroom-shaped hat, which is  
conspicuous for its use of velvet with  
soft pink, shows a flat knot violet  
panne velvet, topped a fringe of pink  
rose petals, made and alternating from  
velvet and gauze.

That the season, at least at this  
stage of it, will have none of plain  
straw is shown prettily in a low  
crowned drooping shepherdess hat of  
straw-colored leghorn, veiled entire-  
ly with black maline. A buckle of cut  
steel half encircles the crown, and a  
flat, close bow of black panne velvet  
is set against the crown at the back.  
Unlike most brims, this is bent down  
and in. The shape is adopted especial-  
ly for wearing with the hair coiled low  
in the neck. The entire conception is  
especially happy for the amateur to  
follow. She may cover quickly and  
simply her leghorn hat in any shade  
of maline which she fancies. Blue taf-  
feta in a delicate shade, done with  
double brim, the brims bent as by  
gentle zephyrs, fashions a hat other-  
wise conservative in shape. A radie-  
peigne, from black panne velvet, sets  
the hat away from the head, as it  
should. A simple wreath of soft white  
roses, the pinkish green foliage nearly  
hidden beneath, encircles the crown.  
And these are hats enough talked  
about for one week, excepting a floppy  
one of black taffeta, the frills wired at  
the edge. This is an evolution of the  
children's hats, which are so popular  
with grown-ups. The "tam" of this  
becoming shape is of fine black and  
white straw.

Believed at Last He Was Winded.  
"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones,  
as he dropped his slice of bread in the  
plate with a noise that set the canary  
in the gilt cage overhead chirping  
merrily. "Ethel, I have something to  
say to you."

They had been married only four  
weeks, and the time had not arrived  
when she did all the saying. "Do you  
remember the day on which I propos-  
ed to you?"  
"Yes," she replied, "I will never for-  
get it."  
"Do you remember," he went on, as  
he abstractedly drilled a hole in the  
loaf with the point of a carving knife,  
"how, when I rang the bell, you came  
to the door with your fingers sticky  
with dough, and said you thought it  
was your little brother who wanted to  
get in?"  
"Yes."  
"Oh, Ethel! How could you? How  
could you?"  
"How could I what?" she responded,  
as a guilty look crept into her face.  
"How could you make me the victim  
of such a swindle?"—Exchange.

## EASTER MORNING.

O melancholy bells! let no sound lin-  
ger  
Within thy throats, no hallooing  
note!  
For Christ is dead—is dead upon  
the cross!  
See, how from palm and pale, out-  
stretching finger  
Deep crimson bars His riven the  
softer smote.  
Deep crimson bars—His riven  
breast emboss.

See, how His head in lonely anguish  
drooping  
On that pierced bosom riven for our  
sake,  
Hangs low, as still in benediction  
stooping,  
One last rich blessing on His foes  
to make.

See how the purple shades are softly  
sealing  
Red speechless lips and straining  
limbs that rise  
In human weakness, wistful and ap-  
pealing  
Laid drawing above those Heaven-be-  
holding eyes.

Oh hark, oh hark! What glorious  
music now  
The hushed winds of early spring  
are bringing!  
Thousands and angels round that thorn-  
crowned brow.  
Were rapturous songs of coronation  
singing.

Oh more blessed seems this day,  
O Lord!  
The joyous Easter, when in new  
array,  
Thou art uprisen heard—when Thy  
story  
Makes every heart a new life to feel,  
When even Nature, waking, doth  
reveal  
Thee, Son of God!

Then Nature doth, with newer bloom,  
O Lord!  
Bring from the depths of Winter's  
heavy tomb.  
An aftertype of Thee—when in ac-  
cord  
All hearts lift up their hymn of praise  
to Thee,  
Thou risen one—hope of Eternity,  
O Son of God!

Best is the day when Thou didst rise,  
O Lord!  
Thy sad atonement done. When with  
glad eyes  
Thy true disciples saw what they had  
heard  
From Thine own lips—say Thy cele-  
stial birth.  
Glow Thine above the mightiest kings  
of earth.  
Thou Son of God!  
—Grace Adele Pierce

## Easter in Brimstone Gulch



BEAUTIFUL, like the  
domes and pinnacles  
of a city celest-  
tial, glittered the  
icy range of the  
Sangre de Cristo.  
The valley was  
sprinkled with iris  
and columbine.  
The breath of  
spring softly stirred  
the pines in the can-  
yon. Brimstone Gulch awoke to  
Easter morning—awoke with blood  
shot eyes and shaky hands.  
"I've had a hot time the night  
before at Sandy Pete's dance house.  
But this morning Sandy Pete, with  
his cohorts, was busily employed in



They Voted to Attend the Gospel  
Meeting.

"slinking up," for there were to be  
Easter services held in the dance  
hall, for the first time in the history  
of Brimstone Gulch.  
This was the way of it:  
The young wife of the superintend-  
ent of the Lone Star mine, whom ev-  
ery man, woman, child and dog in the  
camp adored, had taken matters into  
her own pretty hands.  
She had imported a "Gospel sharp"  
from Denver, and had formed the chil-  
dren of the camp into a chorus and  
taught them the songs for the day.  
She had, moreover, the night before  
invited "the boys," including many of  
the toughest and most prominent cit-  
izens of Brimstone Gulch, up to her  
cottage to hear the rehearsal of the  
Easter music, and they had taken a  
vote to decide the momentous ques-  
tion of accepting.

It all came back to Huerfano Jack,  
as he lay under the pines this morn-  
ing, the scene of the night before—  
the sweet, dainty lady, in her white  
gown, the sound of the piano, the soft  
laughter and the happy voices of the  
children ringing out in the hymn:  
"I've found a friend in Jesus,  
He's everything to me;  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to  
my soul.  
The Lily of the Valley,  
In him alone I see,  
All I need to cleanse and make me  
fully whole.  
The words were set to swinging  
melody, and all the boys had whistled  
the tune as they came down the trail

from the superintendent's cottage to  
the saloon.

They rang now in Huerfano Jack's  
head. Cattle thief, desperado, murder-  
er as he was, he was trying to hum  
them.

He's the Lily of the Valley.  
The bright and morning star;  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to  
my soul.

The Lily of the Valley—she had the  
room full of the flowers the night be-  
fore; she wore them on her breast;  
she gave a spray to each one of the  
boys as they came away. Huerfano  
Jack turned suddenly and pressed his  
fierce, scarred face against a withered  
cluster of the tiny white bells pinned  
on his rough coriary jacket.

A rustle in the pines; a pallid, terri-  
fied face peering down at him. "For  
God's sake, Jack, hump yourself!"  
whispered Monte Jim. "Bill Wilcox,  
the Sheriff, from Pueblo, and two of  
his deputies are after you for that  
business in Trinidad. Got across the  
gulch if you can and lose yourself on  
the other side of the range."

It was just at the moment that the  
superintendent and his wife walked  
toward the open door of the dance  
house, with their clerical guest from  
Denver, that Bill Wilcox fired at the  
skulking figure in the pines close by.  
Huerfano Jack ran forward a few  
steps, threw up his hands, turned  
around and fell at the feet of the lady.  
She screamed once and then sank  
on her knees beside him, taking his  
head on her arm and trying in vain  
to stanch the blood from the great  
hole in his breast with her dainty  
handkerchief.

"Oh, poor man! poor man!" she sob-  
bed. "Oh, why did you kill him?"  
she asked as Bill Wilcox came up, his



The Voice of the Children Rang Out  
From Their Final Easter Re-  
hearsal.

revolver yet smoking and his bull-  
dog face white and stern.  
But before the Sheriff could answer  
Huerfano Jack spoke, in a singularly  
clear and far reaching voice:—"Be-  
cause I am a thief and murderer.  
But, miserable dog that I am, you,  
lady, have given me the only happi-  
ness I have ever known."

His glazing eyes sought the lovely  
face, filled with divine pity, bending  
over him. Perhaps she read the pe-  
tition in those dying eyes.

She unstopped the lilies in her  
gown and gently laid them over his  
bleeding breast.

The voice of the children rang out  
from their final Easter rehearsal in  
the dance house:—  
He's the Lily of the Valley,  
The bright and morning star—  
Huerfano Jack smiled. "The lily—  
of the valley," he murmured.

His hands suddenly closed tensely,  
over the flowers on his heart.  
He's the Lily of the Valley.  
In him alone I see  
All I need to cleanse and make me  
fully whole.

came the sweet childish voices from  
the dance house.  
The clergyman from Denver lifted  
his hat.

"Let us pray," he said, solemnly.  
"Let us pray for the soul of our de-  
parted brother."

Prettily Colored Eggs for Easter.

Every Easter brings some new no-  
tion, and the occasional eggs have  
been turned into dainty boudoir boxes,  
miniature holders, sachet receivers  
and a thousand and one pretty sou-  
venirs. But the decorated egg, with  
its strong yellow and deep purple,  
still reigns in the hearts of the little  
people. One of the most effective  
ways of obtaining a pleasing decora-  
tion is very simple. A low or broken  
tone for the background is absolutely  
necessary, and to obtain this the egg  
should be dyed twice with aniline  
dyes—the first time in yellow, the  
second in purple; or first in orange  
and then in a weak black. Then with  
a pen, a quill preferably, or a small  
camel's hair brush, draw on the egg  
with a strong solution of nitric acid  
any design you may wish, in the man-  
ner of the accompanying illustration.  
The acid should be washed off  
quickly with clean, cold water, and  
the silhouette effect will be obtained.  
The decoration is then painted on the  
egg in water colors, and the finished  
product is only limited in beauty by  
your own skill and artistic tempera-  
ment. Three half-pans of water  
colours—red, yellow and blue—will  
produce any tone you wish, and the  
simpler it is done the better the ef-  
fect. To make it durable apply a thin  
coat of French varnish, but be sure  
that your designs are perfectly dry  
before applying it.

Pretty Easter Gifts.

The sending of Easter gifts has be-  
come a custom which appeals to very  
many. Easter lilies, hyacinths and  
tulips growing in prettily decorated  
pots and tied with ribbons are among  
the most appropriate of the season's  
offerings. Cut flowers are also given—  
American Beauty roses and violets  
sharing equally the honors. Next to  
flowers are the dainty and attractive  
Easter sweets. These are of course  
done up in one of the thousand novel  
fashions of the season. Some are in-  
closed in satin-lined porcelain or sil-  
ver cases, some are offered by cutting  
little furry bunnies on silver-edged  
silver disks, and others are given in  
the form of chocolate eggs, or in the  
shape of a small Easter cake.

## EASTER GIFTS

'Twas Easter morn, and all the deep-  
toned bells  
Were clamorous with joy: "Christ has  
risen!"

From out the human tide that sweeps  
the street,  
A woman bent with age, her once fair  
brow

Wrinkled and careworn with the  
weight of years;  
Toiled slowly up the well-worn  
granite steps

And pushed the arched cathedral  
door ajar,  
That closed behind her, shutting out  
the world.

Within the mullion-lighted vestibule  
She paused a moment at the holy  
stoup

To dip her fingers in its healing depths  
in memory for him who died for all.  
Then up the aisle, with trembling  
limbs, she passed

To the carved chancel rail, and knelt  
in prayer;  
Nor heard the organ's choral anthem  
swell

With "Gloria in Excelsis!" clear and  
sweet.  
Her Pater noster said, she slowly rose,  
And then, as half in doubt and half  
ashamed—

So simple seemed her little gift of love,  
Bought with gold mined at the force  
of toil—  
A widow's mite—upon the altar high,  
She laid a single lily—snowy white.

Then, as the organ hushed its flood  
of song,  
She slipped like water to the chancel  
floor,

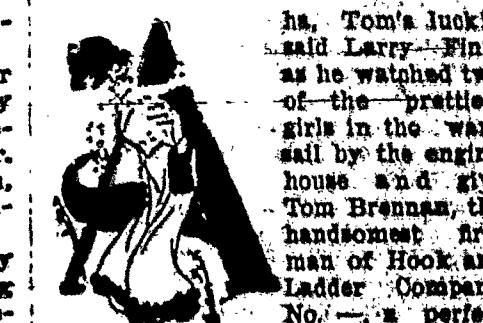
With one low sob that smote the  
gloomy depths  
Of choir and nave; and lay as though  
asleep.

The candles on the altar shed their  
light  
Upon the lily; in its spotless heart,  
An unseen angle placed the new-born  
soul.

And mounting on the chime of Easter  
bells,  
Through clouds of incense, to the  
great white throne;  
Laid his fair tribute at the Master's  
feet.

GEORGE W. SHIPMAN.

## TOM BRENNAN'S EASTER



As Tom's luck!

said Larry, Finn,  
as he watched two  
of the prettiest  
girls in the ward  
sail by the engine  
house and give  
Tom Brennan, the  
handsome fire-  
man of Hook and  
Ladder Company  
No. 1, a perfect  
flood of eye

doration.  
"To the devil with Tom," said Dooley,  
Bryan, shrugging his brawny shoul-  
ders in downright disgust. "He don't  
be human. What ails him? O dunno.  
All the gulls in the parish cry  
over his dommed black eyes, an' he  
not notice 'em!"

"He was," returned Dooley, "ever  
since Magie Harrigan took the veil."  
"Oh!" said Larry.

"They were engaged," said Dooley,  
enraptured with himself as a gossip,  
"when Magie got the vocation. It  
was near Kilfin's Tom. But av course  
he could do nothin'."

"He couldn't," said Larry. "Why  
didn't he carry her off?"

"Murder, ye devil, for do ye be say-  
in? 'Tis the bride of heaven she is.  
It's ashamed of you O man, ye have  
no, poor Tom had to submit, but he's  
never been the same. O, suppose  
now," concluded Mr. Bryan, medita-  
tively, "if wan of them linnies, av  
the Four Hundred were to come by  
and give Tom the glad eye he'd never  
encourage her. 'Tis strange that the  
nuts allus fall to the toothless devil."

With which sage observation Mr.  
Bryan betook himself to the burnish-  
ing of the hose cart as a relief to his  
overcharged emotions.

All was true. Since the day "Tom"  
Brennan tore his manly heart out in  
bidding an eternal farewell to the  
beautiful girl who renounced him for  
her vocation—the big fellow had never  
been the same.

All women were like shadows to  
him. He had loved one truly, devo-  
tely, and he had been forced to give  
her up to Heaven. He could never  
love another. In vain were appealing  
and languishing glances sent in the  
direction of this superb young spec-  
imen of Irish-American manhood.

"Tom" never noticed women. He  
simply went about his business of sav-  
ing property and lives as if there were  
nothing else in the universe for a big,  
handsome, athletic fellow.

Often, as he lay in his bunk at the  
engine house, as he rode temptations  
through the crowded streets, as he  
fought the fangs, he repeated to him-  
self the last words he had said to his  
beloved:—"I love you, Magie, darlin',  
I would live for you or I would die  
for you, and since you bid me tear  
out my heart, I must do it."

The Easter morning dawned—the  
first Easter morn'g since "Tom" had  
hoped to lead his sweetheart to the  
altar. He thought of her as he reposed  
from his dream of her sweet face.  
Life was over for him, he felt. He  
saw again the crowded church, the  
white-robed novices. He smelled the  
incense, he heard the roll of the or-  
gan, the solemn voice of the priest.

He shivered and turning buried his  
face in his pillow.

Suddenly the alarm clock rang. He  
started. He sprang from his bunk and  
looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock,  
and he was in his uniform.

He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock,  
and he was in his uniform.

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and he was in his uniform.

As in a dream, he saw  
"Where is my sweetheart?"  
a dozen just-thrown  
The convent and the  
adjoining were alike  
at a glance that the  
doomed. The main  
saw the sisters and the  
The beauty of the  
protection was cal-  
the magnificent follow-  
for the lives of the  
Every one recalls the  
tude and courage dis-  
frightful hour. The  
Arld for such a mem-  
it, and nobly did they  
instructors. Such de-  
were done that bitter  
never lost. Their mem-  
an eternal inspiration.

"Tom" Brennan thrust a  
to a window of the dormitory  
trench, the huge, silent cross  
surrounded the roof of the convent.

In this window, serene, calm,  
lips moving in prayer, stood a sweet-  
faced sister, holding in her arms a  
tiny crippled boy. So symbolic was  
the attitude of this holy woman that  
as one fish heart in the vast space  
below failed to respond.

"It is Sister Mary Beatrice,"  
roared the Mother Superior. "She  
knelt upon the bare ground and  
crossed herself."

When Tom Brennan, his face  
blackened with smoke and his eyes  
blazing with heroic excitement, reach-  
ed the window Sister Mary Beatrice  
looked steadfastly at him with her  
sweet smile.

He held out his arms.  
"The child first, Tom," she said, as  
she laid the little body on the broad  
bosom of the fireman.

A mighty shout went up from the  
crowd below. All had seen that sub-  
lime act. All realized what it meant.  
A dozen hands reached out to the  
ladder.

To lifted Sister Mary Beatrice from  
the window.  
For one instant he held her as his  
heart.

Then as the frenzied spectators  
groaned and cursed and prayed,  
the convent walls awayed in.

And at the foot of the cross Tom  
Brennan died for his "Magie darlin'."

The picture of their  
When we attempt to  
before our minds the picture  
Christ our Lord, the most beautiful  
the children of men, we know that  
utmost power of our imagination

fail to reach the beauty of the  
original. He is the Infinite God,  
yet in beauty, in majesty, in  
and glory, in holiness and  
in sweetness and in goodness, in  
that could claim the love of the  
man heart.

To paint a true picture of  
the artist must study Him in His  
features given by the Prophets,  
pale, history and tradition.  
will be a true picture. One  
on his imagination of how  
peared to him, but the  
will give the characteristics  
ture of Christ drawn from  
sources, while down  
him."

From prophecy, from  
and tradition the artists of all  
and nations have drawn types of  
Redeemer. From Giotto, in the  
teenth century, to Raphael,  
back, Roussseau, in the nineteenth  
in full paintings, as in oil, in  
the days of the Catechism to  
thirteenth century in Rome and  
London, and Munich and in New  
York, the Italian, German,  
and French and British schools  
have placed before us portraits  
of Christ.

We shall take the Old Testament  
a prophetic history, symbols  
practical, trying the elements  
of Christ. The New Testament  
has long record of His  
history of the Church is an  
this witness of the power of  
through all ages and  
A reliable, although  
of the truth of the  
Church. Each gives us  
His divine history.

During centuries Christ  
had been studied, looked  
the coming of the  
there was a general  
recognition among the Jews and  
the enlightened intellects of  
Hion.

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