

AQUINAS HONOR ROLL

The following pupils are on the Honor Roll at the Aquinas Institute as the result of the quarterly examinations conducted last week. They are listed according to the parishes to which they belong.

- Sacred Heart: Robert Aulenbacher, ward Hanlon, Robert McCarthy, Paul Byrne, Bernard Deane, Joseph Dobbins, Walter Fleming, George Daigano, John Gibbons, Harold Knight, Norman Kidel, Donald Kridel, Gordon Masseur, James B. McCarthy, James Leagher, Richard Miller, Thomas Miller, Donald O'Brien, Robert O'Connor, Frederick Schlichter, Richard Welch, Austin Whalen, Frank Niven, Maurice Sammons. St. Andrew's: Raymond Bailo, Eldridge Bajorek, Albert Cartenuto, Sam Hopster, Joseph Stock, Herbert Streib, John P'ierre, Homer Terhaar. St. Theodore's: August Barde, Joseph Lynch. St. Charles: Cyril Barker, Frank Gugel, Lawrence Harper, Jack Walsh, Cargus Christi: Sam Battle, Ed.

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Andean Pledge of Peace



This new and exclusive photograph shows the world-famous statue of Christ that stands 14,000 feet above sea level in the Andes mountains, between Argentina and Chile. The statue was erected in 1904 as a perpetual memorial to the termination of hostilities between South America's two southernmost countries, and as a pledge of peace that has never been broken. The effect of the erosive action of the elements is distinctly visible at the base of the statue and around the pedestal. (Photo by John P. Keyes.)

THE PORTRESS OF HEAVEN

Pious Legend of Vienna Convent Tells How Blessed Virgin Watched at Gate of Institution

By DR. FREDERIC FUNDER (Written for N. C. W. C. Easter Supplement) Like a gray-haired giant, like a the sleeping town and wandered toward the West along the vine-covered hillside into the Vienna forest.

Statue of Blessed Virgin But the most beautiful of all the legends is the one concerning the "Portress of Heaven," such is the name of a lovely and highly venerated picture in the "Chapel of Dukes" in St. Stephen's Cathedral. It shows the Blessed Virgin in a shining glory surrounded by the rosary. In mildness and kindness the Blessed Mother, holding the Child in her arms, looks down on the people gathered in prayer at her feet. Originally the picture had its place in the convent founded in the twelfth century in the neighborhood of St. Stephen's, but it was transferred to the Cathedral when, in the reign of Joseph II, the convent was suppressed. To this day we are reminded of this convent by the name of "Heaven's Gate Street" (Himmelpfortgasse), in which it was situated.

According to the legend the circumstances connected with that name are quite extraordinary. Before the picture of the Queen of Heaven, the legend relates, there knelt one day a young novice named Agnes, the portress of the convent. She had come from the mountains, the free life in the forests, an orphan and without friends. Now she was overwhelmed with a longing to hear once more, as she had when a child, the rustling leaves in the forests, and the sweet song of the finches in the blissful spring. Home! Home! A thousand voices were calling her. Her heart was sick from longing. Home! Home!

Yes, she wanted to go home. Home, home to the green woods, to the lake high in the mountains that reflected the chamomils, to the meadows and the sweet-smelling flowers—things unknown in the town. Home! But who would keep the convent gate, that no evildoer might enter this peaceful house that the many poor people might get their warm soup in time to-morrow? Flattering between longing and duties the young maid of God, the legend says, stretched out her hands, holding the keys of the convent up to the Queen of Heaven: "Be merciful to me! Let me, the unworthy one, go! Will you, oh all bounteous Mother of Graces, take care of the house?" And, putting the keys down at the feet of the image of Mary, she hastened away.

Returns to Mountains Under the cover of night she left. As if in a dream Agnes went upstairs...

Mother's Boy with the Shaggy Beard

(Continue from Page One) The To crowded it to capacity. Pere Fourniveau insisted that I have the happiness of celebrating the Missa Cantata while he knelt to the side and beamed proudly at the sweet and correct rendition of the Eighth Mass and the Plain Chant of all the Proper. He spoke to them simply and warmly and I saw that they were moved by what he said. His is surely a splendid little body of Christians, but ardent by his ardor. Less than one per cent of the parish failed to make its Easter duty.

We mingled with the people through the day, visited the village, walked to the pretty little cemetery, a new idea in the To country. The year of resistance at Easter dinner was a tiny bit from Pere's flock, though many of the garnishings of thousands of more primitive folk whom the Andians call "Mungo" or "savage" while they call themselves the "To" or "mountainers." Some 1,000 of the To are Christian and 2,000 are in Pere Fourniveau's mission.

Missioner Kept Busy We watched them thread their way through the valley flanked by great ranges among which are their homes. They found past the strange but beautiful mountainlets the rise curiously to florid green among the fields, quiet and empty but for the grazing water buffaloes. Pere Fourniveau was occupied with his people until late into the night, first with Confessions and then with making the occasion memorable for them with his motion picture machine.

All the visitors tucked to rest in every odd nook and cranny of the compound, Pere Fourniveau invited us to the porch where, looking out under the banyan tree, we could watch the moon play on the silent scene. Softly his mother's photograph gave us "O MIHI et MIHAE" by a choir in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. But he quickly took to talking about his people. Fine strong stock, these To, healthy of mind as well as of body. Age-old customs keep the great majority from the church but the common people whether pagan or Christian have always been friendly to the missionaries. Only the chiefs have at times been mean. The people have always been hospitable and loyal. When the Annamites of the plains persecuted the Church, it was to the To that the missionaries fled in desperation. Toward the end of the last century, some miles away from Don Chay in the mountains, Bishop Retord died of exhaustion in the forest, when driven from the homes of the To by Annamite soldiers who hunted the priests like animals. If the fugitive missionary escaped the tigers and was not prostrated by the fevers, finally he reached the miserable hut of a To and he was secure.

The chiefs, however, looked with suspicion on these intruders and saw in the missionaries a challenge to their the foreigners and Pere Fourniveau related his own experience. A chief, acting through an agent, gave five pastures to Pere's cook and the miserable fellow consented. Happily as it turned out, he put enough strychnine in the meat to kill 50 men and the serving was so bitter that at the first bite the priest spat it out in displeasure. Mystified, he threw a piece of the meat to his dog and within a few minutes the animal was dead at his feet.

Prepared for Death He realized what had happened. He was alone except for the cook who probably hovered outside waiting to see him curl in convulsions. His faithful boy had gone home. He was going to die, he felt sure. There in the solitude of the mountains he was to die poisoned. The thought of death appalled him but the cruel ingratitude of the circumstances impressed him most of all. On the steps of the altar before the Blessed Sacrament, where he had hurried immediately, he reflected on his loss of man that he, exiling himself forever from that dear mother in Auvergne, giving all that he had and laboring for these people in this lonely outpost should receive no other recompense than to be done away with. He wept silently, prepared himself for the end, but as the hours wore on he fell into a gentle sleep and awoke in the morning to find himself none the worse for his experience.

"Indeed, much the better for it," he remarked gaily, "since it made me happier in being generous when, in place of the selfish satisfaction of appreciation from those about me, I could picture the chiefs here rewarding me with strychnine." The thatched-roofed chapel reflected Easter glory the next morning when to the abbess with a contrite heart for her breach of faith and her decision to do penance. Profoundly moved and full of astonishment, the Mother Superior said: "That wonder has been worked! You have been with us all the time, an indefatigable, faithful portress!" Then the penitent knew that during her stay in the world the Queen of Heaven herself had performed her duties. Overwhelmed by happiness and gratitude, Agnes hurried to the chapel. There, the next morning, the nuns assembling for morning prayer found her lying dead before the image of the Virgin, the peace of Heaven on her face. From that day on the picture of St. Mary was called "The Portress of Heaven." Many poets celebrated in their songs this old Viennese legend and every true Viennese prays that the Holy Virgin of the "Chapel of Dukes" in St. Stephen's cathedral may some day open the gate of Heaven for him, too.

The table were from Auvergne. The day grew old; we drove away. Pere Fourniveau was left under the banyan tree, alone. But not alone. "I shall tell my mother of your visit," he called after us, and gave his most rollicking smile. One does not hunt out the Tonkin mountains, or a grizzly-faced missionary, for an idyll of love of mother. But that makes the finding the more delightful. Fingers that are pointed in scorn are usually fingers that are seldom dipped in a Holy Water font. If we wish to enter the heart of Jesus, it suffices to have recourse to Mary. We are then granted an immediate audience.—St. Alphonsus

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