

go down to meet him and that's the reason we're so late," Marion was saying breathlessly.

"And mother says if we go now we'll be in time for Benediction and that will be better than missing it altogether."

"So, come on, let's hurry," Anne said, taking the old lady's hand. Then in a mysterious whisper as they went out to the car: "And you're to come over to our house for a little while after Benediction, 'cause we're going to have—guess what?"

"I'm sure I don't know," "The Littlest Lady" replied, rather tremulously.

"Ice cream!" Anne announced triumphantly. "Father brought a friend," Marion told her as they seated themselves in the car.

"At least he came up with him on the train and is coming out later. They can stay till Monday. Isn't that fine?"

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Stewart murmured. "How happy your dear mother must be!"

And all the time she was in a flutter of happiness herself that these dear people had not forgotten her. For prayers at Benediction rose more fervently than ever. God had been so good to her, had blessed her more than she deserved; for had He not through long and desolate years kept alive in her heart the clear spark of hope which made the lonely life—the hope once again to see her youngest son who had gone away in his youth and had never returned?

Not in twenty years had she had a line from him. When her other children were alive she was happily and prosperously situated. But changes had come. Death, financial troubles and again and yet again death, until she was alone in the world and found herself at seventy an inmate of the Old Ladies' Home.

All these years she had hoped and prayed for Hugh's return with a faith that never faltered and a firm belief that in God's own good time she would see her son again. And her belief had been strengthened all during May with the happy opportunity of attending May devotions, when her petitions went up passionately to the tender Mother who has heart beats in sympathy with all mother's hearts.

The prayer, "Send Hughie back to me!" was ever on her lips, and she murmured it to-night with her eyes on the Tabernacle. She was repeating the services over, she followed the children down the aisle, when something in the turn of a man's head at the rear of the church set her old heart to beating quickly. He had arisen, a broad, sturdy figure in khaki, but in an instant was hidden from her by the crowd.

"Ah, well," she reminded herself with a patient sigh, "I don't suppose it could be Hughie!"

But she was shaken by the vague resemblance and was very quiet on the way home, a quiet unnoticed by the children in their excitement over father's arrival. They were in a fever to get back to him.

"Here we are!" James exclaimed, jumping out before the car came to a stop. "Now for the treat! Hurry!" rushing toward the house.

Proper Marion was disgusted. "You'd think he'd never had ice cream before!"

"Never mind, dear," soothed "The Littlest Lady," "all youngsters are the same way. Don't you know little boys are hollow from their heels up?"

Father's friend had evidently arrived and Major and Mrs. Zettler were chatting with him in the living room. They stood up as the children came in with Mrs. Stewart.

"Here she comes, father," James was saying, "The Littlest Lady" you know—

"I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Stewart," Mrs. Zettler came forward cordially. "I want you to meet my soldier husband."

"I'm happy to know Major Zettler," Mrs. Stewart said, with her gentle smile.

Then she turned, as her hostess led, to the stranger at the Major's left.

The man was staring at "The Littlest Lady" in ghastly, stupefied amazement. As her eyes met his she gasped and began to tremble.

"Hughie!" she cried. "Mother! Is it mother?" the man uttered hoarsely. "I—I thought you were dead."

The Zettlers stole quietly from the room, tears frankly running down Mrs. Zettler's cheeks, while the children stared at each other, round-eyed and whispering in their amazement. Here was in truth a thrilling development. "The Littlest Lady's" son come back, and they never knew she had a son!

"I wonder how it happened, father," Marion said softly, "that he thought she was dead, I mean."

Mr. Zettler shook his head. "I don't know, dear," he replied. "He's been a great wanderer. He has told me about his travels all over the world, and I dare say he became careless about writing and a little forgetful, maybe, of those he left behind. That might be one explanation," smiling gravely.

"When I grow up and go away of I won't forget my mother," James announced importantly. "Say, mother, in a wedding tone, 'don't you think, unless we eat it pretty soon, the ice cream will be all melted?'"

"And haven't you one word of respect for me, mother?" Hugh Stewart was saying, brokenly.

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And Mrs. Stewart, never again to be known as "The Littlest Lady" of the Old People's Home smiled up sunnily at her recovered son.—Helen Moriarity in The Magnificat.

THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD

The old order is passing away and will soon be replaced by the new. Old methods have become obsolete old words antiquated, old ideals thrown aside. Hence it is deemed a reproach to be a dreamer about the past, a dour upon the dead and gone, an admirer of classic antiquity. Is truth, then, something relative or absolute, subjective or objective, transient or permanent, changing or immutable? Is it a matter of taste or feeling, of temperament or temperature, of prejudice or education, of local custom or national ambition? Does it depend on time or place, on persons or things, so that what is true today may be false tomorrow, and what is right for one generation may be wrong for the next? Or, on the other hand, are not truth and goodness, right and beauty based on the essential nature of things, and therefore permanent and immutable? In mechanical invention and in material efficiency, doubtless the world has advanced; but in spiritual ideals it has gone, and is still going, backward. One of these vanishing ideals is the ideal of Christian womanhood.

The Son of God was the only One in all this world who had the privilege of choosing His own mother, and the power of making her what He would have her to be. Hence we conclude that the Immaculate Virgin must have been the highest type of womanhood. And if she was so then, she is so today, and will remain so till the end of time. She had all the graces of womanhood, all the virtues which we admire and reverence in woman. Apart from her utter sinlessness, which other women cannot hope to imitate, she had purity and modesty, gentleness and sweetness, grace and comeliness, thoughtful sympathy and patient endurance. Now contrast her with the modern type of woman, and note the difference. We could never picture the Blessed Virgin with an axe in her hand chopping down a saloon, like the late Carrie Nation. We could never, even by the wildest stretch of the imagination, picture her as tied to a seat at a political meeting so that the police could not remove her when she began to scream in order to drown the speaker's voice for his lack of interest in the feminist cause.

We do not fancy her hacking works of art to pieces with a carving knife in order to make an impression on parliament, nor throwing herself under the feet of a winning horse at the Derby races so as to take vengeance on the King for his apathy towards the female movement. We cannot imagine her at the head of a parade waving the red flag of anarchy and cheered by the rabble of the town. Nor again can we picture her on a public platform advocating free love and the degradation of her sex, and cheered by foreign socialists and godless anarchists. All these extravagances are utterly foreign to our idea of Christian womanhood.

The modern champion of female rights demands a fair field and no favor. If she wants no favors, then our code of chivalry must be repealed and replaced by a code of equity. If she wants no favors, then all those men—and their names is legion—who sacrificed their lives in wreck or conflagration to rescue a woman, who was oftentimes a stranger to them, were fools for their sacrifice and, on feminist principles, they did doubtful honor to the female sex. If suffragettes want no favors, what will become of all those graces and reverences that cluster about the name of woman? If they persist in thrusting themselves into competition with their brother man, he will at length cast them aside in disgust, and bid them go back to their old inferiority, to the interior rank which they occupied before the advent of Christianity.

Another modern shibboleth is: "Emancipate woman. Get her away from the home. Rescue her from the domination of man." Emancipate woman! Why, she was emancipated centuries ago by Christ Himself. He found her a slave and He left her free. Before the coming of Christ, woman was regarded merely as an instrument to give man pleasure, or as a nuisance to be tolerated for the propagation of the race. Christ in elevating and honoring His own mother, elevated all her sex. He raised matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament: He took woman by the hand, lifted her up, placed her by the side of man, and bade him regard her as a companion and an equal not as a servant, much less as a slave. Woman was

emancipated centuries ago, and she owes her emancipation to Christ and His Church; she will retain her elevation and emancipation in the degree that she cleaves to the preaching of Christ and the teaching of His Church.

If woman owes all to the Church, we hasten to add, and we are proud to say, that the Church owes much to her. The history of the Church shows what woman has done at untold sacrifices to relieve the sufferings of mankind. Contemplate her on the battlefield breathing hope into the ear of the dying soldier; or stay at home who are often exacting, critical and thankless; behold her waiting upon the helplessness of infancy and the decrepitude of old age; see her growing prematurely worn in the drudgery of the class room, follow her into the hovels of the poor and see her introducing a reproach to the ray of sunshine had none entered; and when you have contemplated her ministering to the wants of humanity in her various avocations, then tell us if Christian woman, who is modelled on the Mother of God, be not in very truth the salt of the earth and the light of the world.—Catholic Union and Times.

CONTROL OF THE IMAGINATION

Of certain people whose condition is bordering on craziness we say that they have "fixed ideas." Now their ideas are fixed because they have lost, either through illness or other cause, control of their imagination. This is even more the case with those who are entirely insane. But any mental preoccupation is to be charged to a faulty working of the imagination. From this it appears how important a role the imagination plays in our mental or moral life.

Waiving the case when the imagination is vitiated through disease of the brain, that faculty is susceptible of good or bad habits which give it a certain fixity one way or another. We have heard of boys who became criminals through frequent reading of dime novels. Their imagination had got under the spell of the bloody stories with which it was saturated. Even more lively than of stories is the impression of the moving pictures. If they are unwholesome they poison the fancy, and the poison is bound to show itself in vicious actions.

This is why it is so dangerous to frequent unhealthy movies, or to read improper stories, or to give full sway to the morbid curiosity of the senses. By all these means the imagination is corrupted. The corruption then first engages the sensual appetite, and the latter exercises a pressure on the will to reduce it to illicit actions. There are laws which govern the working of our faculties, as there are laws which govern the movements of the earth and the stars. If you do not guard your senses and your imagination from evil, you will be carried to evil deeds by an inexorable law. "Sow a thought and you will reap a deed; sow a deed and you will reap a habit; sow a habit and you will reap character; sow a character and you will reap a destiny."

That for which the imagination is won appeals to our heart and our will. Therefore, God has given us a religion which has much in it to move the imagination. The splendor of the house of God, the beautiful ceremonies of the Mass and the Sacraments, the fragrant incense, the dim light of the sanctuary lamp, the dim light of God's presence—all these and a hundred other things are adapted to the nature of man whose soul movements are in such close dependence on the imagination and, inasmuch as it is our life's task to rise above the earthly things that intrude upon us with a certain importunity, we must use the antidote of reading God's word and meditating on it, so as to counteract the vivid impressions made by the dazzling scenes of this material world.—S. in The Guardian.

AN INTELLIGENT INSECT

When Mark Twain was editing a weekly journal in a small Western town a subscriber wrote to him to remark that he had discovered a spider concealed in the folds of a recently delivered paper. The writer wanted to know whether such an occurrence was a sign of good or bad luck. The young editor replied in the next issue as follows: "Constant Reader—The appearance of a spider in a recent copy was a sign of neither good nor bad luck; that intelligent insect was merely studying our columns in order to ascertain whether any store in the neighborhood had failed to advertise in our paper, in order that he might make for that establishment and there weave a web across the doorway, where he might dwell in undisturbed peace."—The Argonaut.

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Actual Experience The Ontario Temperance Act is Emptying Ontario's Jails. Jail Commitments Before and After Passage of the Act. ALL CRIMES 1915-20,337 1918-13,242. DRUNKENNESS 1915-6,235 1918-2,595. From Annual Reports of Inspectors of Prisons 1915 and 1918, and Schedule H, Report of the Board of License Commissioners for Ontario for the year 1918. ONTARIO'S experience with prohibition under the Ontario Temperance Act since September 16, 1916, has been all the argument any fair-minded man or woman wants, to prove that the Act should neither be repealed nor weakened by Amendments. Jail Commitments for crimes and offences of all kinds have decreased more than one-third since 1915. Jail Commitments for drunkenness alone decreased from 6,235 in 1915, the year preceding the Act, to 2,595 in 1918. Jail Commitments for drunkenness decreased despite the fact that the Act makes drunkenness in public places a "prima facie" offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment, whether accompanied by "disorderliness" or not. A drunken man on the street has become a rare sight. The number of commitments for drunkenness in Ontario in 1918 was the lowest in seventeen years, although the population of the Province increased by over 500,000. Some jails received no drunkards in 1918 at all. Others show well nigh unbelievable decreases, notably in the cities and larger towns. Do you want to see the taste for alcoholic beverages revived, and the population of Ontario's prisons, jails and lock-ups restored? If you are convinced that drunkenness is undesirable in this Province mark X in the "No" column after each question. "No!"—Four Times—"No!" Each and every one of the four questions on the ballot paper in this Referendum must be answered or your ballot is "spoiled." And unless you mark X after each question in the "No" column, the Ontario Temperance Act will be spoiled, and years of Temperance progress lost. Ontario Referendum Committee JOHN MACDONALD Chairman D. A. DUNLAP Treasurer ANDREW S. GRANT Vice Chairman and Secretary (1001 Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto)