

saction. "You make a glorious use of God's loan." "God's loan?" "Some call it a gift." She started in amazement. "This from you—Frederick, the infidel—you speak of God?" His shrug approached a shrug. "One change in travel—learning; I have learned since I left—passed from Paris. And you have still time to learn." She laughed outright; the little reprobate must be leading up to his usual rallery. "Had you learned before you would not have scolded me for my hour 'wasted at Mass—ah?" Pondering, he fondled the waxed mustache and imperially with the old, dubious gesture. "No—I might at least have paid interest on my loan—and you should, too." "All that I possess is but a loan from God, you say?" "What else?" "Of which you do not consider I am properly appreciative?" "What do you do to show your gratitude?" She frowned irritably under this unlooked for and astonishing catechizing. "Have I not always been industrious and religious—what more can be demanded?" Eyes and shoulders rolled heavenward. "She asks this—she, who is of the religion that is the conservatory of charity." She flung out impatient, protesting bands. "You wrong me. I never refuse a demand—" "Ah, just so. You must be appealed to—like common mortals; your charity is a grace note when it should be the dominant chord." She rose and walked slowly back to the window to gain time to ponder that. What did he mean? He gave no sign of being in liquor—yet he was actually preaching. Without seeming to raise his voice, he yet made himself distinct across the big room. "Even your talent for hard work is a loan, else your native genius would lie dormant—think then that a heavy interest you owe. None comes nearer stern necessity than the Catholic; and a calamity if your power for good suddenly terminated." She shivered; in a flash she realized how she had always credited herself with her success. A solemn silence ensued. "I must acknowledge—" she ventured, turning. "Mademoiselle?" Madeline, luncheon tray in hand confronted her—no other. "The mercurial master had vanished as he had come. She had nothing to recall him but a train of bewildered reflections. She threw up a hand to greet Twit, the canary, as usual, before retiring, he sprang up alarmed, fluttered sharply away, and in the same instant some substance, a seed hull perhaps, was drawn into her throat with a breath. For a moment she struggled, there was a terrified rasping and spasmodic coughing as she sank back, half fainting. "The house doctor—quick." The distracted Madeline sprang to the phone. In a moment the apartment was flooded with light, and he was examining her throat. He drew back with a sigh of genuine relief. "It's gone," he pronounced, in a pleased tone. She shook her head. "No, I still feel it—" hoarsely. "That is merely the irritation where it lodged." She grew angry. "I wish you would call a specialist," she insisted. He gladly consented. The thing known as the artistic temperament must not be tampered with. However, the particular doctor she desired happened to be cursed with that peculiar crooked himself, and after getting the house physician's view of the matter, he declared his intention of waiting until the morning for the examination. Nothing could budge him. She realized the folly of her demand, but, terrified by the incident, treading so closely on the dark premonition of the eccentric Frederick, her feelings bordered on the superstitious. She paced the floor in an agony of doubt. The feverish struggle for peace had given no room for introspection. Now, in an instant she saw that for which she had sacrificed comfort, health, friends, her religion almost, tottering on the brink of a bottomless pit. The pretty bubble had burst. But the specialist did not agree with her. He confirmed the other's words. "Yet I can scarcely talk," she said, trying to cheer up at the bidding. "I know it," he smiled. "Your nerves won't permit it. You've been hypnotized by fear—your subconsciousness is playing you a nasty trick." That angered her. "Do you take me for a foolish child?" "Oh, no, merely the victim of an intense nervousness brought on by your recent marvelous successes. Get your mind off yourself, snap your fingers and you'll come out of it." But it took more than this cynical brusqueness to arouse her. Her distracted manager was summoned and left off tarring huge patches of his scanty locks long enough to receive her command to cancel dates indefinitely. This done, she sank into a stupor of despair. Now was she turned back on herself—the building of her career assumed another secret. "What she had long flattered herself to be natural ability and splendid will power had in a flash revealed it

self as the little master's "Loan from God"—to be withdrawn at His pleasure. How slight the interest she had paid on her loan! The indifference giving the charity that needed prodging, the late perfunctory attention to religious duties—all boiled from the hidden depths to torment her. How far more grateful and merciful were the lean Paris days. Her first prayers were the result of fear, but they gradually merged into hope and resignation. From that instant the case asserted itself. She arose one morning with the firm conviction that all was well. Another moment and she was flooding the room with melody that brought the almost delirious Madeline to her on the run, eyes streaming with happy tears. Even Twit, the innocent cause of her misery, celebrated the recovery with throat-bursting contributions. She was scarcely dressed before the happy manager was kissing her hand. "I wish to give another concert here to-morrow night," she explained to that astonished person. "It is too short notice—you cannot draw," he stammered. She smiled. "Oh, yes, this concert will draw. Every penny of its proceeds will go to charity—the White Plague institute preferably." That announcement occasioned no heart beats for him. He was out for money—next season he might not have such a brilliant light shining for him. But he had long since passed the stage of daring to argue with female artists—he bowed in pathetic resignation. Perhaps the free advertising might compensate. The bare announcement in the noon editions of her recovery and intention awakened an interest far beyond the musical circles. Plans to augment the ordinary receipts by auctioning choice seats. The scheme was a whirl and when the hour arrived for the first number she faced an audience that packed the hall to the danger point. They rose to their feet in a burst of enthusiasm as she made her bow—it seemed as if they would never permit her to begin. But when they did finally sink into silence she rewarded them with an outpouring of melody that fairly rent space. There was a soul, not a mechanical throat, in that song. She refused to weary, and on a corollary encore with vigor and spontaneity that seemed possible only in a first number. It was late when she released her. She bowed herself off with a feeling that at last she had united her soul with the world. Her delight in the offering showed its radiance over her listeners. Of Frederick, the petit matre, she had seen or heard nothing in her retirement. The first thought was wonder if he had heard her to-night. Far down in her heart she craved his scant eulogium as much as in the student days when a smile had lit up the entire week. She lolled in a chair an hour hoping for another unconventional greeting. She retired in the certainty that morning would find him waiting. Rather, it found another—one who destroyed all thought of M. Maurepas. She flew across the room to seize with little, nervous fingers the muscular hands of the oldest, dearest friend she had. He it was who had advanced from a none too full purse the money which first set adrift the ugly duckling on the waters that floated her back a swan. They regarded each other in long, loving silence. "You—you of all people," she murmured happily, leading him to a seat and dropping down before him for a continuance of the childish, happy gaze. "I just managed to hear you last night, and, believe me, you were translated. Whence the impetus?" He lit a cigarette and calmly smoked as she detailed her mishap. "Then it was no advertising dodge?" he laughed. "A blessing in disguise"—musing behind half closed lids on the disconcerting events of the last week. "But the strangest feature of all is the source of my inspiration." "A story? Come, let us have it, Dorothea." Chin on hand, she pondered a moment to the music of Twit's magic notes. "An unannounced visit—for the purpose of a sermon—from none other than my little master, Maurepas." He started violently, the half-smoked cigarette falling from his fingers. "Let me have that again, please. Whom did you say, Dorothea?"—in plain bewilderment. "M. Maurepas—I, too, was surprised." "And I'm a deuced sight more surprised." "He came in here that night—" "Frederick Maurepas came into this room that night?"—inactively, doubtfully. "Yes; immaculately attired as usual, waxed mustache and smiling, short-front, big jewel"—she paused as he tried to relight with fingers trembling violently. "Frederick—the abstemious guzzler—" "Yes, yes, yes," in pretty impatience. He blew a long cloud from his lips. "Maurepas," as if to himself, "the Studio, Rue 28—" "Must I furnish you with photo and Bertillon measurements to establish his identity here?" she laughed gaily. He bit his lips. "All that isn't enough for me. Now look here, are you sure you didn't dream it?"

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She made a forcible negative. "Madeline is proof of my weakness. But why this doubt? Was he not always eccentric? What is marvelous in this visit?" "Nothing—nothing" very slowly, and his gaze wandered around the room from her anxious features. "That is, nothing—over and above the fact that Frederick Maurepas has been dead and buried for a year."—David A. Driscoll, in the Magnificat.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

AN INCREASE OF VOCATIONS Every creature has its time and place marked out for it in the plan of God; the harmony of the Universe demands this of His goodness and His wisdom; otherwise it would cease to be the source of utility, beauty and happiness. If this general rule affects all animals and inanimate being, how intimately must it affect those rational creatures who are made "a little lower than the angels" and who have the image of their Maker graven upon their souls. Every human soul, using its free will, helps to carve out for itself its own niche in the Divine plan. Sooner or later in its short life, it reaches a decisive hour when it enters into itself and, under penalty of making a false step, examines itself, questions itself closely, asks itself in all earnestness where its place is to occupy in the universal scheme. This is the work of choosing a vocation, a work where-in God will co-operate with the human soul in its preparation for its journey down the river of life, for formidable journey, in all truth. A it is made but once; but at the same time a consoling journey, for the soul knows by faith that if it stays at the helm God will furnish wind for the sails.

come they may be, may sometimes be the offering of a vivid imagination, while reason and conscience are guides that may always be readily followed. However, in this affair of a call to a closer service of God in the priesthood or the religious life, there are considerations that cannot be ignored. There are, for instance, certain aptitudes of which will help a perplexed youth to arrive quickly at a decision. In the first place, certain qualities, physical, intellectual and moral, are required. If these are absent, no matter how strong, may be ignored. But when one has these qualities and when one feels at the same time a desire to lead a holier life than can be led amid worldly distractions, one may easily conclude that God is knocking at the door. "If thou wilt be perfect," take up thy cross and follow Me." Here a vocation is quite evident; it becomes only a matter of the choice of the means to be employed to carry it out. The question suggests itself why there are so few, among those who have all the qualities desired, who heed this invitation to follow Christ; why so few take the trouble to find out once for all what God wants them to do; why so few reflect on what it means to neglect the call to the higher life. One wonders whether youth realizes its responsibility in this affair of vocation. It is a fact that the plan is to save the souls of men by the ministry of their fellow men. Why is it, then, that there are so many souls who are not being ministered to at the present time? Why are there so many souls without pastors? Why so many little children growing up without a knowledge of God, who may lose their souls through lack of this knowledge? Why so many pagans who have never yet heard the doctrines of the true faith? It cannot be the fault of God who assuredly wishes all men to be saved and is willing to co-operate in the work.

Religious Strife in Mexico Perhaps the best analysis that has yet been given to the American people as to the reason for the religious strife between Protestants and Catholics in Mexico, appeared recently in an editorial of the Daily Sentinel of Brownsville, Texas: "Protestants who do not discuss religion outside of themselves and are tolerant and considerate toward Catholics can live anywhere in Mexico in the midst of the most devout Catholics, in the shadow of the Catholic church edifice, and be neighbors of the priests, and never have the least offense offered them or receive any treatment other than kindness and good fellowship, but this seems to be impossible for Protestants. A few months or a year at most, if they commence to criticize the Catholic religion, then to criticize the Catholic clergy and then to proselyte amongst the members of the Catholic faith, which generally means private denunciation of the Catholic faith and of the Catholic clergy, and finally come public denunciations and tirades from the pulpit against Catholics and priests. The result of this is always the same. The priest turns on them and retaliates; his loyal followers take it up; war is declared upon the American colony. Every American in the community becomes involved and the whole force of the Catholic Church, and if the civil authority is turned against them, they are insulted, offended and roughly handled; they are arrested upon petty and serious charges; thrown into jail and perhaps forgotten. Then the Americans look up the American consul; try

to trump up an international case, and threaten international intervention, carefully forgetting the part they had played in the first stages of the incident. "Throughout Mexico there are hundreds of these colonies, perhaps thousands, each with a similar history. It seems strange that these people, ordinarily possessed of good common sense and honorable intentions should permit themselves to run such awful risks because of an unnecessary fanaticism. It must be that they are entirely ignorant of the great political power of the Catholic Church in Mexico, of its great work in defending and protecting the Indian population from the brutal enforcement of despotic laws of the civil government under Spain. "The constant recurrence of such episodes have filled the minds of the Catholic clergy in Mexico with fear and suspicion. They think that the principal object of Americans is to disestablish and overthrow the Catholic Church. "Americans and the American government will always be unpopular in Mexico, and with the Mexican people so long as the Catholic Church and its clergy remain dubious and uncertain of their own positions and liberties at the hands of Americans. To this intensely Catholic country the United States has taken no pains

to day do not prepare children for the glorious but severe duties of the altar or the cloister? Are not children taught to hold worldly success in the highest esteem, the only object worth reaching out for? Does not materialism in some form or other lower the ideals of young Catholics in our age? Why then try to gather roses from thistle-stems? The contrast of success in life, commercial, political, social success, placed continually in opposition to the obscurity of a life hidden in God, upsets the relative value of things in the minds of young men and young women, and is certainly not conducive to the fostering of their vocations. After all, what can the most brilliant career in this world offer but a few fleeting pleasures or a little applause that dies out in a moment? Can there be any comparison between worldly pleasure and applause and the solid joy and happiness that is found in a close service of God? If young men and young women would only learn the whole truth about vocation to the priesthood or to the religious life, the difficulty would not be in finding reasons to urge them to enter the narrow path, but rather in finding reasons to keep them out of it. Meanwhile we must accept the situation as it is and try to suggest a remedy. The lack of vocations is causing anxiety to the Church; millions of souls are perishing through absence of spiritual nourishment. And yet souls must be saved, the sacraments must be administered, our children must be taught, our orphans must be reared, our poor must be looked after, our sick must be tended, our erring must be led back to virtue, our parishes must have their clergy, our colleges and convents and monasteries their busy inmates, the foreign field must be supplied with missionaries; in a word, the work that Christ began on earth must be continued. This is the greatest of works, and Catholics in general must take the means to provide the agencies to carry it on. The most powerful means, the one that appeals especially to the members of our League is undoubtedly prayer, prayer for an increase in the number of vocations. We should ask God to inspire young men and young women to consecrate themselves to His service. In the Catholic Church there are outlets for every form of consecrated zeal; there are none to whom God gives the germ of vocation who cannot find a niche to place themselves in. We should pray, secondly, for those who feel that they are called, that they may receive abundant grace to persevere, so that having put their hand to the plough they may continue to the end of the furrow. We should ask God to give them a full intelligence of their sublime call, so that they in turn may give Him all the glory and all the service He has a right to expect. Thirdly, we should pray for Catholic parents, so that they may understand the responsibilities which weigh upon them in the affair of the vocation of their children. Not merely should they put no obstacles in the way, but they should know that there are limits to parental authority in this matter. Vocation is, like salvation, a personal matter, and parents cannot oppose certain inalienable rights of their children without becoming guilty of criminal usurpation. Fourthly, we should ask God to inspire wealthy Catholics to found bourses and scholarships for the education of young men whose vocation to the priesthood is evident, but who have not the means to prosecute their studies. Wealthy Catholics may look around seeking outlets for their charity, but they will find none more pleasing to God than this in this world and none that will bring them a greater reward in the other. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

whatever to select table and clear-headed Catholics as diplomats and consuls. Such men could, and we have no doubt would, in a very short time, create a revolution of feeling toward the United States and Americans."—Truth.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

Vocation is a topic that interests every bright boy and girl on the threshold of manhood and womanhood and gives them many a moment of anxiety. Some would like to send them down an angel from heaven to make known to them just where He wants them to go; others, less exacting, wait calmly for the impulse or the attraction that will draw them irresistibly to the heaven wherein He wants them to rest. But is not this asking too much? True, the Loving Master has sometimes made His will known in marvellous ways; as He did to St. Paul, for instance, when He struck him down on the road to Damascus in order to make him the Apostle of the Gentiles, or as He did to St. Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, who was inspired at the sight of the dead body of a thenceforward only a Heavenly One. There are circumstances that God uses to lead souls to higher things, but they are exceptional. The vast majority whom He calls to His immediate service do not hear His voice so plainly; His invitation is given in a whisper. However, the absence of His strong voice or His irresistible impulse need not cause any anxiety to those who wish to do His holy will and follow closely in His footsteps. There is such a thing as vocation by conviction, when a soul, bereft of striking graces and not trusting to mere impulses or attractions, reasons out matters for itself; it considers the vanity of wealth and honors and pleasures and the dangers of other worldly allurements, determines coolly and deliberately to choose the safer path to heaven, and then depends on the grace of God to help out its determination. According to spiritual writers, this vocation is a sound one and may be safely followed. And why not? Common sense tells us that we should not look for miracles to show us the higher way, that more impulses, however well-

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Religious Strife in Mexico

Perhaps the best analysis that has yet been given to the American people as to the reason for the religious strife between Protestants and Catholics in Mexico, appeared recently in an editorial of the Daily Sentinel of Brownsville, Texas: "Protestants who do not discuss religion outside of themselves and are tolerant and considerate toward Catholics can live anywhere in Mexico in the midst of the most devout Catholics, in the shadow of the Catholic church edifice, and be neighbors of the priests, and never have the least offense offered them or receive any treatment other than kindness and good fellowship, but this seems to be impossible for Protestants. A few months or a year at most, if they commence to criticize the Catholic religion, then to criticize the Catholic clergy and then to proselyte amongst the members of the Catholic faith, which generally means private denunciation of the Catholic faith and of the Catholic clergy, and finally come public denunciations and tirades from the pulpit against Catholics and priests. The result of this is always the same. The priest turns on them and retaliates; his loyal followers take it up; war is declared upon the American colony. Every American in the community becomes involved and the whole force of the Catholic Church, and if the civil authority is turned against them, they are insulted, offended and roughly handled; they are arrested upon petty and serious charges; thrown into jail and perhaps forgotten. Then the Americans look up the American consul; try

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