John's turn tonight to be out on the snowplough—or something might have happened - a slide! She thought of Huckleberry Molly,

and said to herself. "Oh, why didn't I go! Why didn't I go!"
With her hands clasped together and her heart full of sudden panic,

she walked up and down the room. Laddie, the big collie, evidently sharing her excitement, stalked beside her. She imagined that she heard a queer muffled noise—a sliding, rum bling sound that meant-that could mean nothing except death!

Suddenly she became aware of a rasping sound outside. John! John digging his way in! Flinging open the door she cried out, but only the rasping sound answered her. Sud-denly, as she watched with dilated eyes, two fists broke through the crust of ice and snow and in a moment Huckleberry Molly had forced

her way through the wall.

This time she did not stop to talk. This time suc that the bears of the bleeding, but she took no notice. She shuffled into the bedroom and catching up the eleeping baby, wrapped him in his blankets. His wrapped him in his blankets. His little fair head drooped eleepily upon him elevated and she lifted a fold of him elevated and she she pointed to a heavy coat that hung on the wall. "Put on!" she ordered. "Your

ome back. You come now."
Mechanically Alice put on the big coat and wound a scart round her

and lighted a lantern.

Then the strange little procession started. Huckleberry Molly carried the bundled sleeping baby on one shoulder and the lantern in her willingly, are reverent, courteous, other hand. Alice followed with a suit case hastily stuffed with clothes ing, are educated, even if unable to for the baby. Behind them came

the entrance to the snowshed, all becor

Suddenly panic seized Alice. It seemed to her excited fancy that she could see something moving, far up low the maxim, "Train up a child in could see something moving, far up there under the pale light of the moon. Everything was still, but she imagined that she heard a distant muffled sound.

the lantern feebly illuminated. Several times Alice, less sure footed than the old squaw, fell into the snow that banked the narrow path.

The baby woke and cried. A pro-

jetting shelf of snow along one side had struck him in the face. To the frightened girl the quarter mile that they slowly traversed through the dark, low shed seemed interminable. At last Hickieberry Molly turned

into a side passage that led from the A gleam of light shone through the cracks round a door, and the squaw stumbled toward it. The baby still cried and Alice was calling:
"O Mrs. Maloney, open the door,!

The door was at once flung open,

and a broad good natured Irish woman looked out.
"My soul, 'tis Mrs Gordon!" she

holly's arms and cuddled him against her motherly shoulder. Then she reached out and pulled Alice into the warm kitchen. "Come in Maller to the warm kitchen." cried, "Come in! Come in!" She caught the baby from Huckleberry the warm kitchen. "Come in, Molly, you, too!" she cried. "Now, then what does it mean?" Alice told her

My soul alive! 'cried Mrs. Maloney. "I thought there wasn't a livin' soul up on the hill to-night! I heard you had left and-

Mrs. Maloney broke off and held up 'What's that! Hark! 'Tis a slide somewhere!" she cried in great excitement. "I know the sound—I was here seven years ago. Listen!" A long, low, rumbling, sliding, grinding sound came dully to their ears—a vibration, a roar—an ever-in-creasing volume of sound that finally died away into silence.

The next morning John Gordon, haggard from lack of sleep and filled with terror at the thought of what might have been came up from the station where he had heard the news, and walked into Mrs. news, and wasked into Mrs. Mai-oney's warm kitchen, never thinking to knock. He beld his wife and baby in his arms and looked at Huckleberry Molly, who was sitting

beside the stove.
"It's all gone, little wife," he said. "There's nothing left—everything buried under tons of snow and rock! But I never was so happy in my life. At the end of the week a train's coming through and I'm going to take you and the baby out until spring. It you had stayed in the

house ten minutes longer-" He left the sentence unfinished, and shuddered at the thought that

Alice went over to the stove and put her arm round the Indian woman's shoulders. "I'd be there, John," she said. "I'd be there now—if it hadn't been for Molly. She—she—"

"You good to me long time," she aid, with a wide gesture. "Me?

said, with a wide gesture. "Me? I good to you little short time. Ugh! Nothing much."

Come now," broke in Mrs. Maloney. "Look at this smokin, hot breakfast, Sit up to the table, ivery one of you, and thank heaven you're alive to eat me good griddlecakes!" —Harriet Crocker Le Roy in the outh's Companion.

#### EDUCATION IN THE HOME

THE FOUNDATIONS MUST BE ACQUIRED AT HOME

"If only I could give my children a good education," laments many a discouraged mother, "I would gladly work my fingers to the very bone. But there is no opportunity in this place, and we cannot afford to send

bad. In it all physical, all mental, all moral qualities take root and grow. If the soil is good, and if the young plants are tenderly and carefully nurtured by the mother, the man—he no come home tonight—fully nurtured by the mother, the
—heap big slide—snowplough no harvest, with God's help, will be good; but only with God's help. The home is the true garden where children should grow up. Not one helpful feature in the kindergarten Huckleberry Molly looked round. as planned by Froebel, not one help "Money? You got money? You take ful feature in the kindergarten as in 'em! Take clothes for baby— troduced into our public school troduced into our public school system, nor one helpful feature in the primary school, that is not ready As in a dream Alice Gordon the primary school, that is not ready obeyed. She called the big collie, at hand in every simple, well-ordered

home.

Edit cation is not book knowledge. Boys and girls of fourteen so trained that they work intelligently, obey pass a sixth grade examination. On the other hand, the university gradu-Somehow they clambered up to the level and out into the open.

Ahead of them a short distance was neither possible nor desirable that to the snowshed all become Senators, but it is highly round. The rain had desirable and possible to educate ceased. All the world, apparently, every normal child into a good upwas one great expanse of snow. Not a house roof was visible! And over zen. To attain this will be worth all, high and menacing, towered Old any trouble, any anxious care, it may Eagle!

the way he should go."
The home, and the home only, can successfully educate. The school, at its best, can only build, according to Oh, hurry! Hurry!" she cried to its lights, upon the foundation given the dark figure before her.

Crouching low, they entered the mouth of the long snowshed, which wise parents. The school does not, wise parents. The school does not, cannot remodel the child that has made a false start at home. Men and women are what they are, because the home trained them aright, or failed to train them aright. teacher mother has been, is, and will ever be the greatest educational asset of mankind. Every mother who does not have to support her children should herself teach them until they are prepared to enter, say, the third grade in our grammar schools and can with credit to the mothers and themselves, take their places in these

schools. Now as to the results of such home teaching. It relieves the conjection in the lower grades, just where mass-teaching is most destructive; it prepares the children so that they will advance safely in school because they have learned how to work and because they understand what they played. have learned.

who has not been trained to learn and therefore does not want to learn. Natural ability, ambition, eagerness to excel will not bring success to the pupil untrained at home. No greater injustice car be done the child than to place it in school before it has learned how to learn, to obey, to observe, to attend, to measure, to answer questions, to memorize, to read. understand and correctly form simple sentences. These are the founda-tions for all ideal, real and practical education.

But are the mothers qualified to

give such instruction? No mother who can read, is justified in saying that she does not know how to teach her own children. She can learn how, even though she has had only primary schooling herself. At work in her home school, she becomes clever as she never was clever before She learns by teaching. Her instinct, her patient and understanding love, as she watches her children's growth and development, guide her to find the right way to take her all important part in their education. She does not need a rigid system. She does not need much theory. She is not dealing with theoretical children but with children as they are.

Here is a test of the mother's ability to conduct her own kindergarten and primary school:
Can you teach your children the

Lord's Prayer? Can you teach them to sew on but tons? To tie a knot? To set the table? To use a broom? To draw a straight line? Can you teach them the names of

She—she—"
Huckleberry Molly's small, black trees and flowers growing near your eyes shone and her swarthy cheeks to bome? The common garden vegetables? The six primary colors? the birds that visit your yard? The trees and flowers growing near your

Can you teach them Mother Goose rhymes? The printed capital let-

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what

If you can do these things, or can learn to do these things, you can also learn to do the other things that will be required of the teacher mother. The mother need not sacrifice long hours to give book instruction to her children. As one mother writes: "I have been teaching my children at home, but it has taken me such a home, but it has taken me such a little while each day to do what the teachers spend all day in doing, that I was afraid there was something wrong with my teaching." There is no need to spend money for costly de vices, patented apparatus and multifarious books. The very best teaching a little child can have is that given by the mother who does her given by the mother who does her given by the mother who does her own housework. The very best les-sons are those dealing with home surroundings, the child's world which may seem common place to us, but in the eyes of that child are new and wonderful .- John Stevenson in America.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY; IT MUST PREVAIL

ENGLISH JOURNAL CALLS FOR ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF DEBT DUE IRELAND

From the Westminster Gazette, London

Englishmen who have been accusmed to believe that Ireland has "done nothing in the war," and is sullenly heatile to the Allied cause, will rub their eyes on reading of the scenes of enthusiasm reported from Dublin and many other parts of

Ireland recently.

They are, nevertheless, quite genuine, and few Irishmen will be sur-prised at them. For, in spite of all the troubles and controversies of the last three years, Ireland has made a great contribution to the war.

Out of her population of 4,000,000, not less than 250,000 men have fought for the Allied cause, and if we add the Irish in the Dominion contingents and the Irish who have served with the Navy—to say nothing of the Irish who have come over with the Americans-the total would probably be not less than half a million.

When conscription was proposed for Ireland, competent judges, who made fair allowance for the fact that the great majority of the population was agricultural, placed the additional number that could be obtained by this means at not much, if at all, more than another hundred

It would be a gross injustice if the failure to obtain this last hundred thousand caused us to forget that the great majority of Irishmen did their duty as manfully and gallantly Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Welshmen.

The Irish regiments have by common consent fought splendidly, and it will be a thousand pities if some public opportunity is not taken of acknowledging the debt that the country owes to them.

Nothing could be more embitter-

ing to men who have loyally served to the utmost than to listen to the indiscriminate abuse which it is now the fashion in some quarters to heap upon Ireland in utter forgetfulness of the part which hundreds of thousands of her sons have

## "THE RETURN"

With a delicate sense of the yearn-Even a poor teacher can teach some-thing to one who has been trained to at the close of the frightful conflict learn, and therefore wants to learn; which has taken its awful toll of the the best teacher cannot teach one least blood of all races of men. best blood of all races of meu, crusaders who have fought that oppression might end and freedom might spread from shore to shore. Scribner's has placed as the frontispiece of its first issue of the New Year, a drawing which for its deep spiritual signifi-cance might well have served as a symbol of the entire life-work of the Pontiff who died of a broken heart as the war began, so well does it sum up his restaurare omnia in Christo. Even more forcibly does it crystalize into a moment of tragic pathos the out pourings of the soul of the present Father of Christendom and those of his children in every land weary with the suffering of the past four years and more.

In a little chapel there rises a gaunt figure of the crucified Christ dimly lit by the flickering flame of some half burned votive candles. At the foot of the Cross, clinging to the wood in a posture of agonized relief. a lonely, solitary soldier is kneeling; his head is bowed with the air of one who has made his way through immeasurable trial but in the end, be youd his fondest hopes, he finds peace, where there seemed no hope of peace. Every line of the drooping soldier tells of inutterable fatigue and bis whole figure seems to be crying out: "Oh Christ, was there no other way?" The Saviour is gazing down with infinitely gentle compassion on his brother-in-arms. and seems to be answering; "Hast thou, indeed, found Me at last?"

the loss will not have been in vain. from which they will not be ousted Perhaps there was no other way for wayward, wilful, blinded man to realize the sublimity of the sacrifice of there in consequence of Spiritism, the Redeemer and his love for His children, except by treading in His blood stained footprints up to the summit of Calvary.—America.

DRIVES NINETY MILES TO MAKE SICK CALL

The Rev. C. F. O'Farrell, Rector of St. Mary's Church at Montrose, Colo., recently drove an automobile seventysix miles, then rode a horse fourteer rites to a dying miner. Several times during his priestly life Father O'Farrell has displayed remarkable heroism. On one occasion, during an accident in construction of a great irrigation tunnel, he rode on a hand car through the tunnel at a when every person around about fully expected him to be killed in the attempt. But the priest merely re-marked that he would not die at least until he had given the last Sacraments to some men dying at the other end of the tunnel—men whom he could not reach in time without imperiling his life.—Buffalo Echo.

## POWERS OF DARKNESS

The war that tore so many loved ones from their families has given a new impetus to the fad of spiritism. It is claimed that we can enter into communion with the souls of the dead, hear them, see them, speak to them and get messages from them. The desire to do so, if it could be realized, would seem to be a legitimate expression of affection, and men of no mean distinction say that it can be done.

Mr. Godfrey Raupert, a member of the Oxford University, our best Catholic expert on this subject, who is now lecturing in the United States, says that two things have been established by psychic research as incontestable facts: the occur rence of abnormal phenomena, which the existence of extraneous disorgan ized or spiritual agencies. The material conception of the universe has received a death blow. Henceforth no one can be both a scientist and a materialist.

Quite another question is this, whether these spiritual agencies are the souls of the dead or something else. What the scientists, like Sir Oliver Lodge or Prof. Barrett of Dub. lin, who champion Spiritism, do not tell us are the baneful consequences entailed on those who practice Spiritism. They become physical, mental and moral wrecks. this that the answers given by the supposed deceased relatives are ostly frivolous, often contradicting, and always mischievous in their final consequences. Nor has science been able to raise the identification of these spirit agencies to any degree

of certainty.

Now apart from many marvelous phenomena that seems clearly be-yond the powers of disembodied souls, can such effects as the above mentioned reasonably be traced to them as their source. Mr. Raupert is convinced that they cannot it is urged that they cannot. If it is urged that the appearing spirits identify themselves by their acquaint-ance with particulars that transpired so exclusively between them and their interlocutors that they could not possibly be known to others. For this difficulty Mr. Raupert has a plausible explanation. All the knowledge we get through the various cannels of information is indelibly impressed on our mind. do not actually use is kept stored up in the recesses of the subconscious mind. Whether we are able to recall it upon our effort or not, it is there. literature. and sometimes bubbles up spontaneously or flashes into consciousness in a crisis much as a danger of death.

scious mind of man has control over the subconscious region, opening or shutting the 'trap-door' between the two at will. But when the conscious mind has surrendered its control and become passive—which is a condition without which there is no success in spiritualistic experiment—the subconscious mind is open for invasion to spirit intelligences. There they can read all the impressions, all our past experiences, and since every encounter of ours with our departed relatives is recorded there, it is plain how they can startle us with the rehearsal of situ-

ations that were strictly private.
Since then departed souls would not be parties to the mischief done to their surviving relatives, and since all their proofs of ident fica ion are lacking the force of demonstration, the spiritists are obviously dealing with another kind of spirits. That they are not good spirits is shown by the baneful effects of communing with them. To the Christian who has firm faith their messages destructive of Christianity are proof incontestable. We have therefore in Spir

of Spiritum.
All men, Catholics as well as others, need to be warned against this frightmankind floding its way through is aware, he is a slave to a habit he cannot shake off any more. So by Opening the mind to the spirits of darkness man gives them a possession enemies.—Franklin.

show all the signs of demoniac obses sion or possession. In reference to Spiritism, then, it is necessary to strictly observe the "Hands off!"—S. in The Guardian.

AN HISTORIC BELL

Few persons suspect that in the Cathedral church of Notre Dame, Paris, is a bell contemporaneous with Joan of Arc—"the blessed bell" which sounded the tocsin in August. 1429, and Paris was besieged by the English. English.

This historic bell, referred to by Victor Hugo in his "Notre Dame de Paris," was given to the Cathedral in 1400 by Jean de Montaign. It was refounded in 1686, and then re baptized under the name of Emman

uel Louise Theresa of Austria. So, if the bell is not the same bell which the beroine of Domremy heard, nevertheless the same metal vibrates today at the great religious ceremonies of the metropolitan church.

In view of later events it seems rather more than coincidence that when all the other bells of Notre Dame were destroyed by the revolu tionists Joan's bell should have been spared.—Catholic Transcript.

#### RELIGION POPULAR

It is very gratifying to hear from the publishers of religious books that the American public is buying and reading their publications to a greater extent than ever before. Not only do the avowedly religious publishing houses report a great increase in their sales, but even the secular pub-lishers report that their sale of religious titles has shown a marked in

In a word, the tendency of the reading public, at least of that por-tion of it which is considered thoughtful, is toward the reading of religious books. The more one thinks of it the less surprised he is. Why should it not be so? We have been living in times that tried men's souls.

Before the War amusement played a big part in our life. And that search for amusement continued into the realm of literature. People read to be amused. The result was an outpouring of popular books and magazines. The world had for a long time lost its standards. Who remembers many of the books

that a decade ago were hailed as masterpieces? They are forgotten We lived in a make believe world, and our literature of the popular kind was a reflection of that world But happily a change has come. Men who have faced sorrow and sacrifices have had their ideas changed in regard to life. They have come to see that man does not live by bread alone. Their thoughts have been turned to God.

Again the master-writers of today have turned their talents to religion. One need but instance the spirit of present day poetry. It is no longer the fashion of posts to rail at the spiritual. The soldier poets especial ly have been singing of the eternal thinge.

A reading public that has appre ciated Joyce Kilmer is not ashamed to be found reading religious books Then, too, the innumerable sketch-books that have come forth from the war, such as those of Tiplady. Kettle Redmond, not forgetting the classic of the young soldier Borsi, have been saturated with religion. In a multitude of ways there has been a revival of religion, and it is not strange that that revival has been evident in

Locking at the matter from the Catholic point of view it is encourage ing. Catholic devotions, Catholic detrine, Catholic history have been Under normal conditions the con popularized. Our Catholic soldiers have had a chance to get in touch with the best in their Catholic literature.

The habit has been formed in many of our people of reading spirit-ual books. They will not readily give up the habit, for they have found that apart from the benefit to their souls from such books there is nothing more entertaining than literature

The future is full of promise for Catholic literature. It is for us all to unite in helping the cause. And the best way to help is to read and thus create the demand. We have the writers in abundance; let us have the readers .- Boston Pilot.

## TIME

A blade of grass which has sprung up amid the sand bends towards the brook; and each wave, as it passes shakes the blade of grass, which falls and rises to fall once more. . This blade of grass is man, who is tossed about by the billows of life, and who is, in turn bowed down by itism a revival of paganism when the "prince of this world" had sway over The blade of grass yields little by "prince of this world" had sway over the hearts and minds of men. Christ the Saviour being discarded, the Liar from the beginning is coming into his own again. This is the meaning of Spiritem.

The wave traws it, total and an i bears it away. Thus man, that blade of grass, toils wearily until be succumbs. That rapid water, which is called time, tosses him about, up-roots him, and hurries him on toward No other picture has caught with such tremendous power the supreme signifiance of the fearful struggle, morphine on the body. Before a man

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