from; Ned evidently picked it up." tion of their scule, in religion, in help of soul and body? And she placed it in a little box con- parish organizations and works. taining jewelers' cotton, with a gold

the next evening.

the silver medal.

Tim's an old tease." declared so when I slip in there some time

But all day Mary was busy with her household and in putting the last touches upon Tom's "trousseau," as she called it. That evening as she wrapped up his woo'en garments over which her fond flagers had so carefully lingered, she said half maternally and romantically :

They're plain old things, but they will keep him good and warm. I wish I could have afforded to get him some pretty keepsake.'

But we're lucky to be paying our grocer's and doctor's bills, this she added cheerfully and began to dress for her soldier. She donned the frock he liked best and she decided to wear the pin Tom had given her. Beside it lay the silver medal, she had been too busy all day to think about. She now took it from the box to look at it again, and admire its quality and workmanship, reading once more its inscription, "Our Lady of Victory." As she said

the words, inspiration came to her.
"Just the thing for Tom! Why, it's as though it were made for him going off to the trenches! I couldn't have found anything better if I tried. I'll sew it into his coat, or put it on a ribbon to wear round his neck. And Blessed Lady of Victory, you will take care of him and bring him safe

home to me again!" So Mrs. F ynn's treasure, it lost to the young man to whom it was first presented, was to continue its novel adventures. It was to cross the seas once more leaving Mrs. Flynn none the wiser, but comforting the heart of a fond and faithful girl, with the thought that it would safeguard from without and foes within, the loval American lad who bravely went forth wearing the image of Our Lady of Victory as a shield over his heart -Anna Blanche McGill in The Mag-

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE

BENEDICT XV.

PARISH MISSIONS AND THE LEAGUE In no slight degree man is a plaything of circumstances and a creature of habit. While it is true that his sober reason, guided by the unerring and unswerving light of faith ought always to direct his feet in the way in which he should walk, nevertheless he is altogether too like an elaborate piece of mechanism, a watch, for instance, whose reliability depends upon its being periodically cleaned and lubricated, and liable to become victims of routine even in the spiritual life. The soul there is the monthly General Comneeds an occasional awakening an munion; there is the frequent inti but a real union neverthel missioners who are experts in the work of arousing the lethargic and who, as a general rule, succeed. If there is one element common to

all homanity, it is the element of of gentle and simple, of saint and sinner alike. When, therefore, the coming of missioners is heralded, the whole parish wakes up. There and morals; but the strange speak ers, the strange voices, the strange gestures, and the fame that has preceded their coming, combine in an irresistible appeal to man's love of the novel. The venerable pastor, who may have been at his post for twenty or thirty years, may be equally learned, equally eloquent, equally zealous, yet what is there about him to what the inborn curiosity of the parishioners?

Missions and missioners, there fore, there must be; for the faithful must be aroused from the apathy which, in all things spiritual, is prone to settle down upon the heart like a chilling and benumbing fog. Yes, apathy, we take it, is a greater enemy of spiritual progress and church development than even sin; for, in moments of serious thought, the sinner recognizes his error and may lament his slavery, whereas the apathetic, whom no heinous sin dis figures, may be too lethargic to realize that, instead of working out their salvation, they are a drag on religion, and are at a spiritual stand-

With the blessing of Heaven, the missioners change all that. The sinner repents and promises amendment : he is welcomed back. The carnest Catholic feels his fervor

Now comes the great question pin which Tom had give her as his How, O how, to "clinch the nail," so to speak, on so many worthy senti-Having put away her treasures, ments and sepirations in so many Mary went to a chest across the classes of parishioners? The misroom and took out a warm sweater, sioners will soon be hundreds of several months, anticipating Tom's ous triumphs over sin and spiritual departure for military service. She torpor. The pastor, therefore, redrew forth an unfinished wristlet. mains alone to cope with man's She must put the final stitches in it proneness to relax and follow the tonight, so it would be ready for Tom line of least resistance. Is he to see the fruit of the mission slowly and stealthily slip away from the parish? fast Ned made his revelation about The mission with its prayers, exhortations, sacraments, and sacramen tals, has passed into history. but the medal's worth more best to retain its fruits? Those than a penny, so he did not get the novel and striking features are no best of me this time! I'll tell him longer present to harrow up the longer present to harrow up the arena. Nevertheless, the marchers must be kept marching, and in step,

Faith, hope and charity are the God-given lifebuoys that keep mankind from sinking beneath the waves of worldly entanglements, sensual delights, and diabolical suggestion. Strengthen those theological virtues in their active exercise and their power for good in the soul is augmented. And just here the League of the Sacred Heart helps the individual member by multiplying the occasions for him to practise unobtrusively, yet not the less earnestly and faith fully, those very virtues which have arranged her hair as he preferred it God for their object, and God's honor and, as a final touch of adornment, and man's spiritual welfare for their scope. The years of Our Divine Lord's life which preceded His active ministry were not less fruitful unto the redemption of mankind than were those years in which He journeved from place to place, shower ing upon the famished multitude the largness of His heavenly doctrine. His prayer to His Father in secret was the action of the Messias. not less than was the healing of the lepers and the raising of Lazarus.

God is mocked in His own ores tion by His own creatures. His warnings are gainsaid; His loving appeal to man's hope is answered by presumption or despair; His en-Son, give Me thy heart." is too often met with a rebuff full of malignity and bitterness. Even if these evils be not present in all their hatefulness, that rebellious tendency in man's heart to throw off every yoke that speaks of submissiveness must be counteracted by prayer; for prayer is the one means of salvation always within man's reach as long as his reason remains enthroned.

In all the events and contingen

is unobtrusiveness itself. Its key-note is its simplicity in theory and practice. What is there simpler or more unobtrusive than the Morning Offering which spiritualizes one's daily actions and turns them into a continual prayer? There is no elaborate or costly ritual. There is no financial outlay for housing or up keep. There is no insistent and importunate demand upon a considerable portion of the pastor's time and attention. Yet the soul-saving work goes on. There is the monthly reminder in the form of a little Leaf. let; there is the kindly and tactful interest of the Promoter; there is the daily appeal to good will and charity by the mention of the spiritual and temporal needs The Church has always taught in the of one's neighbors, to be beautiful doctrine of the Commun-recommended to the infinite bounty ion of Saints that a union exists be wound. Catholics are daily decade offered to Mary, our souls of the Saints in Heaven and the mation of one's own dependence at virtue of which each part of the all times and under all circumstances upon God's sweet providence. In a word, the League of the Sacred the Church militant and by which Heart, or Apostleship of Prayer, as participates in the prayers of the curiosity, which enters into the make up of learned and unlearned, prayer; and where the spirit of make up of learned and unlearned, prayer prevails, there will the fruits its name implies, foments the spirit prayer; and where the spirit of prayer prevails, there will the fruits of the parish mission remain in their strength and vigor and manufacture triumpuant. Can the communication with spirits which may be the devil and the fallen angels or again may be simply the limits of the devil and the fallen angels or again may be simply the limits of the limits strength and vigor and powerfulness for winning souls from the pursuit of evil or vanity to the following of our can be no novelty, of course, in faith Divine Saviour in spirit and in truth. Yes, verily, the life of the true believer ought to be a prayer, for "it behooveth to pray always, to pray and not to grow weary."

The spirit and practice of prayer is a consequence both of self dedica tion to the Divine Majesty and of a fraternal interest in the good estate of one's neighbor. The tiny drop of rain falling upon the parched and panting earth does little to slake its thirst; yet, as drop after drop comes new life, and a wave of relief passes over the land. So with the united

If it is the province of the mission to thunder forth the eternal verities, to startle and to electrify, it is the work of the League to foster the spirit of prayer and worship in the plain sameness of every day life-less glorious, if you will, and less two thick vests, a few pairs of socks and some wristlets—the work of the scene of their labors and gloriwithal. Less striking to eye and ear, it is not thereby powerless in the work of salvation. It keeps the marchers marching, and in step, too. They are advancing toward the goal that the missioners so graphically Prayer heartens and steadies them. Such is the prayer of the League. That its field of influence may be vastly extended and that its usefulness in following up the missioners may be more clearly seen and appreciated, is the Intention blessed by our Holy Father soul, to arouse it, to inspire it to deeds of prowess in the spiritual all our associates during the month

HENRY J. SWIFT, S. J.

SPIRITISM

SPIRITISTIC MANIFESTATIONS NOT MIRACLES

Catholics have been taught that the deposit of Divine Revelation was given to us in its completeness by Christ. It is a doctrine of faith that we have been given by Our Divine Lord all that is necessary to enable us to work out our salvation. But here comes a modern apostle, Sir Oliver Lodge, with his new evangel claiming that through the spirit world further revelations have been vouchsafed that open up new possi-bilities of life here and hereafter Upon what motives of credibility do these so called revelations of spiritism rest? Our Lord based his teaching upon his miracles. These well attested works proved that he was Divine and that He spoke with the authority of God. His miracles were the signature of God to His teachings.

To contrast the miracles of Christ with the phenomena of spiritism would be irreverent indeed. But yet these deluded followers of Lodge and Doyle actually claim that some such supernatural manifestations substantiate the claims of spiritism. Spirit rapping, table turning, the mysteries of the seance room with their atmosphere of doubt and suspicion can never be compared to the miracles of

Christ. Those miracles were done in light of day, not in the darkness of the seance room; they were performed before hundreds of people, not secretly and under the shadow of medium cies of the spiritual way, the League istic control; they were scrutinized of the Sacred Heart offers its services to the shepherd of the flock. It for centuries by agnostics, athetsts and scoffers, but their authenticity remains unshaken today, under th light of the discoveries of nineteen centuries in science and history.

Already the so-called facts spiritism are being assailed, and the charge of fraud and collusion bave been in many cases substantiated. When all possibility of deception has been removed there is always the possibility that some natural explanation may account for the phen-omena that cause so much wonder today. How can a new revelation be postulated about a system that comes covered with such a cloak of doubt and confusion ?

And what does this revelation offer that is new? That we can communi of our Blessed Saviour; there is the tween the faithful on earth and the church on earth, in Heaven and in participates in the prayers of the Church triamphant. Can the comagain may be simply the lying voices of mediums, compare with the sublime conception and soul-satisfying consolations of the Catholic faith? Positively not.

It is a pitiable spectacle to see so many thousands turning to the spurious consolations of spiritism when the very real consolation of God's holy religion is nearer at hand. The War has impressed many thousands, who had been impervious to the re ligious promptings, with the neces sity of holding some religious belief. Many have turned to spiritism as a violent reaction from materialism, just as the populace of Russia have from the heavy cloud, the soil is refreshed, all vegetation takes on

opposite extreme of Bolshevism In England the two greatest exponvoices of the members of the League of the Sacred Heart in a parish. Each member adds his modest quota us with his "New Revelation" and us with his "New Revelation" and the creator of Sherlock Holmes, have to a sum total of petitions, and Heaven is stormed by a host of earnest entreaties which rise on the wings of Fatth from this dull, indifothers in the same bereavement who ferent earth to the very throne of grace, where our Blessed Saviour shows His Sacred Wounds and "maketh interesting for the will otherwise of modern necromancy in the hope of obtaining consograce, where our Blessed Savious shows His Sacred Wounds and "maketh intercession for us." The lation. Scientific proofs have played but a small part in the development but a small part in the development but a small part in the development "maketh intercession for us." The strength born of numbers bent on the same pious mission dwells in the came pious mission dwells in the equation and very few disinterested equation and very few distances equation equation and very few distances equation League of intercession; for if there is a special promise of help where there are two or three gathered in His name, with how much more con-His name, with how much more con converts are made in large numbers, and we may expect to hear soon of earnest Catholic feels his fervor newly kindled; he seeks and finds new ways of proving his attachment to "the faith once delivered to the saints." Even the apathetic may "respond to treatment," as it were, and evince an interest in the salva-

intercourse with the fallen spirit ENCOURAGE CHILDREN world.—The Pilot.

THE "DESERTED VILLAGE"

Among all those who have taken a keen delight in the flowing numbers and pastoral scenes of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," how few there are who are acquainted with the tragic circumstances that inspired that tender and pathetic idyl. To most of the readers, the charming poem is merely an English pastoral story, depicting with tender and pathos a typical scene in the English countryside. Even the glory of the poet himself is appropri-ated by English literature in which the true story of "Sweet Auburn" is never told. Unhappy Erin, which has the distinction of giving him birth, has not the honor of bearing his ashes upon her cherished breast. He sleeps on the soil of the stranger in the noisy world of London inanity and artificial civilization whence his heart had so often turned in pensive longing to the quiet scenes and happy days of his childhood in the peaceful village of his birth. "Sweet Auburn" is only the poetic

designation of Lissoy, which is situated but a few miles from Athlone, the centre of Ireland. To any. one who is familiar with Goldsmith's favorite poem and who traverses the district around the village of Lissoy almost every detail in the poem will at once be revealed. At the time when the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the poet's father, was rector of Kilkenny West, he ministered also in Lissoy in "the decent church which topped the neighboring hill," and the present modest edifice, built on almost the same lines, occupies the identical surrounded by the graves of the poet's uncle and his son, and the graves of those who were the playmates and companions of the poet.

Parhaps no more lovely description of a true shepherd has ever been written than Goldsmith's—a description of one whom he deeply loved and venerated:

A man he was to all the country And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."

The story of the "Deserted Village" is almost literally true—a story that has been only too common in the tragic life of Erin. The tract of country around Lissoy was in the territory of Lord Dillon, one of a powerful family, who, about 1730, sold the property to a General Napier, an Englishman, who had amassed a large fortune in Vigo. He, in the true tyrannical style of the period, at once began to enclose a large demesne nine miles in circumterence, and for this purpose ejected many families who had long flourished on the soil, causing them to emigrate to other lands. And so

'Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen, desolation saddens all thy

green; One only master grasps the whole

And half a tillage stints thy smiling

plain; And trembling, shrinking from the

spoiler's hand, Far, far away, thy children leave the

And then, in prophetic tones-

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade. A breath can make them as a breath has made

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroyed can never be

supplied." And so it is-the name Napier is now unknown in the district, nor can any record of it be traced amid the ruins it created. The walls of the proud demesne are crumbling, 'improvising plantations" have

been swept away The man of wealth and pride Takes up a space that many poor supplied—

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds. Space for his horses, equipage and hounds.'

until, in the ceaseless whirl of time they, too, are swept away and their very name is forgotten, while "the country blooms a garden and a

The ruins of the Goldsmith hearth may still be seen—the high tottering chimney fell only last winter. The chimney fell only last winter. The orchard can still be traced, with several ancient apple trees struggling with age, yet bearing, in the springtime, blossoms hopeful of harvest. The "busy mill" whirrs no longer; its wheel has made its last than. The "pairy meneral" last turn. The "noisy mansion," where "the village master taught his little school" alone remains, practically in its original condition. Old, quaint, thatched and low-rooted, which only the poetic imagination could call a "mansion"—it, too, will soon totter to its fall. The inn, The Three Jolly Pigeons," which was the frequent scene of the con-vivial festivities of the village, is

Vain, transitory splendors, could not all Reprieve the tottering mansion from

its fall." -Catholic Union and Times. TO READ

The child is the father of the man This saying is a truism so very old, so very frequently repeated, that one should certainly not make use of it once again were it not for two excellent reasons-the first of them being its absolute, unimpeachable truth and the second one's equally absolute inability to phrase the idea i embodies half as well, half as com

pletely, in a sentence of one's own. Wherefore it necessarily that the up bringing of the child is by far the most important business to be attended to by the man and woman grown, by the father and mother—after only one other thing has been excepted, to wit, the supreme duty on the part of each human being to save his or her individual soul, which same supreme duty cannot, by the way, be properly done at the hands of a parent if that parent should in any way fail to bring up his or her child in the best and most careful manner possible. Of course the reponsibility of giv-

ing the child "a good start in life. of constantly helping it to develop its self in accord with the highest and truest rules of physical and mental and moral health and strength, rests on every parent in the world, whatever be the parent's race or creed or conditions, when the parent does not utterly lack the gift of reason. But there is no exaggeration, no inaccuracy, in saving that the responsibility of the Catholic parent is even greater, even more clearly apparent, than any non-Catholic parent's, because of the simple and sufficient fact that the Catholic parent, having the Faith and living under a set of laws revealed by God Himself, and explained by God's Church with unmistakeable force and lucidity, may, in all justice be held more strictly to account than might the non Catholic parent, who, without grave personal and active fault, lacks both the light and the power which the true Faith truly practiced unfailingly confers.

Yes, the Catholic father's, the Cath olic mother's responsibility in the matter of the child's upbringing is, unquestionably, exceedingly great. Since, beside the education of the child's body and mind, the education of the child's soul-so that the child may grow to be a real Catholic. which means nothing less than a clean, manly man or a worthily womanly woman—must at all times

be kept in mind and put into practice. Now, there is no room for doubt as to this: that reading plays a leading part if not the foremost part, in the mental and moral education of the child-between the ages of seven and fifteen or even seventeen, in particular. So much so indeed as to justify the allegation that if a boy's or girl's dearest friends and companions are good books, then that boy or girl is almost sure to be rightly disposed, to be headed toward the living of a fine. straight, clean life.
In consequence, Catholic parents

cannot possibly err by encouraging their children to read a great deal. just so long as they see to it that the right kind of books, and only the right kind, is allowed to come into the children's possession. And they will not find it difficult to see to this, whenever they are willing to take a genuine and continuous interest in their children's reading, whenever they consent to talk books with the children, to discuss with their children the books—of fact and of fiction which the children are reading or have read.

Fortunately, there is no scarcity of good books for Catholic children books of the purely religious order lives of the Saints, Bible stories: noble Catholic men and women books telling of famous holy p'aces, (like Lourdes with its miracles;) books of fiction in wide variety, specializing in this and that sort of adventure and school-life and pathos and humor; books for boys and books for girls, and books for both boys and girls, and all of them thoroughly Catholic.

By way of using only one illustration, to the general declaration made just above, there are no better, no more variedly enjoyable books of fiction for youthful readers not yet in the 'teens by four or five years and in the 'teens up to seventeen perhaps, than those of Father Finn's writing. Every one of his stories has plenty of action and color and feeling and humor. And every one of them too is such that any boy will be not merely merrier and brighter, but, furthermore, manlier and more truly, healthily, religious, for reading Father Finn's books with all their fun and their virility and their Christian instructiveness by force of exam ple instead of sermonizing; that any girl-since Father Finn has created young heroines as well as young heroes-will gather inspiration no less than entertainment from Father Finn's books. Those books, incident ally speaking, owe no little of their charm and their educational value to the devotion of God's Mother, which they breathe rather than preach, and which seems essential to the formation of the best Catholic manhood and womanhood; since true love of Mary naturally means love for all that is purest and highest. Granting the correctness of the statements made in the dozen or so

of paragraphs preceeding this final one—and there is no denying the veracity of those statements, veraciously!—does it not follow, as a matter of logical common sense that Catholic parents can receive the most valuable sort of assistance in the task of living up to their responsibiltoward their children by the

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means of the children's reading, does it not follow, perforce, that wherever are Catholic children, there should be plenty of Catholic books for the young Catholic, books of all the various kinds, religious and historical and fictional too?—H. R. R. Hertzberg in the New World.

WHO IS HAPPY?

It is a natural question to ask are there any happy people in the world? Is there no out of the way place where there is a sort of "enchanted palace ?" It is a funny old world with many different kinds of people living in it. There are the grave and the gay; the thoughtful and the thoughtless : the refined and the gross; the aesthetic and the vulgar; the intellectual and the idiotic It seems almost impossible to satisfy the tastes of such a variety. Still, it must be admitted, that all of us at some time in our lives have exper ienced the intensest happiness; but

we have had corresponding woes.
"Man was made to mourn," says the Scotch poet, and while he is dwelling in this valley of tears he never can be perfectly happy, because the immortal spirit within him cannot be satisfied with the dried husks which the world and its mutable inhabitants present. soul is an emanation from the Influite, and, as such, never will know real happiness until brought into direct contemplation of that Infinite Being who in this life "blesses evil for our good," there to love, there to praise and fall down in perpetual adoration.

Religion in its deepest, broadest and most sacred sense is the only thing that will lead us to real happi ness. Practice well its maxims and observe with holy zeal all its com "Love is fulfilling the law, says the Doctor of the Gentiles Speak kindly to everyone and crush no bruised reed. Live pure and holy lives. Then, when the last spark is quenched, when dust to dust is returned and ashes to ashes, Christ Himself will say done; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will place thee over many."—Catholic Union and Times.

This is a world of scandal, and like

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The Grey Nuns in the Far North

By Father P. Duchaussois, O. M. I. ILLUSTRATED

Here is a record of heroism, self-denial, and sacrifice in the lone Northland. At Fort Providence on the Mackenzie River, the Grey Nuns in 1867 established their convent, the Sacred Heart Hospital, and entered upon their chosen task of bringing religious instruction and education to the Indians of this wild region.

The opening chapters of this volume give the story of the founding of the Order of the Grey Nuns at Montreal by Madame d' Youville, and the extension of their work later to Manitoba. The remainder of the book is an inspiring account of the achievements of the Grey Nuns in spreading their work of healing the souls and the bodies of these hitherto realested Indianatics. souls and the bodies of these hitherto

souls and the bodies of these nitherto neglected Indian tribes. "The Story of the Grey Nuns in the Far North' is full of incidents of extraordizary human interest and

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