for miles around descreted,—for in the qualities, be perfect—as in all call- Your Kingdom here on earth. He crowd that stood bareheaded in the ings when you would fill them has responded without a murmur to growd that stood bareheaded in the narrow main street he recognized grocers and sandle makers, farmers and fruit growers. He knew that at last he reached his house—or what had been his house. He had left a dilapidated, two room hut, to find a larger, new-looking one in its place. It certainly looked as if the chapel had been painted, and he thought he saw a bell hanging in its little tower. Across the road in the field that had so often served him as a school-room there stood—or seemed to stand—a must know how to be as kind as square building surmounted by a possible."

crowd that packed the road. He was trembling and tears streamed over his cheeks. He tried to speak to the people, but he could only again and again—until a strong hand grasped his, and he found a way cleared for him, and the door of his house opened and closed behind him, and he was standing face to face with a tall broad shouldered, smiling man.

Are you surprised to see me here Father?' the man asked. I-I can't understand!"/Father

Borice stammered. "It's all very simple. You told me about your mission one evening on the train, and that night I could ot sleep for thinking of what you had said. You were coming here to live in poverty and to toil for others; and I had been thinking only of having an easy, good time, and of getting rich as fast as I could. Before morn ing I had made up my mind. The minute we reached San Francisco I went to the Archbishop, who was a friend of my father's, and asked him o give me a flattering letter to the Bishop here. I telegraphed to the Company, resigning my position, and was ready to sail at noon, as I had intended. Your Bishop was rather hard to convince. He did not think at first that I am the right build for

a dependable catechist, but—"
"A catechist! You a catechist! Father Borice gasped. Mr. Seymour paid no head to the

interruption. But he gave in at last, after I had made a retreat and worn a solemn face for three interminable days. And he gave me permission to freshen things here, and lent me your plans for a school. We've worked day and night, and wern't ready for you until the day before yesterday. We were horribly afraid you would come too soon, and im-We were horribly afraid plored the Bishop to detain you if you reached Peking before the middle of the month. I spent nearly every penny I had, but—I never was so happy in all my life! You—you'll let me stay?

Father Borice clasped both his hands.

"Let you stay! I—why, I—it's almost too good to be true!"—Florence Gilmore in the Ave Maria.

FIGHTING AND BELIEVING FRANCE

The assertion is often made that though the French Government is of the War, he wrote his parents a hostile to the Church, the people of letter which fills two of the finest France, when the test comes, general- pages act like staunch Catholics. The fact that hundreds of anointed priests later, and again Ferdinand tried to have died in the trenches with rifles comfort the bereaved father and in their hands and that the million French orphans that the Government is sending to the "coole laique" down his life for his country, after ginning in the churches of Italy.

mother. Finally on December 25, ling the churches? When it country has been down in a sending to the "coole laique" down his life for his country, after ginning in the churches of Italy. ment is sending to the "ecole laique" are in grave danger of losing their are in grave danger of losing their being twice mentioned in army faith would seem to indicate that France's Catholicism is not always coolness and authority," promoted to of a strikingly aggressive type. On the other hand if the war literature Legion of Honor. Fatally wounded the other hand if the war literature written by French Catholic authors reflects faithfully the spirit of the country, there is little cause for feeling uneasy about the future of ready.

Legion of Honor. Fatally woulded by a shell splinter at the Hartmanns hands up to beaves.

A little later and the bells of a course, can fire the hearts of others with a discerning love for what is sprinkle the air with holy sounds; best in literature unless he himself is on enthusiastic reader of good. seems to have been purified by the call to arms, by the suffering and sorrow the War has brought to the people, and it would appear that the bravest of France's defenders, whether at home or on the battle-line are er at home or on the battle-line are er at home or on the Church's Behevt was engaged to be married officer's military career white and so that the continuous cut short by a mortal wound received in his first battle is movingly told by his father, Hugues Le Roux, in a recent book called "On the Field of Honor" (Houghton Mifflin, 150.)

Robert was engaged to be married great Sacrifica in countless splendid seems to have been purified by the

No recent book shows this better than "A Crusader of France" (Dutton \$1.50,) the appropriate title given a collection of letters written from the for instance:

| Stand of Saints, which has during many centuries suffered for the for instance:

| Saints, which has during many centuries suffered for the faith, rallies anew around the altars the letter than "A Crusader of France" (Dutton breathe an admirable spirit of paths and devotion. He writes the suffered for the faith, rallies anew around the altars the letter than "A Crusader of France" (Dutton breathe an admirable spirit of paths and devotion. He writes the suffered for the faith, rallies anew around the altars the letter than "A Crusader of France" (Dutton breathe an admirable spirit of paths and devotion. He writes the suffered for the faith, rallies anew around the altars the suffered for the faith, rallies anew around the altars the suffered for the faith and devotion. He writes the suffered for the faith and devotion of letters written from the for instance: front by Captain Ferdinand Belmont, of the Chasseurs Alpins, who was killed in action, December 28, 1915. In the opinion of that discerning Catholic litterateur, M. Henri Bordeaux, who contributes an admirable preface to the volume, the letters are written in exquisite French, and owing to "their sincerity, their familiar and provincial flavor, their profound intimacy, their religious fervor" they deserve a place beside Mrs. Craven's "Le Recit d'une Soeur" and the correspondence of Maurice and Eugenie de Guerin. They are per-vaded moreover by such a noble spirit of courage, patriotism and scorn of death that they express unmistakably a brave French Catholic soldier's mind and heart.

Captain Belmont was studying medicine when the War broke out, but he at once took his post as sub-lieutenant of the reserve. He seems to have been an ideal officer. One of his closest friends, the Abbe Gonnet, now a lieutenant in the French

properly. Consequently you must not count on yourself, but on the grace of God. . . . An Army officers of the dictates of Your will. He has grace of God. . . . An Army officer a leader of men, must above all have character: his men must feel almost instinctively, that he is some one to be respected; everything which proceeds from him, their leader—orders, acts, gestures, or words, nay even attitude, must bear the mark of moral superiority and elevation of mind. Moreover he

Judging by his intimate letters and At his own door, Father Borice from the testimony of those who climbed down from the cart into the knew him best, Captain Belmont seems to have attained the high ideal he set for himself as a Catholic soldier. He realized that sacrifice and suffering is the school of character and that the object of our life in this world is not happiness but perfection. He can see the fatherly Providence of God in all that happens to him and to his country; his resignation to the Divine will, even under the heaviest crosses is as beautiful as it is holy, and his sympathy with the men of his command and his ad-miration for them is another very attractive trait of his character. Like so many brave soldiers who are face to face with the enemy, Captain Belmont speaks of him without that bitterness that often marks the utterances of those who are farthest from the front. He admits that the Germans have taught the French the art of modern warfare but he regards it all as a combat not heroes but of decadents" and longs for the knightly warfare of his an cestors when battles were fought man to man with naked weapons.

It was at Holy Mass and in fervent prayer that Captain Belmont found the strength to live every day the life of heroic self-sacrifice he had resolutely set for himself. "W fervor and poetry and value," "What writes, "these Masses celebrated no matter where, on temporary altars by soldiers and for soldiers assume.' His unwavering trust in God's good ness enabled him to see in the War "the sheet anchor held out by God to this drifting country, in order to bring it back to Him," and a "redeeming devastation permitted by God in order to efface the stains which soiled the eldest daughter of the Church. It was his strong spirit of faith too that nerved this "Crusader of France" to bear with such fortitude the loss of his two beloved brothers, Jean and Joseph, who were slain in battle. Both were much like Ferdi nand, it would seem, for Jean said on bidding his mother what proved to be a last farewell: "To die for a noble cause when one is young is a great blessing," and Joseph who left the seminary to enter the army, wrote to his parents: "To be nearer danger and death is to be nearer God. . . . I am absolutely convinced that death is happiness, suffering a merit, danger and trial a

splendid lesson in energy." Ferdinand himself was not destined to survive his two brothers long. When he heard of Jean's death, which occurred the first month pages in the book. Then Joseph was killed in action almost a year Fatally wounded

when the call to arms came, and the letters from the front to his intended

for instance:
"This morning I was thinking of you, following you in every act. You got up early, went to Mass. I saw all this in the blue sky, for the plain where we are camping overlooks the valley of the Moselle, and the horizon is far, far away. Yee, my little Helen, I shall commend myself to God when I am under the enemy's fire for the first time. I shall think of you then, I don't feel like the somewhat-coward-ly person who is converted because

to you of this. I have faith, and it seems to me that if ever our lives are in the keeping of God, it must be at such times as those I am frage.

Twinkle through the fogs of New foundland; and at five, Nova Scotia's industrious population begins the day by attending Mass.

And now all the Canadian characteristics. at such times as those I am traversing. I have always prayed in the solemn moments of my life and I

shall continue to do so now. ance of the wounded major, he re-ceived a mortal wound which sent army, writes that he was "kindly in the exercise of his authority but knowing how to be master of them who was with his son to the end re-

who rejoiced to see him fall."
The thought of Robert's impending death proved a severe trial to his father's faith, but after praying a long time before the altar, the author won the grace, to be fully resigned to the Divine will, and learned not to sorrow like those who are without hope. At his son's obse-quies the bereaved father meekly unites his prayers with those of offi-ciating priest and exclaims: "Peace and Light! This is what we invoke, O Lord, for those who leave us. This is Your promise to us after so much suffering in darkness.

In General De Castelnau, whose distinguished career is sketched in the December Studies, France has a commander more than worthy even of such gallant subordinates as Captain Belmont and Lieutenant Ls Roux. This brilliant strategist who saved the day at Nancy and at Verdun has always been "a Catholic in the open," and the fear that the un compromising profession of his faith might hinder his advancement by an anti clerical government never made him waver a hair's breadth from the path the Church traces for her loyal children. The inestimable value of his services to his country has forced Castelnau's enemies to respect his Catholicism. He trusts in God, seeks light in prayer and is a frevictorious assault at Verdun he mounted his horse and addressing the troops called out: "We meet again here, or there," and pointed with his sword toward heaven.

Like the father of Captain Belmont General De Castelnau has lost three sons in the present War. The following account of how he behaved when the news came that his youngsoldier and a Christian :

the action, Castelnau is dictating his orders. He is interrupted by the entry of an officer with a report.

"General, the fourth Battalion of Chasseurs has repulsed the enemy after five hours' fighting. Unfortunately the officer who was in com-mand has been killed. His head was shattered by a bursting shell."

Sub-Lieutenant Xavier De Cas-

telnau. The General bows his head a moment in prayer. Then turning to his secretaries: "Gentlemen, let us

continue." the lives of such gallant soldiers as Captain Belmont, Lieutenant Le Rouxand General De Castelnau that the lovers of "gentle France," a land which still seems very dear to God, derive bright hopes that after the War both her government and her people will again be found acting according to the noblest Catholic traditions of the Gallic race.—Walter Dwight, S. J., in America.

THE PERPETUAL SACRIFICE

Do Catholics ever think that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is beginning in the churches of Italy. There, ancient altars, at which Saints have knelt, are lit up with itage which the world's greatest tapers, and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy favored ones who know good books

The story of snother French and in every city, town and hamlet is an enthusiastic reader of good officer's military career which was cut short by a mortal wound received ing hand of God, and pray for sin-

churches.

it would never forsake.

At two o'clock and after, the priests of the Atlantic—perhaps the Cape Verde—white-robed and stoled, and wearing the great cross on their "Every day reserve one hour comshoulders, bend before the taber-

An hour later a courageous missionary lifts up the chalice of calva-tion on the ice-bound coast of Greenland.

At half-past four the sacred lamps

and chapels grow radiant, as the faithful people, the habitant of the country, the devout citizen, the consecrated nun and the innocent,

to the churches of New York, eager to begin the day of labor with the holiest act of religion. Many young people, too, gather around the altar there at a late hour, like the fresh



their gay chapels, and California

Grocers and General Stores

And when the Angelus bell is ringing at noon in New York, the unare generous souls laboring for our Quells all things vile and dark; like dear Lord.

And so the bells are ringing on on over the waters, and one taper after another catches light of faith, making glad all the isles of the sea.

At two, the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste eager for the coming of our Lord, "Introibe ad altare Dei." And all the spicy islands of the East catch the sweet sounds, one after another, till at four in the afternoon, China proves that there are many souls why are worthy of the name of celes tial by their rapt devotion at the holy rite. Then in Thibet there is many a modest chapel where the missionary distributes the Bread of Life to a crowd of hungry

At six, the alters of Hindostan, where St. Francis Xavier ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and dier and a Christian : wearled priests are hastening to On August 20, 1914, in the heat of fortify their souls before Him who is their life and their strength.
At nine, in Siberia, where many

poor Catholic exile from Poland has no other solace for his woes but the foot of the altar and the Bread of Heaven.

During the hours when New York and has been killed. His head was the distribution to the streed by a bursting shell."

What was the name of that rites is going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so dear to the Saviour who once died for all and Who is now daily offered up by all.
At eleven, in Jerusalem, the boly

city over which Jesus wept, where He wrought so many miracles, where It is from the high examples of He offered Himself a Sacrifice for the faith and courage that shine out from whole world.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

"THE GOLDEN HOUR"

"Next to the possession of our holy Faith and participation in the life of the Church," asks Brother Leo, F. S. C., in a charmingly written paper on "The Feeling for Litera-ture" which is published in the current Catholic Mind. "where can we find for our boys and girls a more real, more satisfying means of happiness than in the love of books?"
Those fortunate children who leave school with their minds trained to discern and enjoy what is best in literature have undoubtedly received books. Just as saints, as a rule, can teach religion most effectively, and gentlemen, politeness, none but those who have themselves acquired "the feeling for literature" can successfully impart it to their pupils.

With the object of getting our And then Catholic Ireland, the Catholic teachers to make themselves thoroughly capable of filling with an recommends to our Sisters the daily observance of the "Golden Hour," a

posed preferably of sixty consecutive minutes—for reading in one of the world's great books. It may be good old Thomas a Kempis or that Saint who truly had the feeling of literature, Augustine of Hippo; it may be a lyric of Keats or a novel of Thackeray, a play of Shakespeare or an essay of Ruskin; it may be a heart-cry from Sophocles or a chuckle from Lamb. But read it, live it, enjoy it, ponder it, caress it shoorh it. And presently as the days roll into weeks you will find your-self turning to the Golden Hour and taking refuge in its depth with some-thing of the happy anticipation and he sanctuary where the priest is tenderness that you are yours when the bells calls you to the holy places, and as the weeks cluster into months you will find new power and new beauty in every-day words and learn the way of them in written speech and relish the savor of them on the tongue, their music in the ear; and knowing how to be master of them [bis men], knowing how to elevate their souls to the height his own had risen." He himself writes:

"To be a good officer you must possess many and very rare qualities: devotion, determination, courage, intelligence, common-sense, coolness and I know not what besides; as a matter of fact one must have all who was with his son to the end received the only comfort that endures thou substitute and tenders and offer their demy fragrance to heaven.

"To be a good officer you must bossess many and very rare qualities: devotion, determination, courage, intelligence, common-sense, coolness and I know not what besides; as a matter of fact one must have all

in the work of your hands and that work itself more fruitful, more pro-fitable, and more pleasing. From time to time little birds of rumor will perch for a fleeting second on your shoulder and whisper in your ear of difficulties you have uncon-sciously dissipated, of blessings you have unwittingly bestowed; of little thoughts of yours flung idly out that have taken root in aching hearts and blossomed as the rose, of tired eyes that meeting yours saw something there that kindled anew the glow of gladness and the light of God's own Face. And then, mayhap, as your wearied limbs bear you down the sunset-crimsoned hill that leads into the valley of peace, you may sing of the feeling for literature as Petrarca sang of the voice of his beloved

awhile loosens its grasp on its gold, to think of the treasure that rust doth not corrupt.

Let us but hear once more that breath of day, Sound in my ears as in my soul it

sounds; Singing, it surely wounds bloody Sacrifice is being offered in And slays wrath and disdain; its the Islands of the Pacific, where there

frightened hounds. Before that liquid gold they fly away.

Blessed is the Catholic teacher of whom the foregoing beautiful pas sage is true. For when she at last says her Nunc Dimittis, she will surely be comforted by the reflection that every pupil whom she has taught to like good books will always find in them a safeguard in tempta-tion, a solace in sorrow, and a perennial fountain of innocent enjoy ment.-America.

My son, thou oughtest with all diligence to endeavor, that in every place and action, and in all outward thoroughly master of thyself; and est boy had fallen, throws a flood of light on the General's character as a lamps and the sacred vessels, and un. that all things be under thee, and not thou under them.—Thomas A Kempis.

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