

should not deny your sick child the same privilege. "I'll deny her nothing!" Mrs. Breen's voice rose and the tears came again. "But it's her father—you don't know—"

And it all came out—the same familiar story of a mixed marriage, strong overpowering bigotry on the part of the man and the inevitable weak yielding on the woman's part. "I had to have peace!" she cried in concluding. "I couldn't live and be quarrelling all the time—and he would never give in—he isn't that kind!"

"I see. But you say the children were all baptized?" "Oh, yes, I managed that. I'm not a pagan," bitterly. "Laura used to go to church with some Catholic children who lived next door, and she still remembers it."

"Yes, she told me," Miss Dutoit said. "Mrs. Breen sighed. 'Oh, it will be a fight with her father,' she stated gloomily. 'But if she wants it—'"

"I think she does, Mrs. Breen. Do you think it is wise to do any good if I talked to your husband?" "I don't know," heavily. "Oh, Miss Dutoit, I thought Laura's sickness was trouble enough, but now if I have to have all that wrangling over again, what will I do?"

"Let us hope for the best, Mrs. Breen," said the visitor encouragingly. "Sometimes, you know, trouble is a blessing in disguise."

Miss Dutoit left, promising to talk the matter over with the pastor of St. Edward's, who later came to see the sick girl. But not until considerable of a storm had passed over the Breen household, for Mr. Breen had proved, as his wife had predicted, stubborn and intractable. He turned a deaf ear to Laura's pleading, laughed at her, teased her, gave himself wholeheartedly to the task of proving to her that she didn't really know what she wanted—certainly what she wanted was not to become a Catholic.

Where did she get that idea, anyhow? And the sick girl, listening, and watching her mother's drooping, troubled face, sank into a strange, disheartened silence. She had no arguments to offer. She could not think of any, since plainly her father was against her being a Catholic; but she looked her wish in her heart and waited for Miss Dutoit to come again. This was an outlook for complication, but Miss Dutoit, she felt convinced, would be able to see a way out.

But day followed day and Miss Dutoit did not come. At first Laura could not understand it, then it dawned upon her that perhaps the young woman had been forbidden to come. She put the question frankly to her mother.

"Did father say I couldn't see Miss Dutoit any more?" she asked. "Well, he told her," the mother stammered, "to stay away for awhile."

"Will I be dead, I suppose?" in great bitterness. "Oh, Laura dear, don't say that! And don't—she implored—" don't blame me—I couldn't help it!"

"Poor mother!" Laura murmured with a new understanding. "Poor mother!" . . . "But I'm not like that," she said a moment later. And the poor mother, shedding bitter tears, wondered what she meant.

What Laura meant was to have her way; and the next morning when Miss Dutoit approached the Breen house what was her amazement to see Laura sitting, fully dressed and swathed in a heavy shawl, on the front porch. Her bedroom was on the ground floor, and after she had had her milk at five o'clock she had dressed herself by slow and painful degrees and dragged herself, step by step, through the hall and out on the porch. It was all she could do, and half fainting, she lay back in the rocking chair, waiting breathlessly for the sound of Miss Dutoit's footsteps. For a while she harbored the dreadful fear that she would not come this morning of all times. She might be sick—away—who could tell? And then when she heard and saw her coming the relief was so great that she almost fainted again. "Thus she was scarcely able to speak when Miss Dutoit spoke to her."

"My dear child, what are you doing here?" she cried. "Laura raised her hand. 'No one knows. . . I'm waiting for you,' she breathed. 'Wouldn't they let you come to see me?'"

"—Miss Dutoit faltered—" I was coming soon anyhow."

"I want you to—I want you to bring the priest—O! she lay back gasping. 'I'm afraid I'm fainting—you'll have to call some one—and I didn't want them to know—'"

It was a frightened household that gathered about the girl's bedside later, fearing that every moment would be her last; and the father, ashamed of his own meanness which had driven the girl to the almost fatal exertion, had no word of condemnation for the swift action of Miss Dutoit in calling a priest from St. Edward's.

"You see, father," Laura said faintly, after the priest had gone. "I felt better as soon as he began to pray."

A quiver went over Mr. Breen's face. "If that's the case," he said gently, "we'll have to ask him to come often."

The sick girl looked up at him, her face irradiated with such joy and gratitude that the father's heart contracted with a sharp pain. "Thank you, father dear," she said, reaching out a wasted hand. "That was the beginning of the end for the whole Breen family, married and single, for Laura, recovering, proved a most earnest apostle. "Yes, she converted the whole

bunch," her oldest brother was fond of asserting. And Laura, hearing him, would only smile, for never out of life and memory went the soft tap of Miss Dutoit's footsteps on her way to early Mass.—Helen Moriarty in the Rosary Magazine.

A FOCH LEGEND

Now and then, when other topics fall, not being afraid of the sound of his own voice, explains quite as a bone that is still meaty has to be torn from a dog that is still hungry. The usual yarn is that Foch had a Sedan on the largest scale just ready to come off and that it was gall and wormwood to him to be called off on the eve of the grandest smash in the whole story of man.

As soon as the topic begins to hum somebody goes to see Foch; and Foch, with the War, and that the legend of a frustrated Sedan would be correctly and clearly once more, like a man brought up in a good lycée, that war is only a means to some end, that if you can make sure of that end without getting any more of your own men killed on the way to it, war is no longer needed, that in the War our military end and aim was to make the Germans unable to go on with the War, and that the terms of the Armistice reduced the Germans to that state of impotence by land and sea. Then the myth retires, sleeps for a time with its friend the sea-serpent, and presently awakes refreshed.

It clings to life because, even now, it is not generally known how things stood with us and with the French when the Armistice came. It was not quite the same for us and for them. Our armies were elate, but they were tired, for they had done the most work during the great hundred days, taking 188,700 prisoners and 2,840 guns to the 139,000 prisoners and 1,880 guns of the French, the 44,000 prisoners and 1,421 guns of the Americans and the 14,500 prisoners and 474 guns of the Belgians. Many of our reinforcements were B men, not very young, who fought well but hated long walks. Our troops were just beginning, too, to be rather hungry. Our Q side served triple crowns of glory and whole groves of palms for the way it brought up the rations. But it was near the end of its tether. The transport horses looked more tired than the men—happily our horse-loving G. H. Q. had always stuck obstinately to its average twenty-two pound daily ration of fodder when the French invoked the principle of the unity of command to make us bring it down to their sixteen pound level. With this good cheer in their bellies, in the day of trial, our woolly coated heavy horses still toiled cheerfully after the advancing infantry, but they were not quite what they had been.

The motor-lorries were feeling the pace and the bad going still more than the horses. On the morning of the Armistice our Fourth Army had more than 40% of its lorries out of action. The remainder were working on a wobbly and treble shift, with correspondingly increased prospects of joining their brethren in hospital. At least one of our railheads was, for some time, actually going back instead of forward, through the successive explosions of delayed action mines under the rails. On the Armistice Day I believe no railhead was within thirty-five miles of our front; some were fifty miles from it, and the intervening roads were crated, as the best, and were crated by enemy mines at many crossings, a delayed-section mine sometimes going up when lorries were east of it and so cutting them off from their railhead.

With this shrinking transport power we had to feed not only our own troops but huge and uncertain numbers of liberated French civilians. On entering Lille our Fifth Army had to find rations instantly for 50,000 people till the French relief organization could take them over. Armies have often had to "live on the country," but here the country had to live on the army. In six weeks of our quickest advance we issued over 5,000,000 rations to some 800,000 civilians who would otherwise have starved. When the Armistice came, our Q side had just about reached the extreme limit of practicable miracle. Troops had been marching out eastwards in the morning, after the Germans, with the day's rations in each man's haversack and no certainty of anything afterward. On November 11 our transport service was so tired that once the Armistice was signed, it almost collapsed, as people in novels do after long and severe strain. With all enemy resistance over, with German sappers in our lines every day to show us where the unblown mines were, with only sixteen British divisions advancing, out of fifty-nine, and after a complete rest of six days, our transport was so tired that in another fortnight the scheduled time table of the unrusted march to the Rhine had to be given up as impracticable.

This was the general state of things, as far as one could see, from the Dutch frontier to the Meuse, and the impression is confirmed from official sources in General Sir Fredrick Maurice's admirable history of "The Last Four Months." A weary victor was pursuing a bated and weary enemy, the latter just enabled to keep away by a retreating army's power of leaving a glacial of broken roads and railways behind it. Between Switzerland and the Meuse things were certainly different.

There had not been the same Allied advance, transport power was unexhausted, fresh American troops abounded, the nipping off of the St. Mihiel salient had opened a door into Lorraine. The obvious next move for Foch—at any rate it looks easy to see it now, and Foch saw it then—was to let us get our break a big north and meanwhile make a big attack in the south. It is quite true that the Armistice came just before this could be done. Foch was to have attacked on November 14 with 20 French and 6 American divisions, on a front stretching from Pont-a-Mousson to Lunville. The northern part of this attack was to go right across the Briey ironfield, of course important to Germany. The legend of a frustrated Sedan would arise from half knowledge of this plan. The plan would almost certainly have succeeded. The Germans would have had heavy losses, but the French and Americans would have had losses too. And the best that could have resulted would have been just what the Armistice gave us without any losses at all—the total surrender by Germany of power to continue the struggle.

Suppose that the Armistice had not been signed. What difference would it have made? First, the French would have gained this striking victory in Lorraine—at a price. The German retreat would have continued across Lorraine, with the consequent devastation of a province which was about to become French again. The plant of the Briey ironfield would probably have been smashed, as that of the Lens could be. The inevitable slackening of our own pace in the north would have given the Germans time to pull themselves together again, and, to make our next step forward, we should have had to fight another big battle like that of November 1 or October 27, if not like that of September 17. It would, if anything in war is certain have been decisively won—again, at the price; plenty of casualties for us, and for Belgium probably the devastation of the industrial area of Charleroi, and perhaps the partial destruction of Antwerp or Brussels, or both.

The day after the Armistice was signed a Lencastre infantry colonel, a man of great and justly rewarded gallantry, was talking at one of our outposts to an English civilian visitor of the kind that is martial to a degree unknown among soldiers. The civilian invited the V. C. to share the civilian's sorrow that the Armistice had come before we could get one more victory, the stakes of all, "just as a lesson to our Germans." The Colonel looked at him as if he had been a peculiarly unsightly exhibit in a museum. "I wouldn't," he said "have one of my men get a scratch for it." Probably Foch thought the same.—C. E. M. in the Manchester Guardian.

VEN. DON BOSCO

The Salesian celebration in Turin in honor of the centenary of Don Bosco commemorated the work of a modern apostle whose name deserves to be enshrined in an honored place in the history of Catholic education. The celebration, which was postponed on account of the War, was presided over by the Cardinal Archbishop of Seville, Don Alvaro, Don Bosco's successor, and was attended by representatives of the Church and State and thousands of people. A monument was unveiled in honor of Don Bosco surrounded by a group of boys, symbols of the work he accomplished for the youth of his native city.

The history of this remarkable man is one of human interest that for successful achievement in a short time is scarcely equaled in the history of the Church. Born in a little hamlet in Italy in 1815, the venerable Don Bosco established his congregation in 1842. At the time of his death in 1888 there were 250 houses of the Salesian Society in the world, containing 190,000 children, from which went forth every year 18,000 graduates. Up to 1888 more than six thousand priests had gone forth from Don Bosco's institutions, and today nearly every country in Europe, North America and South America has schools, hospitals, and asylums under the direction of the Salesian Fathers.

Don Bosco began his work by gathering about him twenty ragged street urchins of Turin. Under the rags and dirt and uncouthness of these friendless boys the discerning eye of the kindly Don Bosco could detect the spark of real worth which would fan into a flame. Not with blows, but with gentleness did he set about to win these street arabs to virtue.

He was complained of by the "uncouth" of the city for maintaining a nuisance on account of the character of the boys he befriended. He was even accused of being insane. Yet in spite of petty annoyances and obstacles which at times seemed to spell the ruin of his enterprise he persevered in the face of all difficulties until his schools were firmly established, and those who scoffed at his undertaking lived to praise the singleness of his purpose and the effectiveness of his methods.

As an educator Don Bosco eschewed severity. He ever tried to gain love rather than inspire fear. He held that the true teacher should be the father, adviser and friend. Parents who seek advice on the proper education of children will find many helpful suggestions in the life of Don Bosco. Modern vocational experts might be surprised to learn that Don

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Bosco was a pioneer in their line. He made a specialty of studying the aptitudes of his pupils and brought to this study a supernatural insight which was one of the chief causes of his success.

His views on education may be summed up in one sentence which he incorporated in his rules: "Frequent confession, frequent Communion, daily Mass; these are the pillars which should sustain the whole edifice of education." He did not hedge his little charges about with too many restrictions, but rather adopted St. Philip Neri's rule, "Do as you wish, I do not care as long as you do not sin."

The schools established under his guidance had phenomenal success. They began with the earliest instructions and led the child onward if he was capable and if he chose it, to the university. Technical schools in which mechanical arts were taught featured the work of the society, and today the Salesian schools in all parts of the world are turning out annually thousands of finished apprentices.

It is difficult to realize that but a century has passed since the birth of a little more than a quarter of a century ago, since the death of the venerable Don Bosco. As a social worker, as an educator, as the founder of a flourishing religious Order, he is worthy of more careful study by Catholics. The celebration of his centenary will have the effect of acquainting Catholics with another of the great names with which the Church has enriched the thought and achievement of the nineteenth century.—The Pilot.

THE PARISH SCHOOL BELL

Now the weary janitor betinks him to refresh his oil can, if that be the manner in which these vessels are made up for use. For the bell hangs silent these many weeks in the school tower, and a lubricant is needed to make its impending swing easier. Soon its notes will fill the air, replacing the summer liberty of the children by a bondage which they cannot reasonably be expected to appreciate.

But their parents must appreciate it, "value it," for them. This bell hangs in a tower, but from the tower mounts the Cross of Christ, its upright pointing the path to Heaven. It sprinkles with holy sounds the air, even as a consecrated church bell, which alone serves a holier function. And, of course, no Catholic who has heard the fearful malediction of the gentle Saviour of the world on those who scandalize His little ones, will dare send his child to a school in which Jesus Christ is not made a daily and a welcome guest. Except by competent ecclesiastical authority, no one who is a Catholic, in reality as well as by title, can in conscience permit his child to attend any school but a Catholic school.

It is well to pray and it is necessary to pray, for without some prayer at least, there is no salvation, and we all know why Our Blessed Lord instituted the Sacraments. But there is something amiss with the religion of the man who wears a scapular and from time to time approaches the altar rails and all the while condemns his child, for whose soul he must answer on the last great day, to a school where Our Blessed Mother is regarded as a superstition, or where the saving Name of her Son may not be pronounced in loving adoration. That man's religion is not dead, necessarily, but it is not healthy; it does not run as it should, but limps painfully. The theologian, drawing upon the most charitable conclusions of his sublime science, will admit that a Catholic of this kind may possibly save his soul, either by mending his ways or by favor of invisible ignorance. Yet, however consoling this thought to the pious soul, it is by no means consoling to reflect that most of our little children are in just such godless schools. Where are they to receive that religious training, lacking which and a miracle of grace, they can never become fervent practicing Catholics of the type not ashamed to confess Christ before men? Out of stones God can raise up children to Abraham, but it is tempting God to look for miracles to do that which we ourselves can accomplish. It is not probable that parents who without scruple send their children to schools in which, for fear of the law of men, God cannot be adored in spirit and in truth, will supply for the religious education of these little ones through extraordinary means.

And the result? Children lost to the Church, sent lost to God. It must needs be that scandals come, but were it the man by whom the soul of the innocent child is murdered. Better that he had never been born.—America.

HONORING BLESSED SACRAMENT

Make visits to the Blessed Sacrament. On passing a church, bow the head saying devoutly: "O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine, all praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine. Receive Holy Communion daily, or very frequently. When praying, turn to the nearest Catholic church. Make frequent aspirations to Our Lord in the tabernacle. "Amen! Come, Lord Jesus!" Offer flowers or ornaments for the altar. Go to Benediction as often as you can. Read Eucharistic literature. Keep a Eucharistic picture in your room along with your picture of the Sacred Heart. Distribute Eucharistic booklets, pictures, etc. Help and encourage First Communicants. Memorize and sing hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Attend the Forty Hours Devotion. Make the Holy Hour. At the Elevation during Mass, look toward the altar saying: "My Lord and my God!" When looking at the Sacred Host say: "My Lord and my God!" When genuflecting before the Blessed Sacrament, say: "Praised and blessed forever be Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament." Give alms in honor of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Make an act of mortification in honor of Our Eucharistic Lord. Do an act of kindness in honor of Jesus' Sacramental presence. Say a Pater and Ave in His honor. Thank Our Eucharistic Jesus for deigning to dwell among us. Keep the thought of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament ever before you and have Him to help you in all your duties. Invite others to know and to love Jesus in His Eucharistic life.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

"OUIJA PATIENTS" The head of Boston's Psychopathic Hospital in announcing an increase in the number of cases received at that institution declares that "a tendency to become overwrought by the vagaries of the Ouija Board are helping to send men and especially women to the insane hospitals."

Twenty-four or more "ouija patients" have entered the institution since January 1. Half of them were released as cured and half were sent to insane hospitals as incurable. It would be interesting to discover the motive that impelled these unhappy victims to adopt the "ouija creeds." Some no doubt have been led to consult this spurious instrument from the so-called "scientific" movement that flooded the world with psychic literature during the War. Dabbling in the occult became quite the vogue during those days.

Literary men and noted scientists popularized psychic phenomena and tried to raise necromancy to the dignity of science. They have left behind them a following of weak minded imitators who wrest with diabolism to their own destruction. These misguided investigators have had warnings sufficient to induce them to give up a pursuit that has been branded as dangerous by its effects and condemned as sinful by the Church.

But besides these so-called investigators in the occult there are numerous individuals in search of new sensations who have taken up spiritism as a diversion. To them the most accessible form of converse with the "disembodied spirits" is the Ouija Board. This innocent looking contrivance finally holds its subjects enslaved and slowly but surely sends them downward to mental, moral, and physical disaster. The records of the hospitals for the insane all over the world are a striking testimony to the disastrous effects of tramping with the ouija board.—The Pilot.

WHY DIDN'T THEY STRIKE This is the reason the Orangemen on the "Baltic" did not strike in consequence of their own hatred of Archbishop Mannix. The New York Sun-Herald says: "It became known that the cooks and stewards on board had held a meeting, and as all are British, had decided to strike if the Archbishop came aboard. The fireman, on the other hand, had also held a meeting and had decided to strike if the Archbishop did not come aboard. There were a number of Irishmen, among the firemen, who prevailed on their companions to take this stand. The cooks and stewards stood firm in their decision, however, until the militant West Street longshoremen heard about it. The longshoremen also held an impromptu meeting. They then sent a delegate to the cooks and stewards of the Baltic who said that the longshoremen declared the stand taken by the cooks and stewards, and would be waiting for them outside the pier for unspecified reasons if they walked out. After a hasty conference the cooks and stewards sent word back that it was all a mistake; that they had merely been spoofing two Orangemen on board, and intended to sail right along. That ended that."

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