

me wait for him, he started back to get them. He was hardly above ground when there was a deafening roar, the earth trembled violently, and the next thing I knew I was breathing with much difficulty and all was dark. Of course, I realized at once what had happened. Some one had placed a bomb in the tunnel, intending to wreak vengeance upon the cruel foreman, and I was the innocent victim. After a long, long time I detected voices, and Jimjim's queer drawl reached my ears.

"I gata him, I gata him! Beel, he here."

"Out of here, you ape! If he is under those rocks he's dead long ago!" It was MacGawn's voice.

"Then I distinguished Jack's words of protest, but MacGawn must have convinced him that I could not be there and alive, for soon all was quiet again. I tried to cry out, but my dry lips refused to utter a sound.

"Fortunately nothing was pressing upon my head, and the great pain that racked my body was lessened by semi-consciousness. After a long, long time I began to breathe better, air was coming from somewhere and a slow grating, creaking sound reached my ears. And then I heard Jimjim's plaintive cry:

"Beel! Beel! Beel!"

"I tried to answer him, but could not. It seemed hours after that a cold hand touched my face and Jimjim whispered: 'Beel, Beel!' But I could only groan.

"Jimjim gata Beel!"

"Later I learned how after the men had worked for hours to find, as they supposed my dead body, faithful Jimjim had refused to leave the place, insisting that I was alive beneath the wreckage, until MacGawn was exasperated beyond endurance.

"You crazy monkey," he yelled, "if I catch you round here again I won't leave enough of you to tell the tale." And poor little Jimjim slunk away, miserable beyond words because he could not help me. At dark he was back again, his love for me overmastering his abject terror of MacGawn. How he dug his way under that enormous pile of rock, inch by inch, his massive head, huge shoulders and sinian like arms acting as battering ram, lever and support, is still a much discussed miracle in the camp. But to me, the most wonderful part of it is that his dwarfed brain could have planned and carried out such a slow, systematic but wholly successful plan. Sometimes I think it was his great heart, full of love for the only one who treated him kindly, that urged him on to accomplish the seemingly impossible. It must have taken him a long time to worm his way out again through the irregular, jagged tunnel, his voice ever floating back to me full of hope and love: "Jimjim gata Beel out quicka!"

"MacGawn wanted to kill the little fellow, when he awoke the camp at two A. M., but on learning that I still lived, at once ordered all hands to the rescue. At six o'clock, twenty-two hours after the explosion, I was removed, more dead than alive, Jimjim hung around my bed all the time. The nurse and doctor would chase him off, but he slipped back again.

"Let him stay!" I begged. And understanding that I was pleading for him, he was more devoted than ever.

"What happened, Jimjim?" I asked him.

"No giva biga things drinka. Him wants killa!"

"Though my body was full of pain, I had to laugh. Jimjim, taking my words literally that day, really believed that the men had neglected to water the engine and that it had taken its revenge. However, I was glad to know that he had no share in the plan to injure the foreman. Since then I have often wished that I had tried to explain to the dwarf the nature of the big steam engine, but his knowledge of English was so limited I doubt if I could have made him understand that it was but a wonderful contrivance made by man.

Two months later I was back at work again, hobbling about on a crutch—and Jimjim, for Jimjim rarely left my side. One day, after looking at me for some time, he grinned.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Biga things no wanta killa Beel!"

"No?" I laughed. "Well, some big thing almost made a good job of it."

"Biga things wanta killa him." He pointed to MacGawn.

"Just you keep away from MacGawn, Jimjim, I warned; he understands that engine and it will never harm him!"

"Him bad! Biga things gata him!" Jimjim insisted, with what now seems like prophetic foresight.

"That afternoon he came running into the office where I was busy over the books.

"Jack wants Beel!" he cried.

"Me?" I asked in surprise, for I hadn't been any further than the office since my accident, and Jack was with some of the men a mile down the road.

"Beel go quick!" Afterwards, I remembered that he was trembling, but at the time paid no attention to it. Knowing that Jack would not send for me unless it were absolutely necessary, I went down to the track and ordered the men to get out a hand car. Jimjim followed urging me on to greater speed.

"Jimjim lika Beel ver' much!" I looked at the little fellow in surprise.

"Sure, old man," I answered. "We're chums. Bill likes Jimjim too!" And I smiled as I let my hand

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bers of their Circles, bringing them their Leaflets, explaining the intentions for which prayers were asked, urging them to make the Morning Offering, inspiring them by word and example to do something in honor of the Sacred Heart. All that remains now in those once vigorous Centers are a few devoted Promoters, four or five, sometimes less, zealous souls still loving and working for the Sacred Heart, and hoping against hope that the tide will ultimately turn and will give the League a new lease of life.

Were it not ungracious to dilate on a depressing topic, various reasons might be given for this lessening of enthusiasm in League affairs. Appreciation is one of the secrets of success in works of devotedness and zeal. We must begin by valuing a work if we wish to make it a success; but how can this be done if a work and its possibilities have never been studied? Lack of knowledge of the inner meaning of the League, defective organization, absence of initiative, change of policy in the conduct of the spiritual affairs of a parish—these are elements which have blighted League activities in many parishes, as they will necessarily blight any good work anywhere. Promoters, on their side, should also share in the reproach when the League ceases to flourish in their neighborhood. One of the commonest sources of its disruption is the loss of interest which follows non-attendance at the monthly meetings. Some Promoters find League meetings uninteresting and they are not generous enough to make a sacrifice for the Sacred Heart; others there are who never have the leisure to attend League meetings, in which case they should never have accepted the task of Promotership; others allow a worldly spirit and worldly engagements to stifle their zeal, and they sooner or later drop out of the ranks of the League; others never had their obligations properly explained to them, and naturally they find it difficult to fulfil them themselves or explain them to their Associates; others look on the League as too complicated, too mystical possibly, and conclude that League work is not meant for them.

Perhaps the most plausible of these obstacles to success is the last mentioned, namely, the League is too hazy in its aims, too complicated in its mechanism, too lofty in its spiritual methods for ordinary folk. And yet where shall we find a simpler organization than the League of the Sacred Heart? It was its very simplicity not less than its fruitfulness that recommended it so highly to the late Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. To work to save souls by praying for them is an operation that is neither hazy nor complicated. To unite our prayers to Our Lord's prayer and seek their efficacy in an ardent devotion to His Sacred Heart, is the most natural thing in the world and brings results with it as well as rewards. Let promoters read Our Lord's promises to Blessed Margaret Mary and see for themselves what is reserved for those who unite with Him to save souls by prayer.

Opportunities for exercising the apostolate are limited for the majority of Christians. Few are called to exercise their zeal by preaching, or teaching, or suffering; these would seem to be special vocations; but all may be apostles by prayer. The League of the Sacred Heart teaches its members how to pray; how to organize and direct prayer toward apostolic ends; it shows them how to become apostles by prayer.

The League is simple in its practices. What is simpler than to make an offering to God of our prayers, actions, and sufferings of each day in union with the Sacred Heart? What is easier than to say a decade of the rosary daily? What is more natural for a Catholic than to go to Communion once a month? Prayer, devotion to Mary, and the frequentation of the Sacraments, form the basis of Catholic interior life. To turn our daily deeds and sufferings into prayer by offering them to God is a reasonable and praiseworthy act; to cultivate a devotion to Mary is a duty that should be dear to every child of the Church; to go to Communion once a month is for many a necessary condition of perseverance. These comprise all the duties of membership in the League. In a word, the League adds no new obligations to the ordinary Christian life; it simply gives the actual duties a new orientation, inasmuch as it offers facilities to the Catholic laity to lead an apostolic life by working for the souls of others as well as for their own. Why not make an effort, then, to spread this spiritual agency in our parishes? And where it is organized, why not draw from it all the fruit that it can yield? The simplicity of the League, as shown in its object, its obligations and its operation, should recommend it to all who are interested in the salvation of souls. Never perhaps in the history of the world was there greater need for prayer than at the present moment; never before was there greater need for such an association that would draw people to organized and incessant prayer. Even through the end of the War, in sight, reconstruction at home will call for the solution of problems that shall need high counsel than mere men can furnish. And what about the millions of sinners who need prayer in order to obtain the grace of conversion? And what of that vast heathen world beyond the seas? In foreign mission lands hundreds of millions of pagans are undoubtedly standing agape at the spectacle of white civilization demoralized and bankrupt. These millions are also

awaiting the grace of conversion that comes to them through prayer and the persuasiveness of the living voice; but is not the European spectacle going to shake their confidence in all missionary effort? And might not the black African or the yellow Chinaman well ask the white missionary to stay at home and tell his European brethren to cease their fratricidal strife and begin to love one another?

The united prayer of our twenty-five millions of members, organized for apostolic ends, will give an efficacy to labor undertaken for souls at home and abroad. And where may we hope to find this efficacious prayer if not at the unflinching source of all grace, the adorable Heart of the Redeemer of mankind. If the Sacred Heart is anxious and willing to listen even in minor matters, to those who are devoted to him, how much more willingly will He listen when the great interests of the world and of souls are at stake. Speaking of our own land, we may gratefully acknowledge that the Sacred Heart listens to His clients. It will suffice to peruse monthly the "Petition pages" of this magazine to show our readers the confidence which Canadian Catholics have in the Sacred Heart, and it will suffice to look at the list of "Thanksgivings," which we publish every month, to see that their confidence is not misplaced.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

training of officers is chiefly, as is fitting, scientific and utilitarian, for thousands of new officers are needed this year to head our fighting men. But the war will soon be over now, and by this time next fall our college boys, let us hope, will be resuming the course of studies which the conflict interrupted. There is great danger, however, that the present experiment with a truncated, non-classical curriculum will tempt some of our educators to relegate the classics hereafter to so subordinate a place in schedules of studies that the masterpieces that the world's greatest intellects have left us will have but scanty opportunities to prove their educational value. That this grave peril may be shunned by those who draw up our after-war curriculums "a veteran assistant master" recently offered the readers of the London Times Educational Supplement the following sage counsels on the ends of real education and on the ideal case with which the study of the classics assists in attaining them:

"There is a danger of our scrapping the classics and thrusting letters into a dishonored corner. We shall be told to teach the boy 'something that will fit him for his after work.' It would be much truer, though incompletely true, to say that we should teach him 'something that will fit him for his after leisure.' For the true end of education is to make a man happier, wiser, and better, more quick to understand, to enjoy, and to use all the manifold treasures of faith, knowledge and beauty in the world, to render him nobly curious, to help him to think and to love thinking, to make him a good Christian, a good citizen, and a good companion to others, and above all to himself. Education should open many a wide window on the world. That it must also fit a man for his work in life is true; but even

for the work's sake it is necessary that this should not be its primary object. It is unnecessary to repeat all the old arguments in favor of literary studies, it is enough to say that at least the study of literature is a spiritual gain, that it does open a window on a prospect both wide and pleasant. Let those who have a gift for science study it exhaustively though not exclusively. Let others, all others if you will, learn enough science to understand what it means, perhaps to make a hobby of some branch of it. But do not let us turn out crowds of boys ignorant of literature and at the same time incapable of even elementary scientific achievement, materialized by constant dwelling on material things and material success. Let us be efficient, but do not let us 'lose for life's sake all that makes life worth living.' There is an efficiency which every patriot should desire and work for, that which is the fruit of honesty, industry and knowledge. There is another kind of efficiency which every patriot should shun like leprosy—the concentration of every thought and faculty on material ends, whether of war or commerce. Against this the example of Germany should be an unforgettable warning."

So intense and so widespread have been the world's suffering, privation and sorrow during the past four years that soon a violent mental reaction is likely to set in such as is indicated in the familiar remark: "After all the really important thing is to be comfortable." Without question, after the teachings of the Church and the example of the Saints, there is nothing better calculated to counteract the spread of this materialistic spirit and to foster in its stead a love for the things of the mind, than the restoration of the classics, next year, to their time-honored place of prominence in the college curriculum.—America.

THE BABY'S ROSARY

Before our Lady's shrine she knelt,
Our little blue-eyed girl,
Enwreath'd about her rosy face
Was many a golden curl,
And in her dimpled hand she held
A rosary of pearl.

A baby quite—of summer's three—
She bowed her shining head;
And as she told the beads she lisped,
With lips of cherry-red,
Her only prayer (two words!) she
Smiled,
And "Hail Mary!" said.

Again, again, and yet again,
The baby breathed her prayer,
Her face outshining, like a star,
From clouds of golden hair,
The while she press'd the polish'd
beads
With meek and reverent air.

Her azure eyes on Mary's face;
A look of rapture wore,
Such as the eyes of Gabriel,
The great Archangel bore
When first he hailed the Virgin
Queen
In Nazareth of yore.

"Twas 'Hail Mary!' on the cross
(God bless the little fairy!)
And on the Pater-Noster grains
A chant that could not vary:
On Aves and on Glorias
"Twas always 'Hail Mary!'"

"Come hither, May!" her mamma
cried,
"And learn to say it rightly,
No one could understand such prayers:
You blunder, darling—slightly."
"Ah, B'nessed Muzzer 'stands it all!"
The baby answered brightly.

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

The greatest luxury in this life is that found in doing good.

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