

"But do ye come with me," went on Cavanaugh. "I've found what beats the style!"

Dinny sought explanation, but he only answered: "Y'll see, y'll see!"

In the meantime he had led the way to the nearest street-car line.

It was a long ride they took, whirling away from the neighborhood of wealthy homes, through a long stretch of business area; then swerving abruptly, the carline wound into a quiet avenue, where the homes were modest and unpretentious, yet in no way shabby.

At last, Cavanaugh signalled and, getting off, led his friend down a side street.

Neat little houses were set well back upon lawns shaded by box elder and cottonwood, and behind each house stretched a garden plot tidily cared for; two vacant lots joined to form a long, meadow-like stretch of grass in which grew wild hemp and field daisies; a red cow browsed leisurely. Dinny saw it all with a warm glow in his heart.

Across from the vacant lots stood a small red brick store building, with evidences of living rooms above it. It was to this store that his friend was leading him.

Into the front door they went, and with a nod and a greeting to the young man who was attending to a customer, Cavanaugh marched him to the back of the room and out into an inclosure behind it.

A giant box elder threw a generous shadow across the grass; under its boughs a company of men and women, gray haired and toll-marked, sat in comfortable old-fashioned positions all talking eagerly and interestedly.

"It happened in Roscommon—I saw this myself," another voice, laden with mystery, was narrating.

"Any man that knows Irish history," thundered a burly man, pounding his own knee for emphasis; Dinny stood listening as if to music.

Then Cavanaugh called out: "Have ye welcome for a stranger?" "We have that!" cried all heartily.

A man and woman came forward to be made acquainted with the new guest. These two were O'Toole and his wife, who owned the little store which their son was running for them.

Then Dinny was introduced all around and given a seat in the circle, with Cavanaugh beside him.

Now the latter was ready to tell him the story of how, sick of the fine neighborhood that he lived in, and longing for country scenes, he had once voiced his homesickness in the presence of Father Maloney, the kindly-faced priest of the big church on the Avenue.

"He said nothing at all at the time," said Cavanaugh, "but a few days afterwards, did he come for me with his car, and down here he brought me an' made me acquainted. 'Twas his first parish in the city, an' being country-born himself, 'twas always like home to him. Well with him backing me up the girls could say nothing, so I come down here once a week regular—or oftener, if I can slip away unbeknownst, as I did today."

possible that Cavanaugh could be right when he suggested that it was time for him and his friend to go; but, looking at the big silver watch that he had carried all his life Dinny jumped up with some alacrity, remembering the hour that Anne had set for supper—or "dinner," as she called it.

"D'y' mind Jimmy Mahaffy that came over from the old sod on the same boat with ye—d'y' mind him now?"

"I do," said Dinny, his mind reaching back to that first journey.

"I'm him," said the stolid man, holding out his hand solemnly.

There was general rejoicing among all at this unexpected denouement. Dinny wanted to sit down again and talk, but Cavanaugh said no.

"Y'll have that to look forward to," he urged, for he was getting uneasy, knowing that "the wife and the girls" would be worrying about him if he failed to appear at the accustomed time.

Dinny himself was in some trepidation at the thought of Anne finding him gone—and no explanation given beforehand. He went very quietly into the house, for it was later than the usual hour of their evening meal.

Anne was up-stairs at the time, but she came down soon after. He thought she looked at him rather queerly as she came in; it seemed to him too, that there was an added affection in her attitude to him during the meal—and he noticed she absent called it "supper."

Afterward they went into a small room that Anne called the library. A fire burned in the fireplace that had hitherto been banked with fern in a way that Anne had seen somewhere.

An easy chair stood before the fire. "Well—this is comfortable!" admitted her father, sinking into the chair and putting his feet on the footstool that was there for them.

Anne sat beside him working on a piece of embroidery. To the old man the open fire and the tender solicitude of his daughter seemed a fitting ending to the day.

He did not know that Anne, going to the maid's room to give some directions about the refreshments for her afternoon guests, had looked from the kitchen window just as her father wandered into the alley-way, or that she had noticed the stoop of his shoulders and the loneliness in his face, and had gone back to her guests with a disquieting feeling of self-reproach.

"And where did you spend the afternoon?" she questioned. Soon she drew out the whole story. Finding that Anne was interested in hearing it, Dinny found renewed pleasure in the telling.

Climbing the stairs to his room, he pondered in pleased surprise her promise to go with him sometime to get acquainted with his new friends.

She got "the look of her mother" more and more, he told himself, the thought bringing comfort somehow.

Now the latter was ready to tell him the story of how, sick of the fine neighborhood that he lived in, and longing for country scenes, he had once voiced his homesickness in the presence of Father Maloney, the kindly-faced priest of the big church on the Avenue.

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never thought anything could hurt so much, and thought I was dead.

"He almost tore my insides out, but they took me to a hospital and sewed me up, and out pieces of skin off my back and grafted it on over the wound, and now I'm all right again except the doctor says I can never do heavy work."

Terence next appeared in time to help against the new attack on Verdun. Verdun and Chateau-Thierry—veteran at sixteen of these two terrible struggles! Glory enough for a kid? It was. Hear him again:

"Anyway, they sent me back to the regiment and I joined it just in time for the new attack at Verdun. We went over the top three times and had a terrible fight. We couldn't get very far because the Boche fought like very devils, and lots of the old bunch were gone when we got through.

"We had a lot of rookies who didn't have the hang of it, and we were just going to attack again when they sent for me to report at headquarters. The Colonel said he congratulated me on my nerve, but that I must go home, as I was too young. While he was talking a shell came through into the next room and killed three men."

Terence's home is in Dorchester, Mass. Needless to say that he's Irish.—Brooklyn Tablet.

There is still another flower of the twofold devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacred Infancy, the grace of the hidden life. We have already had to deplore the want of a recognition of God's presence in the world; and we have seen that the very things on which we plunge ourselves only render that recognition fainter and more infrequent.

There is no more privacy now. We live in the streets and squares as the old Athenians did, not for the laudable reason they had, that their homes were simple and unluxurious, and their sky serene and beautiful, but because we are passionately enamored of notoriety.

All society seems to be a collection of self-elected judgment-seats, before which anybody and everybody is being called to give an account of his life, for every sort of action, even for the details and scandals of domestic life. All mankind have agreed to confer jurisdiction upon themselves and upon each other to sit in judgment upon their peers, and to open tribunals the very opposite of the Christian confessional.

They do not see how public opinion can be kept pure, and public morals up to the mark of comfort and security, enjoyment of property and character, without them. Associations, whether of a political, literary, or scientific character, or for mutual benefit and periodical banqueting, are developments for the same mania of publicity.

Clubs are a social expression of it. The immense number of persons among whom the responsibility of government is indefinitely shared leads to the same result; and the increased facility of rapid communication plays into its hands; and the great tyrannical prophet of it all is the press, and the irrelevant despotic sway of anonymous journalism.

This great publicity is infectious, and gives rise to little publicities, and to a spirit of publicity; and here it is that the spiritual life touches upon it and suffers from it.

In spiritual life, talking is always a loss of power, like eating. It is mighty when it is imprisoned, like mere vapor when it is set free. The "secret of the King" is dishonored when publicity is given to it, and it is no longer an element of earnestness, a source of fortitude within the soul. Hence it is that so few people have a sufficiently strong constitution to be able to indulge unharmed in conversation about their interior life and their mystical experience. It almost always enervates them, and leads to distracted prayer, misty examinations of conscience, and broken resolutions.

It is a bad thing to be in the world's glare, and a hard thing to get out of it, and publicity, like the sun, takes the color out of our eyes, but it cannot, like the sun, pain the flowers or mature the fruits. Still there are ways and means for such as will try them. I will venture upon four little rules:

(1) Always keep some one thing concerning yourself hidden, some one good action, or some one grace, or some one virtuous quality which you think others would be likely to esteem. This one secret will be as good as a fortress to you. (2) Never communicate to others matters of spiritual direction; neither what you have mentioned to your spiritual guide, nor the advice which he has given you. By mentioning the first you lose true knowledge of yourself, for you exaggerate what you reveal; and by the second you

lose the power of following the advice given. The extra mischief you do is a secondary consideration, though it is by no means small.

(3) Never keep a spiritual journal, a record of pious thoughts, or any vestige of religious autobiography. I do not mean to say that saints have not done so. But you must not do it. You will live in a land of dreams and phantasies if you do, and though perhaps you do not believe it now, you will actually come at last to do and say follies in order to write them down afterwards.

If you would know how the infatuation of keeping a journal is entangled with every root and fibre of self love, throw your journal into the fire, and you will find out. Forget yourself, and what you have gone through. God remembers. Surely that is enough. If your visions and your ecstasies are the sweet thoughts of God are a boon the world could hardly do without to command you under holy obedience God will send you a spiritual director to write them down. Wait till he does so. (4) Never remove a misunderstanding which has arisen about you, until you have quietly looked at it three separate times, in honor of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and are satisfied that it is really for God's glory that you should do so. On most cases God gets more glory out of the misunderstanding than out of the removal of it. But the removal of it is always for our own glory. These two thoughts put together should make us slow, cautious and reluctant to come out again into the sunshine of men's good opinion, when we have been so fortunate as to forfeit it without our fault.—Father Faber.

THE CHURCH WILL ANSWER

The desire on the part of government that young men continue their university studies as far as consistent with the present needs of the country will find answer in the higher educational institutions of the Catholic Church. Even our enemies concede that Church has always been in the foreground in teaching the higher branches of a liberal education. She has always been the zealous guardian of the arts and sciences, the patron of literature, the protector of the learned and the instructor of scholars.

When brute force threatened to crush out and obliterate every vestige of past learning, the Church took philosophy to her bosom and made it the handmaiden of theology. The philosophy of Aristotle, the greatest mind of the ancient world, was transmuted and developed by the monks and Catholic doctors of the middle ages into the system of scholasticism. This scholastic philosophy for centuries ruled the world of thought and is still the philosophy of all higher education. It has kept our universities and colleges from falling into the many errors now prevalent in other institutions.

It is safe to assert that few non-Catholic universities teach other than a thinly veiled agnosticism. In the sciences they admit nothing but a rank materialism, and rationalism is in their very atmosphere. Even denominational institutions other than Catholic ones are timid and fear for the truths of Christianity when confronted with modern intellectual error. Catholic institutions on the contrary stand by the ancient landmarks.

In her educational history the Church has seen many erroneous theories rise and fall. Her schools, from long experience, are keen to detect error and cannot be easily led astray by false lights. Having made the intellectual the servant of the supernatural, the Church is conscious of the danger of intellectual errors that lead into supernatural errors. An illustration in point is the recent condemnation of modernism.

Modernism is an outgrowth of pragmatism, the latest intellectual vagary. In effect it denies that positive ultimate truth can be ascertained by the mind. Any approximation to truth that can be obtained in the land of facts, even if it comes to be attained and error if the mind must be satisfied. Error, if it will work, is on a par with truth and may equally satisfy the mind. The falsehood of today may be the error of tomorrow. Stripped of its glittering language, pragmatism is mental laziness and intellectual cowardice that will not meet the truth face to face.

Yet it is held to a great extent in many of the educational institutions of this country and Europe. Catholic philosophy will have none of it. Our schools of higher education teach that truth and certainty can be attained by reason or revelation. Their students are not left to wander for intellectual guidance. It is reasonable that being taught the highest of all truths, those of religion, their minds should become habituated to truth in other matters.

Socialism has become more than a mere menace to our Christian philosophy. It has already done much evil and gone far towards undermining the social and political institutions on which civilization is founded. Based on a materialistic conception of history, Socialism is directly opposed to Catholic teaching of the destiny of humanity. The Church sees in history the eternal strife between the powers of light and darkness. Man does not live by bread alone. Socialism makes its first and last appeal to the stomach. The proponents of Socialism

find their strongest support in the philosophy of materialism so prevalent in every institution of higher education except those under Catholic auspices.

Our country has awakened to the menace of Socialism. From the beginning the Church realized its danger and in its higher educational institutions took a firm stand against it. In our Catholic colleges are taught the only solutions for the vexed social and economic conditions which Socialists propose to settle. It is necessary that we have well equipped intellectual leaders to defeat the Socialist propaganda, for the leaders of Socialism are no mean antagonists. They are skilled in argument, have a world of facts ready at hand, and enthusiasm and earnestness that commands attention.

One of our greatest statesmen has said: "The only salvation of the United States from Socialism is the Catholic Church." Our colleges and universities will afford the greatest assistance to the Church in this great work for our country.

The most popular superstition of today is evolution. It is accepted with more than religious faith by millions who are not competent to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Evolution is not presented as a working hypothesis in the study of nature, but as a demonstrated scientific fact, the greatest achievement of modern research. With calm assurance newspapers, magazines and public lecturers proclaim the tenets of evolution as undeniable axioms. Darwin and Herbert Spencer have spoken the last word in physical and mental science and it is a sacrilege to change or vary one jot or tittle of their sacred utterances. In Catholic educational institutions the lofty pretensions of evolution are weighed and measured at their proper valuation. It is given its place as an hypothesis for investigating neutral phenomena and its value is based solely on its work. In the domain of morals and religion it can have little or nothing to say. Catholic teachers stand on too firm an intellectual footing to be moved from the tried and proved methods of study and will not permit a mere hypothesis to become a mental tyrant. The Catholic philosophy of our colleges and universities has not retreated an inch before evolution. Our students refuse to offer their morning prayers to Darwin and do not at evening offer thanks to the spirit of Herbert Spencer that by the grace of evolution they have been permitted to develop for another day.

Our Catholic higher institutions of learning still place much accent on the cultural rather than the vocational value of a liberal education. The word vocation has a meaning for Catholics not understood by others. The great life work of man is the salvation of his soul. His work of the world is subordinated to his work for heaven. Catholic higher education carries out this idea in all its branches and thus keeps steadily in view the true purpose of education—the development of the entire man on both the intellectual and moral side.—Intermountain Catholic.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES FURNISH ENDOWMENT OF TEACHERS

By Father Spalding, S. J.

To show what can be accomplished where many are banded together to give their lives to the cause of education, the writer can point to a Catholic Sisterhood. About sixty years ago a few devoted women of foreign birth received a small bequest of land in the Middle West. They lived in a miserable cabin and with their own hands cleared away the forest for cultivation. With their own hands they tilled the soil, in the meantime teaching a few children of the neighborhood. In a short time candidates came from American families. The community grew and ramified. It now has schools and academies throughout the Middle West. The little cabin is still preserved as a sacred souvenir of the past. Visit the place today. You will find magnificent buildings surpassed by few institutions in the land. You will find everything which goes to make up the appointment of a modern school. What has wrought the change? The devotion of a thousand nuns—a thousand nuns teaching in parish schools and academies and turning back to the motherhouse their meagre earnings. There have been no large donations, no endowment; but the steady income of a thousand nuns each contributing to the common support of the central house has done what an endowment of a million dollars could never have accomplished.

The writer can recall among other striking examples that of a religious community of men who came to the West without resources of any kind. They bought a tract of land and material for building on credit. In this community were skilled carpenters, masons, and even an architect. If the government or public erected the building which this community now owns it would cost a million or more. It contains shops and printing presses; it is enabling hundreds of young men to get an education at a minimum cost; it is preparing candidates for foreign missions; and sending forth numerous books and pamphlets from its press. Again, personal sacrifice to education has taken the place of rich endowments.

There are Catholic colleges, then, where the instruction costs practically nothing, the administration but a tenth part of the ordinary college, and the maintenance is reduced from

one-half to one-third. There are Catholic colleges where from seventy five to ninety per cent of the ordinary expense is met by the devoted labor of members of the teaching Order. Tuition will more than cover the remaining expenditures. We believe, then, that we can claim with justice that the Catholic colleges have an endowment of men which in every respect takes the place of an endowment of money.

MAN-MADE RELIGION

Lieutenant Kenneth Cassidy, a Baptist, strange to say contributes to the Baptist Standard the story of how he kept Easter Sunday. It was by attending Mass. He writes:

"Anyhow you have the picture of me at Mass at six a. m. on Easter Sunday, standing silent through a simple but impressive service with a thousand other Irishmen, heads bowed, faces earnest. Probably in that assembly there were men of as many faiths as I could count on the fingers of four hands. Yet there they were joined in a mutual brotherhood, all gathered with the single purpose of worship, and as we stood there in the early dawn, listening to the few words spoken by a man loved as few men are loved, a man who fills the very atmosphere that surrounds him with holiness—for such a man is Father Duffy, I felt a stronger kinship for my brothers there than I have ever felt before."

In that scene of peace he wondered why there should be war and ruin; and then again he wondered that Catholic and scientist, Protestant and non-sectarian should be there side by side engaged in the same act of worship. The answer as he heard it was that all "minor disputes were set aside." He continues:

"Then as I continued to think along these lines the belief seemed forced upon me that there was and is something fundamentally wrong with the very foundation of our modern ethics. Religion should be the social stabilizer—humanity should find in the Church, which teaches peace and brotherhood, instead what does humanity too often find? A state of turmoil and unrest; wrangling and jealousy over comparatively petty trifles; a regular calendar of trouble instead of the peace and good fellowship to be expected. So I wondered. Is it not natural that when the foundation of a great people, which is their religion, I believe, begins to crumble, after a while the whole structure of their civilization will fall with a cataclysmic crash? When can we begin being brothers in the fundamental thing I believe we can begin to hope to attain some day that mythical Utopia called by some one 'lasting universal peace.'"

And thus Lieutenant Cassidy, worshipping at the shrine were in other days his fathers worshipped, comes to the conclusion that we need on the earth a new religion. "I wish," writes he, "that we could have a religion of man where all would worship God with Christ as their ideal; and what seems in the face of big things to be trivial quibbling would be done away with."

Mr. Cassidy had his answer in that Mass on Easter Sunday if he had but listened to it. It impressed him as it impressed all the non-Catholics there, just because it was not a man-made religion. Religion outside the Catholic Church has failed, has degenerated into petty quibbling because men have put aside authority and have set up their own judgment as the one thing to be followed.

They have tried the new religion of "man" long enough to know that it will always be an utter failure. The very word religion means a binding to God. The sacrifice of the Mass is the great act of worship. And all efforts at religion will be vain until it is seen that the only union worth while is the gathering of all peoples at the foot of the altar worshipping at the Mass.—The Pilot

TO RESTORE LOUVAIN "U"

DR. BUTLER HEADS COMMITTEE TO REBUILD FRENCH UNIVERSITY

Organization in this country of a national committee for the restoration of the University of Louvain was announced in New York recently. Headed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, the committee will co-operate with citizens of twenty-three other nations in rebuilding the Louvain University halls and restocking as far as possible the shelves of its 800,000 volumes by the German invaders of Belgium, in 1914.

Among the members of the national committee are former President Roosevelt and former President Taft, Cardinal Gibbons, Elihu Root, former secretary of state, authors, artists, clergymen and leaders of commerce and industry.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Last July, the Bishop of Pittsburgh designated an "Orphans' Week," and called on the churches for a collection. They responded with what was probably the most generous collection ever made for the orphans in America. The collection was \$83,689.24. Seventeen city churches gave from \$1,000 to nearly \$7,000 each. The Cathedral's amounted to \$6,848.75; St. John's Uniontown, Pa., gave \$6,429.12. One hundred and one churches of the diocese gave from \$100 to \$900 each.

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