"But do ye come with me," went a Cavanaugh. "I've found what on Cavanaugh. beats the style!" Dinny sought explanation, but he

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 swerv-ing abruptly, the carline wound into a quiet avenue, where the homes were modest and unpretentious, yet in no way shabby. After a block of this, Cavanaugh signalled and, get-ting off, led his friend down a side

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. He had not known there could be such places in

the city. 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 be

A giant box elder threw a generous shadow across the grass; under its boughs a company of men and women, gray haired and toil-marked, sat in comfortable old-fashioned postures, all talking eagerly and inter-The two women sat in rocking-chairs, knitting while they talked, their needles twinkling with the rapidity of their fingers just as he had seen Bridget's do many a Cavanaugh was giving Dinny time to take in to the full the home like qualities of the scene. Snatches of their talk began to reach his con-

And I was haled out the very same year, besides losing the best plough horse I had—" one voice was

"It happened in Roscommon—I saw this myself—" another voice, laden with mystery, was narrating. Any wan that knows Irish his thundered a burly man, anding his own knee for empha sis; Dinny stood listening as if to

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 Then Dinny was introdu 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 kindy-faced priest of the big church on

Avenue.
'He said nothing at all at the time," said Cavanaugh, "but a few days afterward didn't he come for me with his car, an' down here he 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 | And the dead live again say nothing, so I come down here once a week regular—or oftener, if I can slip away unbeknownst, as I did

Almost all the people who lived in this neighborhood were originally from the country, or small towns, and had preserved their rural habits

God with His glory signs station in life. The men of the neighborhood who were too old for Ah! they are more our own, work, other than the small chores about the house or garden, had gotten into the habit of rounding up at | Has left our hearts less lonely. O'Toole's, knowing there was always company and a welcome.

Dinny tipped his chair back on two legs and rocked contentedly, though dangerously, to and fro, while Cavanaugh in an undertone enlightened him as to who was in the company

"Him across there—with the one arm—he's an old soldier; lost his arm at Gettysburg—y'll hear him tell about it sometime, too; farmed at Clear Lake, near the Iowa line, till a few years ago. Clancy, there—the thin fellah with the pipe—he's been everywhere—'tis he that can tell ye adventures!"

So Cavanaugh went over the list One had helped build the "Jim Hill" road (he took almost as much pride in the road as he would had he furnished the capital instead of the muscle;) one had lived through the Indian outbreak near Mendota; some had lived all their lives in one place. since coming to America; others had ranged the country over, before finally settling down to steady occu-

At last some one claimed Cava naugh's attention, and the little man on the other side of Dinny took that opportunity of pulling his chair and a stubby forefinger pointed to a paragraph. Dinny leaned toward him, a light shining in his eyes. Sure enough—it was The Irish World off, like hounds upon the scent, following the trail of Ireland's woes.

that he had carried all his life Dinny jumped up with some alacrity, re-membering the hour that Anne had set for supper—or "dinner," as she called it. But before he could get away a stolid faced, quiet man who been watching him for a long time laid a hand upon his arm;

"D'y' mind Jimmy Mahaffy that veteran at sixteen of these two terricame over from the old sod on the same boat with ye—d'y' mind him kid? It was. Hear him again: I do," said Dinny, his mind

reaching back to that first journey. "I'm him," said the stolid man, nolding out his hand solemnly.

talk, but Cavanaugh said no.
"Y'll have that to look forward to," if he failed to appear at the accus-

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 down soon after. 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 dur ing the meal—and he noticed she absently called it "supper." After a small room ward 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!" ad

mitted her father, sinking into the chair and putting his feet on Anne sat beside him working on a piece of embroidery. To the old man the open fire and the tender literature, philosophy, science, not know that Anne, going to the maid's room to give some directions about the refreshments for her afteron guests, had looked from 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 the less we live before God. face, and had gone back to her guests

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

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 And in the room below, looking into the fire. Anne planned how she could bring into the new home the old cheering ways of the country life.

## THE HOLY SOULS

Oh! it is sweet to think Of those that are departed While murmured Aves sink To silence tender hearted; While tears that have no pain Are tranquilly distilling,

Yet not as in the days Of earthly ties we love them : For they are touched with rays Around their well-known features: His dearly ransomed creatures

Since now they are God's only And each one that has gone He mourns not seasons fled, Who now in Him possesses Treasures of many dead In their dear Lord's caresses.

O dearest dead! to Heaven With grudging sighs we gave you To Him—be doubts forgiven!— Who took you there to save you: Now get us grace to love Your memories yet more kindly : Pine for our home above. And trust to God more blindly.

## TERENCE M'CLOSKEY

The youngest soldier in the American Army is -or was—Terence Mc-Closkey. He fought with the 101st Infantry, having enlisted with Boston's "Sixty-ninth" when he was fourteen years old. He is now six-

have skin grafted over the wounds. That was in May.

In July Terence was fighting again, closer. He held a paper in his hand this time going over the top at Belleau Wood, headed for Chateau-Thierry. Here is wh says of the fighting: Here is what he himself

wre enough—it was The Irish World—then he and the little man were ff, like hounds upon the scent, fol
Bothe. I saw Joe—Joe was his you have mentioned to your spirit.

The Church sees in history the etern-

possible that Cavanaugh could be never thought anything could hurt lose the power of following the find their strongest support in the one-halftoone-third. There are Cath right when he suggested that it was time for him and his friend to go; but, looking at the big silver watch but they took me to a hospital and sewed me up, and cut 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 ever do heavy work."

Terence next appeared in time to help against the new attack on Verdun. Verdun and Chateau Thierry—

"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 There was general rejoicing among all at this unexpected denouement.

Dinny wanted to sit down again and the old bunch were gone when we get very far because the Boche fought like very devils, and lots of

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 he urged, for he was getting uneasy, knowing that "the wife and the girls" would be worrying about him they sent for me to report at headquarters. The Colonel said he con-gratulated me on my nerve, but that 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, Needless to say that he's Irish.—Brooklyn Tablet.

## ONE GOOD ACTION

ALWAYS KEEP SOME ONE THING HIDDEN SAYS FATHER FABER

There is still another flower of Sacrament and the Sacred Infancy the grace of the hidden life. have already had to deplore the want of a recognition of God's presence in the world; and we have seen that footstool that was there for them, the very things on which we plume ourselves only render that recognition fainter end more infrequent fitting ending to the day. He did ing to the without God, and are restless under the thought of Him, unless He will be to each of them the kind of God after the imaginings of their own hearts.

Now the duplicity of modern times

has a great deal to do with this. The more we live before the world, The more the world's judgment is to with a disquieting feeling of self-re- the less to God's. The glare of the world's eye is angry and jealous, and it blinds us to the soft, pervasive pleading look of the eye of God.

There is no more privacy now We live in the streets and squares as the old Athenians did, not for the audable 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 collect we are passionately

tion of self-erected judgment-seats before which anybody and everybody is being called daily, for every sort of action, even for the details and scandals of domestic life. All man-kind have agreed to confer jurisdic tion upon themselves and upon each other to sit in judgment upon their peers, and to open tribunals the very opposite of the Christian confes-

sionals. They do not see how public opin ion can be kept pure, and public morals up to the mark of comfortsecure enjoyment of prop erty and character, without them ciations, 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. ication plays into its hands; potic sway of anonymous journalism. | ism This great publicity is infectious,

when publicity is given to it, and it equally satisfy the mind. The false is no longer an element of earnest-hood of today may be the error of ness, a source of fortitude within the soul. Hence it is that so few people language, pragmatism is mental lazi-have a sufficiently strong constitution to be able to indulge unharmed will not meet the truth face to face. tion to be able to integrity their interior in conversation about their interior life and their mystical experience.

It almost always enervates them, of this country and Europe. It almost always enervates them, and leads to distracted prayer, misty

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 fourteen years old. He is now sixteen.

Terence was in a raid on the German trenches in the Toul sectar. He and a German fought with knives. He had his heads elashed and had to have skip graffed over the wounds.

He had his heads elashed and had to have skip graffed over the wounds.

The same publicity, the sun, paint the six publicity, the sun paint the six publicity, the sun, paint the six publicity, the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the six publicity. The sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the six publicity and sun paint the sun paint the sun paint the sun paint the sun

(1) Always keep some one thing concerning yourself hidden, some one good action, or some one grace, or some one virtuous quality which the social and political you think others would be likely to esteem. This one secret will be as founded. Based on a materialistic didates for foreign missions; and good as a fortress to you. (2) Never conception of history, Socialism is sending forth numerous books and lowing the trail of Ireland's woes.

It was a grand talk, and several other get it and went for the big German with my others dropped their own lines to get into the discussion, which was high compliment indeed. It seemed im-

advice given. The extra mi 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. 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 conceits 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

order to

write them down afterwards. If you would know how the infat-ation 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 one through. God remembers. urely that is enough. If your visions and your ecstasies and your 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. Never remove 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 give a reason for the faith that is in the Holy Ghost, and are sati-fied that it is really for God's glory that you should do so. On most cases God gets more glory out of the misis always for our own glory. These two thoughts put together should of evolution as undeniable axioms. make us slow, cautious and reluctant Darwin and Herbert Spencer have

#### THE CHURCH WILL ANSWER

The desire on the part of governent that young men continue their university studies as far as consistent with the present needs of the country will find answer in the higher olic Church. Even our ensmies concede that Church has always been in ne foreground in teaching the higher branches of a liberal education. 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 Churc 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 philo sophy for centuries ruled the world of thought and is still the philosophy of all higher education. our universities and colleges from falling into the many errors now prevalent in other institutions.

It is safe to assert that few nonuniversities 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 than Catholic ones are timid and fear for the truths of Christianity when confronted with modern in tellectual 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 The immense number of persons detect error and cannot be easily led in a miserable cabin and with their among whom the responsibility of government is infinitesimally shared the intellectual the servant of the leads to the same result; and the supernatural, the Church is conand errors that lead into supernatural the neighborhood. In a short time And all efforts at reunion will be it all errors. An illustration in point is candidates came from American vain until it is seen that the only the great tyrannical prophet of it all errors. An illustration in point is is the press, and the irrelevant destination of modern-

Modernism is an outgrowth of and gives rise to little publicities, pragmatism, the latest intellectual and to a spirit of publicity; and here it is that the spiritual life touches itive ultimate truth can be ascerupon it and suffers from it.

In spirituality, talking is always a loss of power. It is like steam. It is mighty when it is imprisoned, a must be satisfied. Error, if it will must be satisfied. Error, if it will must be satisfied. tomorrow. Stripped of its glittering language, pragmatism is mental lazi-

Catholic philosophy will have none examinations of conscience, and broken resolutions.

philosophy of materialism so preva-lent in every institution of higher education except those under Cath-

olic 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 condi-tions 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 antagouists. They are skilled in agument, have a world of facts ready at hand, and enthusiasm and earnestness that commands attention. One of our greatest statesmen recently said: "The only salvation recently said: "The only salvation of the United States from Socialism is the Catholic Church." Our col-leges and universities will afford the greatest assistance to the Church Wait 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

tific fact, the greatest achievement understanding than out of the reof modern research. With calm
moval of it. But the removal of it
assurance newspapers, magazines and to come out again 12to the sure and of men's good opinion, when we have been so fortunane as to forfeit it to change or vary one joot or tittle of their sacred utterances. In Catholic their sacred utterances. In Catholic their sacred institutions the lofty pretensions of evolution are wei 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 intelectual 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 olleges and universities has not retreated an inch before evolution Our students refuse to offer their Our students refuse to offer their atively petty trifles; a regular calmorning prayers to Darwin and do dron of trouble instead of the peace 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

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 salvation of his soul. 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 the true purpose of education -the development of the entireman on both his intellectual 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 Catho lic Sisterhood, About sixty years ago a few devoted women of foreign birth received a small bequest of land in the Middle West. They lived for cultivation. With their own hands they tilled the soil, in the candidates came from American families. The community grew and ramified. It now has schools and of all peoples at the foot 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 otherhouse their meagre earnings. There have been no large denations. no endowment; but the steady in come 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 a architect. If the government or public erected the building which this community ing presses; it is enabling hundreds of young men to get an education at pamphlets from its presses. Again, personal sacrifice to education has taken the place of rich endowments.

olic colleges where from seventy five to ninety per cent of the ordinary expense is met by the devoted labo 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, 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 Irishman, bared, faces earnest. Probably in that assembly there were men of as many faiths as I could count ingers of four hands. Yet there they were joined in a mutual broth erhood, 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 Duffg, I felt s 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 tant 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 dis putes were set aside." He contin-

"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 the social stabilizer — humanity should find in the Church, which teaches peace and brotherhood. In-stead what does humanity too often find? A state of turmoil and unrest; wrangling and jealousy over comparand good fellowship to be expected. So I wondered. Is it not that when the foundation of a great people, which is their religion. I be begins to crumble, after a while the whole structure of their civilization will fall with a cataclys-When we can begin by mic crash? 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 where in other days his fathers worshipped, comes to the conclusion that we need on action the earth a new religion. "I wish," ntirewrites he, "that we could have a religion of man where all would worshold. ship 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 out side the Catholic Church has failed, has degenerated into petty quibbling because men have put aside author ment 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 union worth while is the gathering 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 restora-tion of the University of Louvain was announced in New York recent 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 ar possible the shelves of the great library burned with its 300,000 lumes 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

Last July, the Bishop of Pittsburg designated an "Orphans' Week," and called on the churches for a collec tion. 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

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