Sacristan, who, at that moment among them, and the nun under- ish to weep over faded blossoms, and appeared in the chapel doorway bear- stood. a broom and duster. Her white smiled at the little girl: child-hearts and child souls greeted one another. We want to come in ; may we?'

shouted Dolly. the gate; mother and Dolly walked

into the garden.

quavered slightly. "No, my dear," said the nun; then, turning to the lady, "You came, no doubt, to visit our Reverend Mother." Unfortunately she went to town this

The face of Dolly's mother twisted

Yes: but we Olivetans are not so strictly here in England as we were Our Mother has permis sity demands it."

You, surely, are not French ?" madam, I am Irish. But, from you to our Mother ?"

"None! We are here on false pretenses: serpents, I fear, though The only excuse for my intrusion is that Dolly was simply long- ing daisy chains. fault : surely you cannot blame me?"

'I would !" cried Dolly.

Mother remained outside. The child crossed herself at the

Mass and Benediction," she whispered softly, "and I like going." 'But I expect you love Holy Communion best, especially when you go with mother," murmured the nun, confirmation name was Magdalen? I remembering the days of her own have changed out of all knowledge,

Dolly shook her head : 'But mother never goes to church, able. only me and nurse. Nurse goes to Communion, never me." "Oh, then you aren't Catholics?"

Sister felt disappointed.

"Nurse is: I don't know what we are," said Dolly frankly, "and, please, may I go and gather a little bunch of daisies in your garden ?"

Sister's heart was touched by this a bunch of everything," said she.

Dolly's mother sat on a bench bedaisy dust; she had removed her my poor prayers. They are angloves; the fingers of her fair hands swered: we can renew our friendglittered with gems that sparkled in ship." the sunshine.

Dolly as they culled flowers together and kissed a tear-stained cheek. and arranged a pretty posy. Watching she hearkened to their conversaon, sighing from time to time; Dolly's mother had been brought up in a convent orphanage. Which are your favorite flowers?'

asked Sister Sacristan of Dolly; she cut madonna lilies as she spoke. 'Poppies," replied the child. "You curious little thing! Why

Because they're wild and redfaced, and peep from behind the wheat like playful pixies. Their petals stain your lips and cheeks, and make you look like a theater lady. I used to play at hide-andseek with them among the corn when I was tiny, and laugh when daddy couldn't find me. I love poppies best because they remind me of my

Sister Sacristan looked at the child in thoughtful silence. Then:
"Well, I expect mother loves lilies

best," she said, and added, dreamily,

the hem of Our Lord's garments when he walked in the fields, or stooped to bless the little children when mothers brought them to Him. Perhaps they were embroidered on our Lady's mantle. . . . Come, we will give these lilies—our blessed Come, Lady's blossoms, blooms for motherhood—to your own pretty mether,

little Dolly Suiting the action to the word, and holding Dolly by the hand, the nun passed into the shadow of the wide spreading fruit tree, and handed her

floral sheaf to Dolly's mother. "As I have no rosemary to offer, please accept these lilies as a remembrance of our convent," she said with a soft smile.

Before the sweetness and simplicity of the nun's pure face the eyes of Dolly's mother quailed, her eyelids lowered. Momentarily uplifted into that rare atmosphere in which Religious live and have their being, the wings of her soul quivered like those of a joyously ascending lark. Then, suddenly, they grew still and outspread; her heavy heart sank once more earthwards.

"Ah, take those flowers away!" she cried with swift, sobbing laugh-"lilies are not for me! Look at my hands. You see they cannot. nay, they dare not, hold such chaste

The slender fingers, beringed with

"I threw it far away when he

Sister gently, "for, like ourselves, they are our Father's children, the ugh purer far, and never way ward, never grievous to Him. Their "Why, certainly, of course !"

Keys rattled; the nun unlocked of His love; and, when you lay them your arm, you will remember that His arms are ever open, waiting 'Is there a dog?" The child's voice to welcome and receive us when we return to Him. Surely the good God

offortunately she went to town this placed the sheaf gently upon the lady's lap, and then sat down beside

The face of Dolly's mother was into a roguish smile; she arched her retty evebrows.

The face of Dolly's mother twisted into a roguish smile; she arched her came and went rapidly; her heart

"They sew not, neither do they she murmured, touching the sion to break enclosure when neces- lilies with her nervous fingers, "no more do I. I am an actress, Sister, a music hall artiste; painted, soulless creature; one of the devil's excuse me, what message may I give tares; a poppy in God's cornfield. Once, it is true, I was a Catholic—

lorg, long ago, alas!"

Dolly was seated on the grass, harmless ones, in Eden. I am an some little distance off, well out of utter stranger to your Reverend earshot; her thoughts and busy fingers were wholly absorbed in mak-

ing to come inside your garden. She asked: you let us in; hardly my daddy," continued the lady quickly. alt: surely you cannot blame me?" "Dolly loved him; and so, indeed, 'No, indeed; truly you are most did I, though I betrayed him. I love welcome. Perhaps you would like him still, in spite of my evil doings. to visit our little chapel: the door is Hewas generous to me—very. When, after the divorce, he joined the army, he let me keep my girlie-condition-Boldly running up the steps in she ally upon my good behaviour !—for went accompanied by the Sister. ally upon my good behaviour !—for the duration of the war. He's somewhere in France now, I gather.

Caressing the blossoms she crushed stoup; genuflected to the Taber-nacle, and said a "Hail Mary" before them closer to her. "I wish you hadn't given me these flowers: I've avoided lilies-always.

'Nurse sometimes takes me to Somany, many memories hang about them. . . Memories of past sweetness. . . The convent chapel. . Rouen. But, of course, you have for confirmation name was Magdalen? I Sister Sacristan; you, like all religious, are unaltered because unalter-

> "Ah !-" The nun drew her breath sharply, once, and then talked on calmly, as though discussing an everyday affair.

"But, indeed, you are greatly altered, Ellen, grown out of a lanky girl into a beautiful woman. Well I remember the sad day you left us to study singing in London. Why, 'twas thumble request; were not the June the day after Reverend Mother Pauline was called home to God—and may He rest her soul! All too soon ine was called home to God—and may He rest her soul! All too soon we were forgotten by you, dear Ellen; but I, who then was just about to neath an apple-tree; her polished shoes were gilded with buttercup and and have always remembered you in

The nun drew the bent head of Idly she watched the nun and Dolly's mother down upon her bosom,

> "Sister, I am unworthy. . The broken sentence was disregarded, and the nun continued

"Do you remember the day of tion of the law of Christ, even as I Corpus Christi when you and I each have utterly pardoned her frailty and made our First Communion; how we fall under a dire temptation." strewed flowers in the procession

me! "And the Crucifix in our dormility"—yet it was far lovelier when tory; have you forgotten how, by broken, for then its fragrant mischance, its nail loosened and it fell? The feet were broken. We feet of Him who binds up the bruised feet saddened us! Yet it was but an image, not our dear Lord Himself."

"Hush, Agnes, I beseech you! I can bear no more! Let the past

'And Father Andre, whose severe sermons bored us, and who was so kind and different in the confessional that we believed his guardian angel speaking her thoughts aloud and spoke and not himself-do you rethinking of the child:

"Lilies must often have touched"

member? Well, he is here; he came to England with us refugees. Of course he is old now, indeed, old. He is giving Benediction almost immediately. Will you not come, dear Ellen? See, here comes Dolly! Dolly, I want you and mother to stay to Benediction.'

The daisy chain was finished. It danced on the child's slight shoulders, as, like a gleeful lamb, she ran, with a skip and jump towards her mother.
"Oh, yes; do let us go. I love
Benediction!" she exclaimed. "But, mummy, see how you have crushed those lilies; they've stained your dress with their wet, yellow pollen.

Surely you're not crying, mummy, because you've bruised your lilies?" "Agnes," said Dolly's mother with a sob, "you said you had no rosemary to give me, but you have twined it all about these lilies: its scent is too

poignant for my soul to bear !" "Rosemary! Why, there is none, and the lilies are all tumbled, they aren't tied together!" corrected

Dolly. Firmly she bound the blossoms into her poppy posy. Then, taking her weeping mother by the hand, she led her up the steps into the chapel. Already it was almost filled with worshippers. Convalescents from the local military hospital occupied

many benches. Dolly wondered why mother's tears fell even faster during Benediction. ligion is as good as another. ialism, in coarser or finer form, has she never remembered to have seen "What does such a statement penetrated deeply our habits of

appeared. Dolly had often cried, she peeped up into her mother's

"Is daddy dead?" she whispered. There was no answer. Mother's yesgazed steadfastly upon the Sacred Host: she did not hear or heed the

Among the wounded soldiers was one whose eyes were attracted to the child and mother. Ever and again he wiped his pallid brow beaded with perspiration. Perhaps, having been most severely injured, he still suffered pain. This officer had lately been received into the Church by Father Andre, who took much interest in his convert. At the conclusion of the service the soldier-took up his station close to the chapel door leaning upon crutches he waited whilst the congregation passed by. All pitied the disfigured and mutilated sufferer.

Father Andre usually chatted with the soldiers after Benediction. He was moving down the almost empty chapel from the sacristy when Dolly's

mother threw herself in his way.
"Father!" she panted, clutching at his cassock, "I want you to hear my confession now—at once! Of course you don't, you can't remember, but I am Ellen Clare whose first confession you heard years ago in the Convent. . . Oh, Father. "The confessional is in the sacristy,

my child: follow me," said the old priest quietly. Raising his hand he checked her flow of agitated speech. Left all alone the startled Dolly was momentarily uncertain what to do. Turning, she glanced towards the chapel door. Should she not return to the enchanting garden,

sunshine lingered? Just then a well-remembered, yet strangely altered, figure arrested her attention. Her heart came to a standstill, then bounded, beating time to waves of ecstatic joy that surged within it.

with widespread arms to where, with trembling hands, the wounded soldier stood, eager to give him kisses. "Daddy! Why did you not write and tell me where you were? I've been most miserable about you, dar-

Daddy !" she cried, and rushed

ling daddy !" am a horrid sight; too broken up for you to mend or care for any more, but I was going to write to you -and to mother-this very even-

"I never heard such nonsense!" exclaimed the little girl with trembling lips, "too broken up indeed! . . . I love my broken toys the best, and mother made more today over some broken lilies than she's ever made over any other flowers. Why she was crying all through Benediction. . . Per-haps you'd better go after her—she's sacristy-and cheer her up. The old priest is in there, too, and he

"Presently, I will go and see them both," replied the soldier. For, he thought, "perhaps we can begin our lives anew, leaving the past behind us. Maybe she will forgive my hardness and swift retribution, my viola-

The alabaster box which Mary You had a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament." Magdalen brought to Jesus was doubtless beautiful. Perhaps, like "Ah, stop, say no more—you hurt the ornaments in Solomon's temple, it was "wrought like the flower of a We feet of Him who binds up the bruised asked permission to mend it, you and and broken lilies of His Garden, How the sight of those wounded refreshing them with Heaven's own gentle dews-mercy and benediction. -Constance E. Bishop, in the Eng-

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER

That one religion is not as good as another, despite frequent assertions to that effect, was the statement recently by Rev. John Wickham, at a mission for non-Catholics given in St. Leo's church, New York City. Father Wickham pointed out clearly and emphatically the reasons why Catholics could not subscribe to such a belief.

"One religion is not as good as Wesley was a good man, Calvin had stood why a gloomy pessimism is firmness of purpose, Luther and spreading more and more, why the Knox had their qualities but they are not God. Catholics wish the people of all religions well, but we cannot the midst of its triumphs." admit the equality of other religions the work of God.

lawyer; a man ill seeks the best of difficulties it could not overcome. hysician; in having a prescription And yet we are not satisfied. More that any lawyer will do in an im-portant case; that any doctor is good thing which would give support and so particular in these matters have ed its imprint more and more no hesitancy in saying that one re-

many gems, showed no plain hand her cry before. It seemed very baby amount to? It is neither more nor thought, even in those who would explains the plethora of literature accommodate 150 persons.

teachings of Christ, Who came on earth to oppose that very idea There were many religions at the time of Christ's coming, the Jewish, the Roman, the Greek, but Christ came to emphasize the fact that there was but one true religion.

'There are non-Catholics in this church to-day. They will admit that I have as much right to found a church as Luther, Calvin or Wesley. Would it be bordering on blasphemy for me to intimate that I could tell people better than Christ how God ought to be adored? No man has such a right, and that is why Catholics do not take their religion from any man, whether he lived four or fourteen centuries ago. When Catholics take their doctrine from Pope, prelate or priest, they do so only because it is the doctrine of Christ, and neither Pope, prelate or priest has the right to add to or subtract from that doctrine.

'The saddest thing in New York today is not sin, not poverty; it is the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of Christians fighting among themselves, brother against brother, when sin is so prominent that some times it seems triumphant. Just stop to think of the sins committed New York last week, the blasphemy, the drunkenness, the impurity; then consider the indecency of the publications that are on every newstand. If all Christians were one against the other, agreeing on nothing, happy to drive a dagger into one another at every opportunitysimply holding ourselves up to the ridicule of the forces of irreligion.

"Catholic or non Cathoffc, we are all brothers, and we can at least unite in the prayer that some day we may all be one. There is but one God, one Christ; and there ought to be but one religion. There was such a where birds still sang, and evening time, four hundred years ago. Our ancestors all believed the same things, lisped the same prayers. Do you think that Christ is happy to see the divisions that now divide us and our strength ?-The Monitor.

THE BITTER FRUIT

Thinking that leads us only up against a black wall of despair is None are more loud in proclaiming the complete and hopess shipwreck of modern "freethought" than the eminent ones among free-thinkers themselves. Truth, we are now told, is to be attained, not by thinking, but by willing." The Church now has to contend against the "philosophy of Will." The conquest by man of the outer-world has served but to make known to him his poverty of spirit. Writing of the results achieved by Science in the Nineteenth Century, Rudolf Eucken says: "The greatness of the work is beyond doubt. This work more and more opens up and conquers the world, enfolds our powers, enriches our life, it leads us in quick, victorious marches from triumph to triumph. . . Thus, it is true, our desired objects have been attained, but they disclosed other things than we expected; the more our powers and ideas are attracted the more we must realize the neglect of the inner man and of his unappeased, ardent longing for happiness. Doubts spring up concerning the whole work; we must ask whether the new civilization be not too much a development of bare force, and too little cultivation of the being, whether because of our strenuous attention to surroundings, the problems of innermost man are not neglected. There is also noticeable a sad lacking of moral power; we feel powerless against selfish interests and overwhelming passions; mankind is more and more dividing itself into hostile groups and parties. And such doubts arouse to renewed vigor the old eternal problems, which faithfully accompany our evolution through all its stages. Former times did not finally solve them (?) but they were, at least to a degree, mollified and quieted. But now they are here again unmitigated and unobscured. The enigmatical of human existence is impressed upon us with unchecked strength, the darkness concerning Whence and the Whither, the dismal power of blind necessity accident and sorrow, in our fate, the low and the vulgar in the human soul, the difficult complications in the social body—all unite in the question: Has our existence any real sense or value? Is it not torn another," said Father Wickham, be- asunder to an extent that we shall cause the founder of one is not as be denied truth and peace forever? good as the founder of another. . . . Hence it is readily under-

stood why a gloomy pessimism is depressed feeling of littleness

weakness is pervading mankind in A painful lament and longing with ours, because we can not admit pervades our restless and peaceless that a work of man is the equal of times," writes another. "The bulk of our knowledge is daily increasing, "A man in trouble seeks the best our technical ability hardly knows filled he seeks the best druggist; he and more frequently we meet with will not listen to one who tells him the tired, disheartening question: enough to prescribe for him or to impetus to our existence—a sure wield the scalpel if he needs an and assured view of the world. Or operation; or that any tyro drug to be more exact, we have found that clerk is good enough to fill his prescription. All of which is correct, the world which in this cen-We want the best. Yet, men who are

called materialists; the name seemed to imply scientific earnestness and liberal views. However, there are still left a considerable fund of old significant for that. Do they not idealistic values, and as long as we recall the words of St. Augustine could draw upon them we saw in materialism only the power to clear up rooted prejudices, and to open the road to progress in every field. To the newer generation, however, little or nothing is left of this old fund, hence, having nothing else but materialism to depend upon, they are confronted by an appalling dreariness and emptiness of existence. And ever since the man on the street has absorbed the easy materialistic principles, and looks down from the height of his 'scientific' view of life contemptuously upon all reactionaries, we have becollective word 'humanism.' This

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indignantly protest against being which in these days deals with the questions of a world philosophy.' These are not the words of a believer. They are all the more "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and restless is our heart, till it finds

rest in Thee !"-Truth.

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