

he might only sit down in Ma's cosy kitchen again, as he used to do when the dishes were put away after dinner and the two would have a little "shannachus" together, that he could pour out all his troubles to her and find comfort for his soul. "She would understand me," he muttered. "Ma has a good heart, even if she has the devil's own tongue for joshing a fellow now and then. I'll run over a while anyway, and who knows—"

Grabbing his old workaday hat, which looked sadly out of place with his new grey suit of clothes, Mike dashed down the stairs and across to Ma Driscoll's side. Seeing his agitation and knowing that Mike's voice had a carrying quality much appreciated by window audiences, his old landlady stood up and with a warm welcome invited him to come in the house for a cup of tea. "And how are you getting along with Mrs. Ryan?" she asked.

"It's comfortable enough," answered Mike, "but I'm that lonesome I can't stand it, Ma. When are you going to take me back?"

"Why, Mike, I'd make a place for you any day in the week, but what with you thinking of getting married, and myself wanting steady roomers, I can't see my way to manage it."

"Married!" wailed Mike. "Sure it's off altogether! I'll never bother with another woman this side of the gate of heaven, and 'tis Saint Peter I'll be dealing with there. I'm going to be like old Tim Barret, who never let a woman inside his door to the day he died, so I will!"

Ma Driscoll chuckled. "Sure the women didn't lose much by Tim," she said, "and we were all on hand at his wake. Lizzie Adams acquired enough inside information about his house-keeping affairs to threaten the Board of Health with exposure when they told her to clean up her backyard. But what's eating the heart out of you, Mike? Ma Driscoll is a good listener. Come, now, out with it!" and she laid a kindly hand on Mike's arm.

And Mike obeyed. Halting first, and then in a verbal torrent as he proceeded, the whole sad story was soon poured into Ma's sympathetic ear. To her credit he told that not once did she let him see the mischievous twinkles she could not keep from either discreetly lowered eye.

As he said himself, Mchael Clancy, a son of Munster, and now a substantial citizen of the United States, K. C. man in good standing, and a prosperous mechanic with his own plumbers' outfit on Eighth Avenue, was a good enough man for any woman's acceptance, and one who could take good care of a wife. Ella Higgins, fat—or rather plumb—fair, and perilously near forty, a teacher in the public schools, had beguiled his fancy from the day he had met her first. A plain man, Mike had courted Ella in a plain fashion unmarred by any rebuff till the shadow of William Schultz fell on his pathway. Ella was interested in art, so was Schultz, manager of a picture store on Fifth Avenue, and before this high-brow rival Mike soon felt his chances fading away into thin air. Gone were the cosy evenings alone with Ella, the little trips to Coney or Rockaway, the pleasant chats about County Clare and his old home there. What interest had talk of the plumbing business for her, she said, when Schultz was always hanging around "walloping words out of him that would make Webster himself sit up in his grave and take notice, could he hear them." In a wild endeavor to keep his footing Mike had spent many a good hour of his time on Sundays in the Art Museum, looking over stacks of old masters till his head reeled, and even had taken books from the library on this hated but important subject. All to no use. While taking a two weeks vacation in the country Mike's knockout blow came in the form of a friend's letter telling him that Ella and the picture man were to be married soon—and here he was, a broken, hopeless man.

And to think of the way I'd sit up nights studying the fool books I kept locked in my closet when I should be in bed. What good could "Art in Its Highest Expression" ever do in my business, I'd like to know! It's a wonder I was able to solder a pipe at all last winter—and all to please a woman that was just making a fool of me," he groaned.

Ma Driscoll stood up and put her hand on Mike's shoulder. "Never say 'die' while there's a breath in you," she told him. "I hope you are not going to lie down and let a Dutchman walk over you. That's not the Irish spirit. Come on now, Mike, and let us plan the best thing to do."

"What can I do when there is no hope for me?" cried Mike. "I was invited up to her cousin's house tonight, but the whole bunch will be there so I'll telephone I'm not coming, and after this I'll wash my hands of her entirely."

"Telephone nothing!" snorted Ma. "You go right back to your room for a clean collar and tie, a snappy one, mind; you going to get fixed up by my two hands and sent to that party looking like you owned Fifth Avenue and every shop on it. Is it a Munster man to let a Dutchman get the best of him! I guess not! Why, he looks like a pig of dried saurkraut beside you, Mike Clancy."

"But Ma—"

"Never mind, now," hurried Ma. "Go on home for your haberdashery, and be quick about it. Ella Higgins is not engaged to Schultz, yet, but pretty near to it, if you don't get into quick action yourself."

Ma pushed Mike to the door and then hurried to the telephone, where she held a long and merry conversation. Just as she hung up the receiver Mike returned with a couple of new collars and the bunch of ties he had previously thrown on his dresser. Under Ma's skillful fingers he soon blossomed into a figure of sartorial elegance—a purple aster in his buttonhole and his new velour hat at its most impressive angle. When Ma had pronounced him "fit for any lady in the land," she hurried him off with many parting admonitions: "Remember, now, to talk nothing but business. Tell them you have no time for art or artists with so many fine contracts on your hands. Say that the brigade won't be able to pay their laundry bills soon, if the times get harder. And, above all, take Ella home and speak your mind to her like a man. Now, go, and don't dare speak to me again till you have put that Dutchman back where he belongs. Good luck to you."

When Mike had gone on his conquer-or-die expedition Ma sank heavily into her favorite rocker and laughed long and comfortably. "To think of that poor 'onshough' running after a woman for twelve months and not having the sense or courage to tell her he wanted to marry her. It's no wonder that women get old before their time trying to make something out of men God sends in their way. I wonder how Mike would feel if he knew that myself and Ella have been trying to head him in the right direction for months, and, faith, he was harder to handle than a pig at a fair. Oh, well, Ella will supply all the sense needed in that family, for poor Mike has more heart than head any day. Bedad, I'd better be praying that he doesn't beat the Dutchman this blessed night."

When Mrs. Driscoll went upstairs after the last roomer and boarder was safe indoors and the hall gas had been turned to its lowest point, she drew from under her bed a long white box. This she opened and lifted out a roll of dark-blue silk, against whose shining folds she held a drooping dark blue feather. "It's a fine match," she whispered, "and took the dye beautifully. When Ella gave me this dress piece last Christmas I told her I wouldn't wear it till herself and Mike were getting married. I'll take it to the dressmaker tomorrow, and on my way I'd better get that hat shape I saw in Einstein's window. Ella will trim it for me. It is a good thing she has all her own things ready, for I'm thinking Mike will be getting settled pretty soon. Well," said Ma piously, "God is good to the Irish even if they do have to work hard for anything they get."

Next morning, as the pleasant smell of boiling coffee in Ma Driscoll's kitchen drew her boarders down to the cosy dining-room, that lady was called to the phone. Mike Clancy was the caller—and such a jubilant Mike he was!

"Is that you, Ma?"

"Yes, Mike, this is myself."

"It's all right, Ma, and you had better be getting ready for the great event. There's only a month between yourself and that same."

"Why, Mike Clancy, but you are the hustlingest man! How do you expect a woman to get all her fixings together in that short time?"

"Well," answered Mike grandly, "Ella promised to do the best she could on the short notice, and I don't intend to wait any longer."

"Oh, very well," said Ma graciously. "I'll give her a helping hand myself, and between the two of us everything may be ready in time."—Rosary Magazine.

THE HOLY SOULS

Everybody knows that a year after the opening of the World War, our Holy Father the Pope gave permission to each priest to offer three Masses on All Souls day. What the Supreme Pontiff called the "suicide of Europe" was casting suddenly into eternity the souls of thousands of men of many nations, put to death in furious battle. This unprecedented multiplication of sudden and frightful deaths inflicted in a very mania of hate inspired Benedict XV, thus to imply the suffrages of the faithful for God's pity upon the departed.

The sacrifice of the Mass is the most efficacious and divine of all suffrages from earth to heaven; it is the Lord Himself inspiring our hearts and making our prayers His own. Hence the General Council of Trent has defined as an article of faith the Apostolic Tradition, that Holy Mass assemblies, and, as it were, divinizes all other pleas for God's mercy upon those who have departed this life and whose sins have not been fully expiated (Council of Trent, Sess. xxii, can. 2, 3).

Therefore, the holy Father gives to the sadness of our mourning on All Souls day the same privilege granted long ages ago to our Christmas joy—the celebration of three Masses the same day. Meantime he has legislated thus about the intentions; the first Mass may be offered for whatsoever intention the celebrant may choose; the second however, must be said or chanted

for all the souls in purgatory; and the third shall be said for the Pope's own personal intention, which he tells us is the happy repose of those who died in the World War. For the second and third Masses he forbids priests to accept any offering whatsoever, so that holy charity may add its sweetness to the fervor of the celebrant's piety.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS

There are beautiful loves. Consider the love of kinship, whose sympathies are as the warmth of the blood flowing through our veins. There is the love of gratitude for favors, a sentiment peculiarly powerful in the maturer years of life. There is furthermore that love higher than all, namely, pity pure and simple, for the unfortunate and the suffering, generating a tenderness of heart wholly Christ-like. Now all of these loves are the gold, silver and precious stones of our November inspirations and prayer. Holy Church every way stimulates them; she guides and enlightens these effusions of our Catholic hearts as she directs our glances thither beyond the veil among our departed brethren. Her favorite, her incessant office is to elicit love from our hearts. She knows that "By love a man merits love; and the more a man loves the more is he made capable of loving," says dear John Tauler (Sermon for the 21st Sunday after Trinity). Now this month is the Church's very school time of the divine art of loving. Religion uncovers before our eyes the corpses of our departed ones; she echoes their sighs, she interprets their sad petitions and amplifies them and enforces them. Nor shall she do so in vain. She seems to say to us: If the Son of the living God has given His blood to save these souls from hell, shall you refuse your tears to free them from purgatory?

The Holy Spirit teaches that "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting" (Eccles. vii, 3). And the house of mourning is most truly the house of purgatory, where—but for our prayers—the soul's sadness of penance is prolonged unto the uttermost limits of justice, whilst even the dawning brightness of heaven is clouded with the bitterest tears of remorse. Into purgatory every living Christian whose heart is loyal to Christ's charity descends during this month of November, a month well named the month of the holy souls. And the gate to purgatory is the sacrifice of the Mass—the wide-open gate; whilst our love for our departed friends finds many other and better gates—our beside prayers, our aspirations during all the wakeful hours of the day, our visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and our special occasional prayers as tender memories of loved ones insistently admonish us of their necessity. But when we pay a duty of friendship to our dearest ones, friends, relatives, benefactors, need we forget to bestow a boon of Christian fellowship on those souls who have no friends to pray for them? and others who have been barely and tardily saved by a mere deathbed repentance? On others again whose lives were good enough, but yet ended with flashing suddenness? Shall not those whose pains are the sharpest, those whose sentence is the longest, and also the others whose sojourn there has already been prolonged for many weary years; or again those whose exit from that dark abode is so close at hand that it quickens the torment of waiting—shall not all these most powerfully draw our suffrages? And shall we not pray with acute earnestness for those about whom it is extremely doubtful whether their end was good or bad?—The Missionary.

GET READY FOR THE CHASE

SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HUNTERS

The open season for hunting deer and moose in Northern Ontario is rapidly approaching. South of the French and Mattawa rivers, Nov. 5th to Nov. 20th inclusive; north and west of these rivers, Oct. 25th to Nov. 30th inclusive. North of Transcontinental Railway Line the season is from Sept. 15th to Nov. 15th inclusive.

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The selection of grounds is a most important matter and one which requires careful study. The territory reached by the Canadian National lines north of Parry Sound is already a favorite one, but the new country east and west of Capreol is as yet comparatively little known to the Hunter and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the deer and moose.

The Canadian National Railways are providing special train service, which with regular trains will meet all demands. Special trains will be operated as follows: Leave Toronto Union Station 11:15 p. m., Oct. 31st for Capreol and intermediate points, and 11:15 p. m., Nov. 2nd, 3rd and 4th for Key Jet, and intermediate points. The usual ample accommodation of sleeping cars, baggage cars and coaches will be provided.

The Annual Hunter's Leaflet

issued by the Canadian National Railways is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained on application to any agent of the Company, or write General Passenger Department, Room 607, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto.

Almighty and everlasting God, who givest us to celebrate in one solemnity the merits of all Thy saints; we beseech Thee to bestow upon us, through these countless intercessors, the longed-for fullness of Thy propitiation.—Collect of the Mass of the feast of All Saints.

The Saints are human documents during their life. They are living Scriptures. They sometimes hold high office; but whatever their state of life they teach the whole Church of God from the Pope down to the Ploughman—the supreme pontiff quote them constantly in their dogmatic utterances. Their words have a sacramental power; their eloquence is super-rhetorical; their persuasiveness is most compelling; and that of the most brilliant oratory.

They, in turn, were all taught by saints; the succession of the saints is the apostolic and Divine tradition of our religion.

The wisdom of the saints is an infused quality; it is a wisdom peculiar to the Holy Ghost. God imparts it to them by the channels of the same sacraments by which He instructs His people; but in addition He gives them a singular mastery of the gift of persuading truth and infusing love. Hence one of them was inspired to write: "I have understood more than all my teachers; because Thy testimonies are my meditation. I have had understanding above ancients; because I have sought Thy commandments" (Ps. cxviii, 99, 100). St. Philip Neri used to say: "I prefer authors whose names begin with S."

We speak of the canonical books of our Scriptures; the saints are the canonical men of our humanity. Every sinner has a saint, at least one, his name saint; every man and woman has an angel, to whom he was given over at his birth, and again much more solemnly at his baptism. Every sinner is also dogged and haunted by a devil. The demon he can banish with a holy word or deed, or a drop of holy water; but no evil deed or blasphemous word can drive from the worst of us his two heavenly companions, his name saint and his guardian angel. You may keep bad company; you must keep good company—your saint and your angel—always helping you on your way to their eternal company.

The saints reign with Christ. They are His messengers of every grace. "Know you not that the saints shall judge this world?" (1 Cor. vi, 2). Each devout soul has a favorite saint, at least one. But let him not forget his other, his name saint, nor his own particular angel; these claim him as their favorite: "Giving thanks, with joy, to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light" (Col. i, 12); behold one of our best reasons for gratitude to God.

Lying at the root of this relationship, and also inspiring all of our prayers to the citizens of heaven, is the great doctrine of the Communion of Saints, recited in our creed. It means that all holy things are owned in common by all of Christ's friends. St. Paul solidly expounds this: "For all things are yours, whether it be Paul, or Apollo, or Cephas, or the world, or life or death, or things present, or things to come; for all are yours; and you are Christ's; and Christ is God's" (1 Cor. iii, 20-23). Of all the good things I can claim, none is so precious as the love of God, whose dearest product is His saints. Of every throb of love in the heart of Jesus or of Mary or of any of the saints I am joint owner with them and with God: "I am partaken with all them that fear Thee" (Ps. cxviii, 63). What gift is as precious as the grace and glory of a saint's perfection when consummated by his holy death: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints" (Ps. cxlii, 15). A community of all Divine things includes the merits of Christ's death and those of all and each of His saints. The general interest and salvation of all Christians is each Christian's right, beginning with his very salvation.

But follow this community of interest out to its limits. It includes my duty of imitation. Led by Christ, the saints and angels are all models for my imitation—if I will so choose; nay, because I am bound to it—common graces mean common obligations; common predestination means common endeavor; common vocation means common crown. The apostle addressed his greatest epistle to the Roman Christians, but his words distribute their meaning everywhere: "To all who are at Rome, called to be saints" (Rom. i, 7). St. Ignatius Loyola was called to His high destiny by reading the lives of the saints; whilst doing so finding himself constantly aroused and as it were bantered by this stinging appeal in his heart's depths: "If these could do such things for God, why not you?"—The Missionary.

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