

hood is revered. Cut loose from this element, to which you have given enough years of your life. This teaching is killing you. Tell me you will take some rest and get over this nonsense."

Again the girl lifted her hand with that quiet little gesture. He settled himself to listen, convinced now that there was nothing radically wrong. Something had happened to disturb Ruth. She would get over it. He was prepared to be patient.

"You know on Saturdays I have been soliciting for the missions," she began. He nodded.

"Today I met a little woman who told me her story. It was in a comfortable home in a nice suburb district. She was a woman of considerable culture, and of a good old Irish family that has been in this country many years. She is a widow."

"There is something absolutely unaccountable in the fact that she made me her confidante. She didn't know my name, and had never seen me before. But people do things like that. You know how a chance acquaintance on the train will tell you his life history. I am sure she had never confided to such an extent in an acquaintance."

"It started because I mentioned being a school teacher. Most people look sympathetic at that. But she smiled."

"Then your children are always young and always appreciate you. If they were your own they would grow up and forget you."

"Then she told me this: 'I have five children. I have been a widow for eighteen years. At first I found the struggle almost too much.'

"But some way I raised them and educated them. We clung very closely together because of our great need."

"When my children grew a little older things became a trifle easier. But the world outside began to absorb them. I felt a difference before the War came. That was a cruel time. The two older boys went to War."

"Then the War was finally over and the boys came home. They went back to work. We finished the payments on the house. Business, community work, social life began all over again. Financial problems were to worry me no more. But I had lost my children! The outside world had wooed them entirely away from me. And now home has become to them a place to eat and sleep. They go at eight in the morning and usually they return for dinner in the evening, but not always. Some of the most tempting meals I ever prepared I must eat alone."

"One has his business and his clubs. One has his practice and his night classes. The girls have their work, their music and their social engagements. When they are home for an evening, it is taken up with telephone calls, people coming in, or vocal lessons. They must either wash their hair or go to bed early to make up the sleep they have been missing."

"I do not delude myself into bitterness with my self-pity. If I should be taken away I know they would grieve deeply, but as it is they forget my very existence. They no longer bring me their problems and their troubles. They do not wish to worry mother."

"Ah, well! They will always be my children to me."

Ruth O'Neil paused. Her voice was quivering with the agony of that mother's loneliness.

Jim Morrissey sat rigid in his chair. The shadow from the green light was on his face.

"And now this has come. My son, my eldest, whom I cradled in these arms, is engaged. I learned it by accident. He was not ready to tell me. And this child, this boy that was mine, is going to marry a girl I do not even know."

"He spends his evenings with her and that is as it should be. But if he is happy, how can he pass my door at night without telling me so? I hear him on the steps when he comes home. His key turns in the lock and he goes upstairs. I call him and my heart cries out so loud I wonder that he does not hear it, but my lips say only: 'Is the door locked?'"

"He answers, 'Yes, mother,' and passes on."

"That's all, Jim," finished Ruth O'Neil gently, "but I came home from there and signed my contract."

Jim Morrissey rose from his chair like a man moving in a dream. His face was ashen. He muttered a halting goodbye and stumbled out into the night.

He walked along the street in a kind of daze. The moonless night was sweet with the breath of spring. He had no idea how long he was walking.

He reached a quiet street at last that sloped upward among whitened bowers of honeysuckle. He passed the building where he had spoken for a tiny apartment, a little place, white and shining, that he had thought would be an ideal home for himself and Ruth. They had planned together what could be put into each room, he remembered with aching heart.

Further on he came to the quiet house that lay dark and still in the shadows. Numbly his hand grasped the key and fitted it into the lock. His hand groped in the dark for the balustrade. He crept softly up the stairs.

From somewhere out of the darkness came a gentle voice. "Jim, is the door locked?"

"Ah, mother, mother, mother!" cried Jim Morrissey.

There was a little rush inside the room. A tiny, white-haired figure in a silken dressing gown appeared in the doorway. The man was leaning against the jamb of the door, his forehead pressed against his upraised arm. His mother drew him to the top step and made him sit there. She sat beside him just as she had done long ago, long before when he was a little chap and had lost his job because he had fallen asleep.

"I've been a brute, mother. May God and you forgive me, as Ruth O'Neil never will."

"What have you done, Jim?" The mother's voice was full of anguish.

Jim Morrissey had a sudden unaccountable desire to laugh. But it stopped between a laugh and a sob as he put his arms about his little mother.

"Mother, the girl who came to see you today was Ruth."

"Jim! Your Ruth?"

"My Ruth," answered Jim, laughing bitterly.

His mother made him tell her the story from the beginning to the end and mother-like she forgot it was her story and wept because Ruth had sent her boy away. But she didn't weep long. Mothers who have bound up bruised fingers and broken toes do not sit down and grieve.

"Jim, get Ruth's number and call her up," she suddenly ordered.

"Oh, mother, no. She thinks I am a selfish brute and she is right. I'm lucky if she takes me back a long long time from now."

"Did she give you back your ring?" demanded his mother.

"Why, no, she didn't!"

"Then do as I say, and call her up."

The habit of obedience was strong and the new found hope was stronger. Jim called Ruth's number and his mother stood close to the telephone, her heart pounding with his.

Presently a far away little voice, frightened with tears, called: "Hello!"

"Ruth, Ruth, darling—" Jim did not know what to say. He faltered and stopped.

"Jim," the girl's voice came wringing back. "I signed the contract, you know but I didn't send it."—Elizabeth Gullfoyle in *The Magnificat*.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

RECOURSE TO MARY, QUEEN OF PEACE

"O the immense majesty of the Roman peace!" Words failed both writer and speaker when they essayed to portray the first great and almost tangible effect of the triumph of the arms of mighty Rome. The earth trembled under the tread of her legions and its most intrepid warriors fell before their onslaught, or slunk back, broken and crushed by their prowess. The land was silent before them. It lay gasping, writhing, and dumb. Such was the much vaunted Roman peace. It was the tranquillity of order in very truth; but it was the tranquillity of the felled bison, the order of the muzzled bear, and the dazed hush that follows the hurricane.

A peace worthy of the name can have but one foundation. It must rest upon the consciousness that right is the only true might, and that any other basis is a mere makeshift which must necessarily prove faulty, captious, and unstable.

Why have so many attempts at a world peace ended in dissensions, suspicions, and unseemly bickerings? Because the grave and learned representatives of the world's political greatness have failed as a deliberate body, to grasp what a schoolboy ought to know about the difference between peace in a menagerie and peace among peoples. The wild beast, submitting finally to stone walls and iron bars, gives up its futile efforts to escape; but for man, stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. He may yield to the exigencies of the occasion, he may submit to greater force, but none can make him accept the chains of political inferiority with its attendant social degradation. When haughty Rome had fallen in her turn and her proud emperor, Valerian, was serving as horse-block to the Persian Sapor, right still remained might, and might was as far as ever from constituting right.

"Who hath resisted thee and hath found peace?" This is the question that holy Job puts to the Almighty. The answer was then, is now, and must ever be the same: Absolutely no one. God's rights are paramount. The first course in the foundation of a lasting peace must be in the individual heart, where moral obligation must be held in as high regard as moral power and excellence, where right and duty, as correlative terms, must receive, as both exact by their nature, the deference of respectful recognition. The reason is plain. Whoever glories in the possession of any "right" thereby admits that he has certain "duties." The helpless babe, even before reaching the cradle, has certain duties, of which

it is naturally quite unconscious, and, be it said in the same breath, it has certain rights of which it is equally unconscious. For example, it has a right to live, a right to know of God, and a right to be tutored in the divine service, as it has a duty of deference and love for its parents. Not by the exercise of a free and untrammelled choice does the youth or the maiden elect to respect father and mother and to assist them in their needs. The law of nature lays that obligation on children. It is their duty. The tranquillity of order in the heart, which, in other words, is peace, rises as the exquisite fragrance of the choicest blooms from the fulfillment of recognized duty. In many cases, I may freely waive my right; in many cases, too, some higher right may hold my right in abeyance without, however, destroying it; but it is never within my prerogative to waive my duty at pleasure since what is to me my duty is to another a right.

"There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord," (Isai. lviii, 22.) In the heart of the wicked, right and duty are not respected, else there would arise that tranquillity of order of which David speaks, "Much peace have they who love thy law."

To love God's law is to be faithful to one's duties, whence will arise a proper respect for the rights of others. Our lady, as Queen of Peace, is the advocate for all those who would remain in God's holy friendship, for then, as the Psalmist says, their portion is peace; she is also the advocate of those who have failed in their duty by tramping on right and have therefore learned, as the Prophet had warned them, that peace has fled from their hearts. Sinners often give way to shocking excesses, simply because they are wildly and fruitlessly seeking some substitute for the heavenly calm of a good conscience. There is no substitute; there is not even a clever imitation. They cry "Peace, peace, and there is no peace," but let them turn to the Queen of Peace, and through her maternal intercession, "their peace shall overflow like a river." Queen of Peace, pray for us!

From peace in the heart of the individual to peace with one's neighbor is an easy and natural step. The great object of our tribunals of justice is to vindicate right. Is a man charged with mayhem, arson, or slander? The criminal court endeavors to fix the guilt and to vindicate the offended man's right to his bodily well-being, to his property and to his good name. The civil courts adjudicate between litigants who claim as rights what are not rights at all, or are not rights of equal magnitude, or are not in the same order of excellence. No litigant applies to the courts for the sake of vindicating his duties or of having his rights annulled and outlawed. One lawsuit has been sufficient to estrange families for generations. Why? Because, as long as the foundation of all social peace, which is the due recognition of both right and duty, is disregarded, the aurora which heralds the rising of the sun of social peace will never brighten the sky of humanity's toil and effort. A sacred thing is social right; social duty is not one whit less sacred. In themselves, these are mere words, and they will have a bearing on the lives of men when, and only when, heavenly peace having become the happy possession of individual hearts, overflows into and governs man's relations with his fellowman. O blessed consummation of the weariness that follows strife! Queen of Peace, pray for us!

We speak of the "family of nations." The expression is theologically exact. When the flattering but unreal glory of heathendom shone over men, there were national gods and goddesses as there were national armies and rulers. In the heyday of her greatness, pagan Rome showed her latitudinarian tendencies by naturalizing a large assortment of those cheap divinities, and for thus patronizing them she took to herself much credit and comfort. The gods of the Gentiles were usurpers. A "family of nations" bespeaks the paternal care and regard of a father. At an earlier and happier day, this was well understood, as when Queen Bertha of France, for example, could cry out, "Rome! Rome!" and thus stay the execution of the iniquitous decree of a certain mitred serf of Philip I.

The nations of the earth do, indeed, constitute a family, of which our Heavenly Father is by every right the Divine Head, and to Him all nations, as all individuals, owe deference, submission, love. It is their duty. As the fulfillment of duty is the first glory of the individual, both as an individual and as a member of society, domestic, civil, and religious, so the first glory of nations and the greatest help toward the realization of the full splendor of their national greatness is the due recognition and the faithful performance of their national duty. If "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," the inhumanity of nations to nations has strewn the pathways of history with hideous and ghastly wrecks, not of men but of nations, which lie wounded, bleeding, and mutilated, where lust for power and greed for gain have hurled them to the ground.

Pope Pius II, valiant and enthusiastic despite his years and his infirmities, saw, as few saw, the

evils that would attend the triumph of the Crescent over the Cross in the Lower Empire. He prayed. He exhorted. He besought. He died unheeded. A melancholy succession of evils, civil, political and religious, has followed to the present day the transformation of the noble church of Holy Wisdom into a Mahometan mosque. From that day to this, beginning with the tributes of children and the formation of the janizaries, the comity of nations has taken on a new sense and the family of nations has drifted farther from the ideal; for the children of the household have been driven forth, where they have not been done to death, and the sons of the bondwoman have been enthroned and exalted. The abomination of desolation stands in the holy place.

National jealousies so crippled the work of the Crusaders that, though they did much for Europe, they failed to achieve their original intent. The same jealousies left Pius II, to die of a broken heart on the shores of the Adriatic in a last mighty effort to arouse lethargic Europe against a powerful, fierce, and resolute foe. National jealousies beget divided counsels; divided counsels beget inaction or spasmodic action; inaction or spasmodic action delivers the key of the citadel into the hands of the enemy.

Our lady, as Queen of Peace, with unseemly animal tendencies, whose one aim is to overthrow the reign of peace in the heart, this same evil spirit would contaminate all his relations with others in his private or public capacity and establish on the wreckage of peace the mob rule of passion. The work of the Church, therefore, begins anew with each succeeding generation, for all men must be guided along the ways of peace to a happy end of their sojourn on earth. True,—

"On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer, Through Cymric forests roars the Norseman's song; And, lo! amid the universal clamor, O'er distant deserts sounds the Tatar gong. The Florentine out from his palace Wheels his battle bell with dreadful din, And Aztec priests upon their teocallis Beat their wild war-drums made of serpent skin."

Yet the Church, conscious of her right and true to her trust, evangelizes the world with her good tidings of peace. To abate one jot of her ideal would be treachery; to take refuge in a cavern or to still her voice would be cowardice; to falsify her message would be treason. It is for the faithful, then, by the outpouring of their prayer in the cause of God's peace, "which surpasseth all understanding," to hasten the dawn of the day when the glorious Prince of Peace, Christ our Blessed Lord, shall reign over the hearts of all men, over the destinies of all bodies politic, and over the counsels of all nations united in fraternal concord to His greater glory. And that she who was chosen to be the Mother of the mighty Prince of the House of David may hasten by her intercessory prayer the advent of that blessed reign, let us during her month often appeal for her aid: Queen of Peace, pray for us.

HENRY J. SWIFT, S. J.

EVIDENCE MULTIPLIES

Supreme Court Justice Morschauser believes that divorce should be abolished. In an interview published in the New York Times, he declares that "Divorce is a cancer in the vitals of American life, sorely needing the knife. From my experience on the bench, I know that half way reforms are ineffective. The only way to cure the evils of divorce is to completely abolish divorce."

It must be disconcerting to the advocates of divorce to see so many judges in widely separated parts of the country coming out as strongly as they have in the past few years against the practice of divorce. These men are sick and sore at heart presiding over cases of which disrupted homes, ruined lives, and neglected children are the bitter fruits.

They see what the ordinary newspaper reader does not see, the evils of divorce at close range. Many times they have stepped from the bench to lecture their fellow citizens over the folly of placing upon their judicial shoulders the onerous responsibility of legally disrupting the American home.

There has been agitation for uniform divorce laws, for restriction of the granting of divorces, and for other curtailments of the wholesale orgy of divorce, but the only way to cure the evils of divorce, as Judge Morschauser points out, is to completely abolish divorce.

A valid marriage ratified and consummated cannot be dissolved by any human power, or by any cause except death." In this simple clear statement the Catholic Church states her position in her Canon Law in regard to divorce. In the Catholic Church there is no such thing as divorce. The Church never has granted or never will grant a divorce. Divorce is the severance of the valid marriage contract, which leaves one or both parties free to remarry. The State has no right to annul a contract which by its very nature is inviolable. The sooner our lawmakers, who in this



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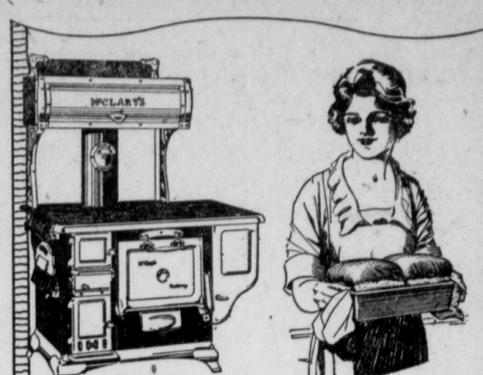
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democracy are the people themselves realize this and remove from the statute books the present divorce laws the better for society.—The Pilot.

BADLY MIXED

Springfield, Ill., April 6.—Remarriages by divorced persons within a year after their divorces have been granted, have resulted in the creation of a problem involving the legitimacy of thousands of children, which the Illinois legislature has been called upon to solve.

A bill has been introduced in the lower House which would legitimize such children without recognizing the marriages of their parents.

Under the Illinois law, remarriage is prohibited within one year from the date a divorce decree is entered. The statute has been evaded, however, by many persons who did not wish to wait that long and who have gone to neighboring States where they have been married and then returned to Illinois to live.

In the eyes of the law, the children of such marriages are illegitimate.

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