

father would—that I had no more... father would—that I had no more...

"Ah! That was my hour, madame! I kissed his hand and he blessed me, and when I came out again into the sunshine, it seemed brighter than I had ever seen it before!"

"Then, after nearly three months had passed, one day I received another letter, it was written on a big sheet of paper with the great seal at the top, just as before. But this time it was not printed. It was a letter from the Pope, written with a pen, and in his own handwriting!"

"There, madame," he said proudly, and leaned back with the air of a lawyer having won his suit.

"It was written in a rather fine, very foreign hand, and in Italian which, unfortunately, I am unable to read; but at the bottom of the single sheet before my staring eyes, was the unmistakable signature of His Holiness Benedict XV., Pope of Rome!"

"I thought Marie would burst! Her face assumed an alarming purple, and she spluttered in French, babbling incoherent terms of endearment, which she showered upon the Pope and the popu alike. Then I became conscious that the hero of this astonishing tale was speaking once more."

"Madame sees that I have spoken the truth. It is of a variety of the truth of the Pope. I always carry it with me wherever I go, it is my one treasure. Madame would like me to translate? Good—but no, I do not have to look at it. I know it by heart! It says that the Holy Father had had inquiries made—it took three months, madame understands—and that he is glad to inform me that both my father and mother are alive and are now in England on a place called Upper Merith: that in this letter I will find a check on the Bank of Rome, money enough to take me to England in the most simple way, which would be by New York, because of the War; that His Holiness blesses his son and wishes him godspeed upon his journey, and that the peace of God the Father may now and forever rest in my heart, even if it is not to be found in the world at this time. Then the Pope signs his name. That is all. I am waiting for a ship to take me to England, and then I shall see my mother and my father, and perhaps I will be able to get work to do. They say we who are unfit can always find work in England."

"And now, if madame will have the goodness to allow me to alight, I will do so after expressing the gratitude I feel toward madame for befriending a lonely French soldier. Madame has been more than kind."

As he stood at the side of the road, making funny little bows, his cap in his hand and his carried boy's face looking up into mine, my heart nearly overflooded. I know my eyes did. And as for Marie's!

"Won't you tell me your name," I asked.

"Ah, no, madame, if you please! That would spoil it. That would make you feel, perhaps, that you ask me to your house, and I, Well, I would rather not. I should like to keep this afternoon—as it is, one of the pleasant memories I shall take with me from New York. Besides, I may at any moment receive word that I must embark for England. Adieu, madame—mademoiselle, and again I thank you, and with a gay little wave of the cap, he turned and limped away."

I watched him disappear. Then I slammed the door to and snapped at Gifford to drive home.

"And you needn't blubber like a great baby, Marie," I said, wiping the tears from my eyes while I sniffed in a most un ladylike manner myself. There must be thousands just like him, poor soul!"

"Ah, but so—so young, madame, so young and brave! Oh, the poor little boy! The poor little cabbage!"

"It has been a wonderful experience! Think of picking up such a story as that, and in Central Park!"

ing. But the young gentleman himself! So charming, so gay in all his medals! Ah, it is to make the heart ache—and madame in her old gray—I told madame she should wear her blue foulard! Then, perhaps, monsieur would have consented to return with us—with madame! It is a thousand pities!"

TRUSTWORTHINESS

As your children dependable in little things, are they reliable, can you trust them? When sent on an errand do they go and do that errand and return promptly? To do so calls for intelligence and attention. The most important part is not just that this particular thing is done, but the impression it is making on the child's character. You are making of him a trust-worthy depend-

able man whose word people will have confidence in, or one who cannot be trusted. If you send your child to the store with some loose change to buy a dozen rolls or bottle of milk, see that he understands he is to go to that store directly, without loitering on the way, make his purchases, come home without stopping for play, that no change be lost and no packages opened. Now while you may not think so, this is a most important part of an education.

"We have all too many boys and girls with the lettering habit of thinking and doing things. In later life it brings trouble and unhappiness to themselves and every one around them. You must, of course, allow for mistakes, but give the children the knowledge that they must do things the right way."

A woman was visiting at my neighbors. One afternoon she dressed to go out, and Mrs. B. said to her: "Why go out when you have such a cold?"

"Well," said the woman, "my letter must go out at 5 o'clock. It is important." "Why George will go to the postoffice for you." "He may forget to post it," said the woman.

"George? Oh, no," answered his mother. "He is thirteen years old and perfectly reliable. The office is only four blocks distant. Just give your message to me."

She did so reluctantly. His mother gave him the letter, some money and told him to bring two pounds of beans, and hurry back. One hour, two hours, and late for supper the boy rushed in filled with the joy of the games he had been playing. Drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, the letter fell to the floor. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she picked it up and left the room. The mother opened the package and found pens instead of beans, also ten cents in change was missing, of which the boy was unable to give any account.

Give the boys and girls time to play, but when they work or run an errand, see to it that they take the responsibility.—The Echo.

JOYCE KILMER

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WORK

By the Counselor in Catholic Transcript

I think there are very few persons to be found among readers of American verse who would disagree with the statement that the death of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, near the Ourcq, on July 30, 1918, was a serious loss to American literature.

Although he had not yet reached the age of thirty-two years, he had done a remarkable amount of good work, and was apparently still growing as a poet. He had already passed the period of vain striving among the decadents, and had settled down in the calm philosophy of true faith, where he was beginning fully to appreciate the true and the beautiful.

He had been born and raised in the Episcopal church, but, like thousands of other young men of fine religious feeling, he did not seem at ease in his belief.

His brilliant young wife, whose poetic power is also of a high order seemed to feel the same uncertainty as that which troubled him. In a letter to Father Daly, soon after both he and Mrs. Kilmer had been received into the Church, he writes: "My wife and I are very comfortable now that we are Catholics. . . . Our chief sensation is simply comfort. . . . We feel that we're where we belong, and it's a very pleasant feeling."

unprofitable branch only meet to be cast away.

But Joyce Kilmer knew the need of grace. In this respect he differed from most of his fellow Protestants. He not only knew the need of it, but he was willing to seek for it.

In the same letter from which I have just quoted he writes: "Just off Broadway, on the way from the Hudson Tube Station to the Times Building, there is a church, called the Church of the Holy Innocents. Since it is in the heart of the Tenderloin, this name is strangely appropriate, — for there surely is need of youth and innocence. Well, every morning for months I stopped on my way to the office and prayed in this church for faith."

I touch upon this matter simply for the purpose of showing that the acquisition of this faith was of great help to Kilmer in his work as a poet. It was not until he was settled and at ease in his faith that he claimed to have begun to be a poet.

Robert Cortes Holiday, who writes the memoir in the edition of "Poems and Essays of Joyce Kilmer," published by Deane, says, "Once a Catholic there never was any possibility of mistaking Kilmer's point of view; in all matters of faith and morals, his point of view was obviously and unhesitatingly Catholic."

The same and healthy spirit which the new faith produced in him, is expressed in a remark he makes in a letter to the Irish poet, Yeats: "A convert to Catholicism is not a person who wanders about, weeping over autumn winds and dead leaves, numbing Latin and sniffing incense."

In 1918 he writes from France in reply to some questions as to his early efforts in poetry: "They were utterly worthless, that is, all of them which preceded a poem called 'Pennies.' I want all my poems written before that to be forgotten—they are only the exercises of an amateur, imitations useful only as technical training. If what I nowadays write is considered poetry, then I became a poet in November, 1918."

In October, 1918, he wrote to Father Daly, "My wife and I are studying Catholic doctrine and we hope to be received this Autumn."

The poem entitled "Trees," which gave title to his book of poems, "Trees and Other Poems," has won a distinct place in American literature. It is noted for its simplicity and quiet refinement, but it is not without an under current of serious thought. I quote the poem entire.

I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree. A tree whose hungry mouth is prest Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her leafy arms to pray; A tree that may in Summer wear A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain; Who intimately lives with rain. Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree.

When the idea of a poet's meeting to express his sympathy of American poets with the three Irish martyred poets of the Easter Week rising in Dublin, Pearse, McDonough and Plunkett, first occurred to Eleanor Rogers Cox, she telephoned to Kilmer for his advice.

"Go ahead," he replied; "I'll back you up."

The meeting took place in Central Park, with Edwin Markham, the author of the "Man With the Hoe," as presiding officer. Many respectable poets were present, and the meeting was a success.

Kilmer wrote a poem on the subject, taking as a text two lines from Yeats, which he bravely controverts: "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone 'Tis with O'Leary in the grave."

The rising was to Kilmer a sign of the life of romance, as well as patriotism in Ireland which inspired the following lines: "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone, 'Tis with O'Leary in the grave."

Then, Yeats, what gave that Easter dawn A hue so radiantly brave? There was a rain of blood that day, Red rain in gay blue April weather. It blessed the earth till it gave birth To valour thick as blooms of hestler.

There is no rope can strangle song And not for long death takes his toll, No prison bars can dim the stars Nor quirkline end the living soul.

Romantic Ireland is not old; For years untold her youth will shine. Her heart is fed on Heavenly bread, The blood of martyrs is her wine.

Kilmer claimed that he was "half Irish," when he joined the famous "Sixty-ninth," Regiment for the War in France. "I did indeed tell a good friend of mine, who edits the book review page in a Chicago paper," he says, in a letter to his wife, "that I was 'half Irish.' But I have never been a mathematician. The point I wished to make was that a large percentage — which I have a perfect right to call half — of my ancestry was Irish."

"I'd rather be a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth," he says at another time, "than a Lieutenant in any other outfit."

While in the trenches he wrote a very interesting and appreciative paper entitled "Holy Ireland."

Perhaps his very best poem was written only a short time before his death. It is, I think I am safe in saying, one of the poems of the Great War which is destined to live.

The lines were read at the funeral by Father Duffy, his dear friend and the chaplain of his regiment, and it is said that tears streamed down the face of every man who was present. Here is the poem: —

ROUGE BOUQUET In a wood that they call the Rouge Bouquet There is a new-made grave today, Built by never a spade nor pick Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.

There lie many fighting men, Dead in their youthful prime, Never to laugh nor love again Nor tuck in the Summer-time. For Death came flying through the air And stopped his flight at the dugout stair, Touched his prey and left them there, Clay to clay. He hid their bodies stealthily In the soil of the land they fought to free And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear Three volleys ring; And peep their brave young spirits hear The bugle sing: "Go to sleep! Go to sleep! Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell. Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor. You will not need them any more. Danger's past; Now at last " "Go to sleep!"

There on earth no worthier grave To hold the bodies of the brave Than this place of pain and pride Where they nobly fought and nobly died, Never fear but in the skies Saints and angels stand Smiling with their holy eyes On this new-come band. St. Michael's sword darts through the air And touches the aureole on his hair As he sees them stand sainting there, His stalwart sons: And Patrick, Brigid, Columkille Rejoice that in veins of warriors still The Gael's blood runs, And up to Heaven's doorway floats, From the wood called Rouge Bouquet, A delicate cloud of buglenotes. That softly say: "Farewell! Farewell!"

THE RETREAT MOVEMENT

Beginning with the latter part of June and continuing through the summer and into September, thousands of Catholic men and women in this country will be making retreats. Withdrawing as far as possible from the busy world and their ordinary occupations, they will devote three or four days, under competent guidance, to considering prayerfully the vast truths of faith and to studying the life of Our Divine Lord. The object of these spiritual exercises is to help the retreatants to cleanse their souls from sin, put order into their lives and be staunch, consistent Catholics. So important does the Holy Father consider the success of these retreats and so eager is he to have their number increase that his Holiness has asked the members of the League of the Sacred Heart throughout the world to pray fervently during the month of July that the retreat movement may so thrive and spread among the laity that year by year more and more Catholic men and women in every walk of life will make an annual retreat, thus bringing about the only kind of "social reconstruction"—to use an overworked term—that is thorough and effective.

For the regeneration of society that is now so imperative can be brought about only by the reform of the individuals who compose society. This improvement, moreover, in the character of the men and women who make up the American people, if it is to be radical and lasting, must begin from the heart and be based on Christian principles. Civic laws, however wise and well-enforced, can regulate and control, after all, only external conduct. To

effect a real change for the better in a person's character, his heart must be cleansed and renewed. This the retreat movement aims to do. If large classes of our Catholic population can be assembled annually in suitable houses of retreat to hear expounded the principles according to which a child of God and a follower of Christ must live, and to hear explained the Church's remedy for the moral, social and economic evils of our time, much can be done to safeguard all that is best in our American institutions. The better Catholics we are, the stancher patriots we shall be. The retreat movement, however, has as yet made nothing like the progress in our land that it should. More men and more women from every social class, and particularly from the ranks of the toiling poor who are so much exposed nowadays to the danger of being infected with the virus of anti-Christian Socialism, should be induced to enable them to make an annual retreat. If all our readers, however, besides praying for the spread of the movement, as the Holy Father desires, will retire for a few days this summer to one of the numerous houses of retreat that dot the country and will make there a serious retreat themselves, they will be using the most practical means there are for promoting the spread of the retreat movement.—America.

Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth—in vain that keepeth it. "Grant O Lord, that the administration of the new chief magistrate may rebound to the spiritual and material welfare of the commonwealth; to the suppression of sedition and anarchy; and to the strength and perpetuity of our civil and political institutions."

"I have been, O Lord, in my day a personal and living witness of the many tremendous upheavals which threatened to rend the nation asunder, from the inauguration of Thy servant Abraham Lincoln, even unto this day. But thou hast saved us in the past by Thy All-Mighty power, and I have an abiding confidence that Thou wilt deal graciously with us in every future emergency."

"Grant that the proceedings of this convention may be marked by a wisdom, discretion, concord, harmony and mutual forbearance, worthy of an enlightened and patriotic body of American citizens."

MARRIAGE BONDS

It is alarming to contrast the Catholic view of marriage with what is coming to be accepted as a popular interpretation of the matrimonial contract. While the members of our Church are bemoaning the looseness with which the obligations plighted by the contracting parties are regarded, and while we see a lethal menace to the nation in the ease with which the marriage knot is untied, the general trend in this and every other country drifts toward a still further liberty.

The whole matter of divorce was opened for debate by the action of the English legislators refusing to loosen the laws. Lady Astor, though a divorcee herself, opposed any liberalizing legislation. Much ridicule was directed toward the opponents of the proposed freeing measures because the champion of their side had enjoyed the privilege she would deny her sisters in the British Isles.

Commenting on the failure of the trans-Atlantic statesmen to extend to unhappy couples the permission to throw off galling fetters, the advanced journals in this country work themselves up into a fine fury. They contrast the reactionary attitude of the English with the progressive policy of the Danes and Swedes. To discover just how far some elements in this country desire to proceed, the Danish enactments allow man and wife to separate on request of either party "whenever the good relations of the two may seem to have been destroyed. Living apart they may, on request of both, receive an absolute divorce after one year; if only one presents such a petition, the divorce is held in abeyance for two years. People living apart for three years may come to court and be freed. If either member of the firm is condemned to jail for two years, the remaining partner is entitled to freedom."

When one witnesses the ravages that daily are wrought in our social system by the already loose laws governing marriage in this country, it is disturbing to note influential force which is using its power to throw the gates wider open. Were it not for the consistent and unbending stand of the Catholic Church, leaving the sentiment even outside her fold, it would be hard to say where all this frightful disregard of the mandate of Christ would end.—F. in "The Guardian."

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