

Once more the General looked keenly at his officers and aids. Then he addressed a young captain of the Rainbow Division.

"Captain Frye," he said, "you look as if you had such a man in mind. Am I right?"

The Captain saluted. He was one of the youngest officers present but the regiment he commanded had already made a brilliant record.

"I believe I have the very man you want, General,—Private Joseph Smith of B. Company. He was a skilled carpenter before he enlisted. He is only twenty years old but brave, cool and quick. If anyone can carry out your plan he can."

The General touched a bell and a sergeant appeared. "Sergeant Miller," said the General, "please send me Private Joseph Smith of the 87th Regiment, B. Company."

Fifteen minutes later Private Smith was ushered into the presence of his commanding General. The boy stood at attention. Tall and slim, clear eyed, and with just a little color coming and going in his cheeks, he listened while the General outlined his plan.

"You think you can carry this through. The boy was modest. 'I will try, Sir.'"

"Good! be ready as soon as it is dark. You will receive a set of carpenter's tools, and remember that everything depends upon how quiet you can be. In some way you must work on those defenses without making a sound."

Among his comrades the boy was already a hero. Everyone of the men in his regiment would have given all they possessed to be in his shoes. Many wondered why they had not chosen carpentry for a trade so that they might have been eligible for just such a chance. At seven o'clock they bade him goodby and good luck and, fully equipped for his task, he set forth.

But before he left, it happened that he had some ideas of his own. Asked by his Captain, who had unbounded confidence in him, if he had anything to suggest, he modestly replied that he thought two men would be more successful than one. If he had a companion in his enterprise, he himself could stay behind on guard while the other soldier went back to summon their regiment.

The idea appealed to the Captain who speedily carried it to the General by whom it was readily endorsed.

The heavy fog was everywhere, but the boy's sense of locality was strong. Slowly, making no sound, he mounted the hill, followed by his companion. They passed now and then to listen; for well the boy knew that, because the fog was too thick for flash light to be of any use, the sentries and men at the listening posts would be doubled.

He possessed one advantage which, curiously, he had not thought to tell his commanding officer, chiefly because military discipline required a soldier in the ranks to answer questions and not proffer gratuitous information—he spoke and understood German. His mother had been the daughter of German-American parents. From the grandparents the boy had learned the language.

It took the boy and his companion half an hour to climb the hill; but at last they were at the top and had deftly skirted the tall rocks. Now, looming high and grim through the fog, was the formidable defense, extending in a straight line for nearly two hundred feet from rock to rock. At the extreme end, furthest from where they stood, the land made a sheer descent to the valley below, so smooth and straight that it could not be scaled. The great strategic value of this point lay in the fact that here was the only opening for several kilometers that led from the plain below to the country behind the farmhouse where the Germans were firmly entrenched.

Bidding his companion, who had been made subject to his orders, wait for him behind the rocks, the boy began slowly and without making a sound to creep back and forth in front of the defense, feeling his way and pausing many times to listen, every nerve and sense keyed to the highest pitch.

Five times he made the passage below the wall before he was satisfied. He soon found that the listening posts were at each end of the barrier, close to two small doors in the wall. The center and largest door seemed to be without any observation post, but it was guarded by a sentry whose measured tread back and forth could be heard distinctly. The young soldier thought rapidly and then decided on his course. To work at the locks of the door from without was useless; he knew it must be barred and bolted from within. It remained, therefore, for him to cut out a panel in the door if he could, squeeze his way through and open the door from the other side. It was the only course that held any possibilities of success.

He noticed with satisfaction that the fog was growing heavier every moment. Even if any one looked over the top of the wall they could not possibly see him, so until the veil lifted he was safe.

His first act was to walk the length of the wall from the central door to the listening post on the east, and count his steps. This done he returned to the door, knelt down and opened the knapsack that held his tools. Selecting a saw that was sharp as a razor and run by a small electrical apparatus, he applied his ear to the door and listened. In five minutes the sentry passed and the boy counted his steps as he had

counted his own. When he knew that the man was near the extreme east end of the wall he began to saw at the panel, his perfect tools making almost no sound. Alternately sawing, stopping, listening and counting, he kept on for another half hour until the four sides of the thick panel were completely severed from the door.

He was about to take it out of its socket and prepare to enter when there was the sound of a quick step advancing from the west, just as the sentry, coming from the eastern end of the yard, reached the gate.

The sentry challenged: "Halt, friend, and give the counter-sign."

The answer came terse and sharp. "Dammerlicht" ("dim light,") and the newcomer passed on.

Quick as a flash the boy knew what he could do. Taken by surprise, the splendidly disciplined Germans rallied, while wave after wave of troops dashed up the hill and through the open door cheering their way to victory.

Within an hour the combined French and American troops had taken the Germans on the road beyond. "Where is Private Smith?" the Commander asked. "He must be recommended for honors."

They found him, after quite a long search, a mile beyond the farmhouse, lying face downward beside the road, in the hollow of the land. With care and attention he recovered consciousness and lingered for a week before his wounds proved fatal.

They brought the Croix de Guerre and pinned it above his heart, and he smiled and was happy; had he not fought and fallen for a glorious cause?

A French Abbe who loved America also came and to him the boy whispered the messages he would send his mother. His restless fingers touched the green and red ribbon on his breast, and under it the crucifix which they had allowed him to continue wearing.

"Send them home, Monsieur l'Abbe," he said. Then his mind wandered. The shadow-of-the-flag-is everywhere—save on—the Cross," he said.

They wrapped him in the American flag and buried him in the little cemetery behind his sector.

The Abbe received from the nurse the crucifix and Croix de Guerre and wondering he gazed on the beautiful figure on the Cross. What master hand in the New World had carved it? It was perfect, even to three tiny drops of blood near the pierced heart of the Christ. The Abbe did not know that these crimson stains were the life blood of the boy.—But his mother knew.—Georgina Pall Curtis, in the Ave Maria.

"VIGILATE"

It is related that in one of His conferences with His disciples our Lord warned them: "Watch ye therefore, because ye know not what hour your Lord will come." There are in the Gospel many such instances of solemn warnings given by the Lord to His disciples. In many cases His followers paid only little attention at the time the words were spoken, but in later years, after the Lord had ascended into heaven and they were doing the hard work of converting the pagan world alone, the burden of the warning came back to them. They realized then what He meant when He said "Watch ye therefore."

Now any such warning demands a certain amount of explanation and amplification. Take this word, "Watch." How are we to interpret it? First, we must be on guard against enemies outside, just as a visitor in a strange city would guard his purse and safety. Everyone knows that there are numerous people ready to entrap the unwary. So the Christian must be on the watch against occasions of sin, against bad companions and wayfarers who would lead him into forgetfulness of God's law and perhaps even, eternal death. A sentry on duty can afford to take no chances. To every one who comes he calls out: "Who goes there?" and prepares for any eventuality.

Secondly, we must be on guard against ourselves; against the passions, wayward feelings and indefinable longings for amusement that may be dangerous. A man or woman may yield to interior temptations and base impulses that contain the germs of mortal sin and eternal punishment—and this without anyone else in the world approaching to enact the part of the tempter. You often hear it said of a man: "he is his own worst enemy." The proverb applies to every one of us. We must be on guard against ourselves.

Thirdly, this necessity for vigilance is not an affair of a few hours, of certain days. The need of vigilance never ceases. We must be vigilant all the time if we are to be safe. Some people are apt to imagine that there are times when there can be a let-up, just as a man says: "I have been working pretty hard; I am going to have a good time." He calls it "a good time" when in reality it is far more likely to be a bad time for him. No sensible householder would admit that he need take precautions against fire and thieves only during certain hours of the day. He knows well that if he is to keep his house and its contents safe, he must never relax his vigilance. He must be on the watch all the time.

The daily papers, though not expected to preach sermons or act as censors of morals, have recently

given an example in this matter. Recounting the number of sad cases of death and degradation, they have editorially warned young women not to accept invitations from strangers, and even to be careful about accepting attentions from people with whom they are acquainted only casually or not at all.

It has often been remarked that young people on vacation seem to think that all laws and precautions are suspended or abrogated for the time. As a matter of fact, this is precisely the time when they ought to be more on guard than ever, for they are away from their own neighborhoods and separated from those who ordinarily would keep an eye upon them knowing what the world is and how weak a thing is human nature. Vacation time is to be compared to a time when fatal or dangerous disease prevails.

Another danger not to be overlooked is choosing for a vacation a place where there is no church or priest. If you take your vacation in a summer-resort where you cannot hear Mass or summon a priest in case of sickness, you are taking a chance no one has a right to take. In the first place, you deprive yourself of the ordinary means of grace—and you know by experience you need these always. In the second place, if you are taken dangerously ill, you are liable to be helpless and unable to send for a priest.

This is a statement of common sense facts. The newspapers with their accounts of outrage, disgrace and even murder prove it.

"Watch ye therefore, because ye know not what hour your Lord will come." Watch against enemies outside, against the evil propensities of your human nature—and lastly and most emphatically, watch all the time.—The Pict.

SAINT ANNE'S SHRINE AT BEAUPRE

MIRACULOUS CURES WROUGHT BY DEVOTION TO MOTHER OF BLESSED VIRGIN

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Twenty miles from Quebec, in the quaint little town of Beaufre, stand the shrine and the basilica of the good Saint Anne, the great wonder-working benefactress of the afflicted among men.

Nearly three centuries have passed since the devout settlers and missionaries from France introduced into the New World their special devotion to the mother of the Mother of God, so miraculous were many of the results of this devotion to St. Anne that thousands, even before the days of the steamship and the railway, annually made the pilgrimage to her shrine. With the advent and development of modern methods of transportation the shrine became more accessible until now every year scores of thousands of American and Canadian pilgrims journey to the shrine of Beaufre.

The pilgrimages this year will be during July and August and the number of pilgrims promises to be greater than usual, especially during the annual novena period which closes on the feast of St. Anne, July 26th. On the very day, March 13, 1658, on which the foundation of the first church at Beaufre was begun the good Saint Anne showed her approval of the undertaking. Weakened in body by the grievous suffering he had undergone he placed in his faith in the power of the good Saint to heal him. Louis Guimont, an inhabitant of Beaufre, came forward and placed three stones in the foundation of the new church. Immediately thereafter, he found himself completely cured.

MANY MIRACLES WROUGHT

This was but the first of a long and continued series of miracles wrought, of favors and blessings bestowed, the story of which has spread the fame of the good St. Anne and the renown of her shrine at Beaufre to the ends of the earth. The shrine of St. Anne de Beaufre has become scarcely less famous than that of her Immaculate Daughter, Our Lady of Lourdes.

The lame, the halt and the blind, the sorely afflicted in body and soul, come in thousands to the shrine of St. Anne to implore her intercession for their relief. The Annals of Saint Anne de Beaufre published by the Redemptorist Fathers, who are in charge of the Shrine and basilica, relates how in many instances the hopeful prayers and staunch faith in the supplicants find their answer at miraculous cures. The Annals likewise publishes the grateful acknowledgments of countless others who have received less extraordinary favors and blessings.

In his sermon to a congregation of pilgrims on the Feast of Saint Anne, July 26, 1919, the Reverend P. F. O'Hare, C. S. S. R. said:

"These columns of crutches rising over you, in the rear of the Basilica, and reaching from floor to ceiling proclaim aloud the power of St. Anne and her mercy and goodness towards afflicted humanity.

"Crippled have come here, unable to leave their beds, unable to use their limbs—and they were cured before leaving; they recovered the use of their limbs; they recovered their health, their sight, their hearing, their speech.

"The maladies of the body are many, and some of them are terrible; but more terrible, by far, are the maladies of the soul. How feeble and helpless is the soul in mortal sin, and how loathsome to God.—And

sinners have come here. Their souls were sick and their hearts were sore—and when they crossed the threshold of this Shrine, the grace of God touched their souls. Their sin-hardened hearts were melted. The blind eyes of their soul were opened. They confessed and abandoned their sins and did penance."

200,000 VISITORS LAST SUMMER

As the fame of the shrine goes abroad and knowledge of the great power of the saint to whom it is dedicated becomes more wide-spread the devotion to St. Anne increases. With each passing year the pilgrims to her Shrine grow more numerous. During the year from Nov. 1918 to Nov. 1919 116 organized pilgrimages aggregating over 54,000 souls visited

the Shrine. In addition private pilgrims and visitors to the number of 142,000 came to Beaufre. There were nearly 8,000 Masses celebrated and over 200,000 Communions during the same period.

We are God's own creatures, and God is our own God. All else will fall us, but He never. All is love with Him, love in Night, and love in darkness, love always and love everywhere.

The only beauty that lasts is that of intelligence and kindness. Bright eyes lose their luster and rosy cheeks their bloom, but the beauty which comes from a trained brain or a loving heart grows as time passes.—Selected.

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If one is disposed to see only the evil in all things, persistently casting aside the good as merely visionary, he makes that evil his own. Life withholds its sublime lesson from him who willfully refuses to learn it, and appears only as a bitter tragedy. Naturally the life of such a self-blinded person becomes narrow, skeptical, supremely selfish. And so he becomes a potent factor for evil in the world, creating and increasing a general spirit of discontent wherever he moves.—M. L. Leibrock.

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