

beauty is for, and happiness, too, no matter when we find it." The nurse put her hand on Miss Littell's arm. "I think he's had enough," she said, smiling. "I must go, then," said Beatrice. She turned, "Thank you—I'll try to see a star in the sky always, Mr.—Mr. O'Donnell," and she moved out of the room. "He tells me he has no one," she said. "It is sad to be so alone." "There was some one here this morning," said the nurse. "He merely sent up word that we should tell him a young man named O'Donnell had come to inquire for an old man named O'Donnell," explained the nurse. "Why, that must have been Kevin," exclaimed Beatrice. "Of course! Just like Tim!" But the visit to the hospital had affected her strangely. An old man lying on what might be his death-bed who seemed willing, nay, eager, to meet the dread visitant! Had thanked the Supreme Being! Had given her a seed to plant in the soil of her heart. "Beauty . . . to make us marvel at the goodness of God." And he had held no resentment. Rather, he seemed to pity her. Pity for Beatrice Littell! Kevin O'Donnell proposed to her that afternoon and she accepted him.

It was an autumn wedding and in obedience to the expressed wish of "Old Man" Littell, it was a home wedding, for he was not a church member. Therefore Beatrice selected the most fashionable clergyman of her acquaintance to officiate, and amid a veritable garden of flowers the two pledged themselves to each other for life. And Beatrice wore at her throat a simple little turquoise pin, shaped like a star. "Where did you get it?" asked her bridesmaid, curiously. "From a man named O'Donnell," said Beatrice—at which her hearers laughed, misunderstanding. But indeed it had come to her as a wedding gift with a little card bearing that inscription. From that time on she wore it.

Once, on their honeymoon, she spoke reminiscently of the days when she and Kevin were first learning to know each other. "I wonder what became of that quaint old man named O'Donnell," she said. "Of course, he must have read of our wedding, and he knows that I am an O'Donnell, too." "It's a decent name," said her husband, putting his arm about her. "My father was an Irishman." "Of course," she nodded, a little shyly. "I fell in love with the Irish of you." "The Irish of me?" he echoed the words, surprise in his tones. "I've loved them, always," she went on. "My mother's name was Ellen Carmody. She died when I was born." Her eyes grew misty. "An Irish girl," father said. I never heard much about her, but—but he never married again.

Kevin O'Donnell's arm dropped from her shoulders. "The son and daughter of an Irish man and woman," he began. Then he laughed softly, under his breath. "Talk about selling one's soul to the devil!" Beatrice looked at him puzzled. "What did you say, Kev?" "Nothing, dear. Just a foolish notion that crossed my brain. Look at that!" He called her attention to the sky. The sun was setting. High above them, in a blue so clear that one seemed to see through its transparency, glittered a great star. "Look at it! Isn't it magnificent, Beatrice?" "Beauty should be like a star in the sky . . . to make us marvel at the goodness of God. And happiness," she quoted. My man named O'Donnell said that to me, Kev."

But Kevin did not seem to hear. They had been home in Marvin Littell's big house a twelvemonth when the greatest even of all occurred—and for a time it seemed that both mother and child must go. For when the physician said that only one could be saved, Beatrice faced him with flashing eyes. "My baby first," she said. "Never mind me, Dr. Pierce. My baby first." Marvin Littell groaned and put his hand on Kev's shoulder. "Her mother said that—and it was the baby first," he said. "It was the baby first—my Beatrice." The two men had always liked and respected each other. That hour drew them together in a chain that no future trial could ever break. For the baby, a beautiful boy, was born. The danger passed—both would live, and "Old Man" Littell sat crouched in his chair, tears of joy running down his face. Both were safe . . . both were safe!

"God has set a star in our sky," said Beatrice to her husband, and for the first time her lips quivered. "Kevin! When you look at him aren't you afraid?" But Kevin could not speak. He bowed his head over her hand, hiding his face. "He's beautiful," she said, in an awed tone. "He's beautiful—and he's

ours. Kevin . . . there seems to be something . . . something we ought to do or say, to express our gratitude. Somehow, I ought to be able to talk to God, Kevin . . . and I don't know how!"

And again her husband did not seem to hear, or pretend to answer her. And the day following there came to the house a great box of white narcissi; beautiful, star-like flowers—with a little card: the same little card, the same inscription: "From a man named O'Donnell."

"You'll have to find him for me, Kev," said Beatrice, pleadingly. "He just has to see our baby."

That year was one of perfect happiness for Beatrice O'Donnell. A devoted husband; a perfect baby; an adoring father; and idolizing grandfather! And the baby's name? Marvin Littell O'Donnell—of course! What else?—completely turned "Old Man" Littell's head. As for Beatrice, she had made a gospel for herself of that one phrase. God had set a star in her sky, a star of beauty. She often thought of the old chap who had given it to her, thought of him with a sort of reverent tenderness.

Meanwhile Kevin O'Donnell's inmate cleverness, united to "Old Man" Littell's great influence, was sending him ahead with rapid strides. He had been three years married. Already there was talk of going into politics. They needed men like Kevin O'Donnell in politics. The "Old Man" was fascinated with the idea. There was the boy. Every honor acquired by the father would redound to the boy's credit.

That night the three had attended an important dinner. And Kevin had made a short speech along educational lines, so succinct, and yet so full of careful thought, that it won instant attention. There had been big men there—men who came to Kevin later, congratulating him. Beatrice was filled with elation. At last Kevin was getting into the place he deserved. She said very little, her father did most of the talking, but in the scented darkness of the car she put her hand in her husband's, and he held it closely.

"I think, Kevin, that I am the happiest woman in the world," she whispered so softly that even her father did not hear her. The pressure of his fingers responded to the words. Then they were in the big hall, and Marvin Littell went off, to his own room, while they mounted the stairs together, side by side. At the nursery door they paused—and with a smile into each other's eyes they entered together.

The light was low, a fire glowed on the hearth. But the nurse who should have been present was not in the room, and a strange sound filled the air—a gurgling, choking, terrifying sound that sent Beatrice in a mad panic toward the crib. There lay the baby, gasping for breath, with an effort so agonizing that it seemed to convulse its whole body.

"Kevin!" she said. "Kevin! Kevin! It's baby! And he's dying! Our baby is dying!" She clasped the struggling child in her arms, caught it to her breast. With one glance, her husband rushed to the telephone. The doctor was already on the way, he was informed . . . the nurse had called him. So Kevin went back to where Beatrice stood, his face stricken of every bit of color, his mouth an anguish line, his teeth clenched.

"Kevin!" said the young mother, "for God's sake . . . Kevin . . . do something . . . something . . ." For a moment the man stared at the baby's gray face and its upturned eyes. "Beatrice," he said, thickly. "I've sold my soul—but I can't sell my boy's. He's got to go safe . . . safe . . ." Reaching over, he picked up the glass of water from the stand nearby, and thrusting the baby's head back on its mother's arm, he poured the water over its forehead.

"Michael O'Donnell, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!" The glass fell. She stared at him, and the expression on his face appalled her. The mask was stripped, and she saw such anguish, such horror, as she had never thought to see in all her life. But before she could speak a word, or question him, there was the sound of flying feet and the nurse ran in, followed by the strange physician whom she had gone to seek, fearing that their own might be too long delayed. The child was taken from her. Dr. Pierce came, then, it seemed almost at once, and during the hour that succeeded Beatrice learned what science can accomplish—under God's holy will. She knelt beside her bed—she who had called herself so short a while before . . . the happiest woman in the world. She knelt in all a mother's bitterest anguish, bitterest woe, mute and dry-eyed.

But God, who also had a Mother, pitied, and spared. At four o'clock in the morning Dr. Pierce called them both. He was haggard and spent, but there was a look of satisfaction on his face. "He'll live," he said. "Membranous croup . . . but the antitoxin got into him just in time. Don't worry now, Beatrice. Everything will be all right."

The girl's hands clung to him. "You are sure . . . you are sure?" she said.

"Yes." "Kevin!" She turned to where her husband stood at the window. "Kevin did you hear Dr. Pierce? He will live . . ." And then as he faced her. "Don't look like that! Kevin, my own dear husband, don't look like that!"

He put his arms about her, and she gazed up at him with her sweet and tender glance.

"Kevin, isn't there something I ought to know? Isn't there something you ought to tell me?"

And there, with the first gray light of the dawn coming in at the window he told her, sketching, with pitiless fingers, the boy who had felt his religious belief a hampering load on his career; who had left the Church, and discarded the Sacraments, telling himself he had outgrown such things. Of the father who had pleaded with him vainly, warned him repeatedly, and finally, in deepest sorrow, told him that while he persisted in his course their ways must lie apart.

"It was your father, then . . . the man named O'Donnell?"

He bowed his head. "And you went to see him . . . that day at the hospital?"

"I inquired. He would not see me." "Why?" "Because—because—his religion was dearer to him than life itself—than his own son. And so it should be Beatrice—so it should be. I thought I had forgotten . . . everything . . . everything. But when I saw our baby . . . there . . . in his death throes, and I knew that if he died he would go out of the world without baptism—Beatrice, I could not let that happen? All the training of those early years rose up in me, surged through my soul—and I baptized our baby . . . with my father's name!"

She was very silent. Then, turning toward him, she met his eyes and her cheeks were wet with tears. "I do not know what that faith of yours is like," she said. "I only know I needed something in that hour of trial that I did not have. God find your father, Kevin, and bring him home to us. And let him teach us both. You the way back. And I, your wife, the way in."

Who thinks of God with fear? Or puts a limit to His boundless mercy, His wide-reaching love? Or who can escape the support of His hands? "Sure," said the man named O'Donnell, and there was a smile on his lips to match the tears in his eyes, "my own good St. Michael stood with his sword between you and paradise, child of my heart. And he held it there until he sent you down upon your knees, crying for mercy and pardon. Who is like to God, Kevin, my boy?"

AN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

One of the best known and best loved members of the clergy of any denomination in the South—Bishop John E. Gunn, who was for many years pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Atlanta, but who is now the Bishop of Natchez, Miss. Probably the distinguishing characteristic of Bishop Gunn, apart of course, from religious affairs, is a delightful sense of humor which he is always ready to employ for his friends.

On one occasion a young priest in Atlanta had preached a sermon on the Holy Trinity, during the course of which he digressed to point out that combinations of the number three are to be found everywhere around us. He spoke of the sun, moon and stars; of water, land and air; of the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms; of the hills, plains and valleys; of the lakes, streams and oceans. He found many others and mentioned them all, as he thought.

After the sermon several priests were complimenting the young priest upon his sermon. Father Gunn remained silent. Finally one of them asked: "Father Gunn, can you think of any combination of three which he failed to mention in the sermon?" "Well," replied Father Gunn, with a twinkle, "he failed to say that three strikes are out."—Buffalo Echo.

LACK OF DISCIPLINE

OVER INDULGENT PARENTS THE CAUSE OF DISOBEDIENCE IN CHILDREN

By Agnes T. Ryan in New World

There is not the slightest chance to question the truth of the assertion that children of today are pampered and that there is laxity of discipline in the home. Because of this fact respect for authority is wanting entirely or nearly so, and the fruits of this indulgence are self-will and disobedience.

The child of today follows his own whims and does only what he likes to do—reads the books selected by himself and not by his parents; attends the movies without his parents knowing what picture he sees and frequently by so doing adds one more step to the downward path—more than this—there is no questioning him about his companionship. This freedom without cen-

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ship is the seed of the moral degeneracy of the age.

If you would have your children grow up godlike men and women, you must be careful about two things: the choice of what they read and that of their companions. Lack of discipline in the home adds a heavy burden to the problem of educating the children of today, whom we expect to be the exemplars of truth and righteousness—citizens who are the bulwark of the nation.

Why is it parents do not realize the responsibility of exacting obedience and respect for authority? A little girl, who was very wilful, wished to attend a picnic on a day she had been accustomed to take a private lesson in one of her studies. She refused to go for her lesson so her mother, catering to the child's wishes, called up the tutor, who, in turn, suggested the advisability of sending the child for her lesson, but at an earlier hour, to enable her to attend the picnic.

The child refused to obey, whereupon the tutor asked the mother if she had no control over her little girl, who was but seven years old, and whether she would allow her or the other children to remain out of school as they pleased. The answer the mother made was that when the children felt like staying home they could; that we are living in a restless age and life at best is a strenuous activity. Very true, but why not make the decision here? Instead of creating an occasion for disobedience, and disrespect for authority; then in saving their nerves, she would not at the same time "spoil the child."

We hear of cases every day, where the broken-hearted mother and grief-stricken father attribute the waywardness of their boy or girl to pampering them and allowing them too much freedom in their tenderer years.

A spirit of defiant independence is quite apparent even in the child of three years—mere baby—but still the parents do not insist on obedience—laughingly speak of the child's wilfulness in his presence; treat as something of little consequence, outbursts of temper and acts of disrespect, until at the age of eight or ten years, mother is led to exclaim: "I don't know what I shall do with Johnny. I haven't any control over him;" or "Mary doesn't mind a word I say."

Parents must be careful to weigh well the rules and maxims they lay down for the child to follow. Never make a law rashly, then have to withdraw it, or contradict at night what has been said seriously in the morning, or undo tomorrow what has been done today. The mind of the child, especially the very young child, is very impressionable and all children are likely to be exceedingly serious-minded. They mean exactly what they say and, of course, they have every confidence in the truth of what their elders, especially their parents, say. They are just as keen to discover that you have not meant what you said and their confidence is thereby shaken, the result of which is an inclination to untruthfulness on the part of the child.

Children should be reproved and corrected with a firmness that is gentle and kind, qualities absolutely indispensable in governing children. To be gentle does not mean to be spiritless, it simply means not violent, ill-tempered or moody. Another great asset in teaching or correcting children is to have a low tone of voice. If a teacher is nervous or irritable, speaking in a strained, high-pitched voice, in a short time the whole room is filled with a buzz of disorder. But let a gentle, calm-mannered, low-voiced person enter the room, the talking will cease and the children will give undivided attention to what is said and if work is given them, they will continue at it so long as the calm eyes are on them or the low voice directing them. The sense of right and wrong is early developed in children, therefore the notion of duty—doing both pleasant and unpleasant things—should be stimulated.

"Heartlessness is not natural," one writer has said: "It is the effect of a wrong education. No man or woman is cold by nature; no child was ever born without the disposition or power to love. But real heartlessness is the result of neglect on the part of the parent, or of a training that is superficial, because heartlessness is nothing else than selfishness."

Recently a lady with her small daughter, visited one of the attendants in a city hospital. A nurse took the little one through the children's ward, where she might speak to the little patients. Little Miss Vandy, dressed as a fashion plate, not only ignored, but was actually rude to the little sufferers, who were

charity patients. Because she was corrected for her fault by the nurse, her mother was annoyed and said her child's feelings were hurt every place she was taken and she would have to leave her at home thereafter. If the child was not selfish she would have pitied the poor little ones. "It may be," says the same writer, "a mother has not detected this fault in the child, or if so, has been negligent and allowed it to grow during infancy, thinking that the good qualities of the child's nature will choke out the bad when manhood and womanhood is reached. This does not happen, for selfishness in a neglected, pampered child is nearly always, when continually fostered by all those around, capable of absorbing and drawing to itself all the vital energies of the soul."

If we wish to rise with Christ, we must die with Christ. Holy Church teaches us to die to all things, and thus to acquire the peace and the rest of the dead. They are not disturbed by the troubles, agitations and turmoils of this earth, so in the measure we detach ourselves from good and bad, perfect and imperfect, within and without, God will do His part which is to reward us by giving us peace and rest of soul.—St. Rev. A. A. Curtis, D. D.

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