

"Make 'em sit up and take notice, dear little shun. You can do it and you will. My best wishes and heartiest congratulations."

It was like Burke to send her a line just when she needed it most. He must have enclosed it in a letter to her mother. Dear old friend, thinking of her and loving her in far-away Miami!

With the note in her bosom she walked out on the big stage to win fame, so that Burke might be proud of her. All at once the Grand Duke and his suite, the vast audience disappeared, and it was as though she was alone with Burke, who had said that love was sacrifice, love was giving.

She sang as she had never sung before. The tears stood in the wings, the tears running down her face. The people hung on her silver notes, and when she finished the elegant pianist for forgiveness for the repentant Tannhauser a deep hush, the truest tribute, was followed by cries of "bravo" and a storm of applause.

Margot was still in a dream when she went back to her dressing room at the close of the second act. The excited attendant met her in the passage.

"It is wonderful, wonderful, Fraulein!" he cried. "I must find a place for you here. We must keep you in Bleibach. Here is a contract. Sign!"

Margot's heart was a tangle of Burke and Welfram, Elizabeth and Tannhauser. She started at the paper unseeing. Unseen the attendant slipped away to receive the congratulations of the Grand Duke and be strengthened in his determination to make her a member of his company.

When the final curtain lowered and the thunder of applause had died away, Margot, still in a dream world, found herself in the attendant's room. Her mother was there. They were to witness the contract that would make her a prima donna of the royal opera for five years.

"Five years! Five years!" she repeated. "That is a long time to be away from"—she caught back the name that almost passed her lips and substituted—"from America."

"The attendant put a pen in her hand. "Sign here, Fraulein."

By writing her name on that paper she would achieve her ambition. Yet, now that it was in her grasp, it did not seem so worth while as when she had worked and dreamed. While she hesitated, while the attendant hovered furtively about her, while the Kappelmeister started, an attendant burst into the room.

"Her attendant! Herr Intendant!" he cried. "A man has been killed. A child fell under a motor car of the Grand Duke, and this American saved and himself was killed!"

"Killed!" cried the attendant. Margot dropped the pen and sprang to her feet, her face like marble, her eyes blazing with fear. "Burke!" Her stiff lips could not form the name that burned in heart and brain, but she knew it was he—knew it as though they had all ekhaled it. Her mother took her hand with a startled exclamation, but Margot pushed it away.

"Where is he?" she asked the attendant. The attendant swelled with importance. "It is a pity, gracious Fraulein," he began eagerly, "to spoil your debut with such a regrettable accident, a fellow-countryman—"

"Take me to him," she interrupted, pushing aside the attendant and contrast. A little crowd of stage hands and police had gathered inside the foyer. As Margot ran toward them the men and women fell away and saw—as she had known she would—Burke, a policeman was fastening a bandage on his arm. His clothes were torn and muddy, but it was Burke, her Burke.

"Burke!" she cried. "Burke!" At her voice he swung around, pushing the policeman away, and limped to meet her. "Margot! Margot!"

"They said you were killed. Her lips quivered pitiously and her hand clutched his. "Oh, they said you were killed!"

"And you cared like this?" He held her shaking hand, he looked into her pale face, and a wonderful smile trembled on his lips. "No dear, I'm not killed, not even badly hurt. It was just an old fool's trick I used to drag a kid from under an automobile. I'm not much hurt, and if I were the sight of you—oh, Margot, the sight of you—"

She clung to him. The anguish she had suffered when she had feared he was hurt, killed, forced home the knowledge that she would not receive before. That sharp stab at her heart told her that he meant more to her than anything else in the world. She had fought the fact all winter, but now she answered the call to her womanhood as frankly as she had answered the call to her talent. Ustery regarding the German crowd, whose eyes goggled on the young singer and the man with the torn clothes, she said in a shivering voice: "I—I promised, Burke. I've got to tell you the truth. Your unselfishness, your loyalty, your very willingness to sacrifice your own love have made me love you."

"Margot!" One word, but it held a man's heart in its deep tones. As she clasped her close and as she looked into his face she felt a greater exaltation, a greater rapture than she had ever known before.

Hushly he spoke: "How much you are giving up for me, sweetheart. Honor, and fame and courts and—"

She put her hand over his lips to silence him. "Love wants to give," she said sweetly. "It was you who

taught me that."—Frances R. Stewart, in an Exchange.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

VICTIMS OF THE WAR

The present war is evidently destined to become a tragic landmark in the history of the world. A setback has been given to civilization and all that civilization stands for, which it will take many years to repair. Nay rather, only after long years, when time shall have given the needed perspective, will men be able to gauge properly the cataclysm which has already done half a continent into mourning. Generations yet unborn will continue to study and pass judgment on the horrors that are being witnessed these months in Europe. The extent of territory involved, the magnitude of the operations, the multitude of men under arms, the perfection of the instruments of butchery employed, the unparalleled devastation of property, the perpetration of so many crimes and sacrileges, the violation of so many sacred rights, and saddest of all, the tremendous sacrifice of human lives—all those elements are giving the war actually a pre-eminence hitherto unknown in the annals of warfare. And what adds pathos to the situation is the spectacle of millions locked in a death-struggle, millions who believe the same dogmas, and in time of peace, kneel at the same altar, a striking proof that, where Christian charity is lacking, more than a common Christian faith is needed to control the actions of men.

And yet this common Christian faith tells us that the European armies in the field to-day are simply pawns moving hither and thither on the chessboard of God, that He who counts the blades of grass and regulates the sparrow's fall, is sitting over and above this strife and turmoil, and quietly scrutinizing every move. Who can sound the infinite mind of God? Who can penetrate the secrets of His justice? May it not be that He requires the present outpouring of human blood to atone for the sins of mankind? This is not an unlikely hypothesis. Recall the outrages perpetrated against Almighty God in the past few decades, the persecution of His Church and of those who try to serve Him faithfully. Look over the world and contemplate the grinding of the poor, as if men had no longer any right to appeal to justice or charity. Think of the millions who practically ignore God as if He did not exist, scold His laws and wallow in the mire of their passions. All these are sins that cry to heaven for vengeance. Is it too much to expect that God is avenging Himself in His own way? If He permits the innocent to suffer in this awful war it would not be the first time such a thing happened in history. He knows that there are greater misfortunes than physical privation and suffering; otherwise the martyrs would have been the most unfortunate of our race. He Himself was innocent, yet He was the King of martyrs; although innocent, He died on the Cross. War purifies nations; it gives thousands the opportunity of atoning for their own sins and for the sins of others.

However, our vision is limited; we do not know the secret designs of God in the present crisis. All we do know is that He can, when He wills and how He wills, turn both war and its promoters into instruments of His justice and glory. We may leave to Him therefore the task of disentangling the responsibilities of those who have forced millions of men to fight in the present war, and confine ourselves to its victims, for whom Our Holy Father asks the League to pray during the present month.

For the moment, what stands out amid the horrors of war, and what appeals to us, first and foremost, is the number of the slain. So numerous, indeed, are the men who have lost their lives in recent months that in the language of an ancient writer, Death is obliged to open wide his jaws to receive the bodies thrown to him. In ordinary times of peace it is estimated that eighty thousand persons pay their debt to nature daily in the whole world; but press despatches, if reliable assure us that this vast number is augmented almost daily by those who fall in the fury of battle. Rival armies face each other in blood madness, and forgetful of all human sympathy, hurl bombs and shells against living ranks of their fellow-men, or plunge bayonets into their quivering flesh, emulating tigers which kill their foes lest they themselves be killed.

And yet what would it matter if men died like the brutes of the forest, and thereby ended their existence? They might be reconciled by the hope that at least their names would live after them. But soldiers are rational beings, and though their bodies die, their souls do not. The awful consequences of this truth is that whether a man attains eternity direct from the common battle-field or from the quiet of his own home, he carries with him his responsibilities to God. Every one, whether he be soldier or civilian, must give an account of his stewardship once he passes through the portals of death. It is some consolation to be told that a call responded to for king and country is a sort of martyrdom, and that God is pleased to accept a

patric's sacrifices in atonement for his personal sins. But does this satisfy us Catholics who know how severe God's judgments are? And is not this new form of martyrdom a theory gotten up to console rather than to assure? God had that God accepts the obedience and the sacrifices of the soldier as a satisfaction for sin, dare we assert that these sentiments inspired all those who have met their death in the trenches of Europe during the past year? We Catholics have other sources of assurance. Owing to the zeal and heroism of our soldier-priests, both in the ranks and in the ambulance corps, many thousands of their shrunken comrades went fearlessly to meet their Judge! And yet we know that other thousands were killed who did not receive a final absolution. One can only hope that the absence of chaplains did not prevent those others dying on the battle-field from thinking of their souls and uttering a last act of contrition which moved the Heart of God. One who has had the experience tells us that "during war a soldier feels that he is under God's hand. The nearness of death and of eternity helps to keep this thought before him," which is equivalent to saying that attraction to sin diminishes in direct ratio to proximity to the firing line. The hazards of war give men ample food for thought, and the dangers of the moment must surely make them think of death. The thundering of cannon and the whistling of shells round about them are oftentimes more eloquent than human tongues can be; and when men realize that they are at the mercy of a passing bullet or of an exploding bomb, they must surely feel their powerlessness, and utter prayer or a sigh which is a plea for mercy to Him who may in a few moments be their Judge. And yet no matter how much we may speculate, no matter how consoling our surmises, the fact remains that we cannot be assured of the fate of fallen soldiers, and consequently as Catholics we cannot feel that we are dispensed from praying for the souls of the thousands who have been called suddenly away, as well as for the thousands who may possibly be called away before the end of the present struggle.

A second class of war victims are the wounded and suffering, those bodies mutilated by shell and shrapnel, those shattered human frames which cling to life for days and weeks in the hospitals and prison camps, many of them awaiting death as a result of their wounds. Others who survive will owe their lives to medical skill and to the Red Cross and those kindred philanthropies which, animated very often by the truest Christian charity, do their best to ease the sufferings of the wounded. The victims of war will be seen in years to come in the number of the crippled and infirm and in the vast pension list which nations will have to pay. And yet pensions, medals, and so on, are sorry substitutes for the health and vigor of manhood. While as loyal citizens we do not envy these just gratifications to those who have fought bravely on the field of battle, we must always deplore the necessity which occasioned them. If we must submit to the results of the present war, we should not be less fervent in our prayers to God to make the men who have suffered bear their misfortunes in a true Christian spirit.

The third and last class of war victims, and perhaps those who are to be most sympathized with, are the non-combatants. In all wish to see the results of war in all its grimness should visit not merely the trenches and hospitals and prison camps, but also the devastated towns and villages of Belgium and Poland, and look at the shattered ruins of what were once homes of peace and plenty; we should have got a glimpse of multitudes of helpless wives, mothers and children, homeless and hunger-stricken, seated by the road-side seeking shelter where none is to be had, and wondering all the while what the future has in store for them; we should see these floods of tears that is being shed these months by thousands of despairing widows and orphans as they scan the casualty lists, or crowd around food-stations looking for the crusts that foreign nations are sending them to keep them alive.

Is not war a terrible scourge? And shall not those who are responsible for it, be they kings or counsellors of kings, have a strict account to render to Almighty God? Victories gained or territory conquered at the price that modern wars exact will always be too dear. Let us hope that when the present struggle is over, war shall have run its course, and that other means of settling in-

ternational disputes will be resorted to in the future. Arbitration in some form or other can surely be found to quell the rivalry of interests and the lust for power which for nations as for individuals are a source of strife.

Meanwhile, the duty of our millions of members is not to stand listlessly and proclaim war a cruel thing. There would be little use in our denouncing war or the promoters of war, if we did not do our share to end it, or to use the means that leads to peace. The language of hate or revenge should have no place on Catholic lips. Let us desire peace, but let us desire it efficaciously by turning to Him Who can give it. God is still Master of men and events. Let us therefore kneel daily before Him during the present month, and humbly ask Him to put an end to the war that is not only declaiming Europe but raising barriers among populations which will take half a century to break down. If we do our share, we may confidently hope that God will not refuse to send back peace to earth. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

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We also term it the Precious Blood inasmuch as it was the blood of One Who was not only full of grace, but was Himself the Source of all grace, so that the grace that dwelt with Him was infinite, and the grace that manifested itself through the veil of flesh had no bounds or limits, save those that the mere face of His human nature carried with it. If, therefore, the blood of the saints is counted as a piece of cloth, stained with their blood, how much more is the blood of the King of saints, precious beyond all price!

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church basements. The police powers of the state and city give public officials full authority to examine all church premises, parochial school rooms, etc., to ascertain whether city ordinances are being obeyed. Who, as yet, has found arms in or under Catholic churches?"

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD July is the month of the Precious Blood.

Why is the blood of Jesus called the Precious Blood? Because it was the blood of God Himself, veiled under the form of man, and therefore every drop of it as it flowed through His sacred veins deserves our supreme homage, as being united to His divinity. Hence we can adore the Precious Blood as we adore the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and all else that belongs to the sacred humanity, with the supreme homage that belongs to God alone.

We also term it the Precious Blood inasmuch as it was the blood of One Who was not only full of grace, but was Himself the Source of all grace, so that the grace that dwelt with Him was infinite, and the grace that manifested itself through the veil of flesh had no bounds or limits, save those that the mere face of His human nature carried with it. If, therefore, the blood of the saints is counted as a piece of cloth, stained with their blood, how much more is the blood of the King of saints, precious beyond all price!

The Precious Blood is also precious on account of its effects. One drop of it was sufficient not only to cleanse the world from sin, but to earn all possible graces for all the millions who have ever lived on earth. How infinite then must be its preciousness! What has it not done for man! What has it not done for me! It has washed me clean and made me pure, in spite of all my sins. O Jesus, give me an every-increasing devotion to the Precious Blood.—Rev. F. Clarke, S. J.

PRIEST TRANSLATES NEW TESTAMENT The Rev. Father Cataldo, S. J., has translated the New Testament into the Nez Perce language. This work was in preparation for five years. The publication of the book marks the golden anniversary of his labors in the wilds of Eastern Oregon and Idaho, among the Indians. Father Cataldo speaks several of the aboriginal languages of the Western and Alaskan Indians, and is master of the Nez Perce tongue. An incident that proves his fluency and accuracy, and that also shows how attentive a listener the Indian is, is related in the Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Oregon:

Preaching on one occasion to these Indians the Rev. Father wished to express an idea, and in familiar parlance "coined" a word, by the addition of an affix to the root of the verb. After Mass an aged Indian approached him saying: "Black Gown, where did you hear that word before which you spoke in your sermon to-day?" "Which word?" answered Father Cataldo, whereupon the Indian repeated the word the priest had coined. "Well," answered the Rev. Father, "didn't you understand me?" "Yes, yes," replied the old Indian, "we all understood you perfectly, and it was a word of our language, too, but I never heard that word before."

"Well," said Father Cataldo, "I didn't either till I formed it from your own language."

Taking into consideration the fact that there are over 200,000 Indians of the active verb, besides fifty-one tenses, and not counting subdivisions or multiplied forms used as mediums of expression, it is easy to appreciate the difficulty of the tongue and to realize the gigantic task undertaken and accomplished by Father Cataldo in mastering it.

Incidentally, the fact that a Catholic priest takes so much pains and

undergoes so much labor to give the Nez Perce Indians the New Testament in their own tongue should furnish food for thought to those of our non-Catholic brethren who imagine that the main purpose of the Catholic clergy is to keep the Bible away from the people.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AN ARSENAL

If an over-timid Protestant ever, in hasty tones and with sideways glances, tells you that dear old thread-bare story that every Catholic church is