

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF HOME LIFE

The General Intention for the present month brings us back to a topic that has been often treated in these pages, namely, the responsibilities of married life and parenthood.

The words which St. Paul addressed to the Colossians (iii, 18-19): "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as it behooveth in the Lord; husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter towards them," are as practical today as when they were written nearly two thousand years ago.

Obviously, the first duty of husband and wife is that of mutual affection. The intimate relationship that necessarily exists between them should be permeated with love.

But mutual affection is not the only duty that faces husbands and wives. There is also another duty that they should keep before their eyes, the eternal law of God which they are obliged to observe and not risk damnation to their own souls by thwarting His designs or shirking the burdens which the married state imposes.

And when the proper moment comes, another great duty faces fathers and mothers, the training of their children. This obligation was imposed by the Creator Himself; it is a sacred mission entrusted to parents, a real apostleship in the family circle, not less real than St. Paul's apostleship among the Gentiles, the responsibility of which he keenly felt when he exclaimed, "We unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" (I Cor. ix, 15).

hardly allowed in this age of competition to neglect the intellectual needs of their children, they must know, however, that the only true education is that which fits them to lead good moral lives; children were not born for time but for eternity. Their real happiness here below does not consist in the enjoyment of wealth or honors or pleasures, but rather in stainless lives and in holy living. Children must be taught not only the value of fleeting things but also the value of their immortal souls. This is an easy task when it is begun in time and in the right way. A child is a sapling that can be bent to any shape; education does the bending. Happy the parents who succeed in giving the right start to the children whom God has confided to their keeping. Their success will be the surest pledge of their own happiness in advancing age. They will be conscious that their married lives have not been failures, and they may in all confidence look to God for the reward which will crown their successful apostleship.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE LATE SENATOR VEST

HAD OCCASION TO DEFEND CATHOLIC INDIAN SCHOOLS

In A. P. A. days, the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, uttered a manly defense of the Catholic Indian schools, and demanded fair play and religious tolerance.

The following extracts are from one of his speeches on the question of appropriations to the contract schools: "I have said that I am a Protestant."

"I was reared in the old Scotch Presbyterian church; my father was an elder in it, and my earliest impressions were that the Jesuits had horns and hoofs and tails, and that there was a faint tinge of sulphur in the circumbient air whenever one crossed your path. Some years ago, I was assigned by the Senate to duty upon the committee of Indian affairs, and I was assigned by the committee, of which Mr. Dawes was then the very zealous chairman, to examine the Indian schools in Wyoming and Montana. I did so under great difficulties and with labor which I could not now physically perform. I visited every one of them. I crossed the great buffalo expanses of country, where you can now see only the wallows and trails of those extinct animals, and I went to all these schools. I wish to say now what I have said before in the Senate, and it is not the popular side of the question by any means, that I did not see in all my journey, which lasted for several weeks, a single school that was doing any educational work worthy the name of educational work unless it was under the control of the Jesuits. I did not see a single government school, especially these day schools, where there was any work done at all.

"Something has been said here about the difference between enrollment and attendance. I found day schools with 1,500 Indian children enrolled, and not ten in attendance, except in meat days, as they called it, when beavers were killed by the agent and distributed to the tribe. Then there was a full attendance. I found schools where there were old, broken-down preachers and politicians receiving \$1,200 a year and a house to live in for the purpose of conducting these Indian day schools, and when I cross-examined them, as I did in every instance, I found that the actual attendance was about three to five in the hundred of the enrollment. I do not care what reports were made, for they generally come from interested parties. You cannot educate the children with the day schools."

The Senator then showed how thoroughly he had studied the question by explaining the strenuous attempts made by the early Jesuits, Father Le Sueur and companions, to educate the Indians in day schools. He told how they were obliged to abandon this plan after twenty years, and adopt the one which they have made so successful, that of boarding schools.

Pat blushed, looked at his superior officer and said: "If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather you'd put the £5 on my chest and the medal in the bank."—Tit-Bits.

PRIEST AND DOG PARTED

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

Three years ago, when all the world was at peace and when the mere thought of war was entertained almost with ridicule, a stalwart Jesuit priest—Father Bernard, he was called—worked among the natives of Alaska at St. Mary's Igloo. Ever at his side as an inseparable companion was a sturdy malamute, larger, stronger and more attractive than most of the others of his species.

Then came the call of war. The priest, a French reserve, heard the note of the bugle, saw the bleeding of his country, answered the call of duty. He left his peaceful work of saving men in the North to go where men were being slaughtered.

Not long ago, Father Bernard, soldierly in bearing, marked by the hard campaigns he has undergone, yet brave and fearless, was wandering along near the trenches "somewhere in France," wrapped in thought. Doubtless his mind pictured the quiet days at St. Mary's Igloo. And perhaps he was thinking of his dogs and their stalwart malamute leader.

Suddenly he stopped before a dog team which was dragging provisions of war to the front. A familiar bark greeted him and a vigorously wagging tail expressed the joy of its owner at the recognition. And there, near the fighting front of far-off France, a man and a dog, once companions, met again. Both were engaged in one aim, that of defeating France's enemies.

This is the story told in a letter received by T. M. Clowes, a Seattle resident, from Kenneth Marr, an old Alaskan friend at the front. The writer is associated with the French aviation corps. Himself a former Alaskan, Marr was struck by Father Bernard's experience.



Be Clean—and Safe. Think of the germ-laden things your skin and clothes must come into contact with every day. Then remember that there is a splendid antiseptic soap LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP. Use Lifebuoy for the hands, the hair, the clothes, and the home. Its rich, abundant lather means safety. The mild, antiseptic odor vanishes quickly after use.

COVENTRY PATMORE

Intermountain Catholic

Coventry Patmore whose father was a literary man of England grew up in an atmosphere of refinement and culture in Essex. He loved the home of his childhood and built about its memories such pictures in literature as have earned him the title "Poet of the Home."

High ideals and possession of the information which time and his position made positive could do but one thing for an earnest man outside the Church—convert him. In 1862, at the age thirty-nine, he became a Catholic. He died in 1896. Ruskin says of his "Angel in the House": "It is a finished piece of writing and the sweetest analysis we possess of the quiet, modern domestic feeling." We quote:

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes, And mov'd and spok'd in quiet grown-up ways, Having my law the seventh time disobey'd, I struck him, and dismiss'd With hard words and unkind'st, —His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep, I visited his bed, But found him slumbering deep, With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes wet. From his late sobbing wet. And I, with moan, Kissing away his tears left others of my own:

For, on a table drawn beside his head, He had put, within his reach, A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone, A piece of glass abraded by the beach, And six or seven shells, A bottle with bluebells, And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art, To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I pray'd To God, I wept, and said: Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath, Not vexing These in death, And Thou rememberest of what toys We made our joys, How weakly understood Thy great command'd good, Then, fatherly not less, Than I whom Thou has moulded from the clay, Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say, "I will be sorry for their childishness."

All of Patmore's works mark a disciplined mind and a soul of strong faith. In his "Magna Est Veritas," one picture a hurt spirit, too big to seek petty human consolation, finding his message of comfort in the voice of the untamed sea.

MAGNA EST VERITAS

Here in this little Bay, Full of tumultuous life and great repose, Where, twice a day, The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes, Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town, I sit me down, For want of me the world's course will not fail: The truth is great, and shall prevail, When none cares whether it prevail or not.

PREFERRED THE LONG GREEN

General Gough, who had just been handed the insignia of high rank in the Legion of Honor, tells a good story of an Irish soldier he once had occasion to decorate with the Royal Humane Society Medal. With the decoration there also went a gratuity of £5.

What Is Auto-Intoxication-- And How to Prevent It

By C. G. Percival, M. D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be due to the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest.

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow.

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Languor, Headache, Insomnia, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years. That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dorsum creases? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication away above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them— But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their

Advertisement for Safford Boilers and Radiators. Includes text: "The Easy Way To Take Out Grates", "In any boiler or furnace the grates will sometimes burn out if ashes are allowed to heap up in the ashpit. With the Safford it's no trick to take out the old grates and put in new ones.", and an illustration of a man working on a boiler.

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The Catholic Record, London, Ont.