

the dinin' room a lick here and there. Hughie heard my broom agoin', an' pretty soon down he come. I never saw anything in trousers yet that wasn't coucouser'n a cat, anyway.

"Oh!" says he, kinda startled. "Beg pardon, Mis' McNeill! I thought it was that she-devil come back again."

"Hughie," says I, 'that's no name to call your aunt. There's some tarts in the kitchen your little sister'll make herself sick on if you don't go an' help her eat 'em.' An' I went on sweeplin'."

"He looked kind o' superior for a minute, an' made believe he'd come after something or other; but when he saw I wasn't noticin' him, he sidled over toward the kitchen door, an' after a little I heard it squeak. Poor boy! His face was haggard with the tears he wouldn't let come; an' if there's any tears in the world that'll turn the heart bitter an' old an' hard, it's the tears a boy is ashamed to shed for fear somebody'll think he ain't a man."

"I let 'em alone a while, for I knew Marietta Veronica was out there in a clean dress and fresh hair-ribbons. An', anyway, I wanted that dinin' room to look halfway decent. When I did go out at last they was sittin' on the table finishin' off the crumbs, and Hughie'd stopped lookin' superior long enough to lick the jelly off his fingers like a ten-year-old. Marietta gave me one of her shy little smiles as she slid down an' went off to feed her kitten. I went ahead mixin' a pan of biscuits—not ignorin' him, you know, but just bein' too busy to see how embarrassed he was. He swung his feet a minute an' then he began."

"You used to be my mother's friend, Mis' McNeill, an' I want you should know the straight of this. I honor her memory every bit as much as he does; but there's some things no fellow can bear, an' this house has been one of 'em this last year. First it was my aunt, an' she was so clean, she couldn't stand to have me underfoot. Then it was Ingeborg. You saw what she made of it. A fellow has to go somewhere. So—I got to goin' down there."

"I didn't, so to say, answer him; just agreed with him enough to keep him talkin' an' kept right on at my work. But I could see out o' the tail of my eye he was getting real interested in that fried chicken."

"I know you think I'm a tough kid," says he, "but I'm not. I never drunk more'n a glass or two of beer, an' the bunch of us only just played a little poker for fun. It ain't such a bad place, Mis' McNeill—honest, it ain't. But he won't believe that, so I'm goin' away. If I'm such a disgrace to her name an' her memory, the best thing I can do is to get out." His voice kept gettin' bitterer an' bitterer, an' just there it broke. By an' by he stood up an' kind of squared his shoulders. I'll never speak to him again," he says; "but I wanted you to know: an'—an' I wish you'd explain it to Marietta Veronica when she's old enough to understand." An' with that he stalks off upstairs.

"These chickens'll be ready in half an hour or so!" I call after him. "I'll send Marietta up to tell you when."

"Did he come down? Well, I should say he did; an' the Judge, too, after Marietta Veronica'd tapped on his door a couple o' times an' told him real plain: 'Mis' McNeill says please come to dinner.'"

"But, my dear, that was the queerest meal I ever set down to in all my life. First off the Judge come marchin' in, with his face like the granite tombston on his wife's grave."

"Don't expect me to speak to Hughie," Mis' McNeill, says he, "with Hughie standin' right there. He's forgotten what owes to his mother's memory, an' he's bound to drag the name she gave him in the dust. He'll not stay under this roof while he does it."

"Hughie turned white an' his mouth hardened. He's his father's own son. An' neither of 'em would look at the other; an', naturally, neither one had much to say to me or Marietta Veronica; so you can guess things was kind o' stiffish until everyone was served. But they ate—oh, yes, they ate that chicken and biscuit fast enough! I'm a good cook, if I do say it; an' I guess it had been so long since they'd ate a decent meal that they'd sort of accumulated an appetite. An' by the time the Judge had helped Hughie twice to chicken an' eaten five biscuits himself, his face wasn't quite so hard-lookin'."

"Then I brought in the pie. It did look pretty nice, I can tell you, with the meringue all heaped up in little crispy golden-brown hills. I cut into it, an' put a good, generous piece on the Judge's plate. You know how a real lemon pie looks when you cut it? I dunno as there's anything more appetizin'."

"Marietta Veronica's eyes had kept gettin' bigger an' bigger, an' when she set her father's plate down in front of him, she gave the most heart-felt sigh you ever heard. 'Oh,' she says, 'I wish I was twins—one for lemon pie an' one for biscuit an' gravy!'"

"We all laughed. You couldn't a helped it if you'd been a corpse at a funeral. An' the Judge looked across at me and said, as polite as you please: 'It is a fine pie, Mis' McNeill—an' a fine dinner. We are indebted to you.'"

"Mother was always makin' lemon pies, went on Marietta. 'Member, Hughie, she used to make us little ones, when we was babies. 'Member?' (She took another big mouthful.) 'She made one just the week before she died. It tasted just like this, didn't it—didn't it, Hughie?'"

"An' that was just the drop too much for Hughie. He kind o' choked an' then jumped up so quick he tipped his chair over. 'Mis' McNeill!' he says. 'Father! I—I—oh! An' he pats his arm over his face an' bolted out o' the room."

"His father's mouth was workin' now an' his eyes kind o' misty. 'You'll excuse me, I know,' he says, 'an' up he gets. I guess I've been too hard on the boy. His mother—' An' with that he goes after Hughie."

"A little thing? Well, yes, maybe so, my dear! Lemon pie does seem kind of ordinary to switch things round like that. But it ain't angels with flamin' swords that's appearin' to bar most of us out o' the wrong path: it's just such common, every-day things as that. If we get to lookin' for angels, we're liable to go astray. You remember what the Bible says about the weak things of this world confoundin' the strong things?"

"Well, Hughie an' his father settled it in the library, Farrington fashion; an' an' man fashion too, for that matter—a hand-shake or two an' not many words. When they came out, the Judge's hand was on Hughie's shoulder, an' the way he looked at him just choked me right up, it had so much motherliness mixed up with a man's pride. I was thankful to be puttin' dishes away in the pantry, where I could wipe my eyes on my apron without their seein' me."

"The retreat? Yes, I did get to make it. You see, when the Judge's youngest sister come—the widow with the two little boys you was talkin' to this mornin'—she an' he just insisted that my folks come over there to meals while I took a vacation. It didn't come till the last of July, anyhow, so I had the worst of the summer's work out of the way. An' the Sisters let me bring the baby with me; one of the young ladies that's a kinder-garner agreed to tend him an' four or five others their mas couldn't leave. An' when Father Kelly heard about the lemon pie business—an' he generally does hear things about his people—what do you suppose he said? That he was glad his parish had one o' Martha's Daughters that took right after her mother—the kind that could work an' pray both. An' that made me feel pretty good."—Lucile Kling in the Ave Maria.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ARRAIGNS LEADERS OF FALSE THINKING

His Eminence, the Cardinal, attended the annual dinner of the Holy Cross College Club of Boston in the Lenox Hotel on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, and delivered an address. Adverting to the awful War in Europe, the Cardinal questioned whether it was due to the prevalent general confusion of mental processes or whether the prevalent mental confusion is a result of the conflict, inasmuch as many leaders among the nations of the world, particularly in the educational field, and notably so in the United States, are obsessed with the most confused and pernicious ideas regarding Christianity.

His Eminence, the Cardinal, spoke as follows: "I have been wondering of late whether the present awful War is due to a general confusion of mental processes or whether the mental fusion which is prevalent everywhere just now is a result of the War."

"Certainly, whether the War be the cause or the consequence, the mental attitude ascribed to very prominent people and manifest in their printed utterances is so confusing as to stifle us into wondering what the world has lost its head, whether clear thinking has become a lost art and whether an age which is never tired of boasting of its scientific attainments has literally become absolutely befuddled."

"I confess that, as day after day I see utterances of many leaders in government, in school and in art, I can scarcely believe my own eyes. For I see, not only today denied acrimoniously what the same man yesterday suavely affirmed, but even the most glaring and obvious contradictions, set out so seriously as to make one rub one's eyes and wonder if the whole thing is not some ghastly joke."

"But in reality it is no joke at all. For if such things, so far-reaching in effect, are to be considered as jokes, then it is the jest of insanity. If, again, those who give utterance to them are really in earnest, it is a clear case of not only crooked minds, but what is still worse, crooked intentions, and it is high time to send out the alarm arousing all to be on guard against the contagion and calling upon the public at large to think clearly for itself and not swallow so quickly these sugar pills which look so innocent but are in reality mental poison."

"I will illustrate by a few instances which just now come to mind. What is one to think of the monstrous outcry raised against religion because of this world conflagration, the very outcome of a half century of infidelity and war against religion burst forth on the world?"

"The very men who for fifty years had ridiculed, mocked and fought the moral forces of Christianity, and by so doing had heaped up a mountain of inflammable material all over Europe, were the very ones who, once they had set the torch to the tinder and saw the flames mounting so high that nothing could then extinguish them, attempted to charge

the whole damnable account to the Church which they had held in shackles while they set the fire."

"Is that a joke or is it insanity, or is it still worse—just crookedness?"

"When I read of the outbreak in France and in England against the Pope for not taking the side of the Allies, when they know better than anyone else in the world that they for a whole generation have spent all their fury upon the Pope for daring to have an opinion about international law, I ask myself: 'Is this a joke or a tragedy? Is it serious, or only another trap set for the Sovereign Pontiff, whatever he does, or even when he does nothing? Yesterday he was of no consequence—today a word from him seems to be the only thing that counts. Is this mania, or is it trickery?'"

"When I read that the whole reason, as set forth by both sides, of this awful destruction of civilization, is the love of culture or humanity the question comes: Are they insane or do they think we are?"

"When we have for years seen the underlying motives for all this terrible destruction and know that 99% of it is natural jealousy and the rest talk, what are we to think of the column after column of platitudes about small nations and the love of righteousness?"

"Again, do they really think that we believe these assertions? If they do, how they must be laughing at us. Why some of these men have played the hypocrite so long that they would not know righteousness if it was under their eyes."

"What are we to think of ministers of the gospel who read the air with hysterical cries against concluding a peace or even a truce? What especially are we to think of these very same individuals who, when the War began, declared openly that no war was ever justifiable and that no country should ever enter any war?"

"Is this war-madness, or is it merely the result of a lifelong habit of illogical thinking and irresponsible chattering?"

"What again are we to think of these same clergymen who never by any chance talk of anything else from their pulpits but party politics, and yet, like true Quixotes, arm themselves cap-a-pie against any union of church and state—a thing which, outside their own pulpits, nowhere exists?"

"Is this a sort of insanity, or is it again the mere shouting of any old catch word which suits?"

"I could go on for an hour giving concrete instances of this sort of inconsequent twaddle—culled from the daily press and even from serious essayists, but let me call your attention to the latest exhibit—the latest and most startling, and perhaps the one which gives the clue to all the others."

"Dr. James Henry Leuba, professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr, has published lately some very interesting results of his recent investigations and inquiries among professors and students of our American colleges and schools."

"I will not weary you with detail. I will come at once to the chief point of interest in his report. He finds that more than 50% of the most distinguished professors in American colleges are atheists—do not believe in God. In fact only 27% of the more eminent believe in God. Moreover, pushing still further his investigations, he finds that only 35% of the more eminent professors believe in the immortality of the soul."

"And after such consoling results of his investigation listen to his conclusion: 'If these groups do not include all the intellectual leaders of the United States they certainly include the great majority of them. Most of them are teachers in schools of higher learning. In that capacity they should be and doubtless are in a very real sense moral leaders. There is no class of men who on the whole rival them for the influence exerted upon the educated public and upon the young men from whom are to come most of the leaders of the next generation.'"

"The situation revealed by the present statistical studies demands a revision of public opinion regarding the prevalence and the future of the two cardinal beliefs of official Christianity, and shows the futility of the efforts of those who would meet the present religious crisis by devising a more efficient organization and co-operation of the churches, or more attractive social features or even a more complete consecration of the church membership to its task."

"Here at least the horror is revealed in all its hideousness. 'However confused is the mind of Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr on the question of religion and its importance, however mixed up are his phrases when he attempts to prove the antagonism of religion to mental freedom, in this much at least he is clear—that the vast majority of professors of higher learning are infidels, agnostics and atheists—that these are the real leaders of America today and that their pupils, of whom already the vast majority do not believe even in the immortality of the soul, will naturally be the leaders of the nation tomorrow.'"

"Here indeed, is food for thought. Here, indeed, is a problem which confronts the whole nation. 'Is it possible that these facts are known to the fathers and mothers of this country? Is it possible that what that nation must now look forward to with boastful pride is that

America in a short time will be the greatest infidel country in the whole world?'"

"Is it to this land of Columbus and Washington and Lincoln, all devout worshippers of God and believers in the sublime destiny of America under the benign influence of Christian faith and Christian morality, is it to this mental and moral decay and death that their country will soon be inevitably reduced?"

"Mr. Leuba seems to be very sure of his future, sure that no effort on the part of believing and God-loving men and women of America can now avail to fasten upon her citizens the fetters of a faith in God which seems to him and his colleagues to be an indication of mental weakness and moral slavery."

"Ah, no; he and his fellow moral leaders will see to it that not a vestige of Christianity is left in the land."

"But thank God, we are not yet all of us sure of all this as the eminent professors of pedagogy and psychology. On the contrary, we are rather sure, sublimely confident, that before the dread fate has overtaken this nation, blighting its hopes and paralyzing its life, something will happen of which this Leuba with all his knowledge of psychology seems strangely ignorant—it will happen. I confidently predict, that the same men and women of America, the plain men and women who make small pretense at ambitious learning but who, nevertheless, have what these intoxicated professors seem to have bidden adieu to, stern common sense, these men and women realizing finally the wrecks, intellectually and morally, that have been made of their sons and daughters by the utterly unscientific method of these self-styled scientists, will arise in their just anger and indignation and empty every school of these impious tyrants with all their hypocritical chatter about mental freedom, and make it clear once for all to the whole half-educated brotherhood of atheists that this country will accept no such godless leadership—that true learning and true science can never exclude God and the soul from its program and that such an attempt, thus far under cover, but now brazenly revealed at last, must end—and these same men and women will give these eminent leaders such a lesson in practical psychology, the psychology of a just and righteous wrath, that they will cease to rob the whole people and nation of America of the two most precious possessions she still holds—belief in God, and a care for their immortal souls."

"For years the Catholic Church has been cautioning America against these growing evils in the training of youth. For years, by dint of tremendous sacrifices, our people have warded off this danger to their own children. Until now the only answer has been either a mocking smile or a bitter frown. But now it is not we who warn, Professor Leuba who exhorts. Christian parents, what is to be your answer?"—Boston Pilot.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES AND HIS MOTHER

Catholic mothers have much to learn from the life of St. Francis of Sales, whose sanctity was fostered by his mother from the hour of his birth. Indeed when first she realized that she was to become a mother she asked God to preserve the child from the temptations of the world. A delicate and beautiful boy, of noble family, and surrounded by evidences of wealth, Francis might have readily been spoiled. But his mother watched over him ceaselessly; she taught him to love and respect the Church and all good and holy things; she read to him the lives of saints, took him with her when she visited the poor, and encouraged him to give alms and do any little service that a child could do to aid distress. So well did he profit by such teaching, that he would save his own meat for the needy, and would beg for them from his relatives.

Often, like Queen Blanche of France, the Countess of Sales would say to her son: "I had rather see you dead than hear you had committed one mortal sin." When six years old, Francis went from home to study at Rocheville, but even at that early age he knew how to take refuge in prayer. As the years of his boyhood passed he grew in strength and grace and knowledge, and though his father had planned for him a great career in the world Francis gave up all worldly preferment for the life of a priest. Such a wise and learned man was Francis that, when he was Bishop of Geneva, Cardinal Perron, a famous controversialist, said:

"I can confute the Calvinists, but, to persuade and convert them, you must carry them to the coadjutor of Geneva."

Francis loved peace. Law-suits, he said, were occasions of sins against charity, and he strictly commanded his priests to avoid them. The early lessons of charity bore abundant fruit—too abundant, his household thought, for he gave away everything.

"Keep this diamond," said a princess to Francis, and he answered: "I will, unless the poor need it." Which, of course, they did. The diamond was so often in pawn that it was said to belong "not to the Bishop but to all the beggars of Geneva." He gave the coat from his back, and even the cruet from his chapel. His words were as charitable as his deeds. "The truth must be always charitable," he would say, "for bitter zeal does harm

instead of good." Some of his priests thought that he was too indulgent towards sinners. He replied to them with the tenderest compassion. The example of the Master was ever before him.

"Are they not a part of my flock?" he would ask in gentle reproach, when remonstrated with. "Has not our blessed Lord given them His blood, and shall I refuse them my tears? If Saul had been cast off, we would never have had a St. Paul."

How amply repaid was the mother of this saint for her wise, holy love of the child God had given to her keeping. May all Catholic mothers emulate her example!—Sacred Heart Review.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

"The habit of criticizing those with whom you are associated is very bad and is too often indulged in," comments the *Annals of St. Joseph*. "It injures not only the man criticized, but the one who makes the criticism. 'Ashes fly back into the face of him who throws them.' The injury of adverse criticism reaches the man who makes it first. Frequently, indeed usually, it is unjust as well as unkind."

A LOST CHORD

In 1851 Miss Procter, the poetical daughter of the noted English astronomer, R. A. Procter, with two of her sisters, became a convert to the Catholic Church. In her zeal in behalf of charity she is said to have overtaken her strength and this was, probably the cause of her early death, which occurred in her thirty-ninth year.

Perhaps the most popular of all her poems is that entitled, "A Lost Chord," which Sir Arthur Sullivan, composer of the "Mikado," "Pinafore," and other comic operas, set to music:

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

CONFIDENCE IN PARENTS

A recent writer well remarks: "If some parents would take a deeper interest in the welfare of their children, if they would strive to gain their entire confidence, there would be fewer children led astray by evil companions." There is much deeper wisdom in this remark than may appear at first flash.

Few parents fully realize the meaning of confidence as applied to their sons and daughters. The average child is constantly developing mentally and morally as well as physically; new ideas are forming in his mind; strange images from the world about him are implanted upon his memory; unusual scenes are passing before his eyes; in a word, life with all its good and its bad is passing before his mental vision in a bewildering, panoramic review. True, he has been taught within the circle of the home certain fundamental principles that are supposed and expected to guide him in his conduct. His contact with life, however, tends to distort these simple principles and to infuse into his soul a suspicion that soon turns into a doubt as to the truthfulness or the adaptability of these principles.

It is when the boy or the girl reaches this stage, this parting of ways, "where the brook and river meet," that confidence towards parents should be cultivated by the parents themselves. If the child has been reared in an atmosphere of love and sincerity he will turn naturally in his perplexity to those who have hitherto guided him aright. If, on the contrary, he unfortunately possesses parents who are less than mere guardians in the interest they manifest towards him, his natural tendency is to seek advice from some one else whom his immature judgment may select. Frequently, Divine Providence will turn his thoughts towards some one person who will sympathize and guide him aright, and who will prove to be a whole bulwark of strength during the period of the transition to manhood or to womanhood.

Many a young life has been blighted and blasted, not because of innate evil-mindedness or weakness of character, but solely on account of criminal stupidity and brutal carelessness on the part of idiotic and

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indifferent parents. Rest assured that if you fail to win the confidence, the complete and unreserved confidence, of your boy and girl some one else will win that confidence. If you have failed, pray heaven that some one else may be inspired by high motives to do for your child what you have criminally neglected to accomplish. —St. Paul Bulletin.

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