

Generous Patriotism

(St. Paul Catholic Bulletin) "I did not raise my son to be a soldier." By Edwin Markham.

O mothers, will you longer give your sons To feed the awful hunger of the guns? What is the worth of all these battle drums If from the field the loved one never comes? What all these hosannas to the brave If all you share is some forgotten grave?

THE UNSELFISH MOTHER'S ANSWER

God gave my son in trust to me; Christ died for him, and he should be a man for Christ; he is His own, And God's and Man's; not mine alone. He was not mine "to give" He gave Himself that he might help to save. All that a Christian should revere, All that enlightened men hold dear. "To feed the guns," Oh, torpid soul, Awake and see life as a whole. When freedom, honor, justice, right, Were threatened by the despot's might, With heart aflame and soul alight He bravely went for God to fight against base savages whose pride The laws of God and man defied; Who slew the mother and her child; Who maidens pure and sweet defiled. He did not go "to feed the guns," He went to save from ruthless Huns His home and country, and to be a guardian of democracy.

What if he does not come? you say; Ah, well my sky would be more gray, But through the clouds the sun would shine, And vital memories be mine. God's test of manhood is, I know, Not "will he come?" but "Did he go?" My son well knew that he might die, And yet he went with purpose high, To fight for peace and overthrow The plans of Christ's relentless foe. He dreaded not the battlefield; He went to make fierce vandals yield. If he comes not again to me I shall be sad; but not that he Went like a man—a hero true—His part unselfishly to do. My heart will feel exultant pride That for humanity he died. "Forgotten grave." This selfish plea Awakes no deep response in me, For, though his grave I may not see, My boy will ne'er forgotten be. My real son can never die; 'Tis but his body that may lie In foreign land, and I shall keep Remembrance fond forever, deep Within my heart of my true son, Because of triumphs that he won. It matters not where anyone May lie and sleep when work is done.

It matters not where some men live; If my dear son his life must give, Hosannas I will sing for him, Even though my eyes with tears be dim. And when the war is over, when His gallant comrades come again, I'll cheer them as they're marching by, Rejoicing that they did not die. And when his vacant place I see, My heart will bound with joy that he Was mine so long—my fair young son— And cheer for him whose work is done.

Dr. James Hughes. (Greater significance is given to these lines of Dr. Hughes by the fact that his own son was killed in action some time ago, and now lies buried in France.)

The Salvation of Eleanora

(By Caroline D. Swan.)

(Concluded.) "Indeed no one can put back this girl into her own self," said Estlake, in reply to Father Ignatius, "but her nobler qualities can be stimulated. She would gladly rise and spread her wings, given

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted. Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

the opportunity! And soon she will be doing it!" The sympathetic smile which greeted this and brightened the face of the priest like the flush of dawn, held a foretaste of Roy Estlake's future.

Thus Eleanora came to see fortune and fame preparing to strew roses before her. She was vaguely grateful to the critical stranger, who had so opportunely crossed her pathway; but she had no idea of his influence or its scope. She only knew that the best of training was offered her in a great city. She went there at once, leaving Aunt Polly for the nonce to the care of another niece; and in her new interests the Colonel, and even Cecile L'Estrange, were soon almost forgotten.

Her expenses were paid by some musical society. Estlake arranged that through the agency of Father Ignatius, so that his own name did not appear in the matter. Time flew by on wings for the young singer, after this. She developed, on musical lines, in a way that amazed her teachers. She rapidly blossomed out into a vocalist of admitted ability. Opportunities to sing came thick and fast, bringing enough pecuniary gain to pay all expenses of costuming and relieve her worries.

Admirers, too, sundry and various circled about her. She laughingly called them her "swarm of butterflies." But, at times, curiously enough, she seemed to see the calm face of her first friendly critic and to hear his voice, with its quiet mellow tones.

One day she summoned courage to ask Father Ignatius about him. "Mr. Estlake, the lawyer," inquired the priest. "He is in Europe now; staying a while in Florence at last account."

Her quick imagination pictured his enjoyment of life at the artistic and musical "heart of Italy."

Yet at last the day came when he found himself again on American soil and in the city where his charming portegee was giving a series of recitals. He mingled unobtrusively with the audience, hearing her praise everywhere. It was an utter surprise, the change in her. Nor was this change the mere development of her powers; it was the ripening that comes with wider experience of life. His heart sank, as he studied her. "Strange enough," he said to himself, "and most unreasonable!" For was not this precisely what he and Father Ignatius had been laboring for—this lofty blossoming of gifted womanhood? How little of the bad remained! How little alas, of its bewitching immaturity!

Meeting her personally a few days later, the impression deepened. She talked graciously of art and music, with an easy self-possession which he could but admire. He felt how quietly she was holding him at a distance—the exact distance at which a stranger should be kept. Why should that irritate him? But he grew impatient of it and began to attack the barrier. Yet the power which he usually won over men and women failed him with Eleanora. She liked him, saw his effort at a glance, enjoyed wielding her own power, also—as any woman would—but he made no progress. Nay, why should she want to make any? None the less somehow he was baffled and hurt.

To do her justice, Eleanora did not understand him—did not even

try to. But the onlookers saw more and gossip began. It soon flew to Elton village.

So one day a letter arrived from Madame Cecile L'Estrange, who had kept in touch with the girl more or less all this time, and from out its rose-scented platitudes sprang this needle-thrust: "I hear, by the way that you are doing your prettiest—and that is no little my darling—to captivate the moneyed lawyer from Paris, M. Roy Estlake. Don't fail to land him, Norah dear! He has unlimited means, they say—just what you need for a splendid success. I am told he is infatuated with you."

Nora read this in high wrath—the just reaction of conscious innocence. So this easy friendliness had been misconstrued. For Eleanora, despite her enlarged knowledge of the world, was even yet no match for Cecile L'Estrange. That lady's insinuations—whose maliciousness she more than half suspected—began to collar her bearing toward Roy Estlake. He worried and puzzled over her increasing coolness; something had happened he knew not what.

"What is it my dear Signora?" he inquired one day, when she turned away with a touch of petulant haughtiness.

She coloured in slight confusion. How could she answer that quiet question? The demand of those earnest eyes? She would try—so kept silent.

"Have I offended?" he spoke very softly—"Am I to blame?" The flippant answer she sought died on her tongue. Truthfulness lay strong within her.

"No," she said frankly. "I am." "But why?" he demanded with a smile. For the first time the idea of some outer influence upon her came to him. But, though learning nothing, she treated him more graciously thereafter.

Yet he saw something standing between them, and the graciousness was not natural—it was far too elaborate. His worry got to be actual pain. Then he consulted Father Ignatius. The latter smiled.

"Women are kittle cattle," the Scotch say. I cannot answer for Miss Lenora, in these days." Soon however, he grew more grave "You are deeply concerned in her attitude?"

"Yes," replied Estlake, frankly. "I would gladly make her my wife."

"In that case, let me tell you something. She has a chance to join a fine company and reach a more critical public. The offer which is more than fine in a money way, will take her away from us altogether. If I were anxious about her before, it is a thousand times worse now!"

"It is not settled, then?" "No, she has until Easter to decide."

After a silence, he added, "I wish you well, my son! And the Lord has all hearts in his keeping."

Meantime, Eleanora had done some thinking. One quiet day brought welcome opportunity. The white mist of ocean had drifted inland, closing about her window like a drawn veil. Into her wrath at the gossip from Elton a softer impulse fell—a dim suspicion, pale as the film outside, that the silliness might hold some form of truth. Yet she set aside the thought. Attentions, compliments, flattery, and the like, why it all amounted to nothing. It was just ahead on the wine! Mr. Estlake was a man of the world, had seen beauties in Paris and Vienna—continuing heart whole, if she were any judge—strange that he should ask her friendship, even! Yet she knew his look had more than once brought the blush to her cheek.

"My nerves were to blame and my own vanity," she said to herself, eager to explain it away. "He studies me as a new specimen—as any critic would!"

Despite her great popularity, Eleanora remained humble and modest as a snowdrop. "But what if it were true?" The darling thought nearly took her breath away. "I do like him," she admitted, "but not enough for that."

The Easter came on hurrying wings—the time that must see her decision. Tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of bidding adieu to St. Joseph's, the dear old church of her childhood, to Father Ignatius, whose kindly old hand had been over her so long, and to all the sheltered life of love she must leave behind. Would this be her last Easter—

Had Pneumonia

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.

A cough is an early symptom of pneumonia. It is at first frequent and hacking, and is accompanied with a little tough, colorless expectoration, which soon, however, becomes more copious and of a rusty red color, the lungs become congested and the bronchial tubes filled with phlegm making it hard for the sufferer to breathe. Males are more commonly attacked than females, and a previous attack seems to give a special liability to another.

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not of nearness to God, He would never forsake her!—but the last amid known and familiar ways? Her departure would be a finality this time. She would never again "sing the old songs," home and tenderness would be things of the past.

The day of days found her still in gentle mood, soft as the pearly snowflakes which came sitting down. And Father Ignatius was still praying; his pleading soared, unceasingly. Christ and His blessed Mother must guide Eleanora! She has flown out of his ken. And her salvation must be of her own free choice.

The lover felt her altered mood. He knew it was now or never! He must make the plunge. It looked hopeless; yet was it not the great day of the world's hope and joy? He took his heart in his hands—pouring out its passion in full tide as never before.

She was about to make some conventional reply. Then she stopped and looked at him. The glance told more than he had said. The haggard earnestness of his face brought a revelation. He had suffered, was suffering! It was real—an intense thing, not to trifle with.

"Eleanora!" He would have tried another appeal, but his voice broke.

It came to her in a sudden wave of feeling—that nothing on earth could compare with the joy of taking this man's life into her keeping and making it brimful of happiness, so full that a roseleaf would bring overflow! And a home with, love in it—why, that was music!

She smiled up into the pained face—and the smile was a caress—knowing that her career was ended, but that her sacrifice held new bliss of measureless reward.

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