they had labored so long together as though she had been doing some-and to such good effect, might have thing disgraceful. Yet every one of proper name and a proper standing in the community.

Much animated discussion followed the announcement, and the needle women dispersed clearly pleased at opportunity to select a name in such a businesslike manner.

Little Virginia Rochford had called and the two walked home with Mrs. Ryan, Virginia giving an alert ear to the news of the afternoon.

'Do you know what Mrs. Polaschek said to me that time?" Mrs. Rvan was saying, laughing vexedly. she was going to mail me a life of St. Hedwig. She knew if I read

Both women stopped to laugh. Then they went on recounting sundry amusing things. "And that little Mrs. Hegelheimer, she said-"

And pretty Mrs. Sampson, she still thinks that St. Rose-Mrs. Fender, now, she's perfectly willing to arbitrate, but she would love to have us call it the Ozanam

Guild--' An absolute confusion of races. Mrs. Rochford ended up helplessly.
"But Mother," queried Virginia curiously-who had evidently heard some war news-"isn't there any

neutral saint ?" The eyes of the two women met over the child's head, a sudden shocked shame in both their depths. 'Out of the mouths of babes,'

breathed Mrs. Ryan softly. And, "That's our cue for us," Virginia's mother answered.

There was a very good crowd or day of the voting-not the full strength of the guild but a fine representation. Father Pender, at Mrs. Ryan's invitation, was presiding, to give dignity to the proceedings and to count the votes. Every lady, he directed was to come up and drop her vote in the ballot-box, a pasteboard receptacle of not too generous proportions, but quite large enough to hold in the neighborhood of a hundred slips of paper. There were apparently about seventy-five pres-In order to have no confusion it was decided to have them come up alphabetically, Father Pender calling the names from the membership

After the first two or three had passed Father Pender got the impression, with a decided mental jar—thatsome of the ladies were depositing unusually bulky slips. "Thicker paper, I suppose," he ruminated pefully; only to have this hope smartly dispelled by the next voter who quietly and without any circumlocution, as it were, laid three or four

Father Pender opened his lips with a vague intention of remonstrating or something, but what can you say to a broad disappearing back how, on the instant he thought better of it. "That wouldn't do at all," he reminded himself, now in considerable of a panic, for the slips two, three and four to a woman were simply showering into the box, which showed decided inclinations

to overflow on the table "This is a terrible state of affairs." he thought severely, a well-known line settling itself between his drawn brows, a line which became deeper and more incredulous as Mrs. Ryan herself walked jauntily up and dropped a neat and compact little bundle—but unmistakably a bundle of votes-into the mass of slips. This was too much!

"One moment!" he said to Mrs. Ryan imperatively, "Just wait here!" Then "Ladies," he said, "I have noticed somewhat to my surprise, to put it no stronger, that a majority of you have dropped in more than one slip of paper. Now, my impression about voting is," incisive sarcasm in his tone, "that one person had but one vote. That at least is true of most organizations. Have you a different plan here?" His keen, inquiring glance swept like a rapier around the room. Mrs. Ryan, too, gave a startled

glance at the sea of faces. Had they also adopted her plan-"I put in two proxies." one woman

ventured timidly; "two of my All tongues loosened by this magic

statement, there was a perfect babel of information projected at the presiding officer, having to do appeared conclusively, with "friends" and "proxies." Mrs. Ryan alone remained mute and flushed at the corner of the table, her eyes on the stern face of the priest, when Mrs. Rochford slipped up to the table, doing her best not to laugh outright. "Is this a—regular proceeding?" as asked. "Is it permissible to she asked.

vote, so extensively, by proxy?"
"It is not!" answered Father Pender decidedly. It is a most irregular proceeding, and I do not

intend to give my countenance to any He was checked by a horrified gasp

from Mrs. Ryan.
"But it isn't—" she broke in—"you can't mean that its wrong—or— illegal, or anything like that?"

These women . . . What was

"Of course it's wrong," in a chilly tone that indicated plainly, what else could it be? "Didn't you ever hear of stuffing the ballot box?"

touchest out the stuff of the size of the stuff of the size of the stuff of the size of the size of the stuff of the size of the s "Oh, but I—" murmured poor Mrs. Ryan, on the verge of tears,

'That may be," softening a bit; "but you can see yourself how it love and confidence.

those whose votes she had put in had given them to her in good faith.

'Father," Mrs. Rochford half whisand she was extracting considerable enjoyment out of the situation why not follow my little Virginia's suggestion and choose a 'neutral' saint? And you make the choice."

"Oh!" His frown relaxed as she explained. "Hum . . . well . . .' He arose.

Bright eyes, expectant eyes, pleasantly beaming eyes, but not a shamed or confounded eye among all those that faced him so confidently, not to say confidingly. "Just for all the world like a lot of children," he told himself with irritated indulgence. Then his sense of humor, hitherto

back to him, and he smiled.
"My dear ladies," he said, "when you come to vote—some day—for the President of the United States, or the Governor, say—don't I beg of you, don't undertake to vote all the absent or indifferent ladies in your neigh-

There was an interrupting murmur of protest, more or less laughing, and a preening "Doesn't he think we fluttering through the crowd. "-Eccause," Father Pender went

on, now smiling genially, "there are some quite unfeeling laws directed especially against such agreeable occupations. Now," holding up a monitory finger, "since I'm sure we all wish to conform to the letter of law even in small things, we shall have to throw out all these votes for the reason that so many of them were cast-illegally. Not that you meant it that way, I know," hastily.

"Oh, no, Father, earnestly, and in

chorus. "Well, then. So now instead of voting again-which you may do if you prefer, however-I have a suggestion to make on my own part. This organization which has done so much for poor families throughout city, and is planning to keep on with the excellent work, could do no better than to choose for its patron one who looks with a kindly eye on all who labor and suffer, himself the head of the lowliest families the world has ever seen

-the good, the gentle St. Joseph-' The arresting applause was so sudden and hearty as to be almost disconcerting, and whatever further words Father Pender might have said were hushed on his lips by the laughing chatter which But he did manage a remark to Mrs.

Why, that seemed to be unanimous so to speak," elevating his eyebrows. "I—ah—somehow got the pression that the ladies were a bit stubborn.'

Mrs. Ryan was still flushed, but she had a curiously satisfied look. "Not a bit of it!" she returned gaily, sur-prising herself as much as Father Pender by the statement.

And Mrs. Rochford who had been connoitering among the ladies hurried up with the laughing announcement: "I actually believe they all cast their votes for St. Joseph, Father. The joke's on somebody, isn't it ?"

An examination of the ballot-box, after the members of St. Joseph's Guild had dispersed in a particularly good humor bore out the truth of Mrs. Rochford's belief. Nearly all the women had evidently arbitrated and with a few scattering votes for St. Hedwig on behalf of the faithful with their desires and convictions, cast for St. Joseph.
"But where are yours, Minnie?"

Mrs. Rochford asked, ruffling through the bits of paper. "They're practically all St Joseph. Did you—" it, she went about singing it. Above all, she flooded every act of her will Mrs. Ryan's conscious face.

Why, St. Joseph was my choice,' that lady admitted, with a candid, if guilty smile.—Helen Moriarity, in the Magnificat.

LESSONS OF FEAST OF ASSUMPTION

How many men fear death! How terrible seems to them the passage out of life! How dark the unknown future appears! Even among the saints there have been those who trembled at the thought of death; therefore, what wonder that we sinners shrink away, remembering that we must surely go to meet our Judge?

Yes, if we look at death in connection with the thought of our own sinfulness, we have reason to fear; and we might ask how we, being what we are, can gain any lesson from the feast of our Lady's Assumption into heaven, she being sinless.

Father Pender regarded her coldly. two things. Our Lady's death was a with the orphan pupil of a Sisters' death of love; and our Lady is not school. Even modesty and humility only the Mother of our Divine cannot hide themselves under a Redeemer but she is the mother of bushel; for modesty and humility so Jesus Christ from His own hard line are shining virtues which the death-bed of the cross. After our most obtuse worldling recognizes. Mother's death of love, sho was Mrs. Ryan, on the verge of tears, assumed, or taken up, into neaven, and there she ever prays for us, her like that. Mine were all real people," piteously. "I'm sure they—the extra ones—all were."

We are to learn, from the feast of the control o assumed, or taken up, into heaven, the Assumption, the great lessons of

to teach them to us, and yet so difficult for some of us to feel that we can attain to them sufficiently to cast out fear. Our Lady's life a life of love, her death was a death pered, anxious to pour oil on the troubled waters—she had no proxies love, was most real, most divinely dear to her. But think what He is for us! He died for us sinners, to redeem us from our actual sins, as surely as He died for her to keep her forever from the slightest taint of sin, and to free her from the slightest shadow of Satan's power. He left us Himself in the Blessed Sacrament just as surely as He gave Him self to her in the Blessed Sacrament, day by day. He is our Saviour, our Friend, our Brother, He Whom we think that we fear to meet as our Judge at the final day. It was not only that sinless Mother Who re-mained beside His cross on Calvary, but Mary Magdalen was there also,

unwarrantably absent, came dancing in her penitence and love and trust. We may answer that our penitence is very imperfect, that our love is very cold, our trust is very weak; and how shall we make things any different, so as to lose our bitter fear

of death Oh, is Jesus Christ unknown? any friend like Him? Is He not Light of Lights, and Life Eternal? Is not heaven our real home? And though Purgatory lie between heaven better than that?" went and us, will not our Lord be with us wherever we are, and is not Purgatory itself the safe road by which we

pass surely to our throne above?
Let us look long at our crucifix,
now and again, in our crowded toilsome hurrying days. Let us kneel quietly sometimes before the altar, visit Jesus, feast on Jesus, Who is waiting for us on His altars and Who is waiting for us in heaven Let us beseech our Blessed Mother to teach us to love Him with some thing of her own true, loyal, trust ing love. And then let us try to avoid analyzing our feelings too closely. Rather, like little children, let us say simply and humbly short prayers like the

Dear Jesus, I want to love Thee and trust Thee. I want to serve Thee. I am sorry for my sins, and I will try to serve Thee better than I have ever done before. Dear Jesus, Who died for me, I trust my life and death into Thy hands. Thou lovest me. I do love Thee. I trust

Our Divine and most loving Redeemer will not cast away the souls that come in loving trust to Him. His Mother and our Mother is with Him in His Heaven. He will not forget that He is not only our God Review.

CATHOLIC IDEALS

IN SECULAR LIFE

The Catholic, moving in secular society, should be as a breath of pine or balsam in a windy air, pervasive, tonic, effectual, yet suggestive of its source rather than of itself. Just as one is conscious at Bar Harbor or in the Adirondacks of a sense of physical refreshment which must be referred to the great trees and the mountains, so one experiences, or should experience in the presence of a clear Catholic personality, a social and spiritual influence which, when traced to its source, is found to spring from Catholic belief and practice. No other man conducts himself as does the genuine Catholic, becau no other man is in possession of the full context of Christian Revelation or the complete code of Christian deportment. Others enjoy at most

There is not on ogma of the St. Christophers, every vote had been | Catholic Church that does not react perfectly in the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus, "to make Love more loved." She prayed it, she advised She looked up suspiciously into and body with its supernatural frs. Ryan's conscious face. and sweetness. She discovered, and would have others discover in all the dogma of the faith the source of that air of pine and balsam which every truly representative Catholic gives forth. One may not be able to define this air perhaps, but it pervades the true Catholic's life like a social perfume. A simple example will illustrate how true this is.

PRACTISE OF GENTLENESS

Tourists frequently declare that they have found the deportment of a peasant nun or a lay brother to sur-pass in actual correctness that of experienced attendants on courts. This is not surprising. What Cathothe child is not instructed in court know and understand solittle about etiquette? He has been a scholar our Holy Faith, should assert that in the court of the Blessed Sacrather. To be anything but reverent in the Royal Presence with which he is so familiar would be difficult to the point of embarrassment. The habitral practice of satonishment that many fairly habitual practise of gentleness in good Catholics are too often disposed their places of worship becomes a to agree with them on that point and social asset in the lives or even very lowly Catholics, and we often see what is called a well born child at a ligious vocations, talking as if they were about to lose their love as well with the lives of even very lower and daughters naving to their sons and daughters naving to their love as well were about to lose their love as well their bodily presence, in consections. Now let us thoughtfully consider distinct disadvantage in this respect earnestly taught by Catholic discip-

It was Father Thurston, I think. who wrote the little manual on religious deportment which is used in many schools; and in it he insists upon the motives of Christian de-portment rather than deportment itself. It is suggested to young people, for example, that loud and disorderly behavior is not so much Mrs. Ryan nodded miserably. She let us practise these essential virtues, so easy that a child may help is an infringement of the law binding holds good. One who is constantly

us to do all things with a view to our neighbor's comfort and convenience Catholic conduct. Its motive is the very highest. When the garments of cloth of gold were removed from royal saints, it was discovered that the tunic of hair cloth was nearer their hearts. Similarly, were the trappings of convention stripped from true Catholic conduct, one might see enwrought beneath it the aspiration of Benedict XV. the charity of Jesus Christ must prevail.'

Not to those in the world is it given to enjoy that community of aims, sympathies and affections that is possible in the religious orders. On the contrary, the thistle and the wheat grow side by side, in the social garden. All the strength and wholesomeness of the wheat cannot change the thistle, but the thistle must not be allowed to uproot or weaken the well-planted wheat. Strange and painful are the natural strainings and antagonisms of the social order; yet the end of the thistle is death, while the wheat is to endure unto perfection.

Such is the ideal, and yet society is often disappointed in Catholics. It expects so much from those whose claims are so high. Declaring that we alone have the true and life-giving Sacraments, we correspond so miserably to the world's just expectation of us! Society has heard that we dwell in the fulness of the light of revealed truth, symbolized upon our altars, at our shrines, even at our biers : and we give forth only a faint and flickering glimmer! There would be no such journal in the world as The Menace if Catholics practiced faithfully our holy faith The Menace lives and thrives by our failure to demonstrate individually as Christians the infallible truth of our dogmas in our common place

WORLD HATES APATHY

What is needed is a more easy and natural diffusion of Catholic ideals in secular life. This cannot be done so long as there exists any superior is sense of aloofness, or alien symptoms of the done pathies. Certainly it cannot be don our actual belief and practice. The more Catholic a Catholic is, the better, even in the eyes of the enethe Church. The world's dislike of luke-warmness and evasion is second only to that of God for the same thing. Never does a Catholic in secular life make so grave a misour Brother. - Sacred Heart take as when he endeavors to conceal, or, above all, apologize for his convictions. There is not a function or service of human affairs in the matter of social relationship that is not rarefied, sweetened and invigorated by those celestial airs which breathe from a sincere, urbane and

gentle Catholic. The Catholic may not fail any man woman, or child who turns to him with confidence and affection; for this is like the sealing up of a spring which the thirsty one had expected see gush forth in living water. Not The Menace, but the disappointing Catholic is the clog on chariot wheels of Holy To radiate the teachings of the Church from our homes, as the holy house of Nazareth radiated them, is indispensable to any career that would escape the just displeasure of our friends, the Guardians and the Patriots.

A prominent Anglican clergyman is reported to have said that during twenty-four hours if Catholics were to lead that perfect life of holiness and purity which their faith enjoins, the thousands among whom they live would be irresistibly drawn back to the Church of Rome. There may be some exaggeration in the statement for good example is not the only factor in conversion. But it is certainly true, on the other hand, that the indifferent, worldly and sinful lives of too many who have received the gift of the true faith, and boast of it, are violently closing the doors of the Fold of Christ against vast numbers who are thus driven away from its peace and calm by the start ling contradiction they witness be tween practice and belief. Beyond all doubt such scandal should quickly disappear. - E. A. Chester in Amer.

FOR LOVE IS OF GOD

Henriette Eugene Delamare, in Catholic World It seems little to be wondered at that Protestants and unbelievers who mourn and lament when they hear of

Nothing could be more false than this idea, for none have a firmer or more intense human love than the religious and the saints of God, and this is perfectly natural, for every faculty, either of body or soul that is much practiced and labored over, becomes all the more developed. An athlete's limbs grow abnormally strong; the vocal organs of a professional singer develop unusual power and richness of tone, the brain of a mathematician or scientist acquires wonderful clearness and insight.

So it is, or so it should be, with all and one who is constantly fighting life as happens with Catholic priests Its motive is the against pride will attain to saint like and people as well as with Protestant humility, for the virtue they are thus union with God, Who is Love Itself, a soul which is ever striving to attain to more fervent love of Him. will become all the more capable of love for "That its fellowmen, and specially for those united to it by ties of kindred and friendship?

PRAYER AND TRUST IN GOD

A LESSON TAUGHT BY THE WAR

In the terrible fighting in the Gallipoli Peninsula, some of the hardest work was done by the Naval Division. In the repeated attempts to storm the slopes of Achi Baba, officers and men of more than one of its battal went into action wearing on their helmets over the regimental badge, the Catholic badge of the Sacred Heart. But only a of them were Catholics. The chap lain had given the badge to the Cath olics, and the non-Catholics in hundreds had asked that they might also have it to wear. Willingly, the priest gave them all he had, regretting that he had no more to give. lic could understand the full mean ing of this emblem of Divine Love and its prayer for help and safety. But even to the non-Catholic it silent y taught its sacred lesson of prayer and trust in God.

READ CATHOLIC BOOKS

If you wanted to study chemistry you would hardly look for it in the newspapers, but like a sensible man you would get the acknowledged standard books on chemistry. This you would do in every branch of knowledge. Apply the same rule to the study of religion. to know what the Catholic Church

teaches, get the best of Catholic books treating on this subject. Too nuch nonsense has been written about the Catholic Church by those by neglect or misrepresentation of who either did not know anything about that Church or otherwise pu posely put down as Catholic teaching what was not such at all. Only fool can say that in these days anything of importance can be kept secret for a long time. No, there is nothing to keep secret, except that

endeavoring to bear crosses with common decency would rather cover fortitude becomes a model of patience from men sad failures of a Christian ministers and people. Still there is it were, a second nature. Is it not natural, therefore, that a soul in union with God Who is I a few more that are not facts, but fiction. The Catholics will not do the same to them, they may be sure of that, for it is too vile .- St. Anthony's Almanac.

> You can not dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

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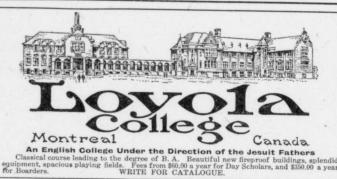
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