

they had labored so long together and to such good effect, might have a proper name and a proper standing in the community.

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

Little Virginia Rochford had called at the guild room for her mother, 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. Ryan was saying, laughing vexedly. "That she was going to mail me a life of St. Hedwig. She knew if I read it—"

"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 on day of the voting—not the full strength of the guild but a fine representation. Father Pender, at Mrs. Ryan's invitation, was presiding, its due 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 paste-board 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 present. In order to have no confusion it was decided to have them come up alphabetically, Father Pender calling the names from the membership list.

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

Father Pender opened his lips with a vague intonation of remonstrating or something, but what can you say to a broad disappearing back? Any 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, and to get it no stronger, that a majority of you have dropped in more than one slip of paper. Now, my impression about voting is, 'invisive sacrum in his tone, "that one person had but one vote. That one 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 friends—"

All tongues loosened by this magic statement, there ensued a babel of information projected at the presiding officer, having to do, it 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?" she asked. "Is it permissible to 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 such—"

"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?"

Father Pender regarded her coldly. "These women . . . What was she use?"

"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?"

"Oh, but I—" murmured poor Mrs. Ryan, on the verge of tears, "but we—we didn't mean anything like that. Mine were all real people," piteously. "I'm sure they—the extra ones—all were."

"That may be," softening a bit; "but you can see yourself how it could be abused."

Mrs. Ryan nodded miserably. She had an overwhelming sense of shame,

as though she had been doing something disgraceful. Yet every one of those whose votes she had put in had given them to her in good faith.

"Father," Mrs. Rochford half whispered, anxious to pour oil on the troubled waters—she had no proxies and 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."

"A neutral saint?" puzzled. "Oh! His crown 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 confidently. "Just for all the world like a lot of children," he told himself with irritated indulgence. Then his sense of humor, hitherto unwarrantably absent, came dancing 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 neighborhood—"

There was an interrupting murmur of protest, more or less laughing, and a prying "Doesn't he think we know better than that?" went fluttering through the crowd.

"—Because," Father Pender went on, now smiling genially, "there are some quite unfeeling ladies directed especially against such agreeable occupations. Now," holding up a monitor finger, "since I'm sure we all wish to conform to the letter of the 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 the 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 lowly 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 ensued. But he did manage a remark to Mrs. Ryan.

"Why, that seemed to be unanimous so to speak," elevating his eyebrows. "I—ah—somehow got the impression 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 replied, gaily, surprising herself as much as Father Pender by the statement.

And Mrs. Rochford who had been reconnoitering 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 with their desires and convictions, and with a few scattering votes for St. Hedwig on behalf of the faithful Poles and three or four aggressive St. Christophers, every vote had been 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—"

She looked up suspiciously into 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

AUGUST 15

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.

Now let us thoughtfully consider two things. Our Lady's death was a death of love; and our Lady is not only the Mother of our Divine Redeemer but she is the mother of all men, having been given to us by Jesus Christ from His own hard death-bed of the cross. After our Mother's death of love, she was assumed, or taken up, into heaven, and there she ever prays for us, her weak and sinful children, to her ever holy and Divine Son, Jesus Christ. We are to learn, from the feast of the Assumption, the great lessons of love and confidence.

Over and over again, continually, let us practise these essential virtues, so easy that a child may help

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 was a life of love, her death was a death of love, because Jesus Christ, Who is 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 Himself 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 remained beside His cross on Calvary, but Mary Magdalen was there also, 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? Is 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 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 something of her own true, loyal, trusting 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 these:

"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 Thee."

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 but our Brother.—Sacred Heart Review.

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 sense of aloofness, or alien sympathies. Certainly it cannot be done by neglect or misrepresentation of our actual belief and practice. The more Catholic a Catholic is, the better, even in the eyes of the enemies of the Church. The world's dislike of lukewarmness and evasion is second only to that of God for the same thing. Never does a Catholic in secular life make so grave a mistake 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 to see gush forth in living water. Not The Menace, but the disappointing Catholic is the clog on the chariot wheels of Holy Mother Church. 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 good example 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 startling contradiction they witness between practice and belief. Beyond all doubt such scandal should quickly disappear.—E. A. Chester in America.

FOR LOVE IS OF GOD

Henriette Eugene Delamare, in Catholic World

It seems little to be wondered at that Protestants and unbelievers who know and understand so little about our Holy Faith, should assert that deep piety, and specially that of the religious life, makes people gloomy, self-centred and lacking in natural affection. But it is a matter of astonishment that many fairly good Catholics are too often disposed to agree with them on that point and mourn and lament when they hear of their sons and daughters having religious vocations, talking as if they were about to lose their love as well as their bodily presence, in consequence.

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 thus 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. And in the spiritual life this also holds good. One who is constantly

endeavoring to bear crosses with fortitude becomes a model of patience and one who is constantly fighting against pride will attain to saint like humility, for the virtue they are thus striving to acquire finally becomes as it were, a second nature. Is it not natural, therefore, that a soul in 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 its fellowmen, and specially for those united to it by ties of kindred and friendship?

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. They expect so much from those whose claims are so high, forgetting 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 biars; 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 secular life.

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 battalions went into action wearing on their helmets over the regimental badge, the Catholic badge of the Sacred Heart. But only a minority of them were Catholics. The chaplain had given the badge to the Catholics, 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. The Catholic could understand the full meaning of this emblem of Divine Love and its prayer for help and safety. But even to the non-Catholic it silently taught his sacred lesson of prayer and trust in God.

READ CATHOLIC BOOKS

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common decency would rather cover from men sad failures of a Christian life as happens with Catholic priests and people as well as with Protestant ministers and people. Still there is a good percentage of non-Catholic people who delight in holding up to public view such cases and make up 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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