

good cook he have—old Italian woman. Soon as we finish lunch we go sit on front porch and smoke. Verra nice we think, but after while Guilio say: "Now, make yourself at home. I mus' go hear confession. Nice park down there—maybe you like to go walk and see lake after awhile?" Verra well, verro nice; we do as he say—park verro pretty—not grand like Napoli—no matter, pretty park and we walk around and go home to supper. Guilio come, eat supper. After while, he say again: "I mus' go hear confession. You tired, go to sleep; don't wait up for me, because the men, they sometimes come talk about something after confession." That's all right Maria and me say; we know he cannot stop a his work for us—we tired sure 'nough ennyhow; we have nice time to-morrow.

"Tomorrow we go to Mass—verra handsome, Guilio in vestments—fine vestments he have, too. We go home; he come eat breakfast; while we eat, telephone ring and say 'Accident down road and can be come quick?' Guilio say 'Yes.' He come tell us and say he come home soon maybe, maybe not. Give us New York paper to look at, say have nice time, sit on porch in sunshine, walk down to park, go home, we wait. Everybody call us way home—no danger gettin' lost. Company come see us some time soon, he say; then go off to where accident is. Cook, she get mad—'Always accidents,' she say. 'Don't let the Padre have three meals a day in peace!'

"So we do as we please; after while dinner time—cook she say: 'We no wait for Padre—he come when he come—they give him dinner, maybe, if had accident, maybe he not come all day.' Sure 'nough, no more Guilio till supper time. Maria, she think it fine he go off to help hurt people. We take siesta and after while company come see us—nice a people, some of them from Italia. Guilio come home before they go and we have supper and go to bed—everybody tired—Guilio tired, helping people in the hospital all day, and Maria and me tired walkin' around and havin' company.

"Next day, Monday, we have nice a time. Guilio, he take us roun' town and we stop to see some peoples he know well and they say we must eat lunch—but Guilio he say he mus' run down to mines to see how hurt peoples gettin' along. Maria and me, we stay to lunch with his friend and have fine 'Merican meal, verro proud, me and Maria—At mines, same thing—men callin' out to him: 'How do, Padre?' makin' way for us with their caps off, like we was a gran' procession—that's what we feel like, me and Maria walkin' these-away with Guilio—like gran' procession—like long time ago when king and queen come to Napoli. Verra nice it was—but I tell you the trouble is, was almost the las' we saw of Guilio—las' good long time we have with him.

"We go home and poor woman waitin' for him—he will go see her sick man? All afternoon he gone—cook say maybe makin' sickcalls. At night after supper we think we have nice time with him—but no, Guilio mus' go to Men's Club—maybe you come, papa? I go to see how he do an' to be roun' where he is. He fine—you ought-a hear gran' speech he give. On the sly, men tell me what fine priest he is, what fine man; they say how much he know about ever'thing, about business and how they do in mines and ever'where. I like the Men's Club, but Maria, she not there. Oh, well, we say we see Guilio other nights. But ever'nigh the same thing—Wednesday night, May Devotions; Thursday night, Holy Hour; Friday night come 'roun' May Devotions again; and Saturday night, confessions. All day long something—telephone ringin' before we wake up—will he go see sick man? When he come back, somebody waitin' for him in the parlor—will he baptize the new baby?

"An' ever' day so it goes—somebody havin' wedding, funeral, baptism, sick-call, or club or socialities have meeting. Guilio, he so polite, he hate to leave us an' he have whole lot nice a people come to see us and they take us drivin' roun', an' have us eat fine dinner at their house an' supper-parties, but Guilio, he can't come all time, an' we get used to havin' him snatched away. It ain't jus' like sittin' on portico with him long time, smokin' in garden." (Tony always seemed to include Maria in these smoking parties).

"Maria, she say: 'Tony, I don't want Guilio tie to my apron-string. He fine man now; he pious, good priest; he mus' work for his peoples an' we mus' be glad.' I tell you, signorina, Guilio work harder than anybody we know do other work. He work harder than Maria an' me work—even in old hard days we have siesta; we not-a work in evenings; after supper we go sleep

—an' when we go sleep, we ain't jumpin' up ever' leads while runnin' far away to see sick peoples."

My interest in Guilio's career had steadily waxed—indeed, now I began to fear lest his zeal might exhaust his strength, and that would be cause for deep regret, as he was evidently so useful and so good.

"But tell me about Guilio. Is his health good, and does he like his crowded days? Does he look worn-out?"

Tony throw back his head and laughed at the suggestion. "Worn out? Non, non! He's gran' big strong boy! He happy as lark! He say he like clock—wind him up once a day an' he run all day and all night, if anybody want him."

I drew a breath of relief—Guilio had evidently inherited his mother's sincere piety and he was unsparringly giving himself to the service of his Lord. This was a different routine from that Tony had anticipated, yet I could see he was genuinely, yet I could see he was genuinely, almost fatuously, fond of his clerical son and actually proud of his toil—however, I could not resist a thrust:

"Then he does not in the least hold it against you that you picked out such a laborious life for him?"

"Ma, mon, signorina! I tell you he like it—he what you 'Mericans call 'crazy' about it! And he so pious, you know, like Maria! But, signorina, I tell you something—I learn something—you learn, too—if you want your sons to have nice a easy life, not work-a hard, don't make 'em go to priest. Guilio, he say it just the way he want it to be—not sorry. Me, I'm not sorry when I see he like it so well—but, signorina, I learn sure 'nough what might hard work it is—I learn that sure! Maria and me, we naturalmente never stay right in priest's house before, so we not-a know—I not-a know. But now, I know sure! An' I tell ever'body how hard he work."

The final declaration gave a finishing touch to my reassurance, for who could tell what false notions about the ecclesiastical life—indeed, what scandal—easy going Tony might have disseminated, all the more to be regretted because, for all his materialistic strain, Tony was good and was not a heretic. Now he was to be a witness on the other side—a witness all the more eloquent because his late experience had so definitely changed his opinions. His pride in Guilio's zeal would be fairly impregnated. Could Guilio himself ask more? As for me, I now hoped that the young Padre would not work himself to death and that he had a sense of humor—to share with me some day in talking over his dotting father's volte face.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE BAPTISM OF CHILDREN

Saint Augustine relates the story of a mother whose infant child had died without being baptized. Overcome with grief, she exclaimed: "I am now inconsolable, for I cannot hope ever to see my beloved child again, since he has been taken from me without the grace of baptism, which alone can procure for him the happiness of Heaven." The sorrow of this ancient mother was natural, but God performed a miracle and restored her child to life in order that he might receive the sacrament. Saint Augustine tells us that when the ceremony was ended the child died again, and "his mother bore him to the tomb as if she were carrying an angel into heaven." Although this incident happened many hundred years ago, the example will ever remain a warning to all Christian parents. The lives of new-born children are frail; it takes little to quench the vital spark which animates their bodies, and if they die without having received the essential sacrament of Baptism their parents will not meet them in Heaven. Parents cannot hope that God will renew in their favor the miracle He wrought for the Egyptian mother.

True, the souls of unbaptized children are not lost in the sense usually attached to this word, but they are shut out from the grace of Heaven and shall never see the face of God, the vision which is to be the happiness of the Blessed. What, then, are we to think of those Catholic parents who risk the souls of their little ones by putting off their baptism for days, sometimes for weeks? Is it because their faith is weak? Or because human respect has its grip on them? Or is it because they do not know what Baptism means for the human soul? All who have the spiritual responsibility of children should study the doctrine of the Church on this important question. Their catechism will tell them that Baptism is the foundation of the other sacraments; it constitutes for all mankind, as the new Code of Canon Law tells us, "a necessary means of salvation either in actual reception or, where this is not possible, at least by desire." (Canon 737.) That Baptism is the door that opens the way to Heaven, is practically the assertion of Our Lord. He declared the necessity of this sacrament when He said, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." The Church, on her side, enters more deeply into doctrinal detail and teaches that Baptism should be conferred on children

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as soon as possible after birth, because this sacrament cleanses their souls from Original Sin, because it makes them Christians and children of God because it assures them the heirship of the Kingdom of Heaven.

All this may seem very elementary but sometimes elementary truth is not as well known as it should be. We are taught that when Adam, the moral and juridical head of the human race, sinned by disobeying God, his sin became hereditary and was transmitted to all his descendants. Consequently every child entering this world brings with it the stain of Original Sin on its soul. Mary, the immaculate Mother of God was an honorable exception to this universal law, but she was the only one. When Original Sin has been cleansed from our souls by the waters of Baptism we become the adopted children of God—Christians not only in name but in truth and reality. This made Saint Charles Borromeo exclaim in his colloquies with God, "How happy I am when I call to mind that I am the son of my Father and that I am His own child, that Jesus is my Brother, and that His Mother Mary is my own dear Mother, too!"

When God adopts us as his children He bestows on us the gift of faith and makes us members of His one true Church. Faith is a wonderful gift; it is a precious possession, one that we should guard jealously lest we lose it and then expose our souls to be lost in turn. No worldly misfortune can equal the loss of faith; rather than renounce it the martyrs and the confessors of old were willing to undergo tortures and death. "We are Christians," "we are children of the true God"; "we have been baptized," millions of them exclaimed triumphantly while they were being led out to death.

But filial adoption, Christian faith, and the rest of it, are only steps towards the final goal, which is eternal bliss. Baptism prepares little children for their heavenly home; if they die in their innocence after having received the sacrament, they will surely go to enjoy the vision of God forever.

However, while baptism is an essential condition of heirship to Heaven, those who survive the critical years of infancy and reach the age when they can distinguish between good and evil have other responsibilities to bear, other obligations to fulfill, and the legacy of Heaven will be theirs only on other conditions. "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away" (Matt. 11-12), is Our Lord's graphic way of sending home the plain truth. While the sacrament of Baptism takes away Original Sin and confers super-natural gifts and graces, unhappily it does not entirely undo the effects of Original Sin, nor does it restore to souls the integrity which Adam possessed before his fall. There remains the incentive to sin, or concupiscence, as a sad legacy to remind everyone coming into this world that struggle must be the law of his life. The Church reminds us of this during the ceremony of Baptism. "I renounce Satan with all his works and all his pomps, and I will belong to Jesus Christ now and forever," is a solemn promise of us made at that moment, the record of which is kept in Heaven. The sponsors make it for the newly-baptized Christian, but himself is the one who shall have to keep it. If he is not faithful to his baptismal promise he cannot be disappointed it, in the end, God disappoints him.

These considerations, however, and others that might be made, are possibly irrelevant in Canada where the discipline of the Church is observed quite strictly. What really matters for the moment and what we believe is the spirit of the Intention which the Holy Father presents to us for the present month, is the Baptism of little children, not the after-lives of the baptized. Evidently he has in mind not merely the vast number of people in pagan lands who live and die without Baptism, but also the large number of children born in the Christian sects who receive no Baptism at all, or on whom it is given in a careless way, which renders its validity doubtful.

Conformably to the wishes of the Holy Father we can merely ask our Catholic parents to be diligent in this important matter. Let them know that new-born children should be baptized as soon as possible after their birth. The new Code of Canon Law is quite explicit in this matter. Canon 776 reads: "Infants should be baptized as soon as possible; pastors and preachers must frequently admonish the faithful of this serious duty." There are other minor modifications in the new Code relating to sponsorship and spiritual relationship which need not be touched on here. It will be sufficient for the moment to take home the lesson

which may be learned from the present month's Intention. We members of the League will do our share if we pray for the spread of the sacrament of Baptism throughout the world. May our prayers help to multiply the number of true children of God on earth?

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE POPE'S WORK FOR PRISONERS

The Rome correspondent of the Western Watchman gives particulars of the Pope's work for prisoners of war. The Prisoners' Bureau of the Vatican is a very useful institution. Needless to say, the conspiracy of silence which suppresses systematically almost all facts which reflect credit on the Pope, has hidden the facts concerning this work. As early as 1914, the Holy Father was frequently appealed to to discover the whereabouts of prisoners of war. The number of such requests grew so large that the Pope decided to organize a special bureau to receive applications for information and to discover the facts. The magnitude of the war required the work was done on a large scale. Mr. Bellamy Storer, former American Ambassador at Vienna, was then living in Rome; and to him His Holiness confided the direction of the work. This gentleman continued this work for some time. In January, 1915, the Pope instituted at Paderborn an office to conduct the office of the Vatican in Rome; and soon afterwards established another at Lyons, in France. Owing to difficulties raised by the infidel rulers of France, the Lyons office was not a success; and the Holy Father then opened an office in Fribourg, in Switzerland. In April, 1915, Mr. Storer returned to America; and his place was taken by Very Rev. Dominick Reuter, also an American, who, with his brethren, have devoted himself energetically to the work ever since. In May, 1915, when Italy entered the war, an office was opened for the benefit of Italian prisoners, under the Deputy of the Papal Secretary of State. An office was also opened in Vienna for the benefit of Italian prisoners in Austria. Under these main offices there is an immense network of sub-offices stretching from London to Constantinople, and from Palermo to Stockholm. The deep gratitude of thousands and thousands of families in Europe and in North America has gone out to those in charge of these offices. The work is assisted by the members of several religious orders, male and female. Of the latter, six or seven orders are at work. Laymen also, in large numbers, take part. So far, over 60,000 applications have come to the Vatican, all asking for missing soldiers to be traced for them. Of these, the vast majority have been discovered and put in communication with their families all over the world. The bureau is in daily communication with France, Germany, Austria, Holland, Italy, England, Scotland, Russia, Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey, and Bulgaria. There is no charge what ever. Letters to the bureau should mention the full name, rank and regiment of the missing man; when he is supposed to have been taken prisoner; and any other detail the writer may think useful. No cost. The Vatican has twice warned the public against fakers who seek to charge for putting their case before the bureau. No such charge is authorized by the Pope or the Bureau. Any priest or well-informed Catholic layman will undertake the sending of any such case for nothing. Applicants may depend upon it that all letters addressed to His Holiness Benedict XV., or to the Cardinal Secretary of State, at Rome, will reach the bureau.—Antigonish Caskeet.

THE SILVER ANVILS

There was a rath I used to love, in Ireland long ago,
An ancient dun in which they dwelt—the Fairy Folk, you know.
All belted round with hawthorn was this Rath of Clocharink,
And one could hear, when straying near, their silver anvils clink!

O, clink, clink, clink—hear the fairy hammers go;
Clink, clink, clink, in their caves of gold below!
What were they forging in the dun of Clocharink
Upon their silver anvils tapping—clink, clink, clink?

When all the thorn was blossomed white, and yellow was the furze
You'd hear them in the noontide sun when the sun was high,
You'd hear them in the evening when the sun began to sink
And purple gulls flushed the hills that smiled on Clocharink.

O, clink, clink, clink, hear the fairy hammers sound—
Clink, clink, clink, in their forges underground;
What were they patterning, the Sides of Clocharink,
With all their silver anvils sounding—clink, clink, clink?

What were they fashioning—a crown for great Queen Mary?
A helmet for Cuchulainn, or a shield for Lugh the Brave?—

A scabbard for the Sword of Light that flames on danger's brink,
A jeweled torque for Angus who is king of Clocharink?

Clink, clink, clink, like a harp note, sweet and low,
Clink, clink, clink, and a big moon climbing slow!
Though youth is far from me tonight, and far is Clocharink,
My senses thrill to hear it still, that clink, clink, clink!

—REV. J. B. DOLLARD

MUTES AS AIR FIGHTERS

FLYING SERVICE OFFERS NEW FIELD FOR DEAF

Army officers of the Mineola aviation field believe that the ideal air fighter has been found—the deaf-mute. As a result of tests made with recent graduates it is believed that the war department will soon authorize their enrollment in the flying service and that a new field of endeavour will be opened to thousands of young men all over the country.

Curiously enough it has been discovered that deafness eliminates one of the most dangerous factors in the training of military aviators. The man who was born normal, but who has lost his hearing, has no sense of

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motion. As a result, he loses the fear and the feeling of dizziness which a great altitude often causes in the normal man.

Added concentration is obtained by the deaf aviators because of their inability to hear the engine explosions, it was explained, and a lack of dizziness renders them particularly intrepid almost immediately they take to the air.

The idea of trying a deaf mute as an aviator is said to have originated at the war department, and a young man named Radcliff was first experimented with. The result was so successful that others were taken to Mineola, and in every instance deaf fliers astonish their instructors.—Catholic Union and Times.

He that gets the name of early rising may lie in bed late.

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