

had something wolfish in it. "Patsy," he panted, "is it you, Patsy?"

"It is I, Dada," said the little voice, that had been sweeter to him than even the birds of Heaven could be.

"But your grave is in Ballygrua," said the man. "I buried you there myself."

"Not my soul, Dada, only my body."

"Where have you been since, Patsy? And where is your mother that she doesn't come too?"

"She is in Heaven, praying for you; and I cannot go to her."

"What keeps you out of Heaven, Patsy?" said the man, and his hands worked at the thought of his invisible enemy.

"Not God, Dada, but you."

"Oh, my God!" said the man, returning unconsciously to the cry of the anguished. "How do I keep you out, Patsy? I who would stay in hell forever to buy you an hour of Heaven?"

"Look about you and see."

Tom O'Keefe peered about him in the darkness. Then he saw beyond the circles of the light, fangs and claws and eyes of torment innumerable and the eyes gazed towards him. But where the light from the child and his tree fell upon the road there was a sharp circle, and within that space was clear of the demons.

"They come nearer and nearer," said little Patsy. "Every minute they remind God that your cup is full. 'Tis only for my sake and mother's that God has patience. Your angel went back to Heaven long since. If I left you, you would be lost."

"Don't stay with me, Patsy agra," said the man, "if you would rather be in Heaven."

"Because of you," said the child, unheeding, "I have never crossed its door, I have never tasted its blessedness. God allows it. The other children are with God and Our Blessed Lady in Heaven. I keep my watch still on earth."

"An' it's Dada that's keepin' you, Patsy?" asked the father.

"It is then," said the child. "There are millions and millions of children in Heaven, this holy month all singing Our Lady's praises while the angels light the tapers."

Something of longing in the child's voice stabbed the man's heart.

"Is it lonesome out of Heaven, Patsy?" he asked.

"It is lonesome. And I cannot sleep by night or day for watching you lest the fiends seize you. The other children have their beds of down where they rest when the sleep takes them."

"How long have you been watching over me, Patsy?"

"Since you laid my body in the churchyard and said, 'There is no God.'"

"Oh, my God!" cried the man again,—"two years and a half-year! It is a long time to keep you between earth and Heaven, Patsy."

"'Tis an eternity," said the child.

"Listen now, Patsy. A poor old battered seal like mine isn't worth it. Leave me to the torture and go to your mother in Heaven."

The child smiled, a strange, wise smile for a little lad.

"Am I to go, Dada?"

"Yes, go, Patsy. But if you can, kiss me once before you go; it will keep the dew on my lips."

The child leant out of the tree and kissed him; and the heart hunger of the man was assuaged as by a delicious draught.

"Now, go, Patsy," he panted, "I am ready for the torture."

"Not till you save yourself, Dada, and set me free."

"How can I do it, Patsy? I have sinned beyond forgiveness."

"But you have loved much," said the wise child. "And God forgives much to love. Besides He pardons when He is asked for pardon. Kneel down there in the road, make an act of contrition, and sign yourself with the sign."

The man did as he was bid.

"Now," said the child, "look about you."

Tom O'Keefe peered into the darkness. It was thick as ever, and yet he could see the wings of the black angels like bats in twilight flying away huddled together as if in mortal terror.

At the same time the tree with the child in it began to rise and float away from him.

"Are you going, Patsy?" cried the father.

"To my mother in Heaven with God, Who is Love," said the child, waving his hands towards him and seeming to rise as the flame mounts upward.

In the black hours of the early winter morning the curate was awakened by a visitor knocking at his door.

"Is it a sick call?" he asked, putting his head out of the window.

"A soul sick to death," came the reply.

The curate went down stairs and opened the door to the one he took to be the messenger. To his amazement Tom O'Keefe stumbled in and fell on the floor at his feet.

"Give me absolution," he panted "lest I die in my sins."

The curate lifted the sinner affectionately and led him into his parlor, rejoicing as his Master before him over the sinner who was lost.

The news of Tom's conversion spread far and wide, and if he had drawn crowds to hear him before, more came now, for it was said he had a supernatural visitation. But Tom had nothing to tell them only over and over again the words with which little Patsy had left him—

"God is love. God is love!" and as he said it to them the tears ran down his face.

Tom O'Keefe died the other day a very old man, and with the reputation of a saint. He had led more sinners to God than ever he had drawn away from Him, with his simple gospel that was the last word on his lips.

They say now in that part of the country, when there is a death or troubles are hard to bear, "Well sure, God is Love, as did Tom O'Keefe, Lord rest him, used to say."—Truth.

THE HAND OF GOD IN THE CHURCH

By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., in The Catholic Convert

The Wisdom of the Creator is shown in all things. The ways and means of the universe become a greater marvel in proportion as we know them. The most reverent men are the students of nature. Astronomers are lost in admiration at the magnitude and exactness of the firmament. Chemists meet surprise after surprise being the wonders of the reaction and reaction of the elements. Physicians behold a miracle of adaptation in the various departments to which they apply themselves. In man himself what a masterpiece of the Creator do we contemplate. The mind of man, the will of man, the memory of man! The senses which like outer servants minister unto the brain of man, how wonderfully are they adapted to their task. Sight, touch, hearing and taste bring the outside world into the very mind. How we know not. In some way material impressions from without are transmitted to the immaterial. By speech the intangible thoughts of the mind are conveyed to the outside world. No matter what we consider in the world about us we find always a marvelous adaptation of means to the end. This is the wisdom and power of God who knows all things and can do all things.

There is another masterpiece of God in the world which excites our wonder and admiration no less than the heavens and the earth and man. God has made a creation on earth which shows His Wisdom and Power as visibly as does the firmament. Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. He Who made ocean, sky and mountains made the Church, the Catholic Church. We should find in this creation, therefore, the adaptation, the perfection and the marvels which characterize His other works. And we do. Everybody who has studied nature is struck by its wonderful adaptation of means to the end. The wings of a bird so light and so strong, the shell of a tortoise, so armor like in its protective build, the hand of a man so strong to grasp, so delicate to execute. The more you go into detail the more you see to wonder at. The tiniest insect shows as many marvels of adaptation as does the huge elephant. There is the same evidence of design in the firmament that we find in the fig leaf. Let us now look at the plan God had in building His Church and see the means He adopted to carry out that plan. God built His Church as an institution to guide and help man on his journey through life. This establishment supplies mortals with everything needed on the way from time to eternity. First of all by baptism it gives him a clear title to a heavenly estate. Afterwards in the difficulties of the journey it nourishes him with heavenly food. If he falls from fatigue, or succumbs to the allurements of the wayside it raises him up again by healing sacraments. When the deceptive voice of the by-paths invite him away from the right road it sounds the warning of God's judgments. Ever its protecting arm and helpful direction accompany him until by its last rites it sees him passing into his eternal inheritance. Every weakness of man finds in the Church a help to strength, and against every temptation it supplies heaven-made armor. From birth as mortal to birth as immortal the Church established by Christ accompanies the human pilgrim. Mind and heart are directed, encouraged, nourished and conducted aright. One only thing is necessary, the wayfarer must entrust himself to the appointed guidance. Then, as certainly as the sun keeps its appointed course, will man arrive at the portals of heaven. To as many as receive Him He gives the power to become the children of God.

By her adaptation therefore to her purpose the Church shows she is the handiwork of God. But not only by her marvelous adaptation to the end for which she was made does she show divinity, but also by the inherent qualities which characterize her. In nature's works we observe certain features which plainly indicate divine workmanship. These stand out boldly in creation three things: indestructibility of matter, infallibility of nature's norm and perfect organization. Likewise in the Church built by Christ there stand out perpetually, infallibility and marvelous organization.

There is in the universe the law of indestructibility of matter. Christ has endowed His Church with this quality. "I am with you all days to the end of the world." (Matt. 28:20.) "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete that He may abide with you forever." (John 14:16.) "He gave Apostles . . . and pastors . . . for the work of the ministry until we all meet into

the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God." (Eph. 4:11.)

In the works of nature we find invariable laws, absolute reliability according to established norms. So also in the Catholic Church. God has endowed her with infallibility. "He who hears you hears Me." "The spirit of truth will abide with you forever." "The Church of the living God the pillar and ground of Truth." (1 Tim. 3:15.) In the works of creation we behold system and order. The organization of the firmament and the subtle co-ordination of the physical and chemical world surpass conception. In the Catholic Church we see an organization so perfect that it is the admiration and puzzle of the world. It is God's work. Twelve fishermen did not do what the greatest statesmen of the world cannot do. Indestructibility, inerrancy and organization, the three great characteristics of the universe we find standing out prominently in God's creation, the Church. Every other organization of the world changes, wears out, disorganizes and breaks up. The Catholic Church stands forever the same. Every other organization admits the possibility of error. The Catholic Church in God's name guarantees the truth. She runs her course as regularly and surely as the sun. Other organizations like meteors flash for a moment, speed on, whither no one can tell, and disappear forever. The sun goes down but only to rise again in all the glory of morning. And so the Church fought hard by a wicked world has often seemed to go down and her glory to vanish, only to rise again more brilliant than ever, always to give life and light to the children of earth. We do not know how the sun holds its course in the firmament. The law of gravitation is but a name. What it is no one knows. It is the power of God, that we know. And so the Church continues her course in the world and it does so not by any power we know on earth but by the power of God. If the Catholic Church were not a divine creation she would have gone to ruin a thousand times. There are more discordant elements in her than in any other organization on earth. Different nationalities, different epochs, different passions, ambitions, aims, temperaments and cultures. And yet every thing is co-ordinated, ruled and directed with the precision and cohesion of nature's works. There have been upheavals and disasters in the life of the Catholic Church, but these only serve to emphasize the difficulties of her course and the triumph of her God-given forces. Volcanoes, earthquakes and cyclones are found in nature. We should not be surprised to find them in this work of Nature's Creator.

CARDINAL AND THE CHILD.

A Belgian priest who was a student in the University of Louvain, under Cardinal Mercier, recalled an incident that shows how tender of heart this great prelate is.

A few years ago the Cardinal was driving in his automobile from Mechlin to Antwerp. A little child was crossing the road in front of the automobile. The cardinal, upon noticing the danger to the child, lost no time in shouting to his chauffeur to turn the machine on the wall alongside the road, with the result that he was violently thrown out of the automobile and severely injured. His face today bears the mark of this accident, and he has often been heard to say how much better it was for him to have met with this accident than to have had the slightest injury befall the little child.

THE PRESIDENT'S TESTIMONY

Many people are restless these days and some are quite hysterical. Their imaginations are aglow with the terrors or glories of war, as the case may be, and there is a reaction on the nerves, which finds outlet in sundry amusing ways. One consequence of this is that editors will scarcely pine away for lack of diversion. Their mail-bag is heaped high with letters which bristle with wonder-points that resemble the pikes of Ireland's fateful '48. This is as it should be, for editors are a canny lot, a "gona lucifuga," so fruitful of darksome plots and plans that the salvation of the country depends on the ability of their friends, and others, too, to expose them or to enlighten them. And this is an example of the enlightenment, an abstract from a letter signed with the mellifluous name "Pelles":

"Of course everybody knows that your Church has been an age-long and consistent foe of democracy, both within itself and in civil society. In fact, it was the originator, and preserver of the tyranny of the Middle Ages. It is too bad that in those days there was no Wilson to testify to this to the world."

For the sake of his sweet nuns, and no doubt, for other reasons also, Pelles should be spoken to gently. Poor lad, or is it a lass? he has never read history with an unclouded eye. However, there is here for him. Mr. Wilson is his hero, whatever the President of the United States says is true, convincing beyond appeal. He is so no one at least of all an editor, cares to add to Mr. Wilson's present trials by contradicting him. And fortunately in this particular case there is no reason for lack of agreement, for in his "New Freedom" the President of the United States has written: "There is one illustration of the value of the constant renewal of society from the bottom that has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government should not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed was that so many of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church, from that great religious body which was then the only Church, that body which was now distinguished from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then, as it is now a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest

so obscure that he might not become Pope of Christendom; and every chancellor in Europe, every courtier in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept the government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the channels of the priesthood. That, it seems to me, is one of the most interesting and convincing illustrations that could possibly be adduced of the thing that I am talking about."

Pelles' nerves are quiet. President Wilson has spoken.—America.

GOD STILL REIGNS

A prominent American who has just returned from France, appalled by the vision of fields covered with bleeding men, torn and tormented with thirst, dying alone, asks the question: "It seems as if the overruling, guiding Hand had not taken charge, had left man mind to drift."

The dread realities of the present war may well cause us to ask if God has not abandoned His creatures, for, above all consideration of politics or commerce the ultimate question raised by war is one of religion. Has God forgotten us? Has He left us helpless, torn by our passions we ourselves have forged? Truly mankind has been left to drift. But it has not been left to drift without faith and hope.

We do not live in a world without order and law. Justice and morality are not dead. We are left to drift but we need not drift. God has left mankind to drift because He has given man a free will, has revealed to him the moral law. Man is free to choose right or wrong to slay and be slain; to widow the wife and orphan the child and to commit every abomination of war. God is not a Czar, crushing before Him the individual will. He creates us with a God-like freedom of will with all the tremendous respon-

so obscure that he might not become Pope of Christendom; and every chancellor in Europe, every courtier in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept the government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the channels of the priesthood. That, it seems to me, is one of the most interesting and convincing illustrations that could possibly be adduced of the thing that I am talking about."

Pelles' nerves are quiet. President Wilson has spoken.—America.

AN UNASSAILABLE REFUTATION

As the weeks roll on and the country's resources are being utilized to the utmost in the prosecution of the War it is becoming increasingly difficult for the anti Catholic American bigot to propagate with any chance of success the obsolete lie that Catholicism is a menace to the welfare of the Republic or that individual Catholics give to their country only a divided allegiance, says The Ave Maria. The public and private utterances of our hierarchy and of our most representative layman; the activities of the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic associations of men and women; and, more particularly, the authentic records, in black and white, of the percentage of Catholics in both Army and Navy—these constitute an unassailable refutation of any charge of disloyalty or disaffection on the part of the Church.

That the proportion of Catholics among our soldiers and sailors is considerably greater than the proportion of Catholic citizens in the whole population of the country is recognized at present by all save those who shut their eyes to palpable facts; and a non-Catholic officer has recently accounted for what he declared repeatedly to be a fact—that sixty per cent of the American Expeditionary Forces are Catholics. The Catholic boys, he says, were the first to enlist and be prepared for the front; and among recruits who were found clean and strong and fit for the service of their country, the highest percentage was discovered among the Catholics.

THE ASSUMPTION

It could not be, my Queen, that thou shouldst lie Within a noisome grave, and exile know From Him, Who, as thy Son, had blessed thee so With tender love thy life to glory! Anear on earth, in Heaven He wished thee nigh, That thou to man thy gracious pow'r might show, That thou to him shouldst point the way to go, And from this Vale of Tears hear each one's cry!

Let us then, Mother dear, rejoice with thee, And thank our God for this exceeding grace Which crowns thee as the Queen of Heaven's domain! Grant unto us that we may one day be Where we may see the beauty of thy face. And evermore with Christ and thee remain!

—AMADEUS, O. S. F.

THE FIRST STEP

The first step towards removing prejudice against the Church is to make it and its doctrines known, says The Catholic Herald. But that you can not well do if you are not up to date in your knowledge of Catholic matters. Often we see Catholics apologizing for something that does not exist, and which is a mere invention of the enemy.

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approach are, and silently as they throw their silken

GIVE YOUR BEST

A gentleman was walking up the street carrying in his hand a bunch of beautiful white water lilies, which he had gathered as he returned from a pleasant sail on the bay.

"What lovely lilies!" exclaimed an acquaintance, a young girl, as she inhaled their fragrance and looked longingly at the bouquet in his hand.

"Yes, they are rather nice," he replied. "Take your pick if you care for one."

"May I? You are very kind," she said, as she reached over and selected a medium sized flower from the bunch.

"How modest you are; I do believe you have chosen the smallest one you could find. Here, take this one," he said, as he detached the largest and finest flower from the rest and handed it to her.

"You are generous, indeed," she said. "You have given me the best among the lot."

"Well, it is a pleasure to give, and still more of a pleasure when we give our best," he replied.

Is not this sentiment worthy of thought? It may not always be easy to give our best. Selfishness says "keep the best for yourself and give what is less valuable to your companion or friend."

But the greatest happiness to ourselves and others, and the highest ideal of life can be reached only when we give the best we have—to our employer, the best service we can render, to our friend our most valued treasure, and to Our Savior the fullest love of a loyal heart.—Exchange.

chains about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices.—Hannah Moore.

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