

of the furniture was not extensive and its quality was not remarkable. But then in this part of Dublin furnishing was not a strong point.

The Murphys were a large family, including those who were "buried" there were ten, but eight children survived. One of the eight looked, according to the neighbours, as though he would not "be in it long." This was Josie Murphy, a boy of ten, who arrived on crutches, supported by his sister Liz, a girl of sixteen, who, Mary, Peter, and Thomas trailed behind them.

Within the house, Mrs. Murphy, dirty and bedraggled, was settling her household goods. Her face brightened when she saw Josie.

"Isn't it the grand little place at all?" she asked rather wistfully. "Glorious to God," said Liz, but gave no further opinion.

Josie, resting on his crutches, looked round the room. It was hopelessly untidy and far from clean. But as he had rarely seen houses in other conditions, he was satisfied.

"It'll be fine when we have the place up," said his mother. "Your Da will likely put them up when he's back from work. The Pope can go over the fireplace, and the one of 'Pat' after his death, near the dresser: it'll be real tasty."

"It's the yard takes my fancy," said Ned, a big boy who was in a perpetual state of seeking work.

The whole family looked to the yard and stood surveying it with the interest proper to landowners.

It was a fine autumn day and the sun was bright. Some trees were visible beyond the wall, their leaves were touched with gold. A meagre bush of veronica grew in one corner of the yard, and there was an undoubted beginning of a rockery.

Some former tenant, probably "put out" for lack of the rent, had conceived the scheme: a heap of bricks, mortar and broken crockery. But a naturalist was growing there, and the possibilities of a landscape garden dawned upon the Murphys.

"We've a right to be making a garden," said Ned.

"Wouldn't it be well for Josie to be sitting there in the sun," answered Mrs. Murphy, "an' he not moldered wid all them children next door that hasn't a notion of behaviour, starting as though they'd never seen a crutch in this wicked world, an' a pity it is for their manners?"

"We might be running up an arbour where Josie would sit," suggested Liz.

"We'd grow scarlet runners over it," said Josie.

His eyes brightened at the thought. "Ivy would be nice," said Ned.

"Sweet peas," suggested Peter. "One of them little pinky roses," chimed in Liz.

"It'll be a fine place yet," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy hopefully. "Josie'll be getting his health fine in the spring, an' be sitting out there watching the cloud."

Josie smiled cheerfully. He still hoped with each new season that he would be "getting his health" soon. The future remained for him a time of unfamiliar vigour when he should play in the streets, whip his top, and go to Mass with the strongest of them.

The present however, was a time of ill health. Josie had nearly forgotten how it felt to be well. The long that was the source of all his trouble was in plaster until some vague time when he should go to the big Dublin hospital to have another operation. In the present he slept ill, was constantly tired, and often in pain, but still the future was radiant with possibilities.

Josie, sitting on a chair near the fire, gave himself up to dreams about the yard. He would make friends with gardeners, beg for cuttings and seeds. In a year that yard would be a blaze of colour. Roses would grow over the roof, clematis would cover the walls. Flowers of all sorts would make splendid little spaces of earth. There might also be useful things like cabbages and potatoes. The surplus stock could be sold and help to pay the rent, or to buy boots for Ned, or a skirt for Liz, or a coat for Peter, or a dress for Mary when she went to school. Josie found much to think of, and this was well for him, his amusements being restricted by the necessity of sitting still most of the day.

Meanwhile Liz went out. She held her head high because the neighbors were watching her. Liz was at the self-conscious age, and she remembered faintly that the crown and the brim of her hat were nearly parting company. Also her boots were down-trodden and two sizes too large for her. Properly dressed she would have been a handsome girl, but food came before dress in the Murphy household, and there was never enough for both.

Liz went boldly to the backs of the terrace houses that stood within some hundred yards of their new dwellings. A field ran behind these houses, and weeds and garden rubbish were thrown there out of the back doors. With deliberation but a certain nervousness, she investigated these heaps. A dog snarled at her. She was, he seemed to say, encroaching on his professional rights. But Liz went on. She had already found a number of half-withered branches that she called cuttings, some broken geraniums, a tulip bulb, a potato, and some bits of honesty with seed vessels.

With these she returned, braving the curious glances that she met at every open door. She retired at once to the yard and planted her treasures. For spade she used the coal shovel, and her work was hard, for the soil of the future garden was like a millstone. A dog snarled at her. She was, he seemed to say, encroaching on his professional rights. But Liz went on. She had already found a number of half-withered branches that she called cuttings, some broken geraniums, a tulip bulb, a potato, and some bits of honesty with seed vessels.

"Ah! whist!" she said crossly. Her mood was far more pleasant that day. Mrs. Murphy peered from a scullery window.

"For God's sake!" she exclaimed. "what's taken her? She's after sowing them begonia heads onto the quare plant."

Liz with a flushed face returned to the kitchen.

"If you let on to him I'll kill you," she said, "so let you mind yourself."

She went with heavy feet upstairs. "Josie, Josie," she cried, "the coud thing's in flower, lovely scarlet heads on the like of . . . well . . . a little the like o' begonias. 'Tis the wonder of the world it is! I'll carry you down to see it!"

Josie's eyes brightened. His arms clung to his sister's neck as she carried him down the stairs.

"I knew it would flower for me," he said.

"How did you know?"

"Didn't you say it would, Liz, and I prayed it might?"

Liz squeezed him passionately and held him. But he made no sound. She held him in her arms at some distance from the plant.

"It would be a pity to touch it," she said. "It's terrible brittle."

"Glorious to God! Well that's a strange rare plant," said Mrs. Murphy, who had but faintly seen it.

"I'm thinking it might be a miracle," suggested Josie, rather shyly.

"I never saw the likes of it before," his mother answered. "But come in, jewel, for a sup of milk."

Happily for him the operation proved too much for Josie's strength. The days of his trouble and ill health were done. He lay, quite happy but very weak, in a

Liz resisted the temptation to steal it would be hard to say. But all that she brought home with her was wisdom—she had seen sand put on the bulbs, or manure round the roses, and so on.

With the spring the horticultural zeal of the Murphys was quickened to a passionate interest. Green leaves showed above the poor soil. The tulip gave definite promise; a roof of parsley showed a little green, two or three crocuses were seen in flower. What might one expect? The stalk of rhubarb might yield a pie. The shrivelled little gooseberry bush, assisted by the Providence whom the Murphys constantly invoked, might yield them a gooseberry a piece.

But heaven, so it seemed, sent them a blessing unexpected and mysterious. It was Josie who first saw the strange green leaves above the ground. Peter, grown sceptical with experience, pronounced it a dirty old weed. But the greater wisdom of his father denied this. The plant was certainly something uncommon and worthy of a garden.

Maybe God sent down to us special," Josie suggested to Liz, in a moment of confidence.

"Why wouldn't He?" asked Liz. It seemed to her that heaven must appreciate the patience and sweetness of Josie, for, as usual, the future becoming the present brought him no new health. But the obstinate trouble that had lamed him continued its ill work on his hip.

Whatever its origin, the unknown plant was a source of constant interest to the Murphys. During the spring it threw out large leaves at the base. Then a delicate stem rose. This, by the beginning of the summer, had branched into several smaller stalks. Each of these bore green tassel-like buds. On these buds Josie rested his hopes. He was confident that the most lovely flowers would reward their long waiting.

For nothing had been spared the strange plant, a sup of water and cold tea had been given to it at all hours. The time of blossoming was tardy in its arrival. The tassel-like buds still kept the secret of their rare perfection. And meanwhile it was necessary for Josie to go to the Dublin hospital for another operation.

"If it would but flower," said Josie. Liz examined the buds with angry eyes.

"'Tis the rascally old craitur," she exclaimed, "an' it coked up with all manner of treatment. But never you mind, jewel, it'll flower yet for you."

But for all that Liz said the unknown seemed disinclined to bloom before Josie's operation. Liz was not too truth-telling to contemplate the plant. She was a devout, sun shone warmly on some candytuft, three carnations, four poppies, and the unknown thing they cherished. Three of the tassel-like buds were open. But the flowers—what were they? Poor meagre mauve-colored things, with nothing marvellous or strange about them. Angry tears started to the girl's eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Is that all you can do, you rascally old chate?" she asked. "You've a right to be put out of it in the dust cart, deavil!" a poor child the way he thought you'd dropped from heaven."

Liz gazed at the flower. She was, after all, unjust. For it was but a species of sea thistle, a graceful thing but incapable of any display. Liz turned away.

"I'll be even with you yet," she exclaimed.

She went off to the station as usual for her newspapers. However sore her heart, weary her feet, and overstrained her nerves, the papers had to be left at every house.

Liz had a very sore heart that morning. Josie was the centre of her life, his aim and object, and that day Josie was to go to the hospital. She had a sad and a happy thought. She had a sad thought, that the hospital, never having stayed in one.

At one house the roses were in bloom, at another the violas were fine, at a third a bed of begonias was splendid in the sunshine.

Liz paused to admire. Then an idea came to her. She went to the bed and tapped at the window and frowned.

"'Tis only the fallen ones I'm after picking," said Liz, appealingly. Her hand was full of scarlet flowers that had dropped. She hurried off with them and bore them home.

To her mother's questions she made no answer.

"Ah! whist!" she said crossly. Her mood was far more pleasant that day. Mrs. Murphy peered from a scullery window.

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Happily for him the operation proved too much for Josie's strength. The days of his trouble and ill health were done. He lay, quite happy but very weak, in a

comfortable bed, and a kind nun stood beside him. Liz sat by him on the other side. Her face was strained and set. It seemed to her that her own life was going out with Josie's.

"I've told Mother Mary Aloysius about the flower, Liz," he said at last. The nun nodded.

"It was just a miracle," she said, "and yet there's some think they never happen."

"I knew I'd see it . . . and I did," Josie sighed, with a sense of great satisfaction.

"I wonder if the king has got the likes of it in his palace," he suggested. "I'm sure he's not," Liz answered.

Some miles away the poor sea thistle still kept its place in the yard, and the drooping begonia heads showed the ootton that held them to their stalks.

ASCENSION DAY

THURSDAY, MAY 16

The Feast of the Ascension shows us the work of God in its completion. Hence it is that the Church in the Canon of the Mass calls to mind the Passion of our Lord, His Resurrection and His Ascension. It is not enough for man to hope in the merits of his Redeemer's Passion which cleansed him from his sins; it is not enough to add to the commemoration of the Passion that of the Resurrection, whereby our Redeemer came back to life, and was not yet saved, he is not reinstated, except by uniting these two mysteries with a third, the Ascension of the same Jesus Who was crucified and rose from the dead. During the forty days of His glorified life upon earth, Jesus was still an exile, and like Him we also are exiles until such time as the gates of heaven, which have been closed against us, shall be thrown open both for Him and us.

Close by Bethania, that favored village where Jesus used to accept hospitality at the hands of Lazarus and his sisters, was the part of Mount Olivet which commands a view of Jerusalem. There on that wonderful morning were gathered the disciples, with Jesus and Mary His Mother. The sight of the Temple and the palaces made the apostles proud of the great city and its memories. For the moment they forgot the curse that had been uttered upon it; they forgot also that Jesus had just made them citizens and conquerors of the whole world. They began to dream of the earthly grandeur of Jerusalem, and turning to their divine Master, they ventured to ask Him: "Lord, wilt Thou, at this time, restore again the kingdom to Israel?"

But Jesus had not come for the purpose of earthly gratification. To His mind the grandeur of universal conversion swallowed up all lesser considerations, and as a last lesson He reminds His disciples: "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost, and ye shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth." He blessed them, and was raised from the earth, and ascended. The eyes of all followed Him, until the clouds intervened and hid Him from their sight.

Jesus was gone! The earth had lost her Emmanuel. For four thousand years He had been expected; the patriarchs and prophets had desired His coming. He came. His love made Him a child, an exile in Egypt, a Victim of evil. But now, entered into His glory, the whole sad drama of suffering and exile is over. But even in going He leaves a message significant of that love which made His whole life. He is not gone forever. He will come again, in the ages after in all His glory—in the days that follow even to the end of time. He will come daily in the clean oblation of the altar, and thus the angels who appeared at the moment, said to the watchers upon the Mount: "This Jesus, Who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as ye have seen Him going into heaven."

A CATHOLIC DEFENSE OF SOCIALISM

Under the above heading the National Office of the socialist party has issued for general distribution a speech of Hon. Charles Russell, son of the late Lord Russell, of Killowen. Several months ago a leaflet containing passages from this speech was printed by the socialists of New York. The National Committee has now taken the matter in hand and has published a new propaganda edition, which is being widely distributed among the Catholic working men of the United States. The enemy has taken advantage of an honored name to sow, as he hopes, the tares of discord in the field of the Church.

It has been well said by a true Celtic heart, that where force has failed to wrest the faith from the children of Saint Patrick, in their Isle of Saints, trickery is to-day making inroads on this faith among the Irish laborers in our own land. The campaign of Protestantism against the faith of Irish immigrants in the early history of our country is now taken up under the same deceptive plea of friendship, and with a most insidious cunning, by the intensely anti-Catholic leaders of socialism. "Let us but get them into our party," they say, "and we will give them the explanation of society and nature"—materialism and atheism.

Mr. Russell is not a socialist. With a true Catholic instinct, in spite of a faulty logic, he is earnestly fighting against the movement. His main mis-

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A valuable book of interest to and for circulation only among Catholics has just been issued, and will be sent free and postpaid to any reader of The Catholic Record who has \$20 or more to invest.

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This is not a get-rich-quick scheme, but a high-class, legitimate business enterprise, endorsed by leading banks and the Catholic hierarchy and laity.

This is the opportunity of a lifetime to make a safe and profitable investment and worth the attention and investigation of every conservative investor.

If you would like to have a copy of this book, address Philip Harding, Dept. F601, Box 1301, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Harding requests that no one write simply through the mail, unless you are a member of the Catholic Church; the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution.

take is that from a superficial acquaintance with it he fails to perceive its real religious significance and takes upon their face value the ovation of socialist—constantly denied in practice and fact—that they are not concerned with religious issues. Mr. Russell would not be seriously considered as an authority upon the labor question. It is his misfortune to be thrust by socialists into the "bad eminence" they wish him to occupy, to be made by them an Israel in the Catholic camp.

The speech in question was at once repudiated by the Catholic press as in nowise an expression of Catholic thought. The severe criticisms to which it was then subjected should have been sufficient for socialists to permit it to rest in peace.

We are sorry, therefore, that the men who lead us no means untied to vilify both Church and priest-hood should now again force us to return to it.

Dealing with the accusation, which personally he does not make, that socialism means the expropriation of the property of individuals, he declares his doctrine itself to be neither un-Christian nor un-Catholic. From the right to take by taxation a portion of the private properties of individuals, where the common good requires it, he argues to the right of expropriation, where the common good requires it, he argues to the right of expropriation, where the common good requires it, he argues to the right of expropriation, where the common good requires it.

"Where does virtue cease and vice begin?" he asks, "I submit that it must logically follow that the right to tax must necessarily involve the right to take."

Taxation is merely meant to enable the commonwealth to do for the individual what the individual cannot do for himself. Its precise object is to safeguard and maintain private rights, and among these the right to private property. When taxation goes beyond the limits of this purpose, for which alone it exists, it ceases to be taxation and becomes expropriation, and State robbery. The rights whose abrogation Mr. Russell would not consider un-Catholic are pronounced by Pope Leo XIII, in his encyclical "On the Conditions of the Working Classes," to be inherent in human nature and founded upon justice itself. It is a robbery, therefore, to suppose that the common good can ever require a general disregard for them. There is no parity whatsoever between taxation and expropriation without compensation.

Such confiscation, Mr. Russell holds though defensible, is really not a socialist tenet. Here again a lack of insight into the general question is apparent. Many socialists undoubtedly do not advocate expropriation without compensation; but every true socialist must defend the position that such a procedure against capitalism cannot be considered an injustice. This necessarily flows from the most fundamental socialist theory of values. Compensation can be nothing more for the logical socialist than a question of expediency.

A more deplorable error even than the former is Mr. Russell's protest against socialism being fought upon religious grounds. It is fighting it upon wrong lines to denounce it on the ground of religion and morality. And again he says, "I protest most strongly against the fulfilment of religious thunderbolts, even when they are delivered by our genial friend Father Bernard Vaughan, from a select platform in the queen's hall, a duke in the chair, and a child in the band and discoursing sweet music." The speaker should have known well enough that Father Vaughan has preached to rich and poor alike, and that his heart was ever with the latter.

To sustain his position Mr. Russell repeats the terrible socialist slogan that we are not to denounce a political party because some of its members chance to be agnostics. Most certainly not! But if that party, like international socialism, is based upon historic materialism, if its leaders themselves identify it with such a theory, if its literature is permeated with anti-Catholic bigotry of the most radical kind, and if in consequence no opportunity is lost to

oppose the Church in practice and in theory, then we do, and must denounce such a party, then no Catholic can strengthen or support it with his vote unless he would be guilty of the basest disloyalty to his holy faith. Such is the nature of the socialist movement as it actually exists among us.

Pope Pius X. recently warned the bishops of Italy to preserve Italian emigrants from falling into the toils of socialism. It was not against an economic fallacy, but against a religious menace that he warned them. Our own Cardinals and Bishops, whom Almighty God has given to guide us in matters of religion and morals, have distinctly raised their voice against socialism upon the same grounds. It is worse than folly to suppose that the entire hierarchy, who by natural learning, no less than by divine vocation are the reliable exponents of Catholic doctrine, should have been childishly mistaken in their verdict upon so important a question and in so patent a manner.

But here, as elsewhere, we can safely trust in the spirit of our own Catholic laity. Whether speaking through the Federation of Catholic Societies, or through the councils of the Knights of Columbus, or through the widespread Central Verein or newly-founded Militia of Christ, they have but one word to say: that socialism and Catholicism are forever irreconcilable.

Only recently, at the session of a special committee of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, as is announced, "socialism was declared by all the members present to be not only a menace politically in the United States, but religiously as well." The same cry is raised by Catholics throughout the entire world. Eighty thousand Romans, fighting against the Catholic Church, fight against any manifestation of Christianity; it is the program of socialism according to the official pronouncement of the Centre Party.

Mr. Russell fears that we shall bring upon ourselves the attack of the entire socialist movement. The party has long ago in practice declared its war upon us. It is not of our choice. We are called upon to defend the interests of Christ and of His Church. In this we know neither fear nor compromise. What is true in socialism we willingly embrace, what is false we will fight to the end. It is not true, as Mr. Russell thinks, that socialism alone holds the field. The Church was there well nigh two thousand years before and will still be there when socialism has ceased to be. To-day we have but to reduce to terms of practical service the working program given us in the famous encyclical of Pope Leo XIII.

If socialists wished us to know their real attitude towards the Catholic Church in the United States, what need was there to cross the ocean in order to find it in a rejected speech? Their entire press has long ago made it plain to us. Mr. Berger, their most representative authority, has clearly voiced for us the common sentiment of his party. Opposing the Militia of Christ, as every Catholic enterprise is always systems, a really opposed by socialism, he wrote under date of August 12, 1911, in his organ, the Social-Democratic Herald, of Milwaukee:

"The Militia of Christ was founded by the Roman Catholic Church to regain its lost hold upon the Catholic workers in America. Its mission is to fight everything that looks like enlightenment, progress or education. Its mission is to help everything that looks like darkness, retrogression and superstitions tulle in Roman Christianity. It is characteristic of the Roman Church that it keeps the masses in ignorance and bigotry and thus in submission to the ruling class. . . . The next Reformation would combine the spirit of the French Revolution with the new spirit of socialism, which has never asserted itself so far. This is a warning to the Holy Catholic Church (the Militia of Christ) to be on its guard against the attacks of the Roman Catholic exploitation, we prefer the former, no matter how bitterly we must fight it."

We leave it to our readers to judge who is better qualified to determine the attitude of American socialism towards the Catholic Church: Mr. Berger or Mr. Russell. Yet Mr. Berger was one of the men who spoke most eloquently in favor of inserting into the socialist platform the clause: "The socialist party is primarily an economic and political movement. It is not concerned with matters of religious belief." This was passed by a majority of one vote, as a measure of political expediency. It is safe to conclude from the minutes of the meeting that of the men who voted for it there was possibly not one who did not entertain, to a greater or less extent the sentiments of Mr. Berger. Certainly there was not one who could logically differ with him—America.

Unto St. Joseph, the "just man," the humble head of the Holy Family, we should often turn. His life was one that is full of lessons for all those who as husbands and fathers are endeavoring to fulfill their God-imposed duties to wives and children.

Cures Caked Udders Over Night
Saskatchewan Stockman's Experience with Douglas' Egyptian Liniment

The stockman, and more particularly the dairy farmer, has to keep a sharp lookout for caked udders, for he knows how seriously trouble of this kind is likely to affect the milk production of his herd.

Mr. W. Robinson, of Ituna, Sask., does not worry about it any more, however, for he has found a quick and certain cure. He says:

"I have used your Egyptian Liniment with splendid results. I have had cows caked at night with their udders so badly caked that it was impossible to milk them, but after one application of your Liniment they were all right next morning."

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