"It's yours, aunty! its yours!" she d. alive with excitement.

young man became embar. Several of his party were The young man watching him quizzically. An older man, apparently the engineer in spoke to him, glancing at ho had returned to her story, unmindful of the fact that she was ading a page of advertisements up-

'I beg your pardon," she heard a low voice say, "but your young friend seems to think I have some thing of yours. Perhaps I have; but as I get out at the South Station, and must catch a train, I have no time

He gave her a card on which she 'Edward J. Burke." "If you will give me your address, I will communicate with you on my

return," he said simply.

She hesitated, but his face was so frank and so honest that she yielded to impulse, and taking her visiting-card scribbled her address on the

back and handed it to him. South Station!" called the guard. There was a general collection of luggage, and in a moment he had disappeared with his party.

It was a wonderful tale of adventure to tell at home. It sounds like a fairy tale," John O'Kelley said, but he smiled go naturedly as Anna, excited and happy, said: "Now did St. Anthony forget me?" and Eileen talked incessantly of the bad man who took

aunty's cross.' Two postcards came from a town

Two postcards came from a town in Connecticut, signed "E. J. Burke," the first words: "Just to show that I haven't forgotten," and the second: "Will call on Tuesday of next week." John O'Kelley liked his looks the moment he saw him. "A straight, clean young fellow," was his mental vardict as he listened to his story. verdict as he listened to his story.

"We were surveying a tract of land near Granby, Me., last spring," he said. "There had been a fire the autumn before and we saw the ruins of a chapel. I heard it was a Catho lic church. In making the boundaries we cut into the trunk of a tree near the church and found it hollow. There was a very small opening made by some animal, and inside were about a dozen prayer books. We could not get it through our heads how they came there. I, being the only Catholic in the party, took charge of them and I thought the best thing I could do was to burn the lot. The last book while burning turned over on its side and this cross dropped out. There was no name in the book : no one about the town seemed to know anything about the prayer-books and I made no mention of the cross. The priest who had charge of the chapel in the summer had been transferred to a distant place; so I showed it to the fellows and hung it on my watch fob

He handed it to Anna who received it gratefully. They then entered into explanations.

Eileen must have spent her time pushing prayer books through the hole," they said laughingly; but Eileen, who had been listening made the old persistent answer:
"I put it in the birdie's nest;" and

then light dawned upon them as to

This first visit of young Mr. Burke was not his last by any means, and as he grew to be a favorite with the family and also to realize that the sincere regard he had for Anna was beginning to be returned, he said joyfully to himself

The cross of the O'Kelley's seems to have brought me their blessing. -Margaret E. Donnellan in The Mount Angel Magazine.

### A MAN OF FAITH

SIMPLE PIETY OF HIM WHO

In an article in Studies, by M.

the characteristic message to Joffre:
"Outflanked on the right, outflanked

on the left, situation on the whole excellent. Am going to advance." His, too, the answer to the congratulations of the Bishop of Cahors after the Marne victory: "Monseigneur, do not thank me, but Him to Whom

railway embankment. An embank-ment four feet high saved France." The sea poured in, the flood grew, the German heavy guns were buried. The road to Dunkirk was closed. Of these "sudden and saving inspirations," Ferdinand Foch says sim-

ply "God gives me ideas."
We are told of General Foch that he can turn to account the mistakes of his own lieutenants. With him a repulse is a half-way home to victure of the can turn to account the mistakes any sin, small or great. For every sin, small or great. For every on the can turn to account the mistakes any sin, small or great. For every of his own lieutenants. With him a repulse is a half-way home to victure of the can turn to account the mistakes any sin, small or great. For every of his own lieutenants. With him a repulse is a half-way home to victure of the can turn to account the mistakes any sin, small or great. For every of his own lieutenants. With him a repulse is a half-way home to victure of the can turn to account the mistakes any sin, small or great. tory, he makes use of it to defeat the enemy by an unexpected maneuver. He is further described as a psychologist with a knowledge of the enemy's state of mind. His personality radiates tranquillity and

Possibly the France of today has come to realize that it is the man of faith who is the man of daring—the gravate our case by being impatient man with the knowledge of God who or complaining.-The Casket, knows men, and that the man who has been appointed chief of the French general staff has become the directing brain of the army by virtue of his "disabilities."

"Tomorrow," said Foch, to one of his army chaplains, "we are to make our supreme effort in arms. Do you also make a supreme effort in prayer all my trust is in God.' der the French say, "Foch is r turbable."—Milwaukee Citizen Foch is imper-

#### WE CAN NEVER BE TOO GOOD

them for. And He will reward every

one as much as they have merited. But He has the right to reserve that reward till we are in the other and better world. Even when men and women commit no grievous sins, their venial sins are reason enough for their being tried by affliction. Afflic-tion, borne with patience, for God's sake, and with resignation to His will, is a means of merit, and God will reward all merit in this world or in the next. We human beings are constituted that we look on worldly misfortunes as great evils. We see these close at hand, and feel them; they hurt us in the body, or the mind; they come home to us; because our limited perceptions are able to grasp them. The evil of a cut or bruise is more real in our minds than the lack of God's grace, coldness in religion, or indifference to prayer, which are spiritual evile, and great ones, which may lose us our salvation and land us in hell for We do not realize spiritual evils. They do not come home to our perceptions; and so it is that the Church has to pound them into our ears day in and day out, through all the years of our life. The idea that a world'y affliction may be the means of grace coming to us from God which will save our souls from a great danger, that idea seldom occurs to us. God does not tell us what He means every time He permits us to be afflicted. If He saw fit to do so we should see His justice in all cases. We never know exactly what danger our souls may be in. If we did and realized how much more important such a danger is than sickness, wounds, or even death, we should never complain that means of be painful means. Tell a man who is sick, "You must be cut, or you geon's knife. Tell him: must swallow this bitter dose, or your health is in danger," and he swallows it down day after day, even with a smile. God is the great physician of the soul; and He makes no mistakes in His diagnosis. He knows not only how our soul is now, but how it will be every day and every hour to the day of our death. He knows when we shall pass from venial sin to mortal sin. He knows every temptation in wait for us from childhood to the grave. article in Studies, by M. We see only a few moments ahead; hardly that; God sees on to the end Charles Baussan, where General foch is placed before the reader, we have a reiterated tribute to the "simple piety of the man who kneels down with the rest," having "the faith which sees the hand of God in all that happens," who, when commander in chief of the armies of the north. "walked in the Corpus own case. We are like a man paranorth, "walked in the Corpus own case. We are like a man para-Christi procession and knelt in the dust with the others at the benedic-so to speak, which is affected by dust with the others at the benediction."

General Foch's record in the present War is well known. He was one of the victors of the Marne, the victor on the Yser and Ypres. As M. Baussan says, he is the directing brain of the French army. His was the characteristic message to Joffre:

to speak, which is affected by a rosebush which had been planted seventy or eighty years before by delicate. But that side of us which ought to be affected by spiritual evils is paralysed by original sin; and we feel and see nothing clearly. We look on earthly and perishable goods, the esteem and respect of men, high position, riches, freedom, health, and to escape as he had entered. But he lead to the present the Popper of th bodily comfort, as great and valuable possessions; and the loss of them seems to us a bitter and terrible evil. And we cry out, oh, what that poor man has to suffer in the loss he lately experienced; how miserable is the lot of those wretched people who lack snough to eat; how deplorable do not thank me, but Him to Whom victory alone belongs."

According to Hillaire Belloc, the victory of the Marne lies virtually to the credit of General Foch, whose strategic doctrine produced the superb tactical stroke of Sept. 9, 1914: "Had it not been for the 9th that many bedridden for years. We look on all these things as exceedingly great evils. superb tactical stroke of Sept. 9, 1914: "Had it not been for the 9th army and had that army not had a Foch for a commander the plan in spired by the genius of Gallieni would have failed, and there would have been no victory of the Marne Gallieni and Manoury were the hammer, but Foch was the anvil on which victory was forged."

M. Baussan reminds us that at Dixmude, after the Germans had been reinforced, and a retreat to the Somme contemplated, it was, in fact, General Foch who "called in the sea as a fresh ally. The sluices were opened at Nieu port, and the Belgian army retired beyond the "Belgian army retired beyond the "superbolic processing of the tate of that man, bedrid den for years. We look on all these things, as exceedingly great evils. But many of the holiest and best of men from the beginning of the race to this day, have had to endure these things. God then, must have other views than ours as to what are the greatest evils that can befall His creatures. On the other hand, what do we make of a sin, great or small? Some people who seldom commit a great sin, do nevertheless commit multitudes of lesser sins. And can they expect God, though He will not send them to hell for these sins, to be satisfied with them? For these lesser sins, moreover, there is little

or no sorrow. They are openly de-lighted in; and God cannot be indifferent about them. God is infinitely above us, and no sin against Him can be unimportant, as men com monly think. To gain the whole world and to have earthly joy forever would not justify any sin, small or great. The whole world is not worth penalty. If God chooses that we should pay that penalty in this world He has the right to do so; and we have no right to complain. We can-not drive a bargain with God. We cannot arrange to have an easy life and to pay for our lesser sins in Pur-He may choose to punish us gatory.

### RESPONSIBILITY

tion of the awful responsibility of standing between a human soul and its convictions he may find it in the words uttered by the unfortunate Oscar Wilde upon his deathbed. "I would have been a better man," he said," if my father had not prevented me from becoming a Catholic." There is reason to believe that this is true; that, instead of being a byword on two continents, his name would have been an honor to his poor por prace and nation, if Bigotry had not stepped in and sald, "A son of mine shall not be a Catholic." Instead of a clouded life, there would have been rendin ood, nor better than God can reward one in which honor dwelt and honor

The apostle of aestheticism repented at the last; but even God's mercy does not wipe out the lasting effects of one's misdoings. Probably the sharpest pang of his last days was caused by the remembrance of the unwholesame influence he had wielded over those who were attracted by his winning personality. We can call back yesterday's floating thistle-down, perchance, but not one word or deed that has begun its work for good or ill.

The case of this erring and unfortunate man is doubtless an extreme one, but it has its counterpart in hundreds of homes where those who rule aver. "No Roman Catholic shall ever be one of this household.' date do not achieve an unenviable notoriety; in fact, most of them con-tinue to lead blameless lives and suffer in patient silence; but it is no that a certain proportion, thwarted in their dearest wish, cease

to listen for the Divine Voice.
The intensity of the malignant persecution which converts to the Cathlised only by those who have had the experience of it. It is relentless and unreasoning, and its persistence almost passes belief. It is unconceivable how parents and others in authority, usually professing some sort of religious faith themselves, can and do drive souls away from peace,-yea, oftimes from heaven. One may become an agnostic or an infidel, a Theosophist—a sectarian of any sort, without encountering much of an intention to join the Catholic Church is almost sure to raise a

storm of refined persecution. But there are, happily, lights upon the picture. Everywhere there are indications that intolerence is grow ing less, and that the Kingd we pray is surely, if slowly, coming -Ave Maria.

### FOR HIS SICK MOTHER

THE BOY WHO STOLE A ROSE FROM VATICAN GARDENS

Leo X., who filled the Chair of Peter from 1513 to 1520, was a man of singularly benevolent disposition and rare affability of manner, says The Ave Maria. In a special mannerhe was the friend of children. He was standing one day at a win-

dow overlooking the Vatican gardens when he noticed a boy who was climbing with great agility the rather high wall which surrounded the grounds. Having accomplished the difficult feat, he ran swiftly towards a rosebush which had been planted

was pursued. An officer of the Pope's body guard, who had been an unseen witness of the larceny, quickly cap-

ence, the Holy Father gently ques tioned him.
"Why did you enter the garden

and take away a rose?"
"Your Holiness," stammered the

The Pope was so pleased with the boy's filial love that he arranged for his education. He never had cause to regret his benevolence. His probecame a holy and learned t. He always retained the most grateful recollection of his benefac tor; and in the extreme old age to which he lived it was one of his chief delights to relate the story of the Vatican rose.—Sacred Heart Review.

#### HOW THE BRITISH ARMY FED THE SISTERS

An old Ushaw chaplain in Fngland contributes to the Ushaw Magazine an interesting article in which he recounts a few personal incidents to illustrate the courage, heroism and loyalty the French nuns have displayed: "The first time I went up the line was after a heavy attack on the part of the Germans, in which they met with partial success. It was at a time when the English were none too numerous, and can-didly, we did not know what would Villages near the line were ordered to be evacuated, and these poor people will never be able to for-

"I must dismiss the description with the phrase that it was heart-rending, but everywhere you saw the nuns, who must have been as much afflicted as any one, aiding, helping and giving consolation.

"They were guides, philosophers, friends, and in the hope of helping, I asked one of the Sisters what could be done. She actually smiled in answering that it would be all right, they would be well cared for by the good Sisters in the Convent de Ste. , in a town a few kilometers back Gas had just been used by the Germans, and fear of the hidden death was gripping us in a way that made that smile a thing of value. We were not finished with the Sisters even on that day, for later on, and within measurable distance of the line we were greeted by the Rever-end Mother and her community from the steps of the convent, which even then held some of our wounded and gassed.

Continuing, the chaplains tells the

As is well known, the gas found us more or less unprepared, and even in the zone of it these Sisters had materially helped our own authorities to cope with the ghastly results that attended its use. More than that, for hour after hour all through the night, with death imminent to each and every one of them, they masks. My brigadier knew this, and he passed the word down for 'eyes left,' and gave them the full military salute, as the men passed their con

Later, when attached to an advanced dressing station near the German lines, the chaplain, on his first morning there, went round the

church, I suddenly came face to face with a nun, and naturally, I expressed my surprise. I then learned that the second respectable adobe in the place had been, and was still, a

'The Sisters had obtained special apart from ourselves they were the only occupants of the villago.
"I knew the place to be frequently

sheltered, indeed, there were abundant proofs of the fact everywhere one looked, so I asked why they stayed. Then Mary, my mother, be it e'er to the convent and to take me to the other convent over yonder, and there is no room for us to stay there.'"
Then follows the pathetic refer-

ence to the straits to which the After breskfast I went over to the other convent, which lay in one

sick woman. Having inquired into her case, the doctor prescribed suitable remedies, and before long the poor consequently I found full of refugees who were being cared for by the strength. Her dream was verified. nuns obviously returning from a little tour of the soldiers' billets farther down the line: they were carrying a huge clothes basket which was full of things that we English soldiers had thrown away. Curious again—but I hope not entirely so—I

asked what they would do with it all, and was promptly told, 'Eat it.' "Only a few days later a shell tore its way through the kitchen of the little convent opposite to our dressing station, and though the shells were coming with a steady regularity, one of our orderlies came to me with the message that one of the ladies wanted me. It was to tell me that two of the Sisters were killed and two others wounded. I found white faces but no tears and no hysterics; indeed, the bearing of the Sisters lent a dignity to the tragedy

that is impossible to explain.' "Eventually the nuns gave up their school to the British authorities, retaining only an isolated part of the building for their own use."

"The writer was asked where he was billeted, and when he returned to his billet after acquainting the general of the offer, he found that bed, pillow and sheets, and little odds and ends had been sent from the convent to make him comfor table. Subsequently, the genera came to pay his respects to the Sisters, the immediate result of which was that, as they had nono too much to live upon, they were put upon the rations of the British expeditonary forces. A field ambulance soon after and indeed utilized all that was left of it for its work, and from that time on a friendly rivalry existed between the Sisters and the unit as to who the one to the other."-The Casket.

O MARY, MY MOTHER!

O Mary! my mother! what joys in Bright star of our hope, sweet solace

in pain! A shield to protect us when enemies

A guide to our youth, a comfort in When the last joy is fled, and the last hope is gone,

And the death-stricken victim stands trembling and lone, When the gloom of the grave gathers round my soul fast,

And the child of affliction fears mercy is past; When the cold sweat of death trickles

And my spirit in agony breaths its last vow : Oh! then, in that moment when life shall depart,

down my pale brow.

And the pulse cease forever to throb in my heart, Oh, Mary, my mother! with my last feeble breath,

As I love thee in life, let me love thee in death! Oh! be thou my refuge, my solace, my shield;

Coming round the ruins of the Be thy name on my lips when my spirit I yield!
When friendless and lone in that strange, distant land.

spirit, with trembling, in judgment shall stand, I know that my mother will meet

her child there, leave to stay where they were, though I know that fond mother will hear her child's prayer. Her name is my refuge, her bosom

Her love is the dearest, the sweetest, the best:

me given, ove thee on earth still to love thee in Heaven.

NEED THE ANCHOR OF TRUTH

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Monitor, San Francisco consequently I found full of refugees are living in a world where social, who were being cared for by the economic, political and other conditions are changing rapidly and need interpretation according to the im-mutable principles of Catholic faith. Wild and erroneous ideas threaten revolution and an upheaval of society Thinking people need the anchor of Christian truth to keep them from going adrift with the raging floods of disconted and false doctrin

#### THE ONLY REMEDY

As was natural, the uselessness of the protests made against the ap-pointment of Dr. Henley Henson to the Anglican Bishopric of Hereford has seriously disturbed the minds of many Anglicans. Of those who be lieve that the new Bishop is thorough ly unsound on fundamental Christ-ian doctrines not a few are asking themselves whether the Established Church is a Church in which they can remain any longer with safety for their souls. Hazy talk about dis establishment at some future time does not satisfy them and they are anxious and uneasy. Some have already solved their difficulties by becoming Catholics. It is announced that amongst those who have already been received into the Catholic Church are the Rev. Gerald Rowland Fothergill, M. A., Vicar for the last six years of St. Stephen's, Poplar, and his curate, the Rev. Duncan St. John Kennedy-Bell, formerly of St. James', Wednesbury, and St. Peter's Vauxhall. Mr. Fothergill was receiv ed at Eastbourne by Mgr. Cocks, Mr. Bell at St. Vincent's, Clapham, by Mgr. Hinde, both former Anglican clergymen at Brighton.-Catholic

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