

ing it almost beautiful. "I am engaged to the best fellow in the world. But he is not a joy rider—he works in an insurance office and is saving his money for—" again she blushed and stammered a little.

"For the wedding," finished Peggy mischievously.

"Yes, for the wedding," said Ann gravely. "It's going to be a church one—High Nuptial Mass—and it is a two years' engagement, so I have plenty of time to prepare."

Ann was in the business office when Peggy arrived the following morning to apply for the position.

"Gee!" said the young man next to her. "Who is the beauty? I would like to give her the glad hand. Won't you introduce me?" Even the stern manager's face softened visibly as he looked at her. Ann came forward and introduced her new friend, Peggy's dark-blue Irish eyes looked up at him appealingly. She answered his questions in a manner that pleased him and was engaged. Ann was deputed to conduct her to the model department.

"Eighteen dollars a week to start," whispered Peggy to Ann as the office door closed on them. "Ain't I the lucky girl? And I owe it all to you." She squeezed Ann's hand ecstatically.

"I wish it had been in any other department," said Ann. "You are going among a hot crowd; but keep a stiff upper lip, and don't accept any invitations for auto rides or lunches. No good comes from them. And say, kid," she added in a whisper, "here is a Sacred Heart badge to wear—it will keep you from harm. I heard you say you'd lost yours. 'I'll try to see you later—at lunch, perhaps.'"

"Poor kid," soliloquized Ann on her way back to the business office, "it's hard luck sometimes to be born good-looking."

The Emporium occupied a whole block. The model department was at the opposite end from the business office, so that it was not to be wondered at that Ann did not meet her new friend for several days; and then it was for only a few minutes of hurried conversation with a promise from Peggy to call at Ann's home. It was three weeks afterwards that the visit was paid. Peggy was in her gayest mood, and resembled a happy child in her behavior. The two girls went to Benediction in the same church which had been the scene of their first meeting. It was a joyous Peggy this time instead of a weeping, despairing faced girl. Ann's heart glowed as she looked at her. "The good Lord gave her into my charge and I am going to be a big sister to her," was her inward thought.

It was six weeks later, and during that time she had seen Peggy at intervals only, having been kept so busy at her own work. Coming down on the elevator one day she heard Peggy's name mentioned by two models: "Peggy O'Donnell's got a mash," said one of them. "The manager's son is stuck on her."

Ann grew pale. She knew his character. She must see Peggy at once and warn her. There was a troubled look on her pleasant face as she reached the main floor. "Look," cried one of the girls, "there is Peggy now, talking to Mr. Albert."

Instinctively Ann looked in the same direction. Peggy was standing at the ice-cream fountain. Beside her was a dissipated-looking youth about twenty-three years of age—the manager's son. At this moment Ann caught Peggy's eye. The young girl darted towards her, her face beaming with smiles. "Oh, Ann," she cried, "I'm so glad to see you. I called several times but you were out. Will you be at home to-night?"

"Yes," said Ann, stifling a sigh. She had intended to go to a concert with her "steady," but this interview was of more importance. If she could only induce Peggy to have nothing to do with the manager's son, her sacrifice would not be in vain.

"So long!" cried Peggy, as with heightened color she rejoined her companion. Mr. Albert Bretton looked distinctly annoyed, but on Peggy's return became cheerful. "Say," he said facetiously, "your friend is not overburdened with good looks."

Peggy at once flared up in defence of Ann. "She is my dearest friend," she said, stiffly.

Albert Bretton gave a low whistle. "Forgive me, Peggy. I didn't mean it. I can't look at any girl after you. You have stolen my heart and can twist me round your little finger."

Peggy smiled. "I forgive you this time—but never again," she said. "I only wish I were more like Ann." She started to tell him of Ann's kindness and goodness. Her companion listened, a bored look on his face. "I shall be getting jealous," he whispered—and Peggy blushed and darted like a bird down the long aisle that led to the model department.

When the girls met in Ann's room that same evening, the latter noticed a diamond ring flashing on Peggy's hand. "Congratulations," were her first words. "I'm engaged to Albert Bretton, one of the best fellows in the world." She laid her face against Ann's shoulder and smiled contentedly.

For a moment Ann was dumb-founded. Things had gone too far almost for interference. Mechanically she responded and heard her own voice saying the stereotyped, "May you be happy, dear."

"You don't seem glad," pouted Peggy.

"I have heard too much about Albert Bretton, and not to his credit," said Ann. "There is a story that he eloped with a girl from a boarding-school. It got into the newspapers



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and his family were in a terrible state about it.

"I heard that silly old story," said Peggy. "Albert told me himself. It is not true. Don't be scared about me, Ann. He loves me dearly and I can't help being glad I am getting a rich fella. We are going to the theatre to-morrow night—a whole party of us—and to supper afterwards in a swell restaurant. I'm going to write home to mother the minute after we are married. I don't want her to know about it before—she'd be flying to New York to stop it. She thinks I'm too young—I'll be eighteen years old my next birthday. Albert advised me not to tell her. We are going to keep it secret from his folks, too."

Ann groaned as Peggy rattled on—but her brain was working rapidly. What could she do? Where did her Big Sister idea come in now if she could not protect this mere child from rushing to destruction? A marriage with Albert Bretton!

Ann shuddered. Besides being a man of loose morals, he was a Protestant. Even if he married Peggy—which Ann doubted—she would be almost sure to lose the faith. She felt powerless in the matter. Suddenly a thought struck her and she said quietly: "I think that if I were in your place I would not leave a stone unturned to know all about Albert Bretton before marrying him."

"Spy on him?" cried Peggy indignantly. "Not I!"

"Why not take simple precautions, at least?" urged Ann. "Call on Father McCarthy and confide in him. He will make it his business to find out. Think how happy you would be if my suspicions were wrong."

"I'll do no such thing," said Peggy stubbornly. "I won't insult Albert by doubting him. You are a horrid girl!"

Ann winced. She had grown to love Peggy as a sister and her remark hurt. The two girls parted coldly and Ann felt broken-hearted. For a long time after Peggy's departure she sat in deep thought. Suddenly she rose and there was a look of determination on her face. "I'll save her if I can."

To think was to act with Ann. She called at the rectory and was fortunate enough to find Father McCarthy at home. She told him the whole story. The old priest's face lighted with indignation as he listened. "The young scoundrel!" he cried. "He shall not succeed this time. God sent you to me, my child!" Ann's heart grew light—it was worth all her trouble to hear these words—"The girl he eloped with was a Catholic—one of my flock. They were married by a city magistrate. He had promised her that there would be a church wedding, but he did not keep his word. The girl left him. Now she is in the peculiar position of being a wife, and yet no wife. The Church refuses to recognize her marriage as valid, yet she is legally married by the State. Her life is blasted, for she will never give in—she comes of good Catholic stock. It was in a moment of youthful enthusiasm that she was carried away by his specious promises."

"Poor girl!" said Ann. "If some one had warned her in time, her fate would have been different. How glad I am that I came to you!"

"God sent you," said the good priest. He gave Ann some instructions and after receiving his blessing, she left him, feeling almost light-hearted.

When she reached home she called up her fiancé on the phone. "I have received a present of two theatre tickets for the Lyceum. Can you come tomorrow night?"

"Surely," said the voice she loved. "But I don't believe you will enjoy the play—it is a Triangle business."

"Well, never mind that part," cried Ann. "I wish to go."

"That settles it," said the gay voice. "I shall do my best to obey my lady."

The next night saw two happy young people sitting in the theatre. It was not long until Ann saw Peggy and her party take seats in one of the private boxes. Soon the curtain rose and the play began. Ann's face burned at the suggestive conversation and the still more suggestive scenes. She had a good view of Peggy, against whom many glances were being levelled. She looked radiant and excited until suddenly her eyes met Ann's; then a hard look overspread her face and she turned her head away. There was a choking sensation in Ann's throat.

"This Big Sister business is no joke—it's a thankless task." But she wasn't doing it for thanks—it was to try and save a soul. Her spiritual reward would be great. This thought helped to sustain her.

As the curtain dropped over the third and last act, Ann saw

that Peggy's box party was preparing to leave.

"It is time we were going," she whispered to her escort. As they reached the foyer, she noticed Albert Bretton buttoning Peggy's cloak in a lover-like manner. Ann's face grew white at the sight, then red with anger. Suddenly a tall man came forward and tapped the manager's son on the shoulder. "You are my prisoner," he said loud enough for Ann to hear. "I have a warrant for your arrest, issued by your wife for non-support." Peggy gave a scream and her face grew pallid. She swayed as if about to faint. "Is this true?" she gasped. One look at his face as he made a sudden dash for liberty was enough. He was quickly captured and a pair of hand-cuffs clapped on him. It was at this critical moment that Ann came forward.

"Peggy," she whispered, "come home with me. This is no place for you." She led the white, panic-stricken girl, who was sobbing bitterly, from the theatre.

The next morning the newspapers were full of the scandal. By some fortunate chance, Peggy's name was not mixed in the story. It was a repentant Peggy who threw herself into Ann's arms and cried heart-brokenly, "Oh, Ann, if I had only taken your advice this terrible thing would never have happened."

"All's well that ends well," said Ann gravely. "You had a narrow escape. Thank God you were saved in time."

Peggy took something from the bosom of her dress—it was the Sacred Heart badge. "I think this helped," she said sweetly—"helped my big sister to save me."

CHURCH IS HOPE OF THE WORLD

ARCHBISHOP HANNA DECLARES SHE HAS SURVIVED EVERY CRISIS

"Never before in the history of the world," said Archbishop Hanna, at the opening of the educational convention in San Francisco, "were there problems clamoring for solution like these which confront us today. If quiet of mind and balance of judgment are requisite in the world today much more are they necessary in us to whom has been given the responsibility of educating the children for the future. For a century the nations have apostatized from God and have refused to accept Christ and have used their might and power and intelligence to build up a world of evil and disorder and chaos. They had promised great things, liberty, democracy and progress, and today the world is downhearted and discouraged, asking if there is hope still left—if there is anything on which to rebuild and reconstruct civilization."

There have been other crises in the world's history and they have been met and answered by God's Church. What our world needs today is a new stand and whereby to judge manhood, for the greatness of a nation consists not in its wealth or commerce, or power to command, but consists in the manhood, and the world must know the dignity of man, and must learn the secrets of true greatness if it is to reconstruct its civilization."

There is a great opportunity before us, the Archbishop stated, because we hold in our hands the rebuilding of the world. While it is true that the Church is strengthened by the promise of God, the success of the Church depends on those sent to teach and guide and instruct. "Are we ready for the test? Do we who have consecrated our lives to education so account our responsibility to God's children that nothing else matters? If so all is well."

His Grace reminded the assembled educators that the old order was gone and that a new order and new standards had replaced those of the past. They would have a part in this new battle, but the real battle was with the children who will be the men and women of the future. He exhorted the teachers to impart to the children not only power and knowledge such as come from books but what was more essential they must be permeated with the knowledge and spirit of Christ. In concluding the Archbishop invoked the blessing of God on all assembled and wished them every measure of success in their deliberations.—Providence Visitor.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall;
Stead of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but we may lift his head,
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet.
If something good be said,
No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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Catholics of Ontario



TO YOU

The Overseas Chaplains Call for Help!
What Will be Your Answer?

THERE is to-day no appeal to Catholic generosity more compelling than that of our self-sacrificing overseas Canadian Catholic Chaplains. They are facing all the horrors and dangers of war to give spiritual comfort to the brave troops who are fighting our battles. Amid the terrible carnage, the Chaplains are struggling to win souls for Christ. In their work during the past three years, they have been dependent on the good-will of other denominations and associations for shelters in which to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to hear confessions and perform the other sacred functions developing upon them, which functions are of such vital importance to the thousands of Canadian Catholic fathers and mothers. The Canadian Catholic Chaplain Service have no huts or tents of their own, and each Chaplain out of his own funds has so far personally provided the necessary articles of religion, including altar equipment, as well as rosaries, crucifixes, medals and prayer books, for distribution among the soldiers. Are YOU going to allow that condition to continue?

HUTS, CHAPEL TENTS

and recreation centres for our Canadian soldiers—these are absolute necessities. They are wanted at once. Will you help?

Under the Auspices of the State Council of Ontario
Knights of Columbus, a
Great 1-Week Campaign for Funds

WILL BE CONDUCTED
Commencing Sept. 23—Closing Sept. 29

EVERY CATHOLIC should have a part in this great work. The Knights of Ontario have contributed several thousand dollars, and will do more, while they have undertaken to act for the Chaplains in raising this fund.

\$100,000.00 IS REQUIRED

The work has the hearty endorsement of the Hierarchy of Ontario. The fund raised will be remitted to and expended under the direction of Lieut-Col. Rev. W. T. Workman, Director-General Canadian Catholic Chaplains Services, London, England; Major Rev. F. L. French, Assistant Director Canadian Catholic Chaplain Service, in the Field, France; and Major Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa, Ont.

Make your contribution to the Grand Knight of the nearest Knights of Columbus Council, or send direct to either of the undersigned—

L. V. O'CONNOR, State Treasurer, Lindsay, Ont.
J. L. MURRAY, State Deputy, Renfrew, Ont.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKRY, O. S. B. SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE REST OF THE COMMANDMENTS

"Keep the Commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in His way, and fear Him." (Deut. x. 1)

The rest of the Commandments, my dear brethren, are safeguards against our own selves. We are all prone to evil. Our natural inclinations, if not kept under and corrected, would lead us to deadly sin.

As pride leads us to disobey God and refuse honour to our parents, so by anger and envy we break the Fifth and Eighth Commandments; quarrels, murders, lies, and calumny are their children.

Thus, "Thou shalt not kill" forbids also those sins that might lead up to murder. And they likewise can be mortal sins; as anger, hatred, revenge, and their sequels, quarrelling, fighting, and doing injury.

This is how the Fifth Commandment is broken: but to keep it we have to be men of peace, for they "are called the children of God."

We cannot even be angry with our brother, or say, "Thou fool." We have to be reconciled to our brother before we come to the altar.

We know to what depths of shame the violation of the Sixth Commandment will lead those, who give themselves up to it. With this, especially, it is necessary to resist the beginnings.

There are many, thank God, who never feel tempted to break the Seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." But there are many more, whose self complacency will receive a shock, if they will examine all that is included in these words.

It is not only pick-pockets and burglars who break this word; there are many others. There is that respectable shopkeeper who is not above a little sharp practice; weights and measures have a knack of favouring their master; adulteration enlarges profit; and the prices asked are not always the exact ones.

But who shall say that he never breaks the Eighth Commandment—"He that sins not in word, the same is a perfect man?" (James iii. 2)

Lies, rash judgment, tale bearing, detraction, calumny—all are included under this precept. And if you steal away your neighbour's good name, you are bound to restore it, as far as you are able. Try to keep this rule: "Do unto others as you would like others to do to you."

The Ninth and Tenth Commandments probe our very heart's core. Our Blessed Lord has said: "From the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies." (Matt. xv. 19)

This is our lifelong work: "Keep the Commandments." Be not faint-hearted. In every command from God there is a promise of help, if we attempt it; a sure reward, if we fulfill it.

TEMPERANCE

From a bulletin issued by the Chicago Health Department:

"You had a glass of beer or three fingers of rye to-day, didn't you? You think that it puts snap into your wits and steam into your cylinders. You feel fine and you think you are ready to tackle your job, meet any problem in sight with a clear head and a strong hand.

This statement is not the result of guesswork or a question of antithesis or antithesis on moral grounds. It is based on experiments made by an eminent scientist, Professor Kraepelin of Vienna, who has devised a series of tests and applied them to many individuals before and after they have taken alcoholic liquor.

NATION'S THIRST IS COSTLY Nearly two billion dollars was spent for drink—soft and hard—by the people of the United States within the last three years, according to figures compiled by the American Cereals Association for July 14.

The quantity consumed is decreasing. The per capita consumption for the year ending June 30, 1916, was 19.40 gallons, a decrease in three years of 3.10 gallons. The cost of spirituous liquors averaged annually for three years \$1,685,049,084; non-spirituous, \$265,019,027.

Since 1860 the per capita use of spirit distilled from 2.86 gallons to 1.35 gallons in 1916. For three years the per capita use of spirits has varied from 1.43 gallons in 1914 to 1.25 in 1915 and 1.35 gallons in 1916.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF RHEIMS SYSTEMATIC AND WANTON DESTRUCTION STILL CONTINUES

A correspondent of the London Times gives the graphic description of the town of Rheims, as it is at the present time. He writes: "The systematic and wanton destruction of Rheims Cathedral is a tragedy and crime which still continues. When I last visited the town eight months ago the case was thought as bad as it could be. It is infinitely worse now."

"Since the beginning of the French offensive on April 16 the enemy has greatly increased the intensity of the fire poured upon it from batteries on Bismont, Nogent and Le Bassee. During the fortnight of June 15-28 the number of shells of all calibres from 77 mms. to 380 mms. that fell on the town during each 24 hours was over 1,100. On June 25, 26, and 28, respectively, three, five and eight of them hit the Cathedral, which since the beginning of the War has received between 600 and 700 shells.

Of these 50 were of the heaviest calibre. One of 305 pounds crashed through the south wall and dug a great hole in the floor without bursting. It had been left standing on the pavement close to the entrance as a concrete example of the mind and ammunition with which the enemy is carrying on his vile work of destruction.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY The great defect of liberal Christianity is that its conception of holiness is a frivolous one, or, what comes to the same thing, its conception of sin is a superficial one.

It takes time and pains to learn what it is most profitable to do. ASSUMPTION COLLEGE SANDWICH, ONTARIO A Boarding School for Young Men and Boys

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are royal hearts, there are spirits brave. There are souls that are pure and true; Then give to the world the best you have. And the best will come back to you. Give love, and love to your life will flow. A strength in your utmost need; Have faith, and a score of hearts will show. Their faith in your word and deed. Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind. And honor will honor meet; And a smile that is sweet will surely find. A smile that is just as sweet. For life is the mirror of king and slave; 'Tis just what we are and do; Then give to the world the best you have. And the best will come back to you. —M. S. Bridges

HE NEVER GOES WRONG

The chief of the St. Louis detective force is a keen observer. He says: "I am frequently asked what is the type of the man who goes wrong. The answer is that there is no particular type. There is a clear type of man, however, who never is in trouble. This is the man who lives within his means, who saves a part of his earnings each day and week and year. It does not matter how much, he lives within his income and saves."—Catholic Transcript.

ACTS OF KINDNESS

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have come, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

You will be glad, too, that you kept back the unkind word which formed itself on your lips. Much of the sorrow of life comes from giving way to the spirit of evil and not listening to the angel of good when the two strive in the heart.

And then, you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small everyday things of life; that you served the best you could in earth's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way, "I know I can trust him; he is as true as steel."

You will be glad you shut your ears tight against all the evil things men said about another and tried the best you could to stave these words winged with poison.

You will be glad that you were always bright and cheery, though sometimes pain made it cost you sorely to keep your heart sweet.

You will be glad that you lifted at every wheel which turned hard, and tugged back at none when the load was heavy.

You will be glad you have met all the hard things which have come to you with a hearty handshake, never dodging one of them, but turning them all to the best account. If you are glad of all these things, you will be glad that you have lived.—St. Paul Bulletin.

BE AN OPTIMIST

Don't get discouraged because you have made a mistake. There has never been a human being who did not make some mistake. The best way we can do is to try not to make the same mistake again. In this way our work will become more and more accurate and we will become more and more reliable.

Don't get discouraged because you are blamed for something you did not do. Explain the matter in a straightforward manner if you can; if you cannot do that, circumstances seeming to point to you as the guilty party, just wait. Time will clear up the whole matter and exonerate you from all guilt.

Don't get discouraged because you seem to be standing still in your business life while others are forging to the front. Do your duty faithfully and your opportunity will surely come, and when you least expect it.

Don't get discouraged because others seem to be making a brilliant success of life while you are only making moderate advancement. Meteors make a brilliant dash across the midnight sky, but they soon die out and are heard no more.

Don't get discouraged because you have lost your position through no fault of yours. Many a man has risen from such an experience to higher and better work than he would have gained if he had held the old place.

Don't get discouraged because people laugh at you and ridicule you when you are trying to do right. Every successful man has had the same experience; in fact, it seems to be one of the prices we have to pay for success.

Don't get discouraged about anything when you are trying to do your best. Everything will come out all right, and you will laugh tomorrow over the cares and worries of to-day.—Pittsburg Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WELL-BRED GIRL

The girl who is well-bred never finds it necessary to announce the fact to the world. Good breeding is as natural to her as breathing, and as necessary, too.

She never gossips or listens to tales about her friends. This sort of conversation is not pleasing to her. The well-bred girl seldom apologizes—it is not necessary for her to do so, because she is always careful of other people's feelings, and she never talks of her private affairs.

The well-bred girl never makes herself conspicuous in public places, and does not permit herself to be drawn into any arguments in conversation which might involve others.

She is gracious and hospitable, giving of what she has with a good will, and never attempts to entertain in a way she cannot afford. Indeed, she is just a simple wholesome girl, careful of other people's feelings, and always has a ready fund of sympathy for those in trouble.

A SCOUT AND A GENTLEMAN

A great banker tells a delightful little story of the good turn which a boy scout did for a poor woman. He says:

"A woman selling newspapers was caught in a gust of wind and her papers were torn from her grasp. A boy scout ran forward, and picked them up for her, and as he handed them to the aged woman, she said to him: 'You are a gentleman.'"

"No, I am a scout," he replied. "What is your name?" I asked, as I happened to be near by and saw the good turn.

"That would spoil it. Good-night, sir," and the modest boy scout disappeared.

A MOTHER'S LESSON

Some friends were talking about children and their ways. "I saw a pretty thing the other day," said a teacher. "You remember little Robert Donovan? He is a handful in school, but since I saw him in the five and ten cent store the other day he has gone up a hundred per cent. in my regard. He was wandering around the store with a younger brother. Finally they stopped at the counter where religious articles are displayed. Robert's mischievous little face grew very serious suddenly; he picked up a crucifix from the counter, kissed it, put it to his brother's lips, and replaced it; then, taking the baby's hand, he walked off. 'Wasn't that sweet?'"

"It was better than sweet," said a mother. "It was holy. Can't you imagine the home training these little ones are getting. They know the crucifix, and they respect and love it. That, it seems to me is the highest knowledge. You may teach Robert much in school, but his mother has taught him the best lesson of all."

How true are this mother's words! May every mother who reads them resolve to teach her little son the same beautiful holy lesson!—Sacred Heart Review.

A SAINTLY BROTHER AND SISTER

St. Scholastica, sister to the great founder of the Benedictine Order, consecrated herself to God from her earliest youth. She founded monasteries one of which, at Plombiaro, she chose as her retreat after her saintly brother had moved to Mount Cassino, five miles distant.

Scholastica visited her brother once a year. As she was not permitted to enter his monastery, St. Benedict with some of his monks, went out to meet her at a house not far distant. These visits were spent in prayer and spiritual converse. A remarkable circumstance is related of the last of these visits.

The day had passed as usual, the brother and sister had finished their evening meal when Scholastica urged her brother to delay his return until the following day.

St. Benedict, unwilling to transgress his rule, asked that his sister would not insist upon such a breach of monastic discipline. As if forewarned that this would be their last interview, Scholastica laid her hands upon the table and, resting her head upon them, with tears begged of Almighty God to interpose in her behalf.

The night was clear, but Scholastica's prayer was scarcely ended when there arose a storm of such rain, thunder and lightning that St. Benedict and his companions could not set foot out of door.

"God forgive you, sister," he exclaimed: "what have you done?" Scholastica answered: "I asked you for a favor and you refused it me; I asked it of Almighty God and He has granted it me."

St. Benedict was therefore obliged to comply with her request. The next morning they parted and three days after St. Scholastica died in her solitude.

St. Benedict was then alone in contemplation on Mount Cassino and lifting up his eyes to Heaven he saw the soul of his sister ascending thither in the shape of a dove. Filled with joy because of her happy death he gave thanks to God, announced her death to his brethren, and caused her remains to be brought to his monastery and laid in the tomb he had prepared for himself.

The aim for which we give our best strength is everything, the visible success is nothing. True faith may be the greatest, goodness and fidelity at the highest, when visible success is at the least.

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MYSTERIES

IF THERE BE NATURAL WHY NOT SUPERNATURAL ALSO?

By Rev. H. C. Hengell, Madison, Wis.

The Catechism defines a mystery as a truth which we cannot fully understand. The secrets of nature which men will never be able to discover are natural mysteries. The truths of revealed religion which men will never be able to explain are supernatural mysteries.

Men whose minds are filled with self-conceit sometimes pretend to be too learned, too scientific, to accept the mysteries of the Christian religion, and yet they accept without a quibble or a doubt mysteries of the natural order. The natural universe is full of mysteries. In fact there is not a cubic inch of the earth upon which we stand, of the air which we breathe, of the food and drink we imbibe, that is not full of mysteries for the most learned and scientific men in the world. There are innumerable things in everyday life accepted by everyone as facts, but no one can explain them, and no one will ever be able to explain them. They are mysteries and always will remain mysteries in the natural order of things.

Why then should men balk at mysteries in the Christian religion? It is because their minds are so full of intellectual conceit and their hearts so full of foolish pride that there is no room left for anything else. Jesus Christ, the greatest Teacher of all the world's history, did not hesitate to condemn as malicious and culpable the unbelief of such men. He demanded the unqualified submission of all men to the teachings of His Apostles and their successors, and He insisted upon it in words that could not be more clear and forcible: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned," or as the Protestant Bible translates His words, "He that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi, 16.)

No one who has the use of reason and free will and who lives in a Christian country where the Christian religion is constantly preached, can conscientiously remain neutral towards revealed religion and its mysteries. That is sinning against the Light. "He that is not with Me is against Me."

All Christians should earnestly pray for the conversion of the self-conceited, sinful men who live in their midst for the few short years of human life, who know so little about their own world, who are so pre-occupied with material things, who are so blinded by culpable conceit and sensuality, and yet presume to pass sentence on the most profound mysteries of God and deny the existence of anything they have not seen with their own eyes and touched with their own hands.

TOLERANCE

Tolerance is a calm, generous respect for the opinions of others—even of one's enemies. Tolerance is silent justice blended with sympathy. Tolerance always implies wisdom and kindness. It seeks to convert others from error by gently raising them to higher ideals, by leading them to broader lines of thinking, by patiently helping them to help themselves. Tolerance does not use the battering ram of argument, or the club of sarcasm, or the rapier of ridicule.

That terrible artillery, the prayers of little children.—Sheehan.

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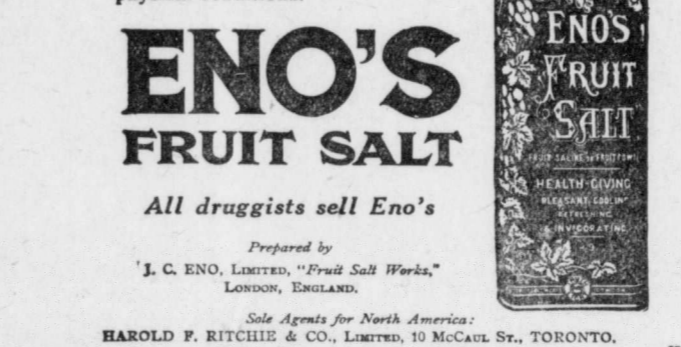
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IT is remarkable the number of persons I who always take with them a bottle of Eno's, on railway journeys, ocean voyages; yes, and even on trips across the lake. In case of sea-sickness or vomiting, Eno's settles the disturbed stomach as few other things will. Its effect is at once prompt and gentle and steady.

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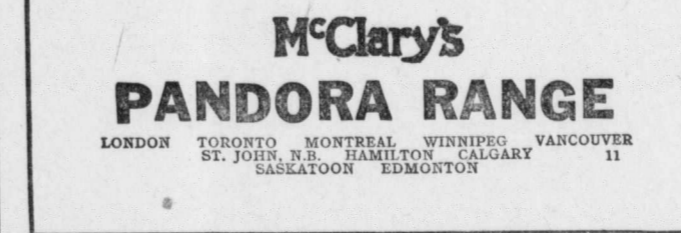


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