world is, so far as possible, to be the portion of man, while the gentler, but even more heroic sacrifices of home and motherhood fall to the part of woman. Hence in his great Encyclical on "The Condition of Labor" Pope Leo XIII. has this to say of woman, which briefly sums up the entire doctrine of the Church on the important question of woman labor:—"Women are not suited for certain occupations; a woman is by Nature fitted for home-work, and it is that which is best adapted to preserve her modesty and to promote the good upbringing of children and the well-being of the family."

Yet of the women who are engaged in wage-earning occupations outside of the home, many have not made the choice of their own heart. Others have freely chosen the world is, so far as possible, to be the portion of man,

occupations outside of the home, many have not made the choice of their own heart. Others have freely chosen the state of virginity to preserve their purity for God alone, and are working out their salvation in the world rather than within convent walls. Both classes may be doing God's will according to their best lights and both classes must seek to earn their livelihood as best they can. A. E. Mahuteaux in the Liverpool Catholic Times thus summarises the problem:—"Many women fortunately will en must seek to earn their livelihood as best they can. A. E. Mahuteaux in the Liverpool Catholic Times thus summarises the problem:—"Many women fortunately will always find their happiness in receiving shelter and comfort from a father's or a husband's love. No one wants to change that. It is both the normal and the ideal. But what must happen to the large number of women who have neither father nor husband? From whose kindness and solicitude will they receive the necessary means of subsistence? And if in honor a woman may not receive them from any other, how can she procure them except by her own skill and effort? And how, in the present state of our social economy, can that skill and effort be exercised except in competition with her fellowbeings, men and women alike?"

Woman's place, therefore, as the writer observes, is wherever Providence has given her duties to perform; for no woman's hands may be idle, whether she labors for herself or for others. Some have their duties in their own home or in the home of others, and some have their duties in hospital, workshop, school, or office. There are certain classes of work which should be restricted to men, and there are chers which women can perform as well or perhaps far better. The domestic sphere is hers by nature. For the rest it matters not what we do, provided we do well what God's Providence assigns us. It is the love of Him that gives to every act its highest value and it is this alone that can raise to a fine white

is the love of Him that gives to every act its highest value and it is this alone that can raise to a fine white value and it is this alone that can raise to a fine white flame of devotion these little lives of ours, whether they burn in cloister, home, or workshop. Nothing of all this conflicts with the Holy Father's teaching, that woman is by Nature fitted for home-work and that it is this which is best adapted to preserve her modesty and prepare her for her normal duty as wife and mother. It is in the latter function that she can render to society her greatest service, unless indeed she choose for her sole Spouse Christ the Lord, that she may become the spiritual mother of souls.

Spouse Christ the Lord, that she may become the spiritual mother of souls.

Clearly, then, it is the duty of the State to provide, so far as possible, that woman shall be enabled to follow her primal vocation of motherhood. If already a mother she must be given the opportunity to devote to her children all that attention and care which make industrial occupations in shop or factory impossible. Her place is now in the home, with her little ones. This, as we cannot too frequently repeat, is one of the most urgent reasons obliging the State to secure an adequate family wage for every adult male laborer. Thus will he be able, in the early years of his manhood, to offer a home to the woman of his choice where she can happily perform the duties of a Christian mother, undisturbed by the struggle for existence whose weight should rightly fall upon the husband's shoulders. Her own duties, if conscientiously performed, may far more than balance this burden, while the claims of charity will leave no moments idle on her hands.

Both statistics and experience show conclusively that, in general, married women will gladly withdraw from in-dustrial and commercial life if a suitable family wago is paid their husbands. Their withdrawal, like the prevention of child labor, will in turn react favorably upon the labor situation, will lessen unemployment and tend to raise the wages of the men.

But there is a duty likewise imposed upon the individual man and woman. It is the duty of thrift and moderation, and unless this is better observed by all classes there can be no solution of our problem.

there can be no solution of our problem. We are living in an age of extravagant expenditure. The rich by the neglect of their stewardship, using their surplus wealth as if it stood at their free disposal and were not intended as it it stood at their free disposal and were not intended for the common good, are setting an example of lavish living which the poor are imitating in their own degree. The spendthrift young man cannot hope to support a wife, even though an adequate wage be secured for him, while the earnest and ambitious worker will wisely fear to marry a girl whose extravagance of dress and amusement forebodes disaster to his limited earnings. "I will not be hard to keep," was the assuring remark made by a simply yet faultlessly dressed American girl to the happy young man whose heart and hand she had accepted. There was no thought of narrow parsimony, but of that wisdom which builds a successful home and that motherliness which provides for the little ones who are to be the joy of the parents' youthful days and the glory of their declining

clining years.
Until, therefore, every man is assured a family wage, and rich and poor alike return to the simplicity of Christian life, it will be futile to hope for a satisfactory solu-tion of this particular phase of the problem of the woman worker. The wage-labor of countless women is to a great extent unnatural, because unnecessarily enforced upon them through capitalistic greed, through inadequate legisthem through capitalistic greed, through inadequate legis-lation, and through personal habit of thriftlessness and excess. The luxury of the rich is even far more cul-pable in the example that it sets. At present we must not base our judgment upon the abnormal conditions existing in time of war, but prepare for a future recon-struction in which woman will be given ampler oppor-tunities to promote both her own happiness and that of the race. the race.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who lears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few!
Some lie far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth, Among their own they rest,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right— They fell and passed away; But true men, like you, men, Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be For us a guiding light, To cheer our strife for liberty, And teach us to unite—
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate; And true men be you, men, Like those of Ninety-Eight.

Learn the luxury of doing good.-Goldsmith. Reverence is the chief power and joy of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot die.-Ruskin.