

sick, and sick unto death. Can anyone doubt that the flappers who crowd our streets at night, passing under the electric lights or peering into milliners' windows, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, are so restless, so bitten with the fascination of nugacity, so incapable of serious thought, serious reading, serious praying, so afraid of the company of their own silly, shallow souls, that they are driven out of doors as fatally as moths are driven into the flame? No home life, no reverence, no depth or breadth of sanity, no robustness, no sweetness in society: these things mean decadence.

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When children go forth into the world without reverence the future before them is black; they are a danger to themselves and to others; they will be a reproach to the parents who are responsible to God for them. Therefore, on patriotic grounds, on religious grounds, on grounds of self-interest, Catholic parents must strive might and main to do what in them lies to maintain the sanctity of Catholic homes and to save their children. The general rotteness has indeed already crept in amongst our people. Which of us does not know instances of it? Which of us does not know cases where spoiled children, never corrected, indulged foolishly, have become a curse instead of a blessing to the foolish parents who neglected their duty and failed to bring up the children God gave them in His fear and love? Our people must forget the example of those around them. They are in an environment where every influence is godless and materialistic; the papers they read, the conversations they hear, are burdened with unsoundness. All this urges strongly the necessity of keeping close to the old Church which is the Pillar and the Ground of Truth, which alone contains the secret of salvation for man and for society, which has taught from the beginning that parents must do their duty and that the home must be made on the model of that home of Nazareth in which Jesus was subject to Mary and Joseph. In a Protestant and indifferent atmosphere like ours we must keep this truth fixed in our minds; we must remember that the Church is our guide, and that the frivolous, pleasure-loving spirit of the age is in all things opposed to the spirit of the Church, which is the spirit of Christ. In direct denial of the example of the world around us the Church proclaims that God must have first place in the home, that His Laws must be the first things taught to the young, that duty must be their guiding rule at home and from home. The children must be trained so that the eternal truths may become vital to them, may be assimilated in their spiritual growth as food is assimilated in the growth of the body. The Church, speaking in the voice of Christ, says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." It is the duty of parents to see to it that home-life will lead the children to Christ every day and every night, and teach them to avoid whatever might lead them away from Him.

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There is an old story of a young man, who, when about to be hanged for some crime, asked to see his mother for the last time. His request was granted, and she went up and stood by him on the scaffold. Pretending to kiss her, he bit off her ear, and said before all, "Let that remind you that if you had brought me up in the fear and love of God I would not be here to-day." Who can tell how many among us owe failure, morally and socially, to the neglect of parents in their homes? If a good home and good parents are a source of strength in a nation, careless parents and unhallowed homes are no less a cause of ruin. Children brought up in a home in which neither by precept nor by example are they taught to love and fear God and to appreciate the supernatural value of their souls, will have as little chance of battling against temptation on the sea of life as a cockle-shell would have of floating in a storm. They will never know the peace that comes from religion;

the true meaning of charity will always be a mystery to them; the pursuit of pleasure will become their chief aim in life; and by self, and by pleasure they will test all things. Hence come the restlessness and the insubordination of modern life, and the tendency to pull down the pillars of society. Anarchy, lawlessness, immorality, unhappiness, and the entire crop of social troubles would to a great extent be avoided if homes were homes and if parents did their duty to God and to their children. Religion working in the home, religion working in the school, religion working in the whole life of the child and teaching him how to serve God and man, and how to become a Christian gentleman—that, and that only, is the panacea for all the diseases of the world to-day.

## NOTES

### Poems by Seumas O'Sullivan

From Maunsels we have received a slender volume of poems by Seumas O'Sullivan. The little sheaf of verses here collected will add to the reputation already made by the poet's previous work. There is the same realism, the same intensity, the same clearness of vision that distinguished his already well-known verses, and there is also a security and a mastery of touch that mark the man who has arrived. To our readers the verses which were written in memory of Erin's latest heroes will appeal. Best of all, we think, is the following poem dedicated to the memory of gentle Sean MacDermot, whom Maxwell slaughtered, as he slaughtered the other patriots, after they had surrendered and laid down their arms:—

They have slain you, Sean MacDiarmuid; never more  
these eyes will greet,

The eyes beloved by women, and the smile that true  
men loved.

Never more I'll hear the stick-tap, and the gay and  
limping feet,

They have slain you, Sean the gentle, Sean the valiant,  
Sean the proved.

Have you scorn for us who linger here behind you,  
Sean the wise?

As you look about and greet your comrades in the  
strange new dawn?

So one says, but, saying, wrongs you, for doubt never  
dimmed your eyes,

And not death itself could make those lips of yours  
grow bitter, Sean.

As your gentle stick goes tapping, down the heavenly  
pavement, Sean, my friend,

That is not your way of thinking, generous, tender,  
wise, and brave;

We, who knew and loved and trusted you, are trusted  
to the end,

And your hand even now grips mine as though there  
never were a grave.

And here is a poem that brings to life again brave,  
debonair Tom MacDonagh, who also died for Ireland,  
and whom Irish men and women will never forget:—

You who garnered all that old song could give you,  
And rarer music in places where the bittern cries,

What new strange symphonies, what new music thrills  
you

Flashing in light-loud magic beneath wildering skies?

Singer of dawn songs, you who drink now at the foun-  
tains,

Cry out as your own poet of the bittern cried,  
Flood that new song deep-drunken, rapturous about

us,

So shall these parched sad hearts drink deep, be satis-  
fied.