

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A CURE FOR WORRY

Now, while we are still in the beginning of the New Year, the season for making new beginnings, it would be well to look into the make up of our characters with the object of at least trying to discover what it is that makes us worry. Some time ago we came across a recipe for the cure of worry and this was the way that it was given.

CHARACTER

The most valuable adjunct of a man is character. Character embraces all that is in the make up of a human, and no matter how high or low a position in the business affairs, or professional, we may occupy, if we have character we have that which is invaluable—brings content to ourselves and extends solace and pleasure to others.

Character is something we cannot buy, nor can we acquire it late in the day. It must be had in the morning of life and slowly but surely nurtured every day as we move on. It is a delicate plant, too, yet full of perfume and radiant with splendor of aspect and variety. It is not of immense strength, yet if properly garnered it will last forever. It may be likened to new silk raiment; not of strong cordage, nor of strenuous fibre, but elegant in appearance, easily preserved if carefully tended, and unless willfully punctured will not only envelop the body but will last a lifetime.

If we are to differentiate as to the many elements of this cloak of character, we would say that the poison known as vindictive calumny is the most dangerous ingredient. It stings in many ways, and rarely shall a cloak outlive its usefulness if such an herb is allowed to soil it. Besides, the poison is a penetrative species and goes right through the whole body of the garment, ultimately setting up all that was once beautiful.

The remedy is easy; use constantly the oil of small kindness, small courtesy, small consideration—and sprinkle yourself often with the spice of charity. And then, when you are most liable to be severs on the character or cloak of any one else, remember—aye, really, never forget—the Saviour in the temple rebuking the Pharisees and asking "Who among you is good enough to cast the first stone?"

Thus you shall be halted in your propensity to throw poison, the cloak of your neighbor shall be preserved, and your own shall shine the more resplendent in this life—and in heaven.—Intermittent Catholic.

RULES TO KEEP YOU STRAIGHT

- Keep good company. Keep good hours. Keep yourself busy. Eat moderately. Keep your tongue from evil. Take plenty of exercise. Breathe pure air. Sleep regularly. Hold lofty ideals. Be in earnest. Be prudent. Be just. Be patient. Be cheerful. Be forgiving. Be noble. Avoid debt. Avoid vulgarity. Avoid scatology. Be ready to help. Be a ray of sunshine. Trust in the Lord.

A PRIEST'S DON'TS

A parish priest has issued to members of his congregation a list of don'ts, some of which deserve repetition: Don't imagine the parish belongs to you. Don't snub the collectors; they are doing excellent work. Don't wait to make your parish priest's acquaintance till the doctor gives you up. Don't keep the children from cate-

chism until they are too big to need any. Don't be stingy with God. Pay your way to heaven. Don't imagine that first at the ball and last at the temple; hundreds for a house and pennies for a pew will ever fit in the "eternal fitness of things."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IN THE STREET CAR

It is the correct thing: For a lady to thank a gentleman who relinquishes his seat for her, in a low, well-bred courteous tone of voice.

To occupy no more space than is necessary in a crowded car. For a lady courteously to refuse a seat offered by an elderly gentleman or a tired workman.

To have the fare ready so as not to keep the conductor waiting. To avoid audible comments on one's fellow passengers.

To be ready with a gracious apology if one is compelled to stumble over others in reaching a seat.

It is not the correct thing: For a lady to founce into a vacated seat as if it were her right, with an audible "thank you," or none at all, to the gentleman who voluntarily relinquished it for her.

For a lady to take possession of a seat vacated for another one.

For a young lady of leisure to remain selfishly seated when weary working people are standing, exhausted by their day's labor.

To fumble through pocket and purse for the desired fare instead of having it conveniently ready.

To crowd and push against others.

To "look daggers" at one who unavoidably steps on one's toes or gown.

To read letters in a street car, unless it is desired to have others acquainted with their contents.

To ridicule fellow passengers. To mention names in a conversation on the car.—"Correct Thing for Catholics."

PETER AND THE GOLD PIECE

Albert Gray was very fond of pets. He had possessed almost every variety. Unfortunately they met with sad ends, for his rabbits were killed by a stray dog and his white mice lost their lives by being too adventurous. But now Albert felt very sure that nothing would happen to his latest pet, a big rooster, whom he named Peter. Peter was not pretty, but he looked very knowing, and Albert declared that he understood every word that was spoken to him. But Peter was not a great favorite with everybody. His manners were by no means perfect, and he had a mania for pecking at and swallowing everything he could. Indeed, he managed to get away with so many odd things that Albert often wondered what he must look like inside.

The old gentleman who lived next door especially disliked Peter. Perhaps he did not like to be awakened so early in the morning. At all events he objected to Peter's constant visits; for, as there was no fence between the back yards, the rooster frequently showed a sociable disposition.

Mamma was busily sewing one morning when Albert rushed in. "O mamma," he cried, "what do you think? That cross old Mr. Hobson has bought a load of kindling and Peter was hopping around when he went to pay the man for them, and he dropped a gold piece, and now he says Peter's swallowed it."

Here Albert paused breathless. Mamma laughed, then she looked grave. "I hope not," she said.

"I know he didn't," cried Albert; "and Mr. Hobson says he ought to be killed so he can get his money."

"O," said mamma.

"And continued Albert; "and I've looked Peter up for fear he'll go over there and get hurt."

"Well, dear," said mamma, "you must not blame Mr. Hobson too much. He is not well, and to lose his money worries him very much."

Albert went down into the yard. Mr. Hobson was laboriously trying to put away the load of kindling. He was muttering to himself, and when he saw Albert he frowned dreadfully.

Suddenly a thought came to the little boy. "I'll put away your wood," he said.

The old man looked amazed, then he said gruffly: "All right, but you needn't expect anything."

"I, I don't," replied Albert cheerfully.

He went to work whistling. All at once he saw something bright

shining amongst the wood. He looked closer, and there was the gold piece. Albert picked it up with a whoop and ran to Mr. Hobson. "Here's your money," he cried. The old man was much pleased. "You're an honest boy," he said. "So is Peter an honest rooster," said Albert proudly. He could scarcely wait to tell his mother and to let poor Peter out of prison.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Poets have made verses in praise of mother love, but they have not done justice to it.

It is one of those mysterious forces endless and incomprehensible, that rule the world. The mother herself does not understand it, but yields herself a willing thrall to its compelling sway. It dominates her entire being. To her she sacrifices her own comfort always, her happiness frequently, and her very life, whenever that supreme sacrifice is exacted.

But mother love has its compensations. It binds hearts to the mother. It draws the prodigal son away from the allurements of the world. It interposes between children and the commission of sin. It is the dearest bond of the family, the most active factor in the happiness of the home.

Blessed is the mother whose affection for her children, while strong, firm, lasting and tender, is regulated by prudence and controlled for their welfare to insist on obedience, respect for her, self-denial and fidelity to the obligations of religion. The mother who is all heart, by over-indulgence spoils her sons and daughters, and lives to reap in tears the crop of selfishness which she herself planted and cultivated.

The true mother love is like the love of God in its gentleness, forbearance, compassion and readiness to forgive.—Catholic Columbian.

WAR MAY BE JUSTIFIABLE

Among the problems that vex the brains of the Christian as he looks out over the human race engaged in a never ending struggle for the prizes that it covets, by no means the least is that of war. His religion and his patriotism are both put to a severe test when he is called upon to take up arms to kill someone who has never injured him, and who is, perhaps, a brother in the faith, and very often a brother in the same family. We must deplore such a condition of affairs. Still, we may not form judgments unauthorized by reason and religion. Where the consciousness of justice commands, and redress is not possible outside the battle field, war is honorable, and the soldier, in obeying the supreme law of justice and patriotism. This is the view presented by His Grace Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota:

It is not true that the occurrence of war among Christian peoples is the indication that the Christian religion has failed in its preachings, that in the high heavens there reigns not an Almighty and All loving Power, caring for men and for nations.

The Christian religion, forerunner of the ideal condition of universal peace—peace made secure when all men and all nations know where justice lies, and seek it to the forgetfulness of private or public interest. Towards that ideal the Christian religion labors and encourages humanity to labor. But it has not set forth the guarantee that, whatever its own efforts, the human vision shall never be blinded or restricted in its gaze, that the human heart shall never be enslaved by the passion of wrong doing. The mission of Christianity is never a failure. It accomplishes its purpose with men of good will.

The failure is with humanity itself, in its lack of response and co-operation. Freedom of will remains; it is the inalienable endowment of the human soul, which the Almighty Himself respects, which His religion is not authorized to impair or destroy. A blame to Christianity for discord and wars is a misconception of the mission it has received from its Founder.

Whatever is the happening, God is the Master. His power may at all times interpose itself in the acts of men and of nations. War exists: He may bid it continue; or He may still quickly its ravages. His designs are mysterious: we know them not. This much we know that His will is wisdom, that His decree is justice.

A purpose of Providence in permitting a war may be to draw us nigher to Himself in humble invocation, to invite us to confess Him as the Supreme Master and Sovereign, the sole Helper in our plannings and powers. Now He casts them upon these devices and powers, that they may understand their weakness and seek strength where alone it is to be found. "And now, O ye Kings, understand: receive instruction, you that judge the earth serene ye the Lord with fear and rejoice unto Him with trembling."—The Missionary.

GOOD THOUGHTS

It costs no more to avenge injuries than to bear them.

It costs more to satisfy vice than to feed a family.

It is proof of nobility of mind to despise insults.

One rose in a sick man's room is worth forty on a bier.

The virtues are never the strongest for giving them a vacation.

Do not go against your own conscience, whatever the gain.

The doctrines of Christ have never changed, but have developed.

A good action never perishes, neither before God nor before men.

A man can usually patch up his reputation by mending his ways.

Unity of doctrine is essential, and only one religion has this unity of doctrine.

AN HEROIC COUNTRY

No principle of neutrality is violated when one praises the heroism of conqueror or conquered, and if we admire the lofty courage displayed by the Belgians in defense of their country, we by no means are forgetful of the heroism shown by French and German combatants in the awful war now devastating the fair fields of Europe. But there is some thing so pathetic, so appealing, in the loss that Belgium has sustained, that Americans are drawn, with hardly an exception, into deepest sympathy with the stricken nation. The words of The Outlook, in its issue of October 21, will find an echo in every heart:

Many Americans have made their first approach to Europe along the river Scheldt and will never forget the lovely outlines of the Cathedral of Mechlin, and the beautiful quality of the notes of the chimes that rained melody upon the old city of Antwerp. That city appealed to the eye, and still more to the imagination, for it has had a tragic and heroic history. Many nations have assailed it; a dozen times it has been besieged. It has lived through appalling wars, but it has survived to regain a prosperity portrayed in the charts of all the countries of the world set in tiles along the walls of the beautiful Bourse.

And now Antwerp has fallen again, after a heroic fight against overwhelming odds. Its beauty, like that of Louvain, Malines, and other historic towns stored with the treasures of mediæval architecture and art, has been blurred; but it has added a glorious chapter to history. Belgium is a little country but a great nation. It stood in the path of an almost invincible military power; its fields have been ravaged; some of its cities have been almost completely blotted out; its soldiers have been killed by the tens of thousands; it is said that three millions of its people are in exile. But, blurred and all but crushed, it has stood as an heroic protagonist of the principle of nationality—a principle not identified either with extent of territory or magnitude of population. It has illustrated again the indomitable spirit of humanity, the indomitable presence of almost certain disaster, undimmed at the approach of almost certain death. Wars are made big by the size of armies and the number of battles; but wars are made great by the human qualities they display. Belgium has struck the highest note that has been heard above the din of these awful conflicts. She had nothing to gain; she had everything to lose. She did not stop to count the cost; she obeyed that instinctive sense of honor which is an absolute standard and imposes an absolute duty. She has not stopped to reason why.

She has been the victim of one of the greatest crimes against any nation in the history of the world. What her immediate fate may be no man can foresee. Those who believe in a divine justice in the world will not hesitate to affirm that such a spirit as hers cannot be buried in the ruins of cities not crushed by the iron hand of war.—The Missionary.

EXCELLENCE OF THE CATHOLIC BIBLE

WHAT THE CHURCH TIMES, THE MOST INFLUENTIAL OF ANGLICAN WEEKLIES, THINKS OF IT

Along with the growing acceptance by many learned Anglicans of the history of the Catholic Church in England as it is written and presented by Catholic historians is to be noted a considerable and desirable change in the attitude of such Anglicans to the Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures. In a recent issue of The Church Times, the most influential and widely circulated of the Anglican weeklies published in England, the Catholic Bible in English is characterized as "one of the great historic renderings of the whole Bible." The word "whole" in such a connection is very significant, for it means as used by the Anglican writer that the Catholic Bible, including as it does the Apocrypha, is the complete Bible. This writer goes on to say that "made conscientiously from the Latin Vulgate, as the authorized text of the Western Church, it follows in respect of the New Testament a better critical text than that of Erasmus and Stephens which the English translators of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used, and any objection which might be raised against the Catholic Bible as a rendering is nullified," so this Anglican writer continues, "by the care with which the translators collated the Greek editions known to them." To put the matter in simpler words, this writer says that the translators of the Catholic Bible not only rendered the Vulgate, or Latin Bible, but compared their rendering with the best Greek manuscripts known to them. They therefore exercised every reasonable care. Nor, again to use this writer's words,

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were they worse off than those who went straight to a merely traditional Hebrew text" in translating the part of the Old Testament. In their translation, this Anglican writer concludes, "they were sometimes extraordinarily felicitous, and the (Protestant) revisers of one thousand six hundred and eleven owed more to them than they were willing to acknowledge." It is pleasing that such a confession should now be publicly made, and that such Protestant testimony to the excellence of the Catholic Bible is not now uncommon may, let us hope, prove a happy augury in that it may lead more and more of devout Anglicans and others to find their true home in the Catholic Church which gave the world the whole, or Catholic Bible.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE MARK OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL

"I have discovered an infallible rule," said a friend the other day, while strapping in a West End train, "for picking out among a lot of youngsters in these trains the pupils of our Catholic schools. It is the respect they always show to priests, Sisters and the aged and infirm. Just watch!" In came a Sister with a little girl. The car was crowded, those comfortably seated becoming at once immersed in their papers. The Sister reached for an unoccupied strap when, presto, a young girl gave up her seat. To test my theory I edged up to the young miss and said in a casual way, "that was nice of you. What school do you go to?" She said: "I graduated from St. Francis' Xavier's Academy last June." At the next station an old man struggled through the throng. He was white haired but sturdy and erect and he had a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat. I gave him my strap; it was the best I could do. Then a young man rose, tipped a salute and offered his seat. The old soldier demurred, and said he'd rather stand, but finally took the seat with thanks. Now, for another test of my theory, though the young fellow didn't look a bit like a Catholic, but one never can tell the book by the cover. So I smiled at him and dropped the remark that the old fellow didn't want his seat. "No," was the reply, "but I noticed his button and as my father is a veteran I knew the old man must be about seventy. I have read the history of the Civil War." I asked where, and he said: "In St. Francis' College, Butler Street." And there you are. Am I right?—Brooklyn Tablet.

THE MOST CATHOLIC NATION IN EUROPE

Luxemburg is one of the small neutral countries which afforded a free passage to German troops. We are told by a writer in the New Zealand Tablet that there is not a more devout race in Europe than the people of Luxemburg. "They go to Mass at 5 in the morning daily, and sunset Angelus finds serried ranks of them in church saying their evening prayers. Neither German Protestantism nor French infidelity was able to make the slightest breach in their staunch adherence to the old faith. Even to this day, all other faiths added together total up only at one-half per cent. But the glorious title, 'The Most Catholic Nation in Europe,' which the people proudly claim for themselves rests not so much on their numbers as on the quality of their faith."

The Tablet's writer quotes from a clergyman of the Church of England, a graduate of Oxford University, the following tribute to the people of the duchy:

"If its effects upon conduct be any test of a religious system, Luxemburgish Catholicism comes out brightly, for in the matter of honesty and chastity the people are resplendent. I know something of the impurity hidden smugly under the smiling beauty of many an English country side. But here had conduct of any sort is held by public opinion to be beneath the dignity of a sane human nature. Self-conscious and windy talk about religion there is none, nor any newspaper religiosity; yet the thing itself is carried as a guiding principle through all the commonest phases of daily life. Illegitimate births are at a vanishing point, and a man who has to do with his neighbor's wife is a social pariah. Were not the ill-natured calumny about the moral degeneracy of Catholic races well-nigh extinct among intelligent people such lives would help towards its refutation."

And next to their religion comes love of country in the hearts of the people. It can almost be said to be an infallible rule (continued the Tablet's writer) that the smaller a nation the more intensely patriotic will its inhabitants be. It would certainly be hard to match the passionate attachment which the Luxemburgers bear to their native land and its beautiful young ruler. The grand duchess a fair girl of twenty summers is adored by her people. She is to them a living symbol of the two things, which, all through her history, they have loyally striven to maintain—their personal liberty and their holy Catholic faith. Thus they have lived for a thousand years, never greatly recking what political thunderstorms rolled over their heads, so that their faith and their land remained untouched. Let us hope that when the present storm has blown over, if the map has once more been altered, there will still be a place in it for this little fairland, the last of the world's "Ruritaniae."

INTERESTING IMPRESSIONS

It is always interesting to hear of the impression made on thoughtful outsiders by the sight of a typical Catholic congregation attending Mass, remarks the Ave Maria. Here is one of the outstanding reflections of a recent Protestant visitor to St. Patrick's Church in Montreal:

"One thing above all struck me. It always comes to me whenever I go into a Catholic Church. It is the wonderful suggestion of unity. Here, in this large church, with its immense congregation, you never thought of its individual members—you never thought, indeed of them in any other way than as of forming one corporate whole by generations of tradition and training."

And it is often enough the persuasive, though scarcely recognized, force of this unity that draws the reflecting non-Catholic on from curious attendance at external services to inner conviction of the Church's truth.

WORDS INSPIRED BY CHARITY

These correspondents of various English newspapers, Catholic as well as secular, who have incurred the abuse of the bellicose by protesting against sermons glorifying war, and occasional addresses by ministers of religion breathing the spirit of boastfulness, pride, and uncharitableness, may find consolation, if they are weak enough to need it, in an article published in a recent issue of the official Vatican organ, the Osservatore Romano, wherein the children of the Church are reminded that they are followers of a law of charity and a religion of peace, and urged, "in these most troubled times," always to speak and write in moderation and in a spirit of brotherly love.

In reference to the clergy, it is said (in part): "Even during the clash of arms and the horrors of war they must never forget the responsibilities that weigh upon them; they must never forget that even above the legitimate aspirations of patriotic sentiment, the general interests of the Church and of humanity should predominate. . . . And if they must remember all this in their private life, they must not forget it in the exercise of their holy ministry, and in a special manner in their high function of preaching to the people the Word of God. Over and above their wishes for the victory of their own countries they must place those desires for universal peace; and even toward their enemies they must not adopt a language of contempt and hatred, but words inspired by charity. The holy places destined for divine worship are refuges of peace. Human passions must not cross the threshold. . . ."

It is easy to understand, in fact, that the echo of passionate and violent words uttered by sacerdotal lips crosses the frontier and reaches rival countries, inciting the hatred of the people against the priesthood, holding the clergy responsible for the words uttered by some of its members, thus damaging the prestige and dignity of the entire class, and hampering the freedom of its mission. Let, therefore, the moderation and charity of the Catholics of every country, and especially of the ministers of the Lord, represent at least a calm oasis while hatred and violence surround humanity and in this oasis everybody, without renouncing legitimate aspirations, should strive toward unity and peace in the supreme interests of humanity.—Ave Maria.

MAXIMS OF MGR. BENSON

There is no limit to the power of a good woman.

It is only the souls that do not love that go empty in this world.

Do not trust all who talk smoothly. Listen much and speak little.

Trust God whatever may befall. That is a good resolution; it is the way to win His blessing.

Remorse is easy enough, but repentance means love; and a soul that has lost her lover has lost her own power of loving.

Make a rule of life by which you live—a rule about how you spend your day. And keep it; and go on keeping it.

Muscles become strong by doing small things—using small dumbbells—over and over again; not by using huge dumbbells once or twice.

Whenever your soul begins to be disturbed and anxious, put yourself in His hands, and refuse to decide for yourself. It is so easy.

One must not run at one's spouse or foe; one must exercise a wearisome self-control. Survey the work to be done, turn slowly, and after a pause, begin.

IRISH PRIEST SPEAKS CHINESE

The universality of the Church is best shown by turning to the missions for an example. We have heard of priests, mostly French, who have received decorations for research work, but the one who seems to be most worthy of attention just now is an Irish priest, a member of the Society of Jesus, Father Kennedy, S. J., who is connected with the mission of Shanghai, China. He has a brother who is a parish priest in Australia and two sisters members of the Mercy Sisters of California. They belong to a North Kerry family in Ireland. This Chinese Irish priest speaks English, French, Spanish, Italian, several Chinese dialects and is proud of his knowledge of his own Irish tongue. His many year's sojourn among the Chinese has given him an intimate view of things in the Orient and his contributions to various magazines, religious and secular, are of great value.

I will speak to His heart and obtain what I desire.—St. Bonaventura. A mean man can become religious, but he cannot stay mean and remain religious.

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