

APRIL 6, 1912

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## YOUR EASTER DUTY

During this Lenten season the voice of the good Catholic Mother is heard in the land saying "Young man, it is about time for you to attend to your Easter duty."

Of course you know what that means. Without a determinate period for the performance of this duty people would forget and neglect it, with great detriment to their faith and morals.

In this short article it is impossible to develop this subject at length. You know, and so does every other Catholic, that our Lord Jesus Christ instituted the great and necessary sacrament of penance when He said to His Apostles it their official capacity "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

The Apostolic Church still remains, with all its original power and even if men in it who are officials must and do pass away. The American Republic did not cease at the death of Washington. All his official powers and prerogatives still exist in President Taft; and so it is with the Church. It is the same sacrament of penance, instituted by the power to forgive or to retain sins which our Lord gave to His officials, to be used by them and to be handed down to their successors in office for the same purpose which He intended when He committed His flock to their care.

The necessity for this power and for its use is evident for many reasons. It will be sufficient for this article to quote the Council of Trent which says: "For those who have fallen into sin after baptism the sacrament of penance is as necessary for salvation, as baptism itself for those who have not been regenerated."

When our Lord uttered the words: "Whose sins you shall retain" He distinctly imposed upon its official delegates the obligations of just and reasonable exercise of just and reasonable power over the guilt of sin. It is evident that indiscriminate forgiveness or retention of sin would not be just or reasonable. Each case must be understood by the priest of Christ's Church and must be decided according to the evidence. This evidence can be accurately presented by only one or two methods, of which only one is just and reasonable.

One way is that the penitent must declare his sins to the priest. The other way would be that the priesthood when conferred would give the power to priests to read men's hearts so clearly that they could instantly understand men's sins, thoughts, motives and full moral history, without any other process of investigation.

The first method is the only one that is just and reasonable. It is called "confession." The other method must be at once excluded, because it would be the most dangerous power possible to human beings. It would make Christ's official the most feared and hated among men. The streets would instantly be deserted with fear and dread to approach him, and therefore the exercise of his ministry in the forgiveness of sins would be rendered impossible.

Such a power would terrify and repel men, and thus would nullify Christ's mission upon earth. Therefore, the only reasonable method of carrying out the wish of the Lord is, that men seeking the forgiveness of their sins should personally apply to Christ's delegated officials, state their case with accuracy, ask for pardon with sincere sorrow for their offences, have a genuine and firm purpose of amendment and perform the works of satisfaction imposed by the confessor who acts in the capacity of judge, father and healer of consciences.

The body needs to be cleansed and washed frequently in order to free it from dirt and from destructive parasites and germ which would soon work physical havoc if they were not removed. So likewise, with the soul. When passing, as we must, through the intellectual and moral filth of this life it is almost impossible to avoid being stained by some of its dirt or to be free from contact with mental and moral parasites which would eat away our spiritual life unless removed and destroyed by the spiritual germicide of the powerful sacrament of penance.

We must not be deterred by the temptation of the devil to make us cowards in this matter of Easter duty, in order to conquer cowardly it is only necessary to remember that in the

confessional the priest represents Jesus Christ. He is there as a delegate whose mission is to show kindness and mercy, in order to bring back the sheep that was lost and lay it at the feet of the Good Shepherd.

No matter how many or how great your sins may be you cannot shock the priest, because he knows that "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He has heard and absolved worse offenders than you have been. If you are thoroughly sincere in your confession he will forgive you and then give you his blessing to comfort you.

Another temptation of the devil is to suggest that it will be useless to go to confession because you may soon again fall into similar sins. Well, what of it? Remember that God's mercy is infinite, and that the Scripture says: it is "above all His works" no matter how grand they may be. Would you give up your daily bath, even if you knew that to-morrow might stain you again? If you fell into a mass of filth of any kind would you lie in it because if you arose someone might suggest that at some other time and place you might fall again? Would you consider yourself sensible if you remained dirty when it is so easy to make and keep yourself clean?

And, after the purification even if it should cause temporary inconvenience to keep away from the places, causes and occasions of dirt? It is not necessary for you to yield to sin after you have been to confession. It is a dogma of faith that God's grace is able to protect us at all times, in all places and under all circumstances. So, therefore, you are not forced to commit sin or to fall. If you do it, it will be through your own volition.—Pilot.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Open the Door  
To the angels of love and truth;  
When the world is full of unnumbered joys.

In the beautiful dawn of youth,  
Casting aside all things that mar,  
Saying to wrong "Depart!"  
To the voices of hope that are calling you.

Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,  
To the things that shall abide,  
To the things that shall lift your soul.

Like the stars at eventide,  
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom  
In the realms of song and art  
Are yours, if you'll only give them room.

Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,  
Heedless of class or creed,  
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice.

To the shining heaven that o'er you bends,  
Open the door of your heart.

## ONE EASTER

Mrs. Gordon was preparing to move to the city from the small town in which she and her little daughter Evangeline lived. Naturally there were a good many things to be attended to. Evangeline was interested in it all, of course, but above everything in the suitable disposition of her cats.

She was a serious little creature, but Evangeline, with a heart big enough and tender enough to take in all the suffering and sorrowing world, and she had gathered about her a community of cats, to whose welfare and comfort she devoted herself with all the earnestness of her kindly nature.

She had kittens that she had rescued from the boys who were bound riverwards; cats that she had saved from wicked dogs, and cats that had come to her on general principles, as all such animals will come by instinct to the kindly and the tender-hearted.

Now that she was going to the city to live, what should she do with her pets? Some provision must be made for every one of them. Not one would she leave unprotected, and so, for days and days, she journeyed here and there seeking homes for these children of her adoption.

At last they were all cared for. Even the blind cat, which she had found wandering through the rain, and which she had brought home wrapped in her best cloak, even that was provided for.

"And now I'm ready to go, mamma," said Evangeline, wiping away a wistful tear or two, "and I think I'll never have any more cats. You get to think-

## MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND



ing too much of 'em, you know, and that isn't good for you."

Soon after that the mother and her little daughter were on the train, rushing away southward to New Orleans, where they found a queer little corner and hid themselves away.

The little corner was on Royal street, in a little house that had seen many changes since the old days when the street was Rue Royale, and the center of the quaint old Spanish-French city. It was a brick house, faced with red stucco, and it had green "batten" shutters to the doors and windows.

By the side of the house an iron gate-way opened into a brick-paved courtyard. In the long, sloping roof were two dormer windows, which looked out from two queer little upper rooms. And this was the home where Mrs. Gordon hung out a modest sign being the proprietor of a "Fashionable Dressmaking."

Immediately after her arrival she had written a note to the one person whose name she knew, in all that great city. The note had brought a visitor, a day or two later, Mr. Conway, a prosperous-looking gentleman, with a fine carriage and a pair of horses.

"Ah," he said; "so this is the widow of my old friend, Ralph Gordon. I am very glad indeed that you have decided to make your home here in this little corner of the city. And this is your little daughter? Quite an interesting-looking child. Well, my little girl, what kind of toys do you like best?"

"Cats," said the child promptly, looking at him with serious eyes; and then she added, by way of explanation; "I like live things."

The gentleman smiled good-naturedly and made his adieux. He did not care for live things.

When he was gone, Mrs. Gordon could not keep back the tears for a little while. She had needed a little friend, and this cold, formal gentleman chilled her. She began to realize that she and the child were all alone in a big city. But presently work began coming in, and after that the machine or the needle went steadily all day long.

And all day long Evangeline stood at the iron grating and watched the busy life along Rue Royale. When she grew weary of standing she carried her little chair to the corridor and sat down.

People that passed, looking in, saw a dainty, white-aproned little girl with big, solemn eyes, and a cloud of golden-brown hair hanging about her shoulders. She was pleasant to look at.

Late one evening Evangeline stood before the sewing-machine with a soiled and disreputable kitten in her arms.

"I just had to take it, mamma," she explained, with trembling lips. "It was running across the street, and it was afraid of everybody, and I pretended not to see it and turned my back on it, but it came right in, and what are you going to do, mamma, when a cat comes to you and it hasn't any other place to go?"

"Oh, Evangeline!" cried the mother, with visions of trouble ahead; "please don't fill up the place with cats like that! I'll try to buy you a nice Maltese kitten if you won't let any others come about."

For a moment the little face glowed with delight, but then it faded.

"But somebody has to take care of the poor cats," she said, "and who would do it if I didn't?"

There was no answer to this and Evangeline went out with the forlorn kitten hugged close in her loving arms.

Mrs. Gordon's premises were verified. When she opened the back door the next evening five cats, in various stages of misfortune and general shabbiness, were sitting around the grave little girl in the little red chair.

One of these cats had been crippled and bandaged the injured leg. Mrs. Gordon softly closed the door again, without saying a word.

"Bless the child," she murmured, with a mist blurring her vision; "she'll always be helping something or somebody. Well, the world has need of many such."

One day a shocking thing happened within Evangeline's range of vision, as she peeped out through the iron gate. It was early in the morning. Only a few people were stirring, mostly servants

putting the ash-boxes along the edges of the sidewalks, and women milk vendors standing up in the carts so that they could see over the tops of the tall cans.

Suddenly, while Evangeline looked, something rushed across the street, snatched a piece of orange from one of the boxes and fled back again. The something was a child, with matted hair and ragged garments.

As she was about to spring across the gutter she stepped upon a jagged piece of tin, and fell to the ground screaming with pain.

The next instant the iron gate creaked on its hinges, there was a flutter of a little white dress, and Evangeline was bending over the prostrate child, a world of pity in her big eyes.

"Poor thing!" she cried. "Does it hurt very badly? Come right along in here and let me wash it and tie it up."

Amazement had dried the child's tears. Evangeline helped her to rise and then led her into the little corridor and around to the back of the house. Mrs. Gordon, hearing the sound of voices a little later, looked out of the back door and saw the raggedged of ragged children sitting on the steps, holding out one very clean foot and mentally comparing it with one very dirty one, while Evangeline gravely prepared her bandages.

"Don't you think you'd feel better if you were clean?" Evangeline said to the child, after she had tied up the wound.

"I don't know," answered the wail, devouring her benefactor with eager eyes. Never before had she been near so lovely and so dainty a creature.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Evangeline, with a reflective pause. "I'll give you one of my little white dresses that I've outgrown, if you'll go home and wash. I think you'll feel a good deal better. And if you'll come back to-morrow I'll put some more saline on your foot. That's good saline. I cured one of my cats with it, when a dreadful old cow stepped on her foot."

The next day the child from the slums was back again, wearing the white dress, and looking several degrees lighter in color, though she was still much to be desired in that respect.

"You are cleaner," said Evangeline, looking at her critically. "I'm much obliged to you for washing, but you must wash again."

She did "wash again," this child of the streets. So did the lame boy, who was knocked about the curbstones by a rougher companion, and whose head was bathed and bound in that back yard, with a liberal application of the saline that had cured the crippled cat. So did two or three others whom a kind Providence sent within reach of the genial little spirit at the iron gate on Royal street.

One day it chanced that business called Mr. Conway down Royal street, and when he had nearly reached the little red house he all at once remembered who lived there. It is doubtful if he had thought of his old friend's wife and child since he saw them last, for he was very busy, and had more important subjects to think about.

He would have passed now, in all probability, with a hasty glance, but that something on the iron gate attracted his attention. It was a notice some kind, written on a square of pasteboard. He paused and looked at it with an expression of doubt and amazement. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he rang the bell, and when Mrs. Gordon opened the door he said:

"Excuse me, but happening to pass this way, I looked in to see how you are. And where is the little one?"

Mrs. Gordon smiled and sighed together.

"Oh, she is caring for some unfortunate's wounds out in the back yard, I suppose," she said. "I don't know whether it is a cat or a child to-day, but it is pretty sure to be one or the other."

"Ah, that explains the sign on the gate," said Mr. Conway.

And then, noticing her astonishment, he led the way to the sidewalk. The sign on the square of pasteboard was this:

## CHARITY HOSPITAL

## FOR

## CATS AND CHILDREN

They left it there and went back to the house. Mrs. Conway found a troublesome cat mature gathering in his eyes and the mother's eyes were smiling through the mist of unshed tears. The room was very still and they could hear the clear tones of a childish voice sounding from the yard.

"That looks a good deal better," it was saying. "I wasn't much used to bindin' up heads, but I'm beginnin' to learn. I'll tell you, that's splendid saline! You see that cat over by the cistern? No, not that one; the one on the other side? Well, when that cat here it had been scalded on the back, and I cured it with that saline. When you wash your face hereafter you'd better wash your neck, too, and your ears. I think your head will get well quicker."

Mr. Conway tiptoed to the back door and looked at her, his self unseen. When he came back after a while, he shook hands silently with the mother, but how different his manner was from that of his first greeting.

Late that evening, Evangeline, having bound up the wounds of one of her young charges, had led her around to the gate, talking to her busily all the way. As the gate she found a group of gentlemen, Mr. Conway among them, silently inspecting her "charity hospital" sign.

"There she is!" said Mr. Conway, and with a quite unaccountable impulse, he took the little white-robed figure in his arms and turned around so that the others might look into her serious eyes.

One day not long after this Mr. Conway was at the little house on Royal street again. It was early after Easter and his face was bright with the Easter sunshine.

"Little girl," he said, cheerily, "do you know how much, how very much you have done for the poor children of this section?"

"Well, I haven't done much," she replied gravely. "There was Leontine—

I cured her foot where she cut it on the piece of tin, and I made Clemence's head well and I think I'm going to cure Frank—"

"Ah, but you have done more than that!" cried Mr. Conway. "You have made two or three of us see how selfish we have been and how great need there is for some of us to come to the rescue in this city, where a little missionary like you found so much to do. And so we have talked it over and we have made an Easter offering and there will be a great free kindergarten not far from here, little girl, to help you in your work, and perhaps, after a while, we may

have an industrial school, too, for some of the larger children. This is what you have done, little one, for I am afraid if it hadn't been for you"—Our Young People.

They cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

have an industrial school, too, for some of the larger children. This is what you have done, little one, for I am afraid if it hadn't been for you"—Our Young People.

They cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

have an industrial school, too, for some of the larger children. This is what you have done, little one, for I am afraid if it hadn't been for you"—Our Young People.

They cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214

1214



RENNIE'S SEEDS  
IF YOU WANT THEM  
RENNIE'S SEEDS HAVE GOT TO GROW IF YOU GIVE THEM BUT A SHOW  
THE FINEST IN THE LAND  
WM. RENNIE CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER

## Light Draft Deering Drills Sow Seed Evenly at the Right Depth

PLANT wheat, rye, flax seed or any other small grain with the Deering Drill. Ten minutes after you are through with the small grain you can change to plant corn, peas, beans or other large seeds, with