

DECEMBER 27, 1919

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair, He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there; He couldn't see his mother or the lump that started falling as she read his hasty note; And he couldn't see his father, sitting sorrowful and dumb, — Or he never would have written that he thought he couldn't come.

HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW HUNGRY HAD THE LITTLE MOTHER GROWN

He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown, Once again to see her baby and to claim him for her own, He didn't guess the meaning of his never Christmas Day Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.

HE COULDN'T SEE THE FADING OF THE CHECKS THAT ONCE WERE PINK

He couldn't see the fading of the checks that once were pink, And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think How the years are passing swiftly, and next Christmas it might be no more time to visit and to show her how he's changed; He didn't think about it—I'll not say he didn't care, He was too busy and too glad to see his mother and his father there.

ARE YOU GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS? HAVE YOU WRITTEN YOU'LL BE THERE?

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there? Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care? Going home to greet the father in a way to make him glad? If you're not I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.

JUST SIT DOWN AND WRITE A LETTER—IT WILL MAKE THEIR HEARTS BEAT HUM

Just sit down and write a letter—it will make their hearts beat hum With a tone of perfect gladness—if you'll tell them that you'll come.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is here again. Once more God becomes man to show us how to live and how to die. He comes to teach the highest, the noblest conduct, the most unselfish course, the truest faith, the wealth of poverty, the happiness of suffering, and the success of failure. He comes to triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil. He comes to teach us Christian manhood.

Will we ever realize in its fullness the truth that Jesus Christ was Almighty God, I am who am, the uncreated Spirit who is from eternity to eternity?

He comes to help us put the true value on things—on life, on riches, on all that this world holds dear.

If young men would reciprocate Christ's love for them, if they would cherish a personal affection for Him, if they would experience His presence in their soul, then they would give Him their will, their memory, their understanding, their ambition, their body, their powers, and their whole self. They would no longer live, but Christ would live in them. They would have His spirit, His love, His grace.

OVERCOME YOURSELF

So often we say, "He is his own worst enemy" and it's true. No enemy that we have without can do such harm as those within. No one can put us down but ourselves—and no one else can make us stay there. Circumstances may seem overpowering—absolutely beyond control, but in the end the real man rises, he can't be kept down. No one can defeat us but ourselves—defeat is only for him who recognizes it.

The men who rise are the men who see shining ahead of them always the star of success. Their eyes are fixed on that one point, and they can't see anything else. Obstacles there may be, apparently insurmountable, but they don't see them. Their journey steadily on, they climb up or tunnel through or bore under everything in their path, guided always by the shining star.

Life holds so many, many difficulties, so many hard days—days of discouragement, foreboding, cheerless days of despair. Days when work goes all wrong and nothing that we have planned comes out right. Then is when we must keep our eyes fixed on that star in our path—for it's surely there—then is the time when we need to think hard of every blessing we ever had and be very confident that more are in store for us.

We could spend all our time lamenting these black days if we would, but why waste the sunshine of the happy days over the storms of the past? If you do that all days are darkness. The star is shining for you—just for you alone—the blue is on the other side of that cloud and today, if it has been dark, will soon be past, and tomorrow all will be well and you'll be twenty-four hours nearer the mark you've set, the goal you are working for. You can't fail—except from within.

Put up most of your fight on yourself. Your own worst enemy. It is you who are self-intelligent and lazy, it is you who keep late hours and are too tired for the day's work when the day begins. It is you who let your liver affect your temper till you lose both patience and prospects. All this you can blame on no one but just yourself. Yes, defeat yourself. Win your own self to the cause and you have won your battle, whatever it is. Fight from within—your

greatest enemy, the one hardest to subdue, is there.

Keep your mind above annoyances, above the fretting, bring commonplaces the day brings to us all and work to beat yourself, work to turn possible defeat into positive victory.

When you have done this you have put all enemies under your feet—"He who keepeth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city."—Catholic Columbian.

SAVE

Personal liberty without personal independence is of somewhat doubtful value. One may be as free as the birds of the air; but if he be not qualified to provide for himself either by ability to work, or fear, or constraint, acquiescent or inebriated, he must, sooner or later, submit to the humiliating necessity of depending upon the charity of others. He must sacrifice his manly pride; he has lost his independence. Many men find themselves in this unhappy condition in their old age, owing to their improvidence in the heyday of youth and in the productive years of their mature life. They spent their money as fast as they earned it; and now, in their declining days, they are dependents upon the generosity of charitably inclined friends, or they have become public charges.

The lesson is obvious. "Lay something aside for a rainy day." Even if one is able to save only in very small amounts, let him remember that "many a mickle makes a muckle," and that, if he "takes care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves." And let him not forget that personal liberty, self-respect, and manly dignity.—Intermountain Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IF THERE WAS NO SANTA CLAUS

Long before his Christmas time, we children always got So nervous-like and nervous that we were almost dead dead.

Tell mother gets disgusted and a little mad, I know, And says she doesn't want to see me, and I could see no one else.

When she sees me she gets so mad and get talking just that way, I know she doesn't mean it, though she says it all because "I would be mighty lonesome Christmas if there was no Santa Claus."

Take it on these winter evenings, when we toddle off to bed; When the good-night kiss is given and the evening prayer is said; When the moon shines through the window and they're safe as all alone;

Then we kind o' get to talking in a solemn undertone, Why, we always speak of Santa and we wonder what he'll bring.

We know he'll guess our wishes and will not forget a thing. So, we keep on at our chatter till the Dream man calls a game— "I would be mighty lonesome Christmas if there was no Santa Claus."

So, when mother gets excited 'cause she's children first around, And chides us for our nonsense and scolds us good and sound;

When she says she's dreading Christmas and heaves a heavy sigh As she says she hepes old Santa will whip up and jes' drive by;

I know, perhaps, we're naughty and our actions may offend, But Santa Claus can really count on mother as a friend.

She wouldn't have him ship us on a Christmas Eve—because "I would be mighty lonesome Christmas if there was no Santa Claus."

ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS CRIB

Among the favorite spots to which St. Francis of Assisi used to retire at times was one at Monte Rainerio, in the valley of Rieti, now called Fonte Colombo. and it was here he was staying shortly after his return from Rome, in 1223. Christmas was drawing near, and he had a great wish to celebrate it at Greccio, which is not far from Monte Rainerio; where the Franciscans had a hermitage; so he sent for his friend, Giovanni de Velito, who lived there, and who had been a great friend of the order, and had given the land for the hermitage at Greccio. St. Francis told him of his plans and his idea of a memorial of the Child of Bethlehem, which would make the Nativity of our Lord seem more real to the poor and therefore, increase devotion to the Infant Saviour. St. Francis had been in the Holy Land a few years before, where he acquired a great devotion to the Christmas Mystery.

Giovanni was to go on ahead and have a stable and manger built in the wood near the hermitage. St. Francis then sent word to the people in the valley nearby to join him at Greccio to celebrate the Christmas festival.

On Christmas Eve, when the time for Midnight Mass drew near, the people arrived, carrying lighted torches as they climbed up the mountain side. They assembled before the stable, where the figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the shepherds and the ox and the ass, were grouped about the Infant Jesus in the manger. What a beautiful sight it was, as the light from the numerous torches fell upon the group of the Holy Family.

St. Francis was deacon at the Mass, and preached a sermon on the Nativity of our Lord, which touched the hearts of all his hearers. So real did it all seem to the people that they

felt as if they were in another Bethlehem.

Devotion to the Crib has since spread throughout the Christian world. Yearly, from the octave of Christmas to the day of the octave of the Epiphany a Crib, representing the birthplace of Christ, is shown in Catholic churches, in order to remind the faithful of the mystery of the Incarnation and to recall, according to tradition and the Gospel narrative, the historical events connected with the birth of the Redeemer.

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST

There was once an old man, and he had been very miserly. Although he was exceedingly rich, he went on accumulating money, heeding no call of charity, but saving, always saving, he lived alone with his little grandson, whom he spoiled very much, because it was all he had in the world left him, and the child's parents were dead.

Great preparations were made for Christmas, and no one was remembered by him but the little boy and a few servants.

It was Christmas Eve. The child had come to bed, and the old man dozed in his great armchair alone by the fire. He dreamed of his past. He was a young man, proud and a little cruel, caring only to please himself, to give himself pleasure, and no one else. He was a business man, crafty and cunning, hard on the poor and shrewd with the rich, always seeking a way to gain for his own needs. Now he was an old man, still craving money, and clinging to it like grim death. He at last saw what a failure life had been to him because of his selfishness.

In his sleep he saw a long line of children, pale, cold and hungry, begging for a few cents, but he turned away from all of them. He saw a cripple, but he hastened away from his sight. A mother in rags, pressing a baby to her breast, appealed to him, but he sternly refused her help. He saw the faces of a family he had put out on the street for want of money, but he only laughed at them and chuckled with delight.

He heard a voice. "What was it?" He rose from his chair. He heard it again. He was not dreaming now. It was his grandson. He rushed upstairs, with servants quickly following. There he found the child in convulsions. Physicians were summoned. No use—of down he died. Just before the boy died he opened his eyes and smiled at the old man. "Good daddy," he said, "tomorrow is Christmas. Don't forget me, and remember the poor. I am going to see little Jesus." With these words he breathed his last.

What a Christmas for the old man! He wept and he roared. He wept and he roared. What could he do with all his money now? The child was gone. He realized God had punished him. He bent his head and wept aloud.

That day he gathered all the children he could find. He gave them presents, money and all they could ask. He made them all happy. But, alas! even when they had gone his heart was heavy. He missed one, his little grandson. He could not be consoled. He walked all over the house, as though looking for something. It was the child he wanted, and his life now was empty. He could not go to bed.

Love that night, when all the servants had retired, he went to the boy's room, for he was more alone than ever now—the one thing that had made him truly happy was taken away from him. The room was just as he left it. All the toys and pretty things were scattered around it. But the bed was empty, and the boy's voice was still in his ears. The old man took a piece of paper from the table and wrote: "I want my money to be divided among the orphans of the city, and every Christmas Day they must be well fed and given plenty of toys in memory of my little grandson, who is in Heaven." He signed it and placed it beside the dead boy's picture. The servants were startled by a loud cry. They found the old man in the boy's room, leaning over in his chair, pointing frantically to the open door.

"Look!" he cried. "See, I saw him; he is there, my boy; he came back just now, and he beckoned to me. He said: 'I am anxious, good-daddy.' The old man grabbed the bed and he had written on the table read it over again and smiling, turned back in the hollow of the chair and died with the paper in his hand.

Thus was the child an instrument for good in the child's life, and many were thereafter made happy each Christmas Day because of the love of a little child.—By R. L. Lincoln, in The Morning Star.

A PALACE OF GOD

This is the thought which influenced the Christian family who contributed the means to build and adorn it. Each church is the palace of God; and deck its walls with the pictures of the gentes which God has given you. It is the palace of God; therefore come, O Christian worshiper, and place in its niches year after year breathing statues. It is the palace of God, therefore come, O Christian singer, and chant your sweetest, holiest song within its consecrated walls. God Himself has given to us in His temple of creation, where dwells in the natural order, the example of such use of the beautiful in His worship. He was the first architect who built, the first artist who adorned this magnificent temple, that "the invisible things of Him from

the beginning of the world be clearly seen, being understood by the things that are visible, His eternal power also and His Divinity."—Archbishop Ryan.

SENATOR GORE'S TRIBUTE TO IRELAND

Senator Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma in a recent brief speech before the Senate, paid a beautiful tribute to Ireland, quoting as an offset to the bitter abuse of Senator John Sharp Williams, the words of the man whom Mississippi always lovingly proclaimed its greatest orator. Senator Gore said: "As a native of Mississippi, I love to quote what Mississippi's greatest orator and what one of America's greatest orators had to say concerning the Sons of Erin: 'It has been given and of great men, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and honor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.'

"These words, as true, as eloquent, fell from the lips of Sargant Smith Prentiss on an historic occasion in New Orleans. In every form where the champions of liberty have been permitted to plead her cause has been heard the voice of Irish eloquence. On every battlefield where men have died for liberty will be found the graves of Irish heroes. Every cabinet to which worth men win its way has been adorned by Irish genius and statesmanship. Irish valor helped to win American independence, and Irish chivalry helped to maintain the American Union.

"If it be true that one swallow does not make a summer, it is equally true that one snowbird does not make a winter. No one vessel, however willing, can destroy the monuments of Irish genius. No one intellect however powerful, can demolish the statues which commemorate the virtues and valor of Ireland's sons. No one Mississippi, however anxious, can burn the libraries or blot out the brilliant and concentrated genius on which are inscribed the sufferings and the sacrifices of Emmet and his contemporaries.

"The Democratic party owes the Irish vote a debt which it can hardly pay. It is in debt to the Irish Democrat for every Democratic victory since the Civil War. The following language will be found in the National Democratic Platform of 1892: 'We tender our profound and generous sympathy to those lovers of freedom who are struggling for Home Rule and the great cause of local self government in Ireland.' Similar assurances are contained in other platforms. Shall Democracy keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope? 'Immortal little island. No other land or clime Has placed more dentless heroes In the Pantheon of time.'

MARSHAL FOCH

FAMOUS GENERALISSIMO SENDS GREETINGS TO AMERICAN LEGION CONVENTION

Minneapolis, Nov. 10.—The first convention of the American Legion, now in session here, received greetings from Marshal Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied armies, transmitted through Mons. J. J. Jusseum, French Ambassador to the United States today. The marshal's message follows:

"My Valiant War Comrades: The 11th of November, 1918, saw the capitulation of the enemy; vanquished Germany was receiving for mercy, and she delivered over to us such trophies as history has never known.

"This was indeed the victory of the Allied armies, who, ardently fighting, had united, in a supreme continuous and violent effort, all their energies as they had united all their hopes.

"With hand erect, the valiant American fighters of the Argonne, of the Meuse, of the Somme, of Flanders, after hard days, resumed once more by the side of the Allies the march toward the Rhine.

"In this day, when for the first time we celebrate the anniversary of the armistice, I want to be with you to commemorate the past and tell you that with our eyes ever raised toward the same ideal of justice and liberty, we must remain united as we have been in the days of trial and the days of triumph.

"Proud to have been at your head, I send my most cordial greetings to the veterans of the great War, illustrious by their immortal deeds, and to those who, in the camps of America, were preparing with ardour to come and take their part in the battle.

"Lastly, I wish to salute, as ever living in a memory of the past and on the threshold of a future common to us, the tombs of those who lie in the soil of France, resting there as a symbol of our indissoluble union.

I have been honored and obeyed, I have met scorn and slight; And my heart leaves earth's sober shade More than her laughing light. For what is rule but a sad weight Of duty and a snare? What meanness—but with happier fate The Saviour's cross to share? —Newman

As soon as we begin to hate our neighbor, God begins to hate us.

HER CASE SEEMED HOPELESS

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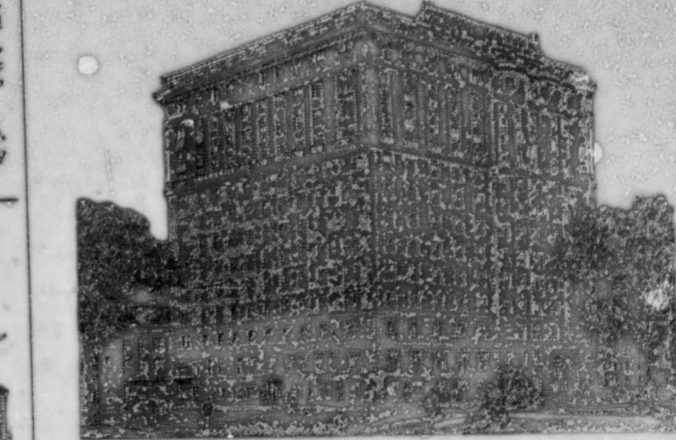
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