JANUARY 10, 1925

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE BLESSING OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

May God's sweet blessing in thy heart abound, And glory's sun thy head encircle

round May honor, joy and plenty e'er

consign Their fairest, richest gifts to thee and thine.

May never strife disturb thy quiet

day, And from thy night may sadness flee away.

Thy cheek in peace may gentlest pillow kiss,

pleasing dreams thy sleep entwine with bliss. And

When from such joys long years thy heart shall wean,

And Death his curtain closes on the

May God's bright angels watch, 'till all is past.

Around thy couch, to shade from every blast

tiny flame of life's lamp Thy burning low.

Which, flickering faint, gives forth

but dying glow. And, last of all, may blood from

thy Home, Where joys abide and sorrows never come.

-(Done into verse by H. I. McCourt)

A NEW YEAR'S REFLECTION

Today there arises the somewhat saddening realization that we have reached the conclusion of another year of our lives. Behind us trails the old year with all its works, sorrows, disappointments and joys, which are now gone, nevermore to return. Old Father Time does not wait either for our gladness or our sorrow, our laughter or our tears. The stream of earthly existence flows ever onward and onward, silently and swiftly without hesita-tion or pause. "The inaudible and noiseless foot of time"—as Shakespeare has it—passes another mile-stone in the long march towards the future. Yea, another cycle of years with its blessings and mis-fortunes has revolved about us in our unconscious traveling towards our end and goal.

The marking of the new year is but a mere convention. One day in the matter of time is about the same as another. Every morning unfolds the scroll of a new year; every night rolls up that of another. senger. Yet in marking the decay of the old year and the birth of the new, the year and the birth of the new, the year becomes as it were, person-ified. Old Father Time with his hour glass and his scythe becomes a dread reality. The span of human life is short at best, and New Year's day reminds we that we are so much record to There's an Irish salutation, 'tis a

To the mind it is refreshing, it is us that we are so much nearer to the end of our lives. It is not a It beseeches God's protection, 'tis a blessing and a prayer, It is spoken much in Ireland, how I very cheerful and pleasant thought but it is nevertheless a true thought. We are compelled to admit, "Today I am so much nearer to the end of all things as far as this world is concerned." This thought made Lamb write, "no man ever looked on the first of January with indif-ference." And this thought makes a silent voice within us speak softly and yet how plainly: "Is it not between d barning to live sight and the sever place I roam, or whenever I may hear it, in what-ever place I roam, the sever place I roam, the sever place I roam, ever place I roam, the sever place I roam, and yet how plainly: 'Is it not better and happier to live right and It always will remind me of my avoid misery, rather than to live for

the moment and for the pleasure of the day ?" One thing alone of all You will hear it from the stranger, things withstands the ravages of time—the human soul. This is you enter his abode. And the busy successful man musing by the midnight glow, smiles as he immortal, unending in its existence and unchanging in its nature. New Year's day ought to remind us that our happiness does not consist in gratification of the senses in indulgence "in eating and drinking, in rioting and drunkenness, in The impurity and wantonness :" nor as many seem to think in heaping up money, in possessing houses and lands and bankstocks; in becoming The famous, in any worldly thing whatever that we propose to ourselves, for all these things will have an end. And when they are gone-of what good have they have been to

seeking the vanities of life, remem-ber we are still alive, and can still put away the playthings of child-hood and conduct ourselves with the wisdom of manhood and woman-hood. It is well, indeed, that time has a calendar to compel us to note the passing of years, and to bring us to a realizing sense that there are opportune turning points in

The world loves a dreamer, if The world loves a dreamer, if only he be a dreamer of the future, and not a dotard on the past. And so the dying year, typified by the figure of a hoary decrepid old man, demands our veneration and re-spect; but the year new-born, in-spires, arouses, enthuses us. New Year's day is for all of us a loud call to brand new endeavors. The book of life is open with its newly turned page unspotted and unblotted. The past is dead. It rots among the withered bones of our former mistakes. The future

our former mistakes. The future filled with smoke and grime. Dust stretches and spreads out before us, and soot from many chimneys cloud unlimited in its opportunities for good. Our history is in the writing. We are the autobiographers, each one writing his own record. The year 1925 will be what we make it. Hell is paved with broken resolu-tions. Now York's ergin and soft for many chimneys cloud the atmosphere like a dull curtain. A fine mist is falling, through which the cabmen struggle to dis-cern the path over the rude cobble stones. Apparently there is no beauty in the street. Lone pedes-tions.

resolutions not to be broken, but to be kept. We have made mistakes in the past. That is but notates

Jesus' side Thy soul wash pure in its all-cleansing tide. May flights of angels waft thee to thy Home. Jesus' side the who never made a mistake, never made anything. 'Tis only a fault to make mistakes, but it is a But to the lone watcher at the window the scene is replete with beauty. For in a few moments, the gloom will be dispelled through the efforts of the old lamplighter. crime to repeat them. Let the past be our teacher, the future our vindication. If we have stumbled and fallen ever so low once or twice, or And now he comes posting up the street with lantern and lacder, and lucky is the little boy who has a

even a hundred times, our principal duty is to get up and be doing. We have no right to block the progress of our own lives, nor that of others. These are selemn thoughts lamp before his door. With slow and faltering move ments, the aged man ascends to the These are solemn thoughts, indeed, solemn as life itself. They crowd upon us in the very midst of top of the lamp post. A flicker, through the darkness, and lo !-- the dark street is illumined as if it were a portion of fairyland. And the child, with the exuberant emotions jollification. Such thoughts alone convince us that we are not for time

of childhood, feels that nothing in but for eternity, and such thoughts the world could be so attractive as a vocation when he shall have will influence us to make every year of our lives a happy new year in spite of the material failures that grown to man's estate as to go about with Leerie and light the lamps with him at night. might be ours. How many are there not who

The old lamplighter has completed his task. Stiffly he descends to the wet pavement, shoulders his ladder and lantern and turns to depart. were with us one year ago and now are no more. At that time we bade them the compliments of the season, today they slumber in the city of the dead. From this let us learn to But first he nods brightly to the little child at the window who claps live our lives the better, for in this year of grace we may hear the call

his hand and smiles in return. If the old lamplighter had not that comes but once in the lives of men. Let our endeavor be to make remembered the little boy at the window. Ah, that would have been a tragedy indeed. Possibly more real than many tragedies that occur all happy. We pass through this earthly pilgrimage but once. Let the world be the better because of our being here.—Ernest Ott, O. F. M., in St. Anthony's Mesin men's and women's lives. tunately he did remember this little act of kindness, of thoughtfulness,

and so he went down forever in the history of the child's life as bright and shining as the lamp that glowed out in the darkness at the touch of his hand At night the child, satisfied and happy, falls asleep to dream that his little brother grows up and

becomes a sea captain, sailing the ocean wide and free. And another ocean wide and free. And another is a banker and counts gleaming heaps of gold. While he finds his sole happiness in the humble voca-tion of elamplighter, and takes the place of the old man who has long Then I'd hear the words "God save you," from the lips of old and

since gone to his eternal rest. Become a man, a successful man with a place in the commercial and social life of his city, the childish dream fades quite away. But in silent moments when the roul is permitted to speak, to assert its privileges, the old familiar scene, returns to deep places in memory

Look about you in the soft, easy-going world ; the machine, mechan, ical and material city ; the myriads of foolish people whose only exist-ence is for pleasure and for the gratification of the sense, and then look at the crucified figure of the Saviour and King of mankind on the Cross ! What is the practicing Christian. The lower of Christ to find and stainless array. Wandering in the open fields in the late spring-time, we come upon a ground robin's sheltered nest. Within are two infant birds, their tiny mouths wide open as they call shrilly for susten-ance. The mother bird is absent, but not because of neglect. She is

seeking for the soft plump worms to drop down these tender throats, to strengthen and sustain her off-spring until they shall be able to fend for themselves. And when she has found them, and the eventhe loyal follower of Christ, to find in this world? A bed of roses, ease, comfort, continuous pleasure? If so, then the Saviour's death was in vain. His advice on each bear-ing His cross and His Church's content of the second secon If so, then the Saviour's treat the solution of the solution o

ual withdrawal being final in 1842. Increase of the duties in other places was the reason of their relinquishing work in this section. Dominicans did not resume work as a SELF-CONTROL AND

BIRTH-CONTROL

oody again until a year or so ago when Bishop Schrembs asked them to take charge of a parish in Youngsfive-line cablegram published in the Chicago Tribune reports that the action for libel brought in the town The tree which served as a English courts against Dr. Halliday

canopy for the altar on which the first Mass was offered became an object of historical interest. Father Graham gives us the follow-G. Sutherland by Dr. Marie Stopes has been won by Dr. Sutherland. Dr. Sutherland is the author of an excellent work, "Birth-Control," and Dr. Stopes is well known for ing detail of its career : "This oak tree had not only lifted her efforts to spread contraceptive practices in England. At the first up its 'leafy arm to pray' but stretched them out to shelter its hearings, Dr. Sutherland who had vigorously attacked a book pub-

Lord and Maker as might a balda chino in some stately church as did the tree in Egypt long ago. lished by Dr. Stopes, was mulcted in the sum of £400. On appeal, decision was reversed, and this appellate action has been sustained "Its story is dramatic. After a by the House of Lords. This decision is said to be final.

long life reverenced by Catholics and so respected by all as to be spared by the woodman though an obstruction when the streets were It need hardly be repeated that, according to the teaching of Catholic theologians, deliverately laid out, it became later, in 1906, when sidewalks were to be laid in the locality, a subject of dissension. to frustrate, or to attempt to the locality, a subject of dissension. frustrate, the normal operation of Some demanded its removal, others the faculties intended for pro-creation, is a violation of the commissioners finally decided to lay natural law and is grievously sinful. a sidewalk around it, but this There can be no possible compromise aroused opposition from those There can be no possible compromise with this frightful evil, just as there can be no compromise with an order was issued to apply the the law of man's nature. Hence the question sometimes put in all is said that Mrs. John Moore, now good faith by non-Catholics "Will not the Church some day change her attitude in this natter ?" must be parish, prayed carnestly, when its answered in the negative. The fate had been decided, that some-Church has no jurisdiction over the thing would happen to it and her natural law, save such as is implied in her office to defend, formulate,

prayer, which reminds one of St. Scholastica's pious stratagem, was and interpret it. God, the Creator promptly answered. Many memen-of all that exists, and not the toes were made of its precious Church of God, is the Author of the natural law. The Church cannot which is still used in the church

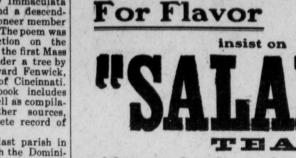
and thus the sturdy oak, though dead continues, as in life to serve repeal that law, nor can she change its essence or extent by omission or Addition. Yet it must be admitted that ence it had extended many times shamefully unjust economic factors its sheltering arms a hundred years are suffered to exercise a pressure, ago.

The

particularly in our large cities, which either forces husbands and Illustrations in the volume consist of the present Pope, the present wives to live as celibates, or induces bishop and his predecessors, pioneer them to act against their con-sciences, and their desires as and more recent pastors, the first and the present church property and the roll of honor of normal men and women, by sinning against their nature. In particthe men of the parish who enlisted in the World War. ular, landlords who demand exor-bitant rents, employers who refuse Father Graham is widely known to pay a family wage, physicians who demand fees which no man on

in church circles. His life has been given up to work as a missionary in the Ohio Apostolate some years ago; as an associate with Bishop Francis C. Kelley of Oklahoma in spread this moral leprosy among Extension church work in the early years of that organization and subinstances obedience to the law of nature may call for virtue that is heroic. But difficulties, while they may lessen the guilt of the transsequently as pastor of Holy Angels church, Sandusky and since April 1922, pastor of St. John's.





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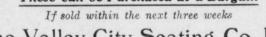
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A HANDBOOK

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

New Year's day is a great accounting day. It is a day when we must examine ourselves to see how we stand in the affairs of eternity, and in the supreme business of life. At the close of the old and at the beginning of the new year mer-chants arrange their accounts, and business men strike their balances. All this is essential to business success and business safety. The question is, how do we stand with great Banker ?

Last year we made promises to amend all wrongs done by us, to be more charitable, to support our parish church, to aid the povertystricken, to spread gladness and sunshine and to make the world the brighter for our being here. Have we realized those resolutions in godly practice or have we been remiss in the performance thereof. Have we turned a deaf ear to the cry of the oppressed and to the voice of appeal, have we remained dumb in the presence of weakness our disappointments, a day in the and ignorance, have we failed to raise a hand to aid the struggling? And all the while have we demanded the glorious title of Christian? Know we not that

"Life laughs through, and spits at

their creed, Who profess (Christ) in word, and defy Him in deed."

failure.

The bouchal and the colleen, whom you meet from day to day.

native Irish home.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GOD SAVE YOU!

pleasant one to hear ;

wish that I were there.

music to the ear,

Will greet you with "God save you in a friendly kind of way. the lonely earth.

warbling of the songbirds at the dawning of the day, laughter of the children, when engaged at evening play,

murmur of the rosary, by mother lips expressed, Are sweet to hear, but O my dear, I somehow like it best.

To hear the words " God save you " from the lips of old and young, To hear it softly spoken in the rich

old Gælic tongue, Oh, whenever I may hear it, in whatever place I roam, always will remind me of my It native Irish home.

-JOHN FITZPATRICK

THE LAMPLIGHTER

It is not so much the great things in general that influence our lives was done, looked for the token of as the little things. Seemingly in-significant at the time of their recognition, the nod, the smile, the wave of the hand. happening, they leave an indelible The old lamplighter, faithful to his trust, carried out as best he

imprint upon us. Some day we wake to the realization of their true knew to do, the admonition of the import and we are filled with gratigentlest and most thoughtful among tude for the blessing that they brought.

the sons of men, Who once when He was instructing His disciples, The friendly nod that greeted us on the street one day when our sun refused to shine, a word of sym-pathy, of understanding, may and

does often mean more than some stupendous success in the material LIFE'S LITTLE WOES order of things. A sudden bird call in some leafy retreat where we had country after months of hard drudg-ery in office or class room,—these whining friends at home, we think things makes us realize that to invite and cherish discouraged feel-with.

ings or unhappiness is to invite and to foster temptation and inevitable tians, and as such we are not only True, we are professing Chrissupposed to cheerfully bear our crosses, but willingly to grasp

There are voices all around us

Who profess (Christ) in word, and defy Him in deed." But it is of no use to consume the time in idle lamentation over lost opportunities. If we have been

God's decree that the nature which He has made must be respected, may be difficult, as truth, chastity, lovalty, the magnificent willingness to suffer the loss of all things but honor, may also be difficult. But recalls the once loved figure of the old lamplighter from the darkness of them is impossible none sending out a ray of brightness over hero is the man who dares attempt what his fellows call the impossible. And the Catholic Church, teaching A nod, a smile, a face in the lamplight, and time blots the picture out. But it has a proud that by the grace of a merciful and all-loving God, man can rise to unvisioned heights of sanctity,

our people.

place in the panorama of time; it has done much to shape the course points to uncounted sons and daughters who in every age have of one man's life. When youth no longer smiles on deemed goodness better than com-fort and death more desirable than us, when old age creeps upon us. it is memories like these which have

sin. What is needed for the true welfare of the individual and the power to assuage bitterness, loneli-ness, and the cares and pains that general good of the State is not birth-control but self-control. struggle to gain the ascendency over our peace of soul. -America.

The old lamplighter had his mis-sion; he fulfilled it and passed on. DRAMATIC STORY OF No trumpet announces his glory, no story illustrates his simple deed. OLD MASS TREE

But he lives in the memory of the once little child who waited in The history of the 107 years old St. eager impatience beside the window and who when the magical feat

John's parish, Canton, Ohio, and a review of the recent program of nsecration of this church has been compiled into a 110 page volume entitled "A Sketch of Saint John's Church—1817-1924," by Reverend

a worker's meager salary can meet, do more than Dr. Marie Stopes to

It is also granted that in given

gressor, never constitute a license to violate the law. Fidelity to

Edward P. Graham, pastor. St. John's was the second parish be established in north-Ohio and was preceded only by the parish of Dungannon. Dominicans were the first missionaries in the early days and considerable space is given in the volume to a recital of the early ministrations of the priest of that Order.

Each of us has little troubles in life to bear. No matter whether it be a sick parent, a useless child, a ment of the diocese of Cleveland. departed relative, an affliction, a It has always maintained a place as

Upper picture is from New Testa ment, the lower from the Old Canton is very valuable from the material point of view. What are they ? (Abram is kneel-ing figure in lower picture; the

The parish has given six of its sons to the priesthood and at present event is symbol of Eucharist). The three persons at left side of upper has five studying for the priest-hood. Forty-four of its young women have entered various sisterpicture give name of next Sunday's feast. (These three latter figures are sketched in outline. If you want a little practice in drawing, fill in noods.

The volume contains a seven verse poem under the title "The Mass the details). Answers next week.

Answers last week : Holy Year 1925, Rome. Holy name (IHS Jusus, and P: Christ.) Circumcis Jusus, on. Knife right hand of seated figure







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