

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER

When a fellow has a mother
He's a mighty lucky man.
For he'll never have another,
Though he reach life's longest span
She's the one thing in creation
That your money cannot buy;
She's beyond all calculation—
Doesn't matter how you try.

You may talk about the others
Who are near and dear and true
But no cousins, aunts or brothers
Can approach her love for you.

When you think of all the fellows
Who of mother-love are shorn,
Then your spirit melts and mellow,
And with sympathy you're torn.

For a mother'll go through anguish
For her each and every son;
And, though old, she'll never languish
Till her holy work is done.

Should the hand of Fate deprive me
Of this closest, kindest friend,
Others never could revive me,
Nor my broken heart could mend.

So I pray that God may leave her
Through the long eventful years,
Free from trouble that would grieve her,
And from anguish that causes tears.

—The Tablet

FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI

"Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end," said St. John. Knowing that the time for His departure from this life was at hand, He wished like a loving Father to leave His children the greatest sign of all by preparing for mankind the Heavenly Banquet of His own Body and Blood in the Sacrament of the Altar. That is the significance of the Feast of Corpus Christi; something to be lovingly pondered over.

It was just at the time that Christ was to be delivered into the hands of His executioners that He left His greatest token of His love, for "the Lord Jesus, the same night He was betrayed, took bread and giving thanks broke and said: Take ye and eat; this is My Body which shall be delivered for you." We must remember that He had fed about five thousand people by the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes; when the crowds again sought Him He used the chance to point out clearly and definitely the nature and effects of the spiritual food He was about to give in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist.

He made frequent reference to the miraculous manna, which God had sent down from heaven to feed the Israelites during their forty years in the desert; He wished to impress on them that the Bread which He was promising was even still more wonderful. "And Jesus said to them: I am the Bread of life." As they could not understand this and murmured He made it still clearer. "I am the Bread of life which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever; and the Bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world."

Do we appreciate this wonderful privilege? Frequently make use of the Sacrament of His love? It is not necessary to be perfect in order to receive worthily, for this is a food intended for men, not angels, and though we can never be worthy to partake of it, we can do our best to render ourselves at least far from unworthy. Perhaps if the old solemnity attached to this great feast were still in force we might be able to renew our fervor to the Body of Christ. —Catholic Columbian.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

To say "good morning" each time one meets for the first time other members of the household is what may be called one of the little things which are often neglected, but which nevertheless are important, often though their importance may pass unnoticed. Brother Leo, writing in the Catholic School Journal for June, tells of a hotel manager who said:

"Suppose that you're a guest at one of our hotels, and you haven't slept well and you get up with a grouch. As you step into the elevator the boy says cheerfully, 'Good Morning, Sir!' You go up to the desk in the lobby and the clerk sees you coming, and bids you good morning and hands you your mail. You make for the dining room, and there the captain greets you a hearty personal greeting; and you get more cheery good mornings from the waiter that serves you and the girl at the cashier's desk. Now, I ask where is your grouch? They're all little things, you may say, but they count."

Why are employees of a hotel, for instance, so much in the habit of saying good morning to the guests? No doubt one reason is that in well-conducted hotels they are instructed to do so, they are told they must be polite to everybody, especially to those who patronize the hotel. To have courteous employees helps the business of the owner, helps to make the manager popular with the public and, furthermore, causes guests and everyone to feel good-natured towards the employees themselves, and this is good for the extra amount obtained in tips. Being polite, therefore, is what we call a "business proposition."

In the family the members are not always so likely to show courtesy

to one another; father, mother, sister and brother are not always careful to observe the small amenities of mutual consideration. The hotel bellhop, elevator attendant and girl cashier may not be one-half so polite when they meet those of their own households in the morning. If the head of the family is too grouchy to look pleasant or to say good morning his severity of face may cause his wife and children to be too much afraid to bid him good morning. If Jimmie musters the courage to do so, he may elicit no better response than a grunt or glare.

There are joyous breakfast tables, but there are also the other kind—grouchy breakfast tables, one might say. Because one grouch may be enough to overpower half a dozen happy spirits. An early morning grouch, in due most frequently to a person's physical condition; he may have eaten too heavily the night before or stayed out too late to allow him to get enough of sleep. If one were to ask such a person what has made him grouchy, he probably would have to say he did not know.

A grouch is a little thing, too; but it counts—for evil, by putting others out of good humor into ill humor. It does take an effort at times to be pleasant outwardly, when inwardly there is an opposite inclination, but what that is worth doing or having is not worth an effort? One way to conquer a grouch would be to sing in spite of one's self before coming downstairs to breakfast. Or to come into the house in the evening humming a tune, so that wife and the rest will imagine you in good humor although you may be feeling blue.

Little things count because there are so many of them; they are like the "little drops of water, little grains of sand," which "make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land." The best of it is that all of us can use the little things, for what are we, after all, but little human beings ourselves comparatively.

—Catholic Herald.

THE CULTIVATION OF A HOBBY

A life that lacks a dominant interest is a sad colorless thing, affording no real joy and no serene contentment. It also leads to a deplorable waste of precious time, because there is no strong incentive to work. It is just this aimlessness that makes our younger generation seek forgetfulness of self in the mad rush for intoxicating pleasure. The modern man uses amusements like a drug, through which he seeks escape from the consciousness of time. There is nothing that has for him a commanding and absorbing interest.

A hobby will give an interest to a life that otherwise would be barren and empty. It takes the staleness out of long days, and makes the hours seem short. A child, taught to raise flowers, can spend many pleasant hours in its little gardens or over a box filled with earth. A boy, who has cultivated an interest in mechanics, will know what to do with his leisure time, and will never feel time hang heavy on his hands. For every one, it is advisable to cultivate some hobby, to which he may turn his attention when wearied by the cares of life, and exhausted by his daily duties. A hobby can become a saving grace in a man's life and prevent mental and moral deterioration.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

COMFORT

Sad was my heart and heavy,
Bitter with hidden pain;
Oft had I striven to voice it,
Striven, but all in vain,
Till, in the arms of Jesus,
Pillowed upon His breast,
I heard a soft, sweet whisper
Lulling my soul to rest;
Heard in my heart a whisper,
Sweetening all my woe:
Few were the words, and simple:
"Dear little child, I know."

—J. E. MOFFAT, S. J.

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the centre of which stood a residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Halloa, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racket," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?" "I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it." "You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want. A dollar and half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it," only I promised the racket to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you twice as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly—a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You may stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries unnecessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect would speak in your behalf!—The Sacred Heart Review.

The Delicious Flavor

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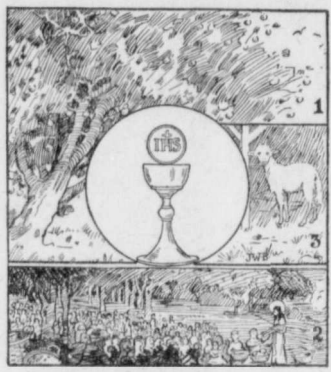
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The picture below gives you all a chance to show your cleverness.



In the center we see the Holy Eucharist which we celebrate especially on the Feast of Corpus Christi, June 19. Sketch No. 1. represents a figure or type of the Eucharist found in the Old Testament part of the Bible. No. 2. represents one found in the New Testament. And No. 3 is a type of this sacrament mentioned in both Old and New Testaments. Just where in the Bible do we find these types mentioned? Answers will be given in this column next week.

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