

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COURAGE

When you're lonesome and blue and sad-like
And things seem to go all awry,
Don't loosen your hold on your courage
Don't give up the battle and cry.
But buckle your armor about you
And look for the bright things in life,
They will creep from the shadows around you,
To lighten your sorrow and strife.
Each one has his sunshine, and sadness
Each one has his smile, and his tears
We all have our sorrow, and gladness
To darken, and brighten the years.
From the depths of each woe, scale the Mount
Of Faith, and of Hope, and of Love,
And your sorrow will change into gladness
And be wafted as incense above,
Yes—your sorrow will change into gladness
Dark night will be turned into day,
So buckle your armor around you,
Around you for ever and aye.

MAKE EACH DAY COUNT

A famous man once asked for the secret of his success. He was modest, as all great men are, and replied: "Of course, I am still far from the goal I am striving for, but what success I have attained did not come suddenly, but by perseverance, and making each day count."
Success sometimes seems to come suddenly; but, if we investigate, we usually find that it is a climax rather than the result of one action or effort alone. Days of preparation, of struggle, of seeming failure, but all of growth, and the seizing of every opportunity as it comes, generally precede it.
The only way, then, to prepare for success is to make each day count. One day, one hour, one minute, is all we have. Unless we make use of it, put our best into it, we can never attain our goal.
"A day is a little life," one writes. How many possibilities, how many opportunities, how many lessons, how many blessings, each day holds for us! Have you ever counted them at the end of a day? Do you begin each day by looking forward to the blessings, the opportunities, the lessons that may come? It will put new life into you if you do.
Be on the lookout for the blessings. If you count them, each one as it comes, you will be surprised when night arrives to find how much you have to be thankful for, how many blessings, unlooked for, come to you in the course of even the most monotonous day.
Watch for the lessons. Not a day passes but we may learn something. It may be from a mistake. It may come in the form of a trial, a disappointment, sometimes a sorrow; but, if we seek to obtain the lesson from each, it removes half the sting, and we go on so much stronger and wiser than before.
It has been said: "You can upset a person for the whole day by the harsh way in which you may call him in the morning, or you may give him a beautiful start by the cheerfulness of your greetings."
Try to manage some good reading each day. Have some good, uplifting book on your desk or your work-table, or in your bedroom, and read, if only a paragraph or a page, so as to get new thought, good thought, over which you can ponder while your hands may be busy over mechanical tasks. Make it a habit to read some good, improving, uplifting thought every day of your life, to ponder over it, and to act upon it. This is one of the greatest means of growth. It is said that Elihu Burritt learned twenty-one languages while he pumped the forge.
Make up your mind each day that you are going to do your work better than you have ever done it before, that you are going to put more interest into it, that you are going to do it "heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men." You will then be "a workman that needeth not be ashamed." You will find new interest, new beauty, in your work. You will enjoy doing it, and you will do it better and better and find it a stepping-stone to your goal.—The Tablet.

WHY THEY CLASH

Young men are often puzzled by the attitude of older men, toward them, which seems to them to be one of insufferable contempt. But for a just appreciation, several things must be taken into account. Young physicians, young lawyers, young engineers, young business men, sometimes think that older men of the same occupations are "down on them" or are intolerant of them merely because they are young. But there are many things to be considered. It is true that after a man is past fifty he begins to feel that change is personally significant for him; begins to realize that he is getting older, is sorry to think so; and is therefore the more inclined to resent, to resist, change in anything. A man of fifty begins to look backward; and as he casts longing glances back toward his lost youth, he begins to exaggerate

a bit and to imagine that all was well then; from which he begins to argue, by comparison, that everything is going to the devil. For men fully realize the change that is taking place in themselves; and it is not uncommon to hear men find fault with young people for holding views which they held themselves when they were young.
Besides that, men who are past middle age are naturally impatient at seeing young men making the same mistakes they made when they were young and at the same time hearing those young men assert the old errors as new wisdom and calling the older men "old fogies" because they try to counsel them. People don't want to thresh over again the old straw they disposed of thirty years ago.
But, age makes its mistakes, as well as youth. Young men sometimes have something to teach; sometimes to make discoveries; and older men ought to be ready to acknowledge and admit when truth requires it. They do not always do so. It is never, at any age, pleasant to admit mistakes; and some men can never do so gracefully; but the older a man gets the harder he finds it to change his opinions, and to admit he has been wrong, and it is the more unpleasant when the correction comes from a much younger man. Age does sometimes resent youth merely because it is youth; but this is seldom done consciously.
On the other hand, youth, only too often regards age as backward, behind the times, "not up to date," and this is usually done consciously, and quite confidently. It is one of the commonest errors of youth to undervalue experience. One must have had it; it is not possible to judge its value beforehand.
Moreover, there is the physical side of the thing. Twenty years ago we saw a judge fly into a rage at the careless slamming of a court-room door; and we remember remarking to a man of our own age how hard it was to understand a man getting so angry over so small a matter. We did not know then that we had nerves, but we know now; and should someone slam a door now when we have our thinking-cap on, the judge who astonished us twenty years ago would have nothing on us.
And so the attitude of old men toward young men is in part reasonable and in part unreasonable; it is partly rational and partly sentimental; it is in part an assertion of experience and of settled knowledge against the inexperience and the theories of youth; it is partly wisdom and partly intolerance of what is fresh and new. And partly it is envy; envy of those who have what we can never have again—youth, and the world before us.
So we would say to young men: Youth is a time of fresh hopes, of ideals, and of some illusions; a time of glorious possibilities; a time of overconfidence and vanity too. Lucky is the young man who can guess at the worth of experience, and who is not too ready to despise older men merely because they are past their youth and have grown out of their enthusiasms and high hopes.
And blessed indeed is the man who when no longer young, can fully understand and sympathize with youth.—The Casket.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead
Sprinkle silver in her hair?
Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil;
Through the long, bright summer hours—
Share with her the heavy toil.
See! her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, tired, and slow.
Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long;
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waking from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.
Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from care and earthly pain;
To the home so sad without her
Never to return again. —Selected.

TRY TO GIVE A HELPING HAND

"Why does the gas burn in such a crooked flame?" asked little Marguerite, who was trying to read in the library. "Won't you see what is the matter, father—see how it burns in two forks?"
Well, there's plenty of gas to burn," said papa, "and it wants to get out and blaze, but there must be dust or something else in the way that clog the burner."
Then father turned off the gas from the burner, and drew a thread through the slit in the tip from which the gas came.
After doing this two or three times he again lighted the gas and it burned with a steady, full flame. Marguerite then found no difficulty in reading, but now she was thinking.
It was such a little thing we could not even see it," she said, "but just because it was there, the gas would not burn straight," she remarked to her father. And father had been thinking too.
"Yes," he said, "and it is just the same way with people sometimes. The light is really in them. They truly wish to do right and to be helpful and good. Yet, somehow, some little thing gets in the way. Maybe it's a bit of selfishness. It is certain to be sin of some sort—self-will or carelessness, or something like that; and thus the light cannot possibly get through it, or over it, and there is not the full shining that there ought to be. People are not helped as they should be, always."
Marguerite had listened to her father, she understood him and knew what he meant.
"But how shall these little things be gotten out if we can't see them?" she asked, seriously.
"We can sometimes feel them if we really seek for them; but it is true we can no more get rid of them ourselves than the gas jet could clear itself of the clogging of dust. When we want sin taken away, ever so little sins, we must ask help from One higher than ourselves."
WHEN THE JUDGE REMEMBERED
The old farmer died suddenly; so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go to the farm for the funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the judge was the leading lawyer in X—, and every hour was worth many dollars.
As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train which lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his cases out of his mind.
He had never given his father a heartache and the old man died full of years and virtues, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.
"I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour, but his cry was for 'John! John!' unceasingly."
"If I could have been with him!" said the judge.
"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half-yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life," said the doctor.
"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."
"I urged him to run down and see you on your return, but he would not go."
"No, he never felt at home in the city."
The judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars, and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portuguese Hymn" every night. The judge humored his children and had ceased to ask his father into his house.
The farm-house was in order and scrupulously clean, but its bareness gave a chill to the judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin, and Martha was faithful, whispering the doctor, "but she's deaf. His life was very solitary. The neighbors were young. He belonged to another generation."
He reverently uncovered the coffin and then with Martha went out and closed the door. The judge was alone with his dead.
Strangely enough, his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those hacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings and poured over them.
Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade, whom he had needed so often! He had left him with deaf old Martha for his sole companion.
There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The judge saw the strength in the face.
"My father should have played a high part in my life," he thought.
"There is more promise in his face than in mine."
In the desk was a bundle of old account books with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm; of working winter and summer and often late at night, to pay John's school bills and to send him to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the farm was left.
John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this is the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked won fortune and position—and how did he repay him?"

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The man knelt on the bare floor and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. "O father! father!" he cried. But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late.—Youth's Companion.

the arrogance of the rich, to curb the powerful, to strengthen the weak and to give sanity and poise to all, nothing is better than prayer, and particularly family prayer. "Where two or more are gathered together in My name," said Jesus Christ, "there am I in the midst of them." And where He is, are peace and purity and love and sweet content. But where He is not are harshness and vice and arrogance and hatred and discord.—Catholic Columbian.

DECLINE OF FAMILY PRAYER

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dream of," says Tennyson. And he tells us why, in the words: "for so this great round world is everywhere bound by gold chains about the feet of God." That of course is only a result of prayer, not the reason why great things are wrought by prayer. The reason is, as Our Lord Himself tells us: "If you ask anything of the Father in My name, it shall be granted unto you." And again: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."
Catholics of course are familiar with the power of prayer. To them it is the atmosphere they breathe—the vital element of their religion, for religion without prayer is inconceivable. Prayer is a lifting up of the heart and soul to God, and religion is a recognition of that God and of our dependence on Him. So that faith in God necessarily implies prayer as an act of loyalty, thanksgiving, dependence and petition to God.
Family prayer is a chief mark of good Catholics, but alas! it is very much in abeyance nowadays. The lure of the world—the distraction of the movies and the automobile, of the nude theatre, the lascivious vaudeville and the latest in indecent dancing and salacious literature—is too much for the modern family. As Wordsworth says, "The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending we lay waste our lives." As a consequence God is forgotten. How our old Irish or German or French fathers and mothers would turn in their graves, could they revisit the average Catholic home of today, especially in our cities and towns! They would not find the rosary recited in common by all before retiring for the night, with the father or mother leading the Paters and Aves, as in the sane and sweet old days. And assuredly in most homes they would not find the beautiful old Catholic custom of grace before and after meals.
Modern society, the modern home, modern life needs prayer more than ever it was needed before. Prayer alone can save the world from the abyss of destruction to which it is headed by its gross follies, sins, wickedness, impurity and paganism. As a modern writer well says, to cure social unrest, to ally class consciousness, to temper

IRISH NUNS GET FINE NEW HOME

EXILE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS ENDS
(By N. C. W. C. News Service)
The return of the Irish Benedictine Ladies to their own land, after an exile of more than two hundred years, is being hailed with great satisfaction in Dublin, especially in Connemara, where they have acquired the beautiful castle of Kylesmore, near Galway. This edifice, erected fifty years ago by Mitchell Henry, an American millionaire, promises to be a center from which the spirit of the ancient educational and artistic traditions of the Benedictines, adapted to modern life, will radiate throughout the west of Ireland.
The property acquired by the order, at the cost of about \$200,000 extends over 10,000 acres. The greater part of it will be sold and distributed to the poor people of Connemara. It comprises mountains, lakes and streams unrivalled for their scenic beauty. In order to acquire the property, the order was obliged to contract an obligation of almost \$175,000 and in their first year in their new home will face serious financial difficulties.
For close to two hundred and fifty years the Irish Benedictines were located in the quaint Flemish town of Ypres, where a small band of nuns had originally established a community in 1655. At the invitation of James II, they had moved to Dublin in 1687, but the revolution and subsequent penal laws had compelled them to flee their native land and settle again in Ypres, where the abbey stood for more than two and a half centuries before being battered to ruins by the shells of the contending armies. The Benedictine convent was the only religious house in all Flanders that had weathered the storms of the Austrian, French and Dutch invasions.
Following their flight from Ypres, the nuns took refuge for a time in England, and subsequently were given a gift of Merton House in County Wexford. John Redmond and Barry O'Brien were among their benefactors and the work of

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higher education, to which the nuns have devoted their lives was again taken up. The increasing number of vocations to the community soon necessitated more pretentious quarters and Macmine Castle was secured. The location proved to be so unhealthy however that the nuns have been forced to look for more favorable accommodations. The acquisition of Kylesmore promises to mean much, not only to the community but to the surround-

ing country, which is largely unsettled. Kylesmore Castle is Gothic in structure and stands bordering one of the eight beautiful lakes included in the newly-acquired property. Its majestic battlements and tower make it particularly imposing. Already the girls and young women of Ireland are flocking to its doors and if the nuns can survive the first few years in their home a glorious future in the new Ireland is predicted for them.

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