

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER

There's an old fashioned mother, way up on a hill— She's loving and tender and true, Like Ruth, in the gloaming—when all the world's still, She's calling—yes—calling for you. I love that dear mother way up on a hill, God bless her!—she tells me of you: She's a memory to me. Ah! my eyes? Yes! They'll fill. God keep her! She's precious to you.

I once had a mother, so fond and so true A light in my long night so dear— A gleam in my gloom—my dream the night through. She left me. But still I've no fear. Ah mother! I love you—way up on God's hill— A standing by God's sacred tree, Some day I will come—yes, I promise I will I know you are waiting for me. Why take our mothers way up to the sky— When we need them so much here below? Why should it be that mothers should die, And leave us to sorrow and woe? Why should it be that mothers should cry? Why should their eyes drip with tears? Why should they sorrow? Or why should they sigh? Oh God! Keep them still through the years.

MAY AND MARY

During the month of May from every part of the known world there will rise to the white throne of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven a grand chorus of praise and of thanksgiving in fulfillment of her own beautiful prophecy: "From henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." With sublime disdain for the vagaries of philosophers, the protests of rationalists, the aberrations of Modernists and the indignation of certain sects of Protestants, the great body of Catholics, learned and ignorant, priests and people, in the shell-sweet regions of war and the pleasant places of peace, will be united in magnifying the Mother of God and the Mother of men, because He that is mighty has done great things to her, and she who is exalted has shown loving kindness to them.

MOTHER'S DAY

It is a peculiar thing. No matter what may happen, what the world thinks of her children, no matter whether they rise to the highest heights or sink to the lowest depths, that love follows them—to make them better if they are good, to raise them to the paths of rectitude if they have fallen. To a collective world it is inexplicable, and therein lies its grandeur. We mentioned one who was the Great Mother, whose mother-love can well serve as a model. We might also recall the life of her Son. How many of us measure up to Him in love, filial devotion and unselfish generosity in our relations with our parents?

It is the great fault of the younger generation lies in its almost total disrespect for parental authority and yet these boys and girls are to be the fathers and the mothers of the next generation and theirs will be the duty and the burden now shouldered by their parents. Can they give their children the pure love which they themselves were devoid of in childhood and can they expect from them a love which they never extended towards their parents?

It seems that Mother's Day should not only be made to honor that quality of heart which so distinguishes her to her children from all other women but it should also be made the occasion of a solemn resolution embodying a serious desire to observe more faithfully the commandment which reads: "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest be long lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee."

THE ROSARY SAVES A SOUL

The following incident may serve to strengthen our resolution to say our Rosary daily. A young officer in the army, who had been careless in the practice of his duties to God, had, however, one virtue: he had bound himself by a promise to say the Rosary every day. This promise he faithfully kept for years. One day during the War, he returned to his tent utterly worn out with fatigue and immediately fell into a deep sleep. Before midnight, he awoke and remembered that he had not said his Rosary. For a while he lay still, debating which he should do. At last he said to himself: "I never broke my

word to any man and I will not do so to Our Blessed Lady." He sprang up and as one after another the beads passed through his fingers, contrition for passed sins filled his heart. By the time the Rosary was finished, he was conscious of an intense desire to go to Confession. Kneeling down, he made a solemn promise to do so, saying aloud: "I will go to Confession tomorrow morning."

"And why not now?" asked a voice out of the darkness. It was that of the Army Chaplain who, through the providence of God, happened to pass by and heard the officers' words. Impressed by the coincidence, he consented and made his Confession. When the day dawned, he assisted at the chaplain's Mass and received Holy Communion. A few hours later, the troops were called out to attack and almost the first shot fired by the enemy struck the young officer and killed him on the spot. The Rosary had once more saved a soul.—Rosary Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHRISTIAN MAY

'Tis May, 'tis May, the month of Mary, The month that we have sighed for long; And earth, so mute before and dreary, Is bursting out in smiles and song. The hedgerows thrill with anthems gay, And white lambs o'er the green fields play; And earth and heaven keep holiday. To welcome in the welcome May. The gardens chant their odorous psalter To her, the mystic Queen of Flowers, And lay with pride on Mary's altar The firstborn of the sunny showers; While censers breathe and organs play, And sin and sadness pass away, And skies are bright, and hearts are gay, For this is Mary's own sweet May. This dewy moon of buds we give her, From whom the Root of Jesse sprung— Pure as the lily by the river, Joy o'er the mourning world she flung. For as the day-star heralds day, Her rising chased the clouds away, And winter dared no longer stay When Mary dawned—the Christian May.

A brighter Maytime blooms above us, With fairest flowers and richer green, Where she with mother's love will love us, Who there, as here, is crowned Queen. Ah! listen, Mary, while we pray— Ah! take us to thy home one day; Its summer ne'er shall fade away— In heaven it shall be always May! —REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

MAY DEVOTIONS

These are the days of the May devotions, when opportunity is offered for all of us to come as children to the feet of the Mother who understands. This is the great fact that should make us anxious publicly to pay our tribute to Mary in this her month of May—she is the one who understands, and understanding, turns our weak supplications to her into the strong pleadings for us of one who is never denied. When we consider how, day by day, we make use of her powerful pleading; that in privacy we appeal confidently for her powerful prayers for every immediate need and for assistance in our final hour, we should welcome the chance that is given us to join the public recognition of her power and the public tribute of gratitude. "Refuge of Sinners" we hail her. In May each year a testimonial is presented to this one who is our constant refuge; the one who understands why we stumble and have to seek a refuge from our sinful selves. When we contemplate how often we have sought this refuge and what calm and peace it has given us, it is inconceivable that we should not desire to have a part in this public testimonial. "Health of the Sick" we salute her. How eagerly we bear testimony to friends and to strangers of the skill of the physician who has cured us of bodily ills. We should regard ourselves as ingrates if we missed an opportunity to have part in any manifestation of public respect for him. It is not possible, therefore, that recognizing in Mary the one who has brought health to our sick souls, not merely once, but countless times, we should miss the opportunity that the Church gives us, publicly to proclaim her praises. "Queen of Peace" we call her. In days when all the world cries peace and there is no peace, what wonder that we gather publicly to raise our voices in recognition of the majesty of one who can keep us in interior peace while all around is strife and confusion. "Seat of Wisdom" is a title we give her. Surely these are times in which we desire publicly to testify to the love and maternal care of the one who guides us to wisdom when we are surrounded by folly and the futility of those who have yet to discover that the beginnings of wisdom are in the fear of the Lord. "Mirror of Justice" is another of the names by which we know her. The one need of mankind today is a proper appreciation and application of justice. To us has been given as Mother and Guide the very reflection of Eternal Justice. It is not sufficient that we should acknowledge this great gift; we must seize upon the opportunity to show how greatly we esteem it by indicating in a public manner that we recognize our obligation of gratitude. Our participation in the May Devotions will bring us many graces. But it is not for this reason alone, worthy as it may be, that we should make a resolution to share in the special services of this season. The occasion permits us to make spontaneous offering of love. We love the Blessed Mother because we know that she understands. If she understands so well, what will she think of those who, acknowledging their many obligations created in a long year of life, fail to join in the public acclaim of her unfailing maternal solicitude.

HOSPITAL MOVEMENT IN THE STATES

Rev. Michael P. Bourke, director of hospitals for the diocese of Detroit, has accepted appointment as Michigan chairman for National Hospital Day, according to an announcement made by Matthew O. Foley, executive secretary of the National Hospital Day Committee. Father Bourke is widely known in hospital circles, and for years has been a prominent figure in the conventions of the Catholic Hospital Association. He was elected recently president of the Michigan State Hospital Association. The appointment of Father Bourke, together with the fact that the Rev. P. J. Mahan, S. J., of Loyola University School of Medicine, Chicago, and active vice president of the Catholic Hospital Association, is a member of the general National Hospital Day Committee, are further proof of the progressive-ness of Catholic hospitals, and of their splendid co-operation with this movement to educate the people concerning hospitals. Practically every Catholic hospital in North America will have a program on May 12, third annual National Hospital Day, and thousands of people will visit the institutions to learn in an intimate way of the varied services hospitals offer and incidentally of the vast amount of equipment, supplies and trained personnel which is necessary to assure the best possible care of the sick. Not only have Catholic hospitals taken a prominent part in the programs of past years, but they have actively directed the movement in their cities and states and provinces, through the appointment of staff members to act with the general National Hospital Day Committee.

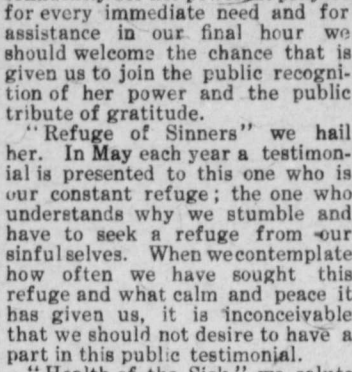
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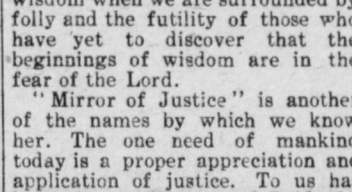
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Advertisement for Ingersoll Cream Cheese, featuring the text 'Tempting Surprises' and 'Spreads Like Butter'.

Advertisement for London Optical Co., located at 87 Yonge St., Toronto, with phone number 4030.

Advertisement for Hennessey perfumes and cosmetics, located at 347 St. James Chambers, Toronto.

Advertisement for FITS medicine, claiming to cure various ailments.

Large advertisement for Aspirin, featuring the Bayer logo and text: 'UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all'.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, featuring a woman's portrait and text describing the benefits of the pills.

Advertisement for Louis Sandy Habit Materials and Velings, located at Gordon Mills, Stafford, England.

Advertisement for Taylor & Forbes Co. Ltd., featuring the slogan 'BE PROUD OF YOUR FUEL BILL' and 'Sovereign Hot Water or Efficiency'.

Advertisement for Hotel Lenox in Buffalo, N.Y., highlighting its location and amenities.

Advertisement for The Horn Bros. Woollen Co. Ltd., seeking wool for manufacturing.

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Advertisement for Kearney Brothers, Limited, tea and coffee importers and specialists.