

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN THE MINE OF PRICELESS WEALTH

There is near you, close to you, a mine of priceless and inexhaustible wealth. The key is at your hand...

What is this mine? It is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Of all the blessings and treasures which Jesus Christ has bequeathed to His Church...

Father Segueri, S. J., says: "By His death and passion Jesus Christ collected the riches which in the Mass are dealt out to us. In the Holy Mass Jesus Christ places in our hands the key of the treasure-house of His infinite merits and allows us to enrich ourselves from this boundless store."

Father Sanchez, S. J., says: "In the Holy Mass we receive treasures most wonderful and gifts divine and precious; benefits pertaining to this temporal life and certain hope for the eternal life which is to come."

St. Lawrence Justinian says: "It is certain that nothing gives God greater glory than the Spotless Victim of the altar. One Mass gives more honor and glory to God than all the efforts of all creatures for all eternity."

Albertus Magnus writes: "By the inestimable gift of the Holy Mass the divine anger against sinners is appeased."

Our sins are continually crying to Heaven for vengeance, but from innumerable altars countless hosts containing verily the Eternal Son of God, are offered up as an atonement between sinful man and His offended Creator. What gives such supreme value to the Mass is the fact that it is Christ Himself, the Man God, Who is the Victim and Who not merely offers Himself, but all the merits of His life and passion and death to His Eternal Father.

The Council of Trent teaches that the souls in purgatory are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but principally by the Holy Sacrifice of the altar. St. Thomas says: "By no other oblation can the souls in purgatory be more speedily relieved than by the Holy Mass. Saint Cyril says: 'This sacrifice affords them extraordinary relief.'"

There is never a moment of the day or night in which the Holy Sacrifice is not being offered up in one or the other parts of the world. Thousands of Masses are being offered up to God every hour. Have the wish and intention of assisting at every one of them. Thus you may join in the perpetual sacrifice of priceless value that is ever going up before the Throne of God.—From "Spiritual Sunbeams," by Sister M. Benedict, Killarney.

A FEW "DON'T'S"

Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation.

Don't be content with the sole idea that misery loves company.

Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten.

Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else.

Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.

Don't trust to luck. Nine-tenths of the people in the world guess wrong.

Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.

Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth.

Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.

Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you.

Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through.

Don't forget in time of peace to prepare for war. That's about the only use some of us seem to have for peace.

Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such a aimless life that he could fire at random without hitting it.—Lippincott's.

TIME

Few people realize the value of time. Many people waste it. All may improve their manner of employing it. Perhaps more time is lost through lack of system in its use than by any other cause. It is especially important for young people to form regular habits of using their time. In order to acquire complete control of our time, it is sometimes wise to lay out an order of the day.

Of course a schedule like this must have more or less flexibility, for circumstances will often oblige you to alter it. But in its main outline it is practicable for most persons, and if persisted in will form a habit of regular work that will save an immense amount of time. And even in the working out of the plan there will be many spare moments to be carefully husbanded. The writer knows a farmer boy once who read several histories through while riding to and fro from the field where his task of daily labor lay. No one need complain for lack of time who has failed to systematize and make good use of those spare moments. Take care of your time. It is more precious than gold.—True voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS

"Please, mister, can you give me a job?" Mr. Brown, the florist turned his head, and saw a freckle-faced lad in tattered garments, whose sunny blue eyes looked fearlessly into his own.

"What can you do?" "Oh, I can do lots. I can carry things, and pull weeds, and—and I can do many things. You see to-morrow is Decoration Day, and all the pay I will ask is just a bunch of those pretty violets."

"Here, take this package down to Father Murphy. To-morrow they have a Mass at Saint John's for the nation's heroes, and the flowers are for the altar."

Bobby was glad, for he was sure of his bunch of violets and Father Murphy was one of his special friends. When he returned Mr. Brown gave him two bunches of purple violets. "I will not miss them, boy," he said, "and if you take them right home and put them in water, they will be all right to-morrow."

Bobby did as he was told, and the next day when the sound of martial music greeted the villagers, he was there to follow the procession to the cemetery. He did not wait until the Grand Army men had scattered flowers on the graves of their dead comrades, but hastened to a humble grave in a secluded spot. Tenderly he laid upon it a bunch of violets, then knelt in prayer.

"Is that the grave of a friend?" asked a young lady. "He was my father's friend," replied the boy. "He lost his life fighting for the Stars and Stripes, and every year my father came and placed flowers upon his grave, but the boy's voice dropped lower, 'father died last year, and now there is no one to think of poor Jim. This other bunch is for father.'"

Miss O'Neil knelt beside the boy, while tears filled her eyes at the love and faithfulness of Bobby. The sound of music came near, and in a few moments the men who had faced shot and shell were kneeling around the grave of poor, friendless Jim.

After they had gone Miss O'Neil and Bobby went to the grave of his father, where, instead of a single bunch of violets, many beautiful flowers were placed.

That night as Helen O'Neil gazed across the smooth waters of the lake near where she was boarding, she thought of the many Bobbys in the world, and resolved to devote her life and fortune towards assisting them. Rags often cover a noble heart, which needs only the touch of kindness to blossom into noble manhood.—Ester Doyle in Sunday Companion.

THE POWER OF A SONG

Madame Lillian Nordica, the singer, once upon returning from a concert tour, decided to go straight to her villa in France, accompanied only by her maid. She knew there were no servants there at the time, but felt no alarm. They arrived in the early evening, and enjoyed being "home again." Towards midnight they sat softly talking together, with only the mellow moonlight flooding the rooms, when they heard a window off the south balcony being raised, and an instant later steps were heard in the hall.

Almost paralyzed with fear—no one to help, no weapons at hand—there flashed over the prima donna a realization of her power of song.

"It has moved thousands," she thought; and with trembling notes she began to sing what had been uppermost in her thoughts before the entrance of the intruder: "Home, Sweet Home!" The exquisite voice grew steadier and it rang out in its sweetest, purest strains. Then followed "Old Folks at Home"—but her audience had gone. The maid saw a dark figure creep through the window and steal across the lawn and out of the gate.

Some weeks later Nordica received the following letter: "Dear Madame—On the night of the 10th I entered your home to relieve you of all your diamonds, jewels and money, but an angel's song rang out in the sweet words of mother's song, and my hand and heart were arrested; and I vowed never, never again to do aught that would sorrow that sainted one. I am now engaged in honest work. God bless you!"—True Voice.

KINDLY SILENCE

The kindness of silence is something that we might all bestow much oftener than we do. Granted that we do not indulge in a scandal, that when we know of the distress and humiliation that have befallen a friend's household in the wrong doing of one of its members we tell the tale only pitying and with very extenuating circumstances, yet why tell it at all? If it were one of our beloved that had stumbled into sin

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and disgrace, if one dear to us had yielded to sudden temptation, if our home had been rent with bitterness and dissension, would not the first impulse, a right and natural impulse, be to hide the hurt and stain from every human eye; would we not bleed the friendship that so far as possible closed its eyes and sealed its lips, and that could be trusted not to repeat what it perceived had seen and heard? Surely this is a place where the Golden Rule might have much wider practice than it has.—True Voice.

TEMPERANCE

A GREAT SOLDIER'S WORD OF HONOR

The magnificent charge of Napoleon's Imperial Guards is remembered by all who read of the famous Battle of Waterloo. The British were apparently beginning to retreat, Napoleon's eyes glistened with assurance of victory. He orders forward his battalions of Imperial, Invincible Guards, thirty-five hundred strong, each a man a veteran tried and proved on many a battlefield. Gigantic men on colossal steeds, the Cuirassiers charged. Like a lightning shock, they began to bear all before them. Ah, but hidden from view is a treacherous ditch, sunken ground, a veritable grave. Pell mell the first lines stumble, and horse and rider roll over together. Diminished in number but undaunted in heart, the other lines pass over the dead bodies of their comrades. They hurl themselves on the British squares. In vain Wellington's men stand firm. Heroically, desperately Napoleon's veteran's fight, but they are repulsed, and the British guards complete the defeat.

Who led those brave soldiers of the Imperial Guards? Fondly they had hoped their master Napoleon would ride at their head. No, they had to pass before him, and it was Ney who commanded them as they rushed to duty, and also to doom. Conspicuous too, at their head was another gallant general, hero of a hundred conflicts, dauntless, intrepid, courageous, high-spirited Cambronne. To him are attributed the words, "La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas." Whether really uttered or not, the words were true on that day, for when the noble French army was plainly defeated the Guards refused to yield, and almost to a man died where they fought. Gallantly Cambronne bore himself at the head of the Cuirassiers until, surrounded and disarmed, he was performed made prisoner by General Hugh Halkett's men.

The anniversary of Waterloo recalls this incident and Cambronne's name. Like so many of Napoleon's renowned captains, this notable leader had risen from the ranks. Scout, who when he died in 1851 was Grand Marshal of France, entered the army as a common soldier. Ney, who was so prominent at Waterloo, commenced his military career as a private Hussar. Similarly, at the age of twenty, Cambronne was only a corporal, and his distinction in after years, his position as general, even life itself he owed to his word of honor as a young man, and to the fact that he pledged himself to forego entirely and forever the pleasures of the wine cup.

Though little more than a lad, the young corporal had learned, unfortunately, as was usual in those times, to drink heavily, and naturally bold and spirited, when under the influence of wine he became very excited. Brave and daring to a fault, wine proved an exceedingly bad master for him. One day when thus intoxicated an officer gave him an order, and, resenting either the order or the tone in which it was given, the young corporal struck the officer fiercely. There was one punishment for such an offence—death—and the lad was condemned to be executed.

The colonel of the regiment was greatly grieved. He knew the intelligence, smartness and bravery of the young criminal, and spared no pains to obtain, if possible, a pardon. At last he met with no success, but at first he obtained the promise of pardon upon one condition—the prisoner must never again be found intoxicated. The colonel hastened to the military prison and summoned Cambronne.

"You are in trouble, corporal," he said.

"True, colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the young fellow.

"It may be so," replied the colonel, briefly.

"May be!" responded Cambronne. "You are aware of the strictness of

martial law, colonel, I expect no pardon. I have only to die."

"But suppose I bring you a pardon on one condition?"

The corporal's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it, colonel. I would do much to save life and honor."

"You must never again become drunk."

"Oh, colonel, that is impossible! Impossible, boy? You will be shot to-morrow otherwise. Think of that."

"I do think of it," replied the young soldier. "See you, colonel, Cambronne and the bottle love one another so well that once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, unhappy boy, could you not promise never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, colonel?"

"Yes."

"Ah, that is a weighty matter, colonel. Let me reflect. Never, never to touch wine all my life. For a moment or so the young corporal thought. Then he looked up.

"But, colonel, if I promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"

"Your word of honor," said the colonel. "I know you. I know you will not fail me."

The lad's eyes lighted. His features brightened. The colonel's confidence touched him. With his face resolutely set, he solemnly replied: "Then I promise—I, Cambronne, swear never to take a drop of wine."

The colonel warmly shook his hand and departed, and the next day Corporal Cambronne resumed his place in the regiment. That was in the year 1795, and in the garrison town of Nantes. Years passed, and step by step the young soldier rose until, in due course, he became General Cambronne, one of the foremost men in the French army, few more distinguished than he for fearlessness and sagacity in the hour of war and few more respected and beloved in times of peace. Twenty-five years after the episode just narrated he was dining in Paris with his old colonel. Many brothers in arms were present. In the midst of the proceedings the general was ordering a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Immediately Cambronne drew himself to full height.

"My word of honor, colonel, have you forgotten that?" he cried excitedly. "Nantes—the prison—my vow?" he continued, striking the table with evident emotion. "Never, sir, from that day to this has a drop of wine passed my lips. I swore it, and I have kept my word, and shall keep it, God helping me, to the end."

As many times before, again the old colonel thanked God he had been the means of preserving such a true-hearted man for France.—Charles Bailey in Temperance.

A PLEA FOR ENTHUSIASM

The spirit of enthusiasm with which Catholics should be inflamed and inspired, is in all respects like fire—the driving force of the universe. I can hardly understand how a Catholic, believing what he does, can lack the fire of enthusiasm; for enthusiasm is part of our belongings, and even if we had not the monopoly of it, we ought at least to have the distributing power. Yesterday I visited some great iron foundries of the Black Country, and I saw how men handled tons of iron as easily as children play with toys, lifting them, turning them gold and crimson, and shaping them as they would little figures of wax. What was the transforming power? It was fire. Fire is the transforming power, the driving power, the refining power, and the spiritualizing power. Tongues of fire crowned the heads of the disciples when they went forth like a charged battery to give the world the shock under which it has been reeling ever since. Ignatius of Loyola told his sons to set the world on fire; and the heart of Philip Neri was such a reservoir of flaming grace that his sons have found it a source from which to draw inspiration for their splendid work the world over. Our Lord Himself appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary enveloped in flames of fire. Catholics lacking enthusiasm! What a torture for Our Lord! English Catholics have no excuse if they are deficient in enthusiasm, for they are perhaps the most singularly blessed people on God's earth. They belong to an Empire whose motto is: "Justice and Liberty." I have been the world round and nothing has impressed me so deeply as the fact that Catholics throughout the Empire have every opportunity of practising

their faith. As an Englishman, I am proud to pay his tribute to the flag. But if English Catholics belong to the finest Empire in the natural order they belong likewise to the finest empire in the supernatural order. And so we want all Catholics to rise up as Catholic citizens. We want all Catholics to be proud of their religion, and never say, as sometimes I have heard it said: "Do you know he is a Catholic and isn't ashamed of it?" A man said that to me not long ago. I stopped him, saying: "Never sully your lips with such a remark again. Say 'I am a Catholic and I'm proudly proud of it!' If Catholics were fired with enthusiasm, they would be a light to their fellow citizens who would be told on asking 'Who is that on fire?' 'Why, he is a Catholic full of high principle, and he is not only ready to die for his religion, but he lives for it.' Let us lose the parochial spirit, the provincial spirit, the national spirit, and lift ourselves up to the Catholic spirit. Of course, a man's first duty is to his parish, then to his Bishop and diocese, but a Catholic is not to be tethered like an animal to a little plot of land. Wherever the Church ministers, there is an interest for all her children, and so, after doing their best on the stand on which God has placed them, they must all go forward to help on the greater work, and encourage those who have these works in hand.—Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

THE CHURCH OF THE JUST AND OF SINNERS

It may be asked, if these agencies for good in the Church are so powerful why do they not produce conditions that are ideal? Why do we see indifferent Catholics? For many reasons, says a writer in Mt. Angel Magazine. There are the seductions of the world, the force of bad example, the power of vicious environment, inherited tendencies to evil, and, more than all, there is the freedom of the human will. The Church cannot force goodness upon her members; she can lead them, persuade them, help them—but they must save themselves. If they will not hear her voice or use her help, she can only wait and pray. Christ would not make Judas honest or honorable, though He was the Lord God. The apostles could not produce a sinless Church.

No: the word of the Church is in a world of sinners, in a world prone to evil. The tares must ever grow with the wheat, until the harvest. The Church faces the situation honestly. Her mission is to save the sinner, as well as to preserve the good. She will have none of Pharisaism. She has no patience with the Donatists' assumption of immaculate virtue and their contention that the Church, in receiving sinners, ceases to be the Church of Christ. She is the Church of Him Who was accused of sitting at meat with sinners. Who forgave Magdalen and sought out the lost sheep, and welcomed the prodigal and pardoned the malefactor in His death agony. She teaches that God alone can judge hearts; that propriety is not synonymous with sanctity; that a well-born son of culture or daughter of fashion, who idles life away and squanders in selfish enjoyment resources that might be productive of great good, may be more guilty in God's sight than the poor laborer who seeks in the saloon a temporary forgetfulness of his ills, though the one may violate no canon of polite society and the other may find himself in the dock of the municipal court. Though adamant to sin, the Church must be a mother to the sinner. Such is the Church and such are her activities.

Need I say to you that this Church with a mother's heart for every human being, has taught but loving solicitude for the welfare of this great and noble nation with whose future are bound up, in so large a measure, the happiness and progress of the human race? Or that Catholic Americans are none the less loyal and enthusiastic lovers of the republic because lovers of their creed? Rather their Catholic faith consecrates and intensifies their devotion to country.

From the beginning of her history the Church has enjoined upon all her children obedience and loyalty to their respective countries. She teaches that as the Church is God's representative in the supernatural order, so the State is God's representative in the natural order to bring men to the end for which society was ordained—the temporal happiness and progress of the race. Disobedience, then, to the State in any matter within the State's competence, is disobedience to God. Obedience to the State is loyalty to God and patriotism is blessed by religion.—St. Paul Bulletin.

It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.

When we consider too much our selfish desires and think too blindly of expediency we make mistakes. The first question to ask before we act should be, "Is it right?" When the truth is plainly before you take a definite stand. More harm may be done by a half-hearted friend than by an openly-aggressive enemy. Be sure that your conduct is always courageous and that your influence is positive.

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