

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"About this time," as the Almanac says, "seems appropriate to consider the young man as ready to enter upon the responsibilities of manhood and citizenship. It is very important that his choice of social companionship, particularly in regard to organizations, should be safe and sane. He will soon find that problems, and serious ones exist, of which as a boy he had no knowledge. Protected by the love and sacrifices of his parents, he grew up without much beyond pleasure. He sees now that life is a conflict; that into this warfare enter elements and questions which must be considered; that many societies exist, the state purposes of which seem to be for the public good in general, and for the individual benefit of the members in particular. A little later he discovers that there are counter organizations which directly oppose, by every means possible, the efforts of others.

What is very confidently asserted by one sex, is as boldly denied by the other. To his young mind, bright enough, perhaps, but untrained in the science of warfare soon to be waged, the impressions made upon his enthusiasm and his sentiment, sometimes leads him into serious error, the effects of which are often permanent. Most people of mature age can recall several sad examples of the truth of this statement. Wrong direction given to headstrong youth has ruined many a career which seemed most promising for success.

Advice is given by worldly-minded friends that colleges should be attended where whole spirit and influence are pressed by the assumed advantages of non-Catholic social standing, of pecuniary advancement to be gained by membership in societies condemned by the Church, and in other societies not merely Protestant, but avowedly atheistic, dominated by anti-Christian influences in which the Catholic hears all religion sneered at and denounced as the enemy of the working-man, and as the friend of capital.

To such an extent does devotion to those societies go, that even Catholics are often heard to utter the most unkind and outrageous statements as to the comparative benefits of their fraternal organization and of Christ's Church. They should remember that "comparisons are odious," especially when those who make them are fanatical and ignorant, whether viciously or invincibly.

No Catholic should tolerate any abuse of his Church, of her doctrine, or of her clergy, by any member of any society which is ostensibly formed for entirely different purposes. When he enters into an organization for specific objects to be obtained, he should insist that other members of bigoted, atheistic, socialistic, or anarchistic tendencies, shall not be allowed to abuse the fact of their connection with the society, to insult his Church.

There are hundreds of cowardly Catholics who ought to learn a lesson from this lesson. It really seems that all the boldness and intrepidity are naturally conceded to the hate of religion, and that the so-called "Children of the Kingdom" are to be known by their cringing servility in the face of attack. They act like weaklings, like those who are perfectly willing to acknowledge that they belong to an inferior race thankful even for so much notice as a kick. They are valiant enough, and even cruel, when it is a case of making trouble for their own, but in the face of assault from the enemies of their race and religion, they are simply pitiful. This disgusting type is only too familiar. It is seen in all kinds of organizations, whether political, social, financial, or educational. It is entirely unfit for imitation or association. There are many splendid Catholics who are not for us, if the other kind can keep us out of them, and that our obedient time-servers usually find themselves cast aside just when they think the ripe, juicy plums should be ready to fall into their expectant and outstretched fingers.

On the other hand, it is of supreme importance that Catholic societies should be Catholic not merely in title, but also in fact, work and influence. Each member in them should always be vigilant to exclude and to eradicate any unworthy practices, or any rebellious religious influence, no matter by whom introduced or defended.—The Pilot.

THE JOY OF LIFE

Life is not enjoyable if there be no duty, no work, no occupation, no serious employment. Life's highest ideals, noblest pleasures, sweetest enjoyments are missed by the idle, who are often dragged down into the lowest currents. In food and play, slumber and holiday, the industrious and laborious experience the keenest zeal and deepest joy, while to the idle these are spiritless and tasteless.

It were not the best aim in life assuredly to do without work—not the noblest to pose for admiration or to waste the precious moments in pursuit of dreams for pleasure. The most miserable are they who have nothing to do. They are miserable themselves, and render all around them miserable.

Friends.—We should never let a friend go out of our lives if we can by any possibility help it. If slighted are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set right. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure lightly to be thrown away. And yet many people are not careful to retain friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our souls down with rolling eyes and a black tongue, which, in Marie's opinion, detracted from his charms. He had the reputation of being a valuable talker, but his visit had lasted a week before he spoke a word. Then his remarks were in the nature of a surprise. Marie had just come in from school. She had laid her books on the table and heaved a portentous sigh. Some mothers would have been alarmed and made anxious inquiries as to the reason for her depression. But Marie's mother was so accustomed to these nerve-racking sighs, and to the tales of woe Marie brought home from school, that she only went on sewing in serene silence.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A VALUABLE VISITOR

Mrs. Alexander's parrot had come visiting. He was as drab as a Quaker, a solemn fellow with rolling eyes and a black tongue, which, in Marie's opinion, detracted from his charms. He had the reputation of being a valuable talker, but his visit had lasted a week before he spoke a word. Then his remarks were in the nature of a surprise. Marie had just come in from school. She had laid her books on the table and heaved a portentous sigh. Some mothers would have been alarmed and made anxious inquiries as to the reason for her depression. But Marie's mother was so accustomed to these nerve-racking sighs, and to the tales of woe Marie brought home from school, that she only went on sewing in serene silence.

Marie's lips parted. But before she had a chance to speak, the gray parrot had taken the words out of her mouth. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!" he exclaimed, in a cress-nd of tragic inflection. "Then he sighed, and the sigh was such an excellent imitation of Marie's that Marie herself started and drew back.

"What a strange parrot!" she exclaimed, gazing resentfully at the gray little rascal on the wooden perch. "I thought parrots said 'Polly wants a cracker,' and things like that."

"I think," said Marie's mother, turning the hem of her napkin with care, "that they are very likely to repeat what they hear."

Marie had no reply to make to this. But later in the day when her brother Fred brought word that Elizabeth Hardy had just come that evening to the week before, Marie had another reminder of the parrot's peculiarity. "That's always the way," cried Marie. "I can never carry out my plans. Something always goes wrong. Oh—"

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the parrot. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!" And he sighed as if his last lingering hope had been cruelly disappointed.

A WORD WITH THE BOY

My son, you are no longer a little boy. This is a critical time in your life, as you know, for there will be many more years during which the "twig may be bent." C. A sudden you will find that "the tree is inclined." You've noticed the saplings with little fences built around them and cords binding them. Here's an example of yourself. The home walls enclose you still and the salutary advice of father and mother forms the cords.

I am glad to know that you go to Holy Communion often, for when we show ourselves eager to break it, our hearts there is but little danger of our going astray. Then, too, you are giving good example to the little brothers who are soon to taste the first true happiness this life holds out to us. Being good and graceful before God and man" will always be a good motto. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—Synaxaric Catholic Sun.

KIND ANSWER

A thoughtful, kind answer is almost omnipotent. It not only makes a friend still more friendly, but it still subdues the wildest passions and the deepest prejudice of the greatest enemy. The cowardly become brave under its inspiring influence, and the brave are moved by it to nobler deeds and mightier exploits.

And yet, though it is so soothing, enchanting and potential, it costs the utterer nothing. This, therefore, is the right way to answer, and very of an ungenerally adopted many a tear would be unshed, many a passion be unprovoked and many a friend be retained.—Church Progress.

FAMOUS SERMON OF FATHER M'DONNELL, S. J.

It was uttered at the Memorial Mass that was said on the eve of the coronation of the great Washington Monument. The President was there, thought it was a Sunday morning, and he left his own church to attend. Many distinguished non-Catholics were present, as well as other distinguished public officials. There was a throng of people there, duplicating to some extent that memorable Mass at the foot of Mount Royal during the Eucharistic Congress, of the 28th of September. As one knelt near the altar and looked out over that vast crowd, extending away up to the base of the monument, one could not help making the contrast, between this gathering—with its significance, its solemnity and that occasion of nearly a half-century ago, when the stone that was donated by the States of the Church, then a Papal Sovereignty, was taken from among the other stones that were given by the actions of the world, to be embedded in the monument, and thrown into the river's mud. That event was significant of the attitude of some of the American people against the Papacy at that time. Now, the bitterness has died out and in its place has come a general spirit of good feeling as to command the presence of all that was representative of the American Government around a Catholic altar to do homage to the Catholic dead.

But the sermon on the occasion, was the thing to be remembered. Father McDonnell is pastor of St. Aloysius Church, and he is exceptionally efficient in handling the men of his congregation. He has a notable tact in saying things with a force and a directness that were eminently fit the occasion. We wish that we could give the whole sermon, but the part particularly that should be remembered, and written in letters of gold, is the conclusion, in which he addressed personally the President in the following words:

"Mr. President, you honor us by your presence here to-day; we are grateful and appreciate it. And you should be here to-day not only to show respect to the memory of the dead, but also to show your sympathy with the great work that the Catholic Church is doing for this country, for no matter what may be said of the faith she teaches, this much all just men must grant her, that she is one of the most conservative elements in our land.

"She stands on the side of God and God's laws against atheism and infidelity; she stands on the side of law and order and authority against socialism and anarchy; and her children respect authority, not merely because of personal qualities you or they possess, but because they have been taught that you and they receive your authority from

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THE FRANCISCANS AS POTENT MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS

One of the great centres of religious activity in Washington is the Franciscan Monastery, one of the cluster of religious houses that surrounds the Catholic University. It carries into our modern America life with its replica of the Holy Places and Catacombs something of a quaint old world touch. It is a mecca for not only many devout Catholics, but for great numbers of non-Catholics. On this account it exerts a potent missionary influence. Father Robert Schilling, O. F. M., has just returned to the monastery as its Guardian, after an absence of ten years in Egypt. When the Superior goes to the Far West to do mission work, The New Century editorially prints an appreciation of the work of the Franciscans, which finds a warm commendation in our own heart.

CHRIST WITHOUT A CHURCH

The editor of the Christian Work and Evangelist, New York, in a recent issue of that paper complains bitterly that in the Protestant churches there has been growing up "a Christianity outside the Church," and also "a Christianity which is half churchly, half a disposition not related to the Church." He avers that these two forces, though they seem more or less allied in spirit with the Church, are really inimical to its continued life. Reasons for their existence he gives by saying that they are the "logical outcome of Protestantism far away. The tardy missionary brought with its great emphasis on nothing being with the soul and God." He believes that the Protestant churches are all of them drifting to the point of conviction that Christ may be kept alive in the world without the Church; that it is no longer necessary and must be appropriated by the individual. As a matter of course, as soon as this conviction would have become general in the Protestant churches, the necessity of an external organization would cease at once. The so-called invisible brotherhood would take the place of the Church.

THE METHODS OF ST. THOMAS

Many among us wish that we might know much, might write well, might win many souls to Christ and His Church, but the eloquence of our tongues and the fire and force of the mighty pen. To such as these we would impart the source and secret of St. Thomas of Aquin's marvelous gifts, in the hope that they may be led to copy his example and to make his practices their own, and that they may, in their lesser degree, obtain some share in his wonderful gifts. His biographer, Father Conway, O. P., says of him: "The aim of his life was to pursue and to impart knowledge. Daniel d'Augusta put the question to him one day, as to what he considered to be the greatest gift he had ever received, apart from sanctifying grace; with caution of soul he replied that it was the gift of understanding all that he had ever read. To intimate friends he disclosed the secret of his marvelous wisdom, telling them that he had learned more by prayer than from twenty years of age he made this prayer which he ever after used:

Lord Jesus Christ, I pray Thee that the fiery and honey-sweet power of Thy love may detach my soul from everything under heaven, so that I may die from love of Thy love. Who out of love for me, didst die upon the tree of the cross.

His biographer says of him: Prayer was the very breath of his life. . . . The holy doctor acknowledged to his friends, that, on every Christmas night, he obtained some special favor from God, some vision or deeper insight into the glories of Christ. His exquisitely tender devotion towards our Lord stands revealed in this prayer:

"Most tender Jesus, may Thy most sweet Body and Blood be my soul's sweetness and delight, health and holiness in every temptation, joy and peace in every sorrow, light and strength in every word and work, and my last safeguard in death."

His companion, Father Reginald, bore to him this testimony:

"During life, my Master always prevented me from reversing the sounders which I witnessed. Of this number, was his marvelous learning which uplifted him beyond all other men, which he owed less to power of genius than to the efficacy of his prayers. Truly, before studying or lecturing, reading, writing, or dictating, he began by shutting himself up in secret prayer; he prayed with tears, so as to obtain from God the understanding of His mysteries, and then lights came in abundance to illumine his mind. When he encountered a

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