

JANUARY 2, 1915

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NEW YEAR

The approach of the New Year makes timely a consideration of the manner in which every one of us has spent the past twelve months. Every one may well ask himself such questions as these:

1. Am I a better man to-day than I was at this time last year?
2. Have I made a good use of the past twelve months?
3. What have I done? What sins have I committed? What injuries have I inflicted on my neighbors? What opportunities for good have I wasted? What evil examples have I given?
4. Am I stronger to resist temptation? Am I more firm in my resolution to serve God? Had I greater control over my passions than I had in 1914? Does my soul dominate my body? Am I more temperate in eating and drinking? Am I more chaste?
5. What good have I done during the closing year? What virtues have I practiced? What merits have I laid up against the day of judgment? Have I been good to the poor? Have I been a model member of the parish? Have I been a fair sample to non Catholics of what the Catholic religion produces in the way of Christians?
6. If I keep on as I have been going during this year, where will I end?

That is the vital point. As a man lives so shall he die. If I were to die now, where would I be likely to be for eternity?

THE PASSING OF TIME

Youth is full of impatience. It longs to hurry every day and bring forward the coming days that look full of glorious possibilities.

Sorrow, too, is impatient. "How long, O Lord, how long?" cry the voices of those who look out on the world's wrong and oppression, suffering souls that groan under burdens hard to be borne, and righteous souls that grow hot with indignation at cruelty and injustice in high places.

History is full of protest at the slow march of the time, and every home and heart knows its hours of torturing suspense when it would gladly make the shadows on the dial go faster. But waiting times are not always the worst times for nations or for souls, and many of us have heard, when they were over, the tenderly reproachful question, "Could we not watch with me one hour?"

More common still, perhaps, is the desire to turn back the clock, to relive some of its hours. "I did not know how happy I was," says the regretful voice. "If I had it to do over again." But life's sun does not turn back for either repentance or regret; the clearer vision is for the future, it cannot change the past. Sometimes it is distrust and ingratitude that would turn the blessings of the present or the future with faith and courage. There are lives that after the noon record is made are always facing backward. No days can compare with the old days, nothing new can equal the old things. Old ways, old beliefs, old institutions are better than anything that can possibly succeed them, and clinging hands protestingly hold fast to that which is slipping away. The spirit that takes this attitude is the spirit of both past and present; the one is a grief because it is vanishing, and the other good of the other it refuses to consider.

"My times are in Thy hand," said the Psalmist trustfully. The Lord Who appoints the circuit of the sun is also the Father Who watches the lengthening shadows. Into each step of the way he sends the work, the strength and the outlook that belong to that step. To each He gives its compensations for whatever is left behind, and for each there is new joy and blessing waiting the heart that will receive them. "Life grows sweeter and fuller all the way," cheerily wrote a sunshine saint, "and if I live to be eighty I expect to be having the time of my life." Why not? For when the shadow creeps to the last step there is only a little pause, and then the beginning of a new day—Catholic Columbian.

YOU WILL BE GLAD

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have trod, you will be glad that you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

You will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, everyday things of life; that you served the best you could in life's lowly round. You will be glad that you have said all along your way: "I know that I can trust him. He is as true as steel." You will be glad that there have been some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms, the fountain would dry up; the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors, and life would cease.

You will be glad you stopped long enough every day to read carefully, and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those He loves. You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against the evils men said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay the words winged with poison. You will be glad you brought smiles to men, and not sorrow. You will be glad that you have met with a hearty

handshake all the hard things which have come to you, never dodging out of them, but turning them all to the best possible account.

WORTH WHILE

A man's work in the world looks so much bigger and more important to a woman than her work in the home. And every once in a while even the best of mothers catches herself sighing as she reads or hears of some piece of vital work done by a man. That it is a tremendous privilege and responsibility to be doing a man's work in the world admits of no question. But what the woman forgets is that it is by far a greater privilege and an infinitely greater responsibility to shape and control the early influences and the environment that are to create the man who is to do the work. The greater work doubles the great "worthwhileness" of every hour in a mother's life, compared with that of a man. He does what he is created and shaped to do, but the mother has created and shaped the man to do it. That is why we have successful men so often say: "What I am I owe to my mother; the credit is hers. She shaped; I did."

MUST FIT THE JOB

Every young man going out into the world to seek employment must remember, that one of the most important things he must learn is to make himself fit his job, says the Industrial Enterprise.

There is nothing in the world requiring energy and patience that really agrees with one at first.

School days are pleasant only when they are a memory. If the mountain will not come to you, you must go to the mountain. The business of the office will never rush to meet the beginner. It is up to the beginner to meet the mountain. And he will have to do it quick or some one else will step in and take his place. If you are willing to learn, willing to adapt yourself, then size up your job, the atmosphere of the place, and try to make yourself at home as soon as possible. Try to fit in, to become a part of your surroundings. If you can not do it, if you find that you will never fit in where you are, then be fair to your employer and still more to yourself.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE PETE

"Something new in No. 11, Doctor Brown," said Sister Ignatia, as I went with her on my weekly round in the Emergency Ward of St. Joseph's Hospital.

There on the smooth white pillow lay a black curly head lit by large beaming brown eyes, twinkling and rolling in a full moon face. The lad looked what might be ten years old. But what might be a mass of bandages; arms and legs bound huge as asbestos wrapped heating pipes in a city hotel. His left arm was thrown over the neck of a little cur, shaggy and fuzzy as an unshorn sheep; but with a loving light in its buffalo eyes of a friend knowing and loving a friend.

"What's all this, Sister?" I asked. "And the dog?" I thought there was no admittance for dogs here! "The accident happened a few days ago, Doctor. The city ambulance drove up with the boy and was off at once. He was hurried in on a stretcher and on examination we found a crushed, mangled, bruised and broken human body. Only his face had escaped. He was put on the table at once, dressed, bandaged, and laid on his cot as tenderly as if he had been a week old baby. Right arm and left ankle broken; several bad cuts on body; internal injuries; was the record filed of him."

"For hours life seemed only flickering; the struggle was desperate. All night we were by his side. At times there was not a breath; then a deep groan would come to tell the tale of his suffering. Next morning about 6 o'clock he suddenly opened his large brown eyes and looked around dazedly; then with an effort to rise, and in the next moment pleading tones, he murmured: "Where is I? Where is Chap?"

"A kind word in his ear, a soft hand on his brow, a little sip placed to his lips, was all I could do. "No! I must go. I want Chap with me," he murmured.

"His eyes shot glazily about the room. All looked so strange; the people about him; our big white hoods and blue dresses were altogether new to his eyes. But I laid another warm hand on his head and he fell asleep—only to wake and look longingly for Chap, to toss his shaggy curls, twitch his dazed eyes and groan for Chap."

"What could be done to soothe his unrest? There seemed only one thing—get this wonderful Chap. But who was he? Tell me who Chap is and we'll send for him," I suggested.

"Chap! Youze ain't heard of Chap? Chap is ma dog. He's the best dog in all New York. "Yes, but where is he? Where do you live, and what is your name?" "Chap is home. My name's Pete. Women all call him Miss Jeffers for she's gone. . . . But I'm just Pete."

"Very well, Peter; but where do you live?"

"I live upstairs; 66—St. That's where I allurs stayed."

"Just what we wanted. Chap would be found and peace restored to this aching heart and body."

"We hurried off a messenger to the poor quarter address. The dog

was found but he absolutely refused any admittance to his home. The messenger came back unaccompanied. Again he returned to the hotel; this time with Pete's shoes and cap. The rough growl became a plaintive whine, as if to say: "I am ready to follow you wherever you go. You are going to lead me to my little master."

Such was the story of Sister Ignatia. And so here they were as I found them; boy and dog—the inseparable friends, true, loyal, loving friends. Together all day, and at night Chap slept in his little rug and straw palace under the shed; with three full meals a day. He seemed to realize that something was wrong; but friends were together and that was enough.

Pete grew only a little bit stronger day by day. He was suffering terribly from the internal injuries. But he was cheery and patient and within a few days had a troop of friends. Father Ward, the chaplain, was the father he had never known. Sister Ignatia he loved because she always spoke to him kindly, which was something new to him since he lost his mother. The nurses all claimed the little cripple as their own; and even the old surgeon lingered longer than usual on his daily rounds.

With time Sister Ignatia learned his story. He had sold papers since he was six years old and by that means had helped to keep a roof over his poor sick mother, until she died a year before. Where she was buried he knew not; two men took her off; and how he would then weep! "This was the greatest tragedy of Pete's short life! Since her death Chap had been his only friend; he had been able to sell papers enough to buy food and shelter for them both; and after all, what more did they need, he thought? Of his accident he knew nothing; he had not seen the auto turn the corner, and remembered nothing for days after."

Here was a soul to win for heaven, and for Sister Ignatia this was the one object ever in view, cost what it may. Pete had never heard of God; only once, his mother had said to him, "Be good and God will bless you." But he thought it quite strange.

"I never see'd Him in all New York."

Each day Sister Ignatia taught him a little more of our Creation and Redemption. Our Lord and Saviour's life appealed to him most tenderly. His birth in a stable, His home at Nazareth, and how He healed the sick, blessed little children, was kind to every one, and lastly His great suffering and death on the Cross. A huge tear would run down the soft cheek of the lad, and he thought that if this great Man had been still on earth He would have made his mother better; perhaps, too. He would tell her all that he had learned, and then he would glance over at Chap; perhaps to see if the dog also was crying.

Father Ward was pleased with Pete's progress in catechism, and consequently decided that he should receive baptism, and then be admitted at once to Holy Communion. Certainly it was the one desire of the little lad's heart. Pete spoke of nothing else; he even raved over it during his sleep. On the day appointed he was baptized. Next morning, the First Friday in June, Pete's room was turned into a little chapel, and when the sweet Friend of the lowly came to visit His little patient never did a child's heart welcome Him more lovingly.

"Pete, what would you do if our Divine Lord were to take you up with Him to join the other angel boys and girls about His throne?"

"I would willingly go, Father, except for Chap. But wouldn't you take care of him for me? Chap is all right. You'll love him jes' for me, won't you, Father?"

A fortnight later, the eve of the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we were all praying that our Saviour might work some miracle for the crippled lad, as Pete had given all so generously to Him, living each day in preparation for the next Communion and in thanksgiving for the one already made.

Father Ward came in to say "Good-night," and give him his blessing, and he promised to bring Holy Communion after midnight. Right he was, for how he did pray!

Sister Ignatia prepared all for our Saviour's coming and then stayed with him the rest of the night. His face was angelic; he was fully conscious, but seemed hardly of this earth. Morning came, a beautiful morning of June, and just as the bell was ringing for Mass, Pete lisped half aloud: "Sacred Heart of Jesus. . . . I love. . . . You."

And his sweet soul had fled to its Maker. The miracle had long ago been granted—Francis L. Fenwick, S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

MORE MEN AND MORE MAN

What the Church constantly needs in these days of intense effort and trial is not improved methods of doing things, although good methods count for much, but more men—men filled with love for Christ and zeal for souls. And not only more men does she need, but more man—more of the virile strength that will have to be put forth before the hosts of Satan are overcome. It was not St. Paul's methods that converted the Gentile world, but St. Paul himself. More and more, observant men are coming to know that what counts in religion, what wins men's souls to God, is contact of souls. A quiet

sender "God bless you" counts for more than an hour's wrangling in controversy concerning mooted points in religion. The poor sinner needs fewer drugs and more nursing. "If I could feel my mother's kiss," said a wounded soldier on the battlefield, "it would do me more good than a dozen telegrams."—The Missionary.

JESUITS AND THE WAR

Even the war on the Kaiser does not stop the war on the Church maintained by some confirmed anti-Catholics. Doubting and suspecting the Jesuits has become such a habit with them that they find a Jesuit at the bottom of every mischief. The Churchman's Magazine, an English Protestant paper, has discovered clear proof of the malign influence of the Jesuits in bringing on the war. It appears that "on Aug. 3, four hundred Jesuits left England in a body. The fact that such a large body of Jesuits left England one day before war was declared," suggests to the writer "that they knew it was coming." Before war was actually declared, it also suggests that the Jesuits provoked the war by controlling German Imperial policy.

Commenting on this, our esteemed London contemporary, the Universe, says: "There is practically no limit to the field of suggestion that might be presented to such a mind as this! All that we need remark on the subject is, that the Jesuits who left England on Aug. 3, left it in order to proceed to the call of a State, which was the decree of mobilization issued by the country of which they were subjects. The French Jesuits at Ore Place, near Hastings, had been exiled from France by anti-clerical laws which proscribed their community life and opposed every exercise of their Catholic devotion. Secure in this country, they might, had they so wished, have been sent to the call of a State, which has treated them so badly. But this was not their wish. France called, and France's exiles answered the call. French Jesuits went out to fight, and if God so willed, to die. They are fighting for the Union Jack as well as for the Tricolor; perhaps by now their blood has mingled with British blood upon the stricken field. An odd way, this, to prove their hatred of England, their control of German Imperial policy! But nothing, we are told, is impossible to a Jesuit, so it may well be that he will go even to the length of death itself to justify his heinousness in the eyes of the Churchman's Magazine."

WHY HAVE A POPE?

A non Catholic reader of The Advance writes to the editor of that paper to ask if the Pope is not a very expensive and wholly unnecessary luxury. He says that "the Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians," etc., get along without a Pope and even make a pretty fair showing of godliness; so why keep up the medieval superstition? In the course of its reply The Advance says:

The facts are that the Papacy is of divine origin, and that the Church teaches so.

According to Father Maturin, a well known convert, the Papacy is not a mere question of ecclesiastical policy, but, as Catholics maintain, it is the divinely constituted means for protecting the Church from disruption. If the preservation of Truth in its entirety is necessary, then we must admit also the necessity of those means provided for its preservation, chief of which is the supremacy of the Pope.

It is of no avail to mince matters or gloss over difficulties. The Pope is to religion what the heart is to the human body.

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right to punish," says a writer: "all have a right to pardon." In any case it is well to avoid haste in our reprovings for sometimes, if we know all, we would advise more than admonish.—St. Paul Bulletin.

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WARY READING

Violent unbelief has never been attractive. The normally constituted mind is reverent, and listens in no kindly spirit to revolt and protest against familiar traditions and time-honored truths. Those who would obtain a hearing must disguise their reactionary tenets and given them a presentation that makes a show of sympathy for the old and well-worn habits of human thought. Even with us, in spite of our wide drifting from religious moorings, there is little sympathy with the open, unvarnished expression of intellectual atheism. In their practice men may be as unconcerned about the divine Master of the world as they please, but in their speech and in their writings, they must not assail the existence or the prerogatives of God. Such a stand is not popular. God may be ignored, and the practice of ignoring Him is growing every day; but He should not be attacked. This much at least of the old respectability still exists. How long it will maintain its influence may be a matter of doubt, but its fact. Even attacks on Catholicism, the staple of so many pulpits, have not found favor with the more cultured of our people. They may pass with congregations that are ignorant and with pastors who have to eke out their poverty of positive instruction with attacks on the Pope and the Church; but our better educated countrymen have forced their preachers to substitute other topics for their Sunday morning talks. The practice of religion, therefore, as such, has been openly assailed, at least not often.

And yet atheism is not silent. Its words are guarded and skillfully disguised but it continues to instill its subtle poison in many ways. Of late it has become bolder. An example in point is the recent novel, "They Who Question." In it there are three characters sharply and sympathetically drawn, all of whom independently, and without influence exerted on them from without, by three different processes, give up all belief in God, and resolve to live as best they can without Him. The exclusion of the other world with its hopes and fears is developed so gradually and so artfully that it is made to seem a natural and by no means a shocking thing. Souls that are unquestionably good wrestle painfully with unmerited sorrow and receive not even a suspicion of relief, find only darkness. The principal character is at the beginning one of fine and ordinary holiness and nobility; and yet all that she hoped for and cherished in her youthful dreams of the goodness and the nearness and the love of God crumbles about her and she is left standing among the ruins, cheerless and despondent and an infidel. All the stock objections are urged against religion not by argument but by the events of life. They are not put strongly or controversially or in spirit of angry revolt, but are presented by the sheer weight of life's sufferings and the seeming indifference of the

Creator to His creatures' pain; and it is their accumulation that drives divine love out of a beautiful, trustful soul and leaves in its only bitter questioning.

When the book has got thus far it stops. Of course the process may or may not be altogether unusual in those of non Catholic convictions, but it has no counterpart within the Church. It is well, however, for Catholics to realize that there are many doubts, much unbelief, and a growing attitude of irreverence for things supernatural and divine in the hearts about them. Such books are not to be read, but it will do no harm to know that they exist. Wary reading is required nowadays of those who would safeguard the purity of their faith.—America.

HIS PREDICAMENT

A writer of some note attacking the Catholic Church declared that the Catholics wished to take the Bible out of the schools. This, he roundly asserted would never be tolerated while he and other good "Americans" survived. Then he found that his own minister in a sermon rejected the story of Jonas and the whale, and a few days afterward the same minister defended an applicant for ordination to the ministry who rejected the Divinity of Christ. In less than one week this vigorous "American," who was prepared to give up his life to keep the Bible (his Bible) in the Public schools found that the Old Testament and the New Testament had been riddled by his own minister. Now a few friends of his are asking if he receives bulletins from week to week to keep him duly informed on just how much of his Bible is still defended, even at the cost of his life, as a part of the reading curriculum in the Public schools.—Catholic News.

THE CROSS

A Protestant minister returned from abroad tell of a Celtic cross which stands in a conspicuous place in the town of Bandon, Ireland, and which bears this inscription:

Let us forget! This cross was cast out of Kilbroggan Churchyard, Bandon, by the Rector, Churchwardens, and Select Vestry, 27th April, 1908, as being Romish, idolatrous, and ritualistic. A subsequent application for readmission was refused, and such refusal was upheld by the decision of the Cork Diocesan Court, 21st November 1908. It is erected here to vindicate the insult offered to the cross.

This is a quarrel among Protestants in which we do not care to mix. Our opinion is, however, that logic and history are on the side of the people who cast the cross out, rather than those who erected it and who have taken this means to vindicate (curious word) the insult offered it. What business has a cross, and above all a Celtic cross, in a Protestant graveyard? Bandon, by the way, is the town which was so bitterly Protestant in the old days that on its walls appeared the inscription:

Turk, Jew or atheist,
May enter here—but never a Papist.

Whereupon Dean Swift, seeing it, added:
Whoever wrote this wrote it well,
The same is writ on the gates of hell.—Sacred Heart Review.

REV. DR. COTTER AND AN IMPUDENT LAWYER

A good story worth telling has come to us. Rev. Dr. Cotter of Ironton, O., as a Catholic priest was a witness recently in a court and was interrogated by an impudent lawyer upon his knowledge of the deceased whom he had attended before his death. The lawyer was not at all respectful to the priest-witness, and the father determined to teach him a lesson if the opportunity came. In the course of the cross-examination the lawyer said, "When did you give the deceased the sacrament?" Here was the opportunity sought for. "Which sacrament do you mean?" asked Dr. Cotter. "There are seven of them. Tell me which one you mean and I will answer." The lawyer blushed, stammered and was a lesson in the manner of one of them. He didn't remember one of them, and the judge and jury smiled out loud without being accused of contempt of court. The moral of which is, probe just a little into most men's general statements and you will find a large percentage of

what Americans call mere "bluff"—Brooklyn Tablet.

KEEP RIGHT WITH GOD

"Never lose heart because you are sinners. Just go to Our Lord and have tremendous confidence, for it is because you are a sinner He will help you," says Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. "Sometimes I am asked by people well set up for a pitance. I looked at a man the other day who asked me for his face down the country, and I said: 'My friend, I was going to ask you to give me something. I was not impressed. But a poor woman with a baby in her arms and a basket of shambrook, with an apple here and there, comes and begs me to help her. And how could I refuse. She wants it. She is really in need. Well, perhaps a friend will say to me: 'She will only misuse it,' and I say: 'That is my business; that is hers.' If I made use of that argument, and went to Our Lord and said: 'Never give me anything but what I am going to make the best use of. I am afraid I should not get much. So I say I must give help to my suppliant, and as to what she does with it is her business, not mine. So with Our Lord. Tell Him of your spiritual poverty. Say to Him, 'I am addicted to drink, I am unkind at home, or I slander my neighbors, and so help me.' Why, He would leap, if necessary, from His throne and help you. The greater your misery the more worthy an object you are of His help and generosity. In dealing with our Lord you are dealing not only with a God, but with a Man Who is intensely human. You can disarm Him by your appeals, and put Him at a disadvantage. If you will but throw yourself in all your misery at His feet He will bend towards you, and open to you His heart. My brethren, one thing is necessary, keep right with God, and He will make use of you for others."

SOCIAL LEGISLATION

"Man Precedes the State," says Pope Leo XIII, "and possesses prior to the formation of any State, the right of providing for the sustenance of his body. The State must not absorb the individual or the family, both should be allowed free and untrammelled action so far as is consistent with the common good in the interests of others. It should be borne in mind that the chief thing to be realized is the safeguard of private property by legal enactment and public policies."

State insurance, state this or state that, is indeed not a guarantee in safeguarding private property. In this particular the state is not protecting but directing private endeavor; it is not encouraging private business but competing with private business. This condition of affairs is commonly known as Socialism; when it correctly should be called indifferentism. Men of influence, officers of organizations, yes, the average citizen is too indifferent to the needs of his fellowmen. He does not heed the cries of the restless masses, his eyes sense not the ill of the day.

Social legislation is not an evil, it is a necessity, is an evil however, when the hands of our paternalistic government. The weaker members of the society, the less circumstanced need protection by the government, but not charity—his fellowmen, and not his government, are bound in duty to correct those conditions which oppress and suppress him. It is the citizen, not the government, that should participate in this activity, and then social service, and not Socialism, will be ever present.—Church Progress.

It is better to be rebuked by a wise man than to be deceived by the flattery of fools. Thus we read in the book of Ecclesiastes. Think it over.

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