

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHARACTER MAKERS

Character, after all, is the chief thing—not reputation, but character. For while the two attributes are often confused they are not the same by any means. Some writer has said:

"A reputation may be blasted, but a character never. Character grows in wisdom through experimenting with life. It is never any stronger than its weakest place, and it often takes bitter and blasting and searing experiences to strengthen the weak places."

"We must accept things just as we find them."

"But what are we going to do with them after we accept them? That is the question. Are we going to accept life and then sit down and cry with it? Or are we going to accept it and see about turning things to beautiful results?"

To gain these beautiful results requires time and care and work—and at times it seems hard work. But as no good results can come without effort, the building of a noble character is worth all its costs.

No beauty can come without time and trouble. Even the flower which seems to bloom without effort has lain long underground in the shape of the seed, which perished before it could be born. Nor is it otherwise with souls. To endure injustice without answering back with hatred, to endure grief without having the spirit broken, to endure disappointment and yet to go cheerfully on—these things make character.

HER BELIEF IN HIM

We all need encouragement. In order to make us put forth our best efforts, necessity is a powerful spur, but the love, and faith in us, and trust of a dear friend are even more powerful. They put courage into our very soul, whereas necessity simply forces our will to work, often in the midst of a downcast and clouded spirit.

One of the greatest things one person may do for another is to believe in him; yet how rarely do we realize this?

A man on a tramping trip through the mountains of West Virginia, came one morning upon two children all alone on a desolate farm, away on the top of one of the highest mountains. The mother was dead, and "Pappy was away peddlin' fruit," the stranger was told.

"Why don't you stay with the neighbors while your father is away?" the traveler asked.

"Oh, we got to stay here, 'cause if we didn't, somebody might come and steal our chickens," the youngest child, a little girl, explained.

The stranger looked at her very small person. "Why," he laughed, "what could you do to a chicken thief?"

"I couldn't do nothin', but my brother could," she returned promptly. "Why he's 'most nine years old!"

At her words, the brother, a freckle-faced, insignificant youngster, was suddenly transformed. "Yes, sir!" he cried, with shining eyes. "Yes, sir! I could 'tend to 'em all right! I'm 'most nine years old!"

Now whether he could "tend to 'em" or not, is beside the mark. The fact which struck home to the traveler was the change wrought in that small boy by his little sister's loyal belief in him. In telling the story afterwards, the man was always wont to declare that what he desired from his friends was a creative belief. "Criticism me," he would laugh, "and I am lost. But believe in me, believe in me as that little mountain child believed in her brother, and I can work miracles!"

THE OBJECT

"Concentration! Concentration! That is what we need in this age," declared an incisive voice, the voice of the young man familiar with modern catchwords. But his elderly companion looked at him over her spectacles.

"Perhaps I am, wrong, but it seems to me that it makes a lot of difference what you're going to concentrate on," she answered slowly, with an indescribable little emphasis on the last word.

She was right. The trouble with the great mass of unsuccessful mankind is not so much lack of concentration, as it is concentrating on a wrong object. The self-pitying invalid, with no thought of anyone but self, the pleasure seeker, with mind fixed only on his own amusement, the selfish individual, who pursues his own plans without regard to the rights and feelings of others—these really have concentrated their energies, but they have concentrated them on something not worth while. The value of focusing one's energies upon a certain point depends upon the point.—Catholic Columbian.

TEN CLEVER DEFINITIONS

Man—God's strength.
Woman—God's tenderness.
Child—God's beauty.
Tact—The mind's prime minister.
A True Marriage—An agreement between earth and heaven.
Sorrow—The road that leads to life.

Gladness—The looking glass of the heart.

Gentleness—The touch of a rose, the breath of a violet, the soul of a lily.

Music—The unlocking of a door in heaven.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THERE'S SURE REWARD

We cannot all be geniuses, or conquer wealth and fame;
We cannot all do wondrous things to make ourselves a name;
We cannot all feel confident of meeting every test.
But when we have our work to do, we can all do our best.

Our best may not be wonderful, judged by a standard high,
But we can all do something well, if we will only try.

And if we try our level best, performing every task
With all our might, why, that is all that any one can ask.

We cannot all be famous—if we were 't would cheapen fame;
We cannot all be rich enough to give ourselves a name;
We cannot all expect to be distinguished from the rest,
But some reward is certain for the man who does his best.

—Exchange.

SUCH A HAPPY SURPRISE

Lucille, a carefully-brought-up little girl of five years, returned from her first party in glee. "I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and talked nice all the time."

"Did you remember to say something pleasant to Mrs. Appleby just before leaving?" her mother asked.

"Oh, yes, I did," was the enthusiastic reply. "I smiled and said: 'I enjoyed myself very much, Mrs. Appleby. I had lots more to eat than I expected.'"

ST. AUGUSTINE

St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, died Aug. 28, 430. Historians agree that he was a philosopher and theologian of the first order, and of unsurpassed genius as a writer. But it is not because of these distinctions that his name is a household word, nor yet that he was a great Bishop. It is because his name recalls the touching story of a wayward son won from sin by the prayers of a devoted mother, St. Monica. The conversion of Augustine is a lesson to mothers never to give up praying for a son gone wrong.

St. Augustine was born Nov. 13, 354, at Tagaste, near Hippo, Africa. His father, Patricius, was a pagan, but became a Christian shortly before his death. Augustine in his writings bears witness to his mother's Christian care of him in his early years. It was well that Monica had made this impression on the boy, while he was entirely under her control. All too soon the time came when pride of intellect and idleness threatened to destroy his soul. His brilliant successes at school induced his father to send Augustine to Carthage to study law, when he was sixteen. A year passed, however, before Patricius could get the means to defray expenses, and the youth, while waiting, fell into evil ways. Patricius was indifferent, and Monica pleaded in vain.

At Carthage Augustine's faith as well as his morals passed through a terrible crisis. He not only yielded to the licentious influences surrounding him, but also fell into heresy, devoting his talents to promoting false teaching. Monica's grief had no effect on the wilful, passionate youth who was practically his own master, his father having died the year Augustine went to Carthage. She would have closed her home against her son when he returned to Tagaste, but a saintly Bishop counselled forbearance: "The son of so many tears could not perish," he said.

Augustine returned to Carthage, and became so renowned for scholarship that he was intoxicated by fame. A crisis was approaching in his soul, however, and gradually he turned from the pernicious teaching of the sect he had adopted. Pride had blinded him; passion too held him in thrall, but at Tagaste Monica wept and prayed. Presently we read of Augustine going to Rome, and coming under the influence of St. Ambrose at Milan. The heaven of grace was working. Three more years went by—the final period of spiritual conflict. Monica had come to her son to aid him in his last stand against the forces of passion and doubt. And always she prayed. Finally, reading the Holy Scriptures illumined Augustine's mind, and the action of God's grace in his soul led to his complete surrender. Monica rejoiced with exceeding joy. Her prayers were answered, her wayward son was safe in the haven of the Church, and soon this model of faithful loving mothers passed to her reward.

Augustine lived to make a long atonement for his sinful youth and early manhood. He rose to be a power in the Church, though in his penitence and humility, he would have chosen the lowliest place. As Bishop of Hippo for thirty-four years, he made of his See a nursery of the Faith, from which founders of monasteries went forth through all Africa. The most perfect of penitents, St. Augustine lived for God through all his remaining years, and died a holy death. Renowned for sanctity and for his extraordinary writings, he "was above all the defender of the truth, the shepherd of souls."

SHOULD AID—NOT OBSTRUCT

The San Francisco Monitor observes: "How often has it happened that parents have stood in the way of their boys when these boys felt that God had called them to His service—when they were convinced that Christ had addressed to

them the invitation 'Come, follow Me.' One reason after another has been urged why their sons should not enter the priesthood or the religious life, and it is to be feared that in too many cases of this nature the objections and opposition of parents have been heeded and a vocation has been lost. To serve one's country is a noble thing, but to serve God as the Apostle says is to reign."

THE TRUE CHARM OF WOMAN

Woman has played a twofold role in history. She has tempted to evil or prompted to good. She can lift up man with her to heights of purity, nobility and worthy achievements, or she can drag him down into the depths to which she herself has fallen. She is Eve or Mary for the world in which she moves.

First and most obvious, as an index of the influence that she can hope to exercise, is the dress she wears.

Does she clothe her person in a manner befitting her dignity, as the sanctuary of the Holy Ghost, the abode of purest thoughts and chaste desires, showing regard for herself and reverence for her Maker?

We are living in the midst of a civilization which in its amusements,

its social events, its literature, its daily press, its theatres and its licentious moving pictures cast upon the screen and flashed inward upon the susceptible imagination of young and old, has frankly returned to the morality of pagan times. Catholics have not escaped the taint, and Catholic women have not seldom lost that delicacy of Christian perception which should distinguish them.

Even at the very altar rail, while the priest holds in his consecrated fingers the Sacred Body of the All Pure and Holy, he is painfully shocked to see the sense of womanly modesty violated without reflection or a thought of remorse. Such, thank God! is not the rule; but it is too frequently the sad exception.

The choice lies open for Catholic woman. It is between Eve and Mary: to be a temptress of evil or a blessing of God wherever she goes. She can not follow the ways of the world and the path of Christ. They lead in opposite directions.

What, then, is she to do? Is she sincere in her desire to know God's will? Then let her kneel at the feet of Mary and there see if her appearance indeed becomes a daughter of the Queen Immaculate. From the decent drapery about her neck, more precious than any chain of gold can be, even to her garment's hem, let her breathe purity and the sweetness

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 LIMITED

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa;
R. F. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.
A. S. Proulx, Ottawa
Hon. R. G. Frenzy, Halifax
F. E. McKenna, Montreal
E. Faber, surgeon, R.C., Montreal
Hugh Doherty, Montreal
F. W. Tait, St. P., Fromptonville
Arthur Forde, Halesbury
J. B. DeFord, Ottawa
Edward Cass, Winnipeg
J. P. Phelan, Toronto
J. J. Lyons, Ottawa
Gordon Grant, C. E., Ottawa
Hon. C. P. Beaudin, R. C., Montreal
Michael Connolly, Montreal
W. J. Poupore, ex-M.P., Montreal
Lieut.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa

Managing Director: B. G. Connolly
Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather

OFFICES: 10 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

NO MAN CAN FORSEE ACCIDENTS, which may occur to any one of us. If you appoint the Capital Trust Corporation the executor of your will, you provide for the efficient administration of your estate and guard against a change of executors through death, accident or sickness. Our Booklet entitled "THE WILL THAT REALLY PROVIDES," is instructive. Write for a copy.

of the grace of God in all her comings and her goings.

Whatever may be woman's outward grace, her greatest beauty must be within, in the splendor of her soul's perfection before God, "as the tents of Cedar, as the curtains of Solomon." This is woman's greatest charm in the sight of men as well as of the holy angels. So will chivalry return to earth and respect for

womankind.—Rev. J. Husslein, in America.

READ AND HEED

The Catholic Columbian gives this good advice: "Make a man of your boy—send him to a good Catholic college and let him finish the course."



Vision Your Sons, Mothers of Canada!

Vision them at early morning when through the rising mists, there bursts a hurricane of fire---

See your valiant boys---calm, grim, but cheerful, "stand-to-arms" until the Hun's "morning hate" dies away.

Picture them at breakfast, the meal that must bring them the bodily sustenance to carry them through the strain of another day.

Then think what might happen if, one morning, there was no breakfast---no food, and word went down the lines that Canada had failed them.

Vision all these things, and then---as Women of Canada---Mothers of Men---Answer this Call to Service.

Canada must send to Her Own, and to the Allies Fighting Forces, more wheat, more beef, more bacon, and more of such other foods as are non-perishable and easily exported.

They Must Be Fed

Statistics show that, everyday, in Canada, sufficient food is thrown into garbage cans to feed the entire Canadian Overseas Army.

Travellers have often remarked that many a European family would live well upon the quantity and quality of food wasted in some Canadian homes.

Such waste is shameful at any time; but in these times it is criminal.

Woman's Auxiliary, Organization of Resources Committee, in Co-operation with The Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller.

Sign The Food Service Pledge

Canada can do this without depriving her own population of a fair share of any of these foods if You Women will but help.

All we ask of you is, that instead of buying so much white flour (if you do your own baking) you vary your baking by using one-third oatmeal, corn, barley or rye flour. Or, if you buy your bread, that you order a certain proportion of brown bread each day.

Second, instead of using as much beef and bacon as formerly, you vary your family's diet, by substituting for beef and bacon such equally nutritious foods as fish, peas, lentils, potatoes, nuts, bananas, etc.

Third, and this is most important, ---positively prevent the waste of a single ounce of food in your household.

Our only hope is that with these truths before you, and in view of the vital issues at stake, we may count upon your earnest co-operation in stopping this appalling waste; and in substituting other foods for the wheat, beef and bacon that must be sent overseas.

Next week a Food Service Pledge and Window Card will be delivered to you. It is your Dedication to War Service. The Window Card is your Emblem of Honour.