

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HEART OF JESUS

O Heart of Jesus Pleading, How strong and sweet Thy prayer, Where Thy love for us lies bleeding In Tabernacles fair!

My soul is wrenched with the strife Of life's perplexing woes; I thirst for Thee, O Fount of Life, And seek Thy prayer's repose.

Thou art my Life, my Hope, my Love, My soul's true Fount of health; Oh, give me from Thy heaven above Thy peace—my soul's true wealth.

How sweet my prayer, when full of peace— The forest of Thy home! Let peace and pleading love increase: Jesus, Thy kingdom come!

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DISCOURAGEMENT

Discouragement is one of our worst enemies. It is against our success in business, in society and in affairs of the soul. It is an agent of Satan.

Even if you have never read the familiar fable of folk-lore concerning the Devil's Wedge, you have touched in passing many a man whose accomplishment of work was paralyzed by Discouragement.

The fable describes it to a T. The story goes that once upon a time the Devil made public announcement that he was going out of business and that he would offer his tools at public auction.

On the evening of the sale folk gathered to look them over and found them most attractively displayed. There were Malice, Envy, Hatred, Jealousy, Sensuality, Vanity and Deceit, and over in one corner all by itself lay a wedged-shaped device bearing a higher price than any of the rest.

Being questioned concerning it The Devil made answer: "That is Discouragement, the most useful weapon in all my aggregation of tools. It is worth more than all the rest put together. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with Discouragement when nothing else avails me."

"And," went on The Devil to explain, "it is so much more because I use it on nearly everybody, for as yet there are very few folks who know that it belongs to me."

At the conclusion of this recital which recently I read its narrator added: "It hardly need be added that The Devil's price was so high that Discouragement was never sold. He still owns it and is using it daily."

Which reminds me of the antidote found by The Man.

"Time was," he told me, "when I was so easily discouraged that if things didn't come my way at once, I would begin to doubt the goodness of God, begin to entertain fear and anxiety and all the string of devilizing mental conditions which follow in the wake of Discouragement."

"One day in the midst of a miserable attack of the blues there rushed into my thoughts a beautiful experience that had been mine that day—an unexpected manifestation of Love and Goodness. The memory of it brought me a sudden sense of gratitude. The more I thought of the happening the more grateful I became and to my astonishment Discouragement fled."

"Soon after that the miasma gripped me again, and I remembered that Gratitude had before proven an antidote so I employed it again. Nothing unusual had marked my experience that time, but there is no human being who, if he tries, cannot uncover in his consciousness the thought of something worthy of Gratitude. I found my something and clung to the contemplation of it until again the potency of my antidote was demonstrated."

"There is no man sick with Discouragement who cannot be cured with a good stiff dose of Gratitude," commented The Man, whose life has gained proportionately in its success with his recognition of this beautiful Truth.—Julia Chandler.

When beset with "the blues," see if the body is out of order, for depression of spirits often comes from a disordered stomach. A dose of medicine, a tonic, a rub-down, and a good night's rest, will frequently drive off melancholy and make the sun shine again into our life.

But if the seat of the trouble is in the mind, in the conscience, in the soul, get right with God through reception of the Sacraments and then count your blessings. Think of all the good things you have received from Him—life, good parents, health, a Christian education, employment, friends, security, a home, good society, graces without number, special favors from Heaven, and the right to hope to be eternally in Heaven.

In view of all God's goodness to you, why give way to despondency because of this trouble or that loss, this disappointment or that suffering which is not too heavy to be endured and which will some day pass away? Some day there will be no more sorrow, no more tears, but light, and peace, and bliss for evermore.

COURTESY IN BUSINESS

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates all jar and friction. Every sort of business institution is beginning to find that courtesy pays. Big business and little business alike are realizing that human nature is so constituted that people will often put themselves to great

inconvenience, will even put up with an inferior article or with discomforts rather than patronize houses that treat their customers rudely.

That courtesy and affability of clerks in one store will pull thousands of customers right by the door of rival establishments where the clerks are not so courteous and accommodating. Everybody appreciates courtesy, and a little personal interest goes a great way in attracting and holding customers.

A New York business man who has been eminently successful in establishing a large number of stores says that "Thank you" has been the motto on which he has built up his enormous business. He once sent a telegram to every one of the firm's thousands of clerks, which read: "Did you say 'Thank you' to every customer you waited upon today?"

There is no other single expression in the English language which does so much either in business, in the home or in public intercourse to oil life's machinery as "I thank you." There is no day in our lives unless we are absolutely alone when we cannot use it to great advantage many times. "I thank you" has made a way for many a poor boy who better ability has failed to get on.

LATE SUCCESS IN A NEW FIELD

It is a grievous delusion to imagine that there is no success ahead for those who have not achieved it early in life. Why, some of the greatest successes in all history began their upward career long after they had reached middle age.

It is never too late to begin to do better; and the very reversal of the attitude of mind, the turning about and facing the sun, that the shadows fall at your back, will be a great encouragement to go forward.

A man of fifty, sixty, or more, ought to be ashamed to say there is no chance for him. Read the life stories of those who never did anything of importance until they had passed the half-century mark, and of those who have done great things after sixty, and you will be ashamed to give way to discouragement.

Life is a journey of progress, and there is no reason why we should not continue to develop, to improve, to the very end.

There are many young men who could save \$5 a week out of their incomes and who, after four years of economy, could have a cash capital of \$1,000. With \$1,000 in hand, they would soon have \$2,000 and then \$20,000 would not be far off. It is the first thousand dollars that costs some self-denial and will-power.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TO THE SACRED HEART

O precious Fount of life and love, With pity come our lives to bless; Cleanse with Thy blood our sinful souls,

In streams of heavenly tenderness, Bareft of strength to Thee we pray, To soothe our cares, to calm our fears, And lead us on o'er life's dark sea— A sea of sin, and strife, and tears.

Thy head for us was crowned with thorns, For us Thy sorrowing tears were shed, Thy hands and feet nailed to the cross, Thy Heart's blood poured in torrent red, When deep into its inmost core The accused spear with force was sent.

Lord, open wide our sinful eyes, And teach us how we may repent. Poor ingrates, we Thy priceless love With sinful acts too oft requite, Unmindful of each gift Thou dost Bestow on us by day and night.

Awe of These stems not passion's tide, Thy mercy from us brings no praise, In sin's vile chains our hearts are bound, Calloused our feet in sinful ways.

O Sacred Heart! for all the love Thy Virgin Mother showed to Thee, And great St. Joseph's tender care, Look down on us with clemency, And smooth the thorny paths we tread.

With wondrous steps and life's dark days, And grant our souls may rest with Thee For endless years to sing Thy praise.

—J. J. MACDONNELL

UNNOTICED

Once in a while when we have been doing our best, we grow discouraged because nobody seems to notice that we are making an effort toward improvement. When we have been untidy, and are turning over a new leaf, we rather expect to be praised, and when we fold the towel instead of laying it in a heap, and put the comb and brush where they belong, and make the bed beautifully instead of putting on the quilt askew, we are disappointed if our behavior makes no impression. But we must not do right that we may win praise.

We must do right because it is right. All the while the busy mother and the busy teacher may not say very much, but they do note that we are going forward in a new direction. There is a friend who takes notice of our efforts and helps us many a time in the little things as well as the big things of life.—True Voice.

READING ALOUD

It is a great pity that the good old practice of reading aloud should have fallen so sadly out of favor as it has done of late years. For certainly no pleasanter method of passing a long evening can be found than for one of the party to read aloud some interesting book while the rest are sewing or engaged in some other quiet occupation.

One great advantage of reading aloud is that only really good literature can be read aloud; poor or flimsy literature becomes intolerable when every word is properly emphasized and when "skipping" is made impossible.

In the same way a taste for poetry is often aroused in those who have the opportunity of hearing good poetry read aloud; they become interested in what they hear, and are tempted to read further for themselves.

A GRAIN OF SAND

"Mother! Mother! There's something in my eye! Please take it out quick!"

Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother as she put her arms around the child.

"I don't know; it's an awful big thing. The wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears. "I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it's there, mother; please get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again. Then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time; but the poor eye did not get any better. Something was in it—something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her. "Here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother. "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy; "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor; "too small to see unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after, Flossy was tidying about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors and Flossy was in a bad humor, nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you don't stop worrying, you must go away by yourself!"

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that grain of sand, mother, don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother, I love you truly, and I would not hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand could not help itself, but I can, and I will, right away."

SOCIAL ASPECTS

OF RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS

The world has supreme need of a method that will guide humanity to meet the problem of maintaining the individual while merging him into the social process. The thought of the world has done this under the direction of the providence of God. It is the mission of human rights to maintain the individual. It is the mission of social obligations or duties to merge him. Rights are extensions of our personality built into and through the confusion of the world in order that we may not be crushed. Social duties indicate the manner of thought and of action demanded of us in order that social groups may be strong, helpful and orderly. We gain, we receive, when we enjoy our rights. They are our social dividends. We give, we surrender, when we do our duties. They are our social taxes. Duty is our measured contribution toward the social whole, immediately for the welfare of the whole. Natural rights are defined, not created, by the group for the immediate sake of ourselves, ultimately for the sake of our souls. Our rights separate us. Our duties merge us. Justice individualizes. Charity socializes.

Concurrent testimony of many of our leaders in every walk of life declares that re-statements of many human rights must be made in the work of social reconstruction. Of what will this avail, unless the work of re-construction re-educate the world in the understanding of duty and of its place in the moral balance of the universe. Social reconstruction must be, of course, to a great extent institutional. But to a greater extent it must be moral, social and spiritual. New understanding of the place of society in the life of the individual is imperative. No social

institution that is founded on rebellious hearts can be stable. Our moral, spiritual, social and cultural agencies must undertake to purify and strengthen the general sense of duty; to convince the world of the social, no less than the spiritual, value of renunciation and sacrifice. They must uncover to the eyes of men the deeper and purer charm of duty. All else without this is vain.

If religion has this social mission in the work of personal welfare, may we not feel reassured since our own dear Church brings so much of truth in its message, so much of promise in its resources, so much of strength in its sacramental ministry, so much of spiritual appeal in its effective words and its historical power. If each of us will but understand the glory of this present opportunity for us and for the Church, may we not hope that as a body we shall stand forth our own witness by the Grace of God. The Church must do her honorable part in standing before a world that is now the unhappy victim of divided council, and point the way to peace.

New understanding of social values, keener sense of duty, respect for the discipline that spiritual and social ends offer to selfishness, are first steps in any serious social reconstruction. And these steps lead toward God. How shall we find peace apart from Him?—William J. Kerby, Ph. D. in Catholic World.

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY

The verdict of history often reverses the popular estimate of contemporary chroniclers. This fact is borne in upon us by the events of today. Many of the great men whom the world honors will be forgotten a hundred years hence, many will be plucked by posterity from present obscurity to shine as stars in the world's firmament. A newspaper has recently discovered by searching through old files that after the celebration at Gettysburg the daily papers gave several columns to the two hour address of Edward Everett, and merely noted that among the speakers was President Lincoln. Yet Lincoln's two minute address at Gettysburg has become a national classic and Everett's two hour speech has been forgotten. The contemporaries of Socrates put him to death because he was accused of corrupting the youth; yet history enshrined him among the immortals.

Among the avatars of time are innumerable monuments erected by discerning posterity to heroes who were without honor in their time and country. Colossal failures in life become heroes after death. But perhaps the strangest example of the reversion of thought in these modern times is presented by the scene enacted in Rome at the canonization of St. Joan of Arc.

Five hundred years ago French soldiers betrayed this hero maid. English soldiers participated in her execution. Yet during the World War the name Jeanne d'Arc was the watchword at the battle of the Marne, French soldiers saluted her statues wherever they were met, and English soldiers, descendants of the troops who participated in the dastardly affair at the marketplace of Rouen five centuries before, sang gaily of her deeds, tipped their helmets to her guided statue in Paris, and drank in new courage at the shrines of Joan, the Maid.

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THE TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM

Happily Stopped When He Began To Take "Fruit-a-tives"

3 OTTAWA ST., HULL, P. Q. "For a year, I suffered with Rheumatism, being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine without relief and thought I would never be able to walk again. One day while lying in bed, I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it. The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the Rheumatism left me." LORENZO LEDUC. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

space in contemporary chronicles. But history will yield them a larger place than many who today tread the front of the stage. The canonizations, but lately celebrated at Rome will accomplish more for the unification of the world and establishment of peace among men than battles and armies, than paper agreements and Leagues of Nations. History will prove it.—The Pilot.

AN INTELLECTUAL BLOCKADE

Perhaps one of the most valuable lessons that the thoughtful readers of the daily press have learned since the War ended is the realization that much of the so called "news" offered them is quite untrustworthy. "Every edition of every newspaper," asserts Mr. Charles Grant Miller, sometime editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "is thickened with lies, and every sensible editor knows it." He complains that for the past five years we have suffered from a "world-wide famine in facts," and continues: "Assertion is little indication of the truth. The news of Russia, the Balkans, the Bosphorus and Central Europe mostly originates in London or is trimmed to London's shifting interests; tidings of conditions in England, France and Italy are carefully strained through the foreign news centers of Wall Street; and where all the rest of the world of interested if not interesting misinformation comes from the Lord only knows."

A similar indictment of the "kept press" is made by Sir Philip Gibbs, the English Catholic war correspondent, in a paper on "The Profession of Journalism for May." He writes: "At no previous time has the reading public been so suspicious of the 'press' presented to it by the English newspapers as it is today owing to the suppression, exaggeration or falsification of news for political reasons. . . . Formerly the newspaper-reading public believed that a statement of fact, the report of a speech, the description of an event, might be read as 'gospel truth' and that news was undoctored and uncensored. Now they have perceived that by emphasizing some aspect of the day's news, by omitting vital details, by the arrangement of type giving prominence to one set of facts, while another is hidden away in small type or suppressed altogether, the history of the world is distorted as in a convex or a concave mirror according to the control of its news services, and is often by no means a faithful, complete and truthful reflection of events."

Ruthless and disastrous as was the blockade against the Central Powers which was maintained by the Entente nations long after the armistice was signed, perhaps its effects will prove in the end no worse than are those of the blockade of men's minds which is still mercilessly enforced by the news controlling agencies of the United States, the Continent and particularly of England. Since the War began, and since it ended too, so many downright falsehoods have been published even by our "most reputable papers" about the Holy See and about Ireland, to name but two of the press's favorite objects of calumny, that the cautious Catholic reader has learned to regard with deep suspicion dispatches that come via London from Rome and Dublin. As long as journalism continues to be a "business" rather than a "profession" and unscrupulous capitalists and politicians are allowed to dictate the quality and quantity of the "news" we are to read, this deplorable intellectual blockade, from which the world has been suffering during the last five years, will probably go on. Let us hope, however, that the day is not far distant when we shall have an international Catholic news service that will be so effective and trustworthy that every paper in the land will be glad to use it.—America.

The best part of a man's treasure of merits are the things he has left unused.—Father Faber.

Pure hero worship is healthy. It stimulates the young to deeds of heroism; stirs the old to unselfish efforts and gives the masses models of mankind that tend to lift humanity above the commonplace meanness of common life.—Donn Platt.

\$50,000.00 REWARD. The following rewards have been offered in connection with the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small from Toronto, on December 2nd, 1919. \$50,000.00 for information leading to the return to Toronto of Mr. Small, if alive. \$15,000.00 for information leading to the discovery of the present whereabouts of the body if dead. \$5,000.00 for information leading to the return to Toronto of John Doughty, the former Secretary of Mr. Small, who is missing since December 28th, 1919. The above rewards are subject to the conditions recorded at Police Headquarters, Toronto. Address all communications to—"Chief Constable, Toronto." CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION. Administrator of Estates. Head Office, 10 Metcalfe St. Ottawa, Ont. Branch Office (Temporary) Grand Opera House Bldg., Toronto.

The Way to the West. DAILY SERVICE. Lvs. TORONTO (Union Station) 9.15 P.M. WINNIPEG BRANDON REGINA SASKATOON. CALGARY EDMONTON VANCOUVER VICTORIA. STANDARD TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAIN EQUIPMENT THROUGHOUT, INCLUDING NEW ALL-STEEL TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. Sun. Mon. Wed. Fri.—Canadian National all the way. Tues. Thurs. Sat.—Via G.T., T. & N.O., Cochrane thence C.W. Tickets and full information from nearest Canadian R.R. Railways' Agent. F. B. CLARKE, LONDON, ONT. or General Passenger Department, Toronto. Industrial Department Toronto and Winnipeg will furnish full particulars regarding land in Western Canada available for farming or other purposes.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS. B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows.



Lovely as when new! Those delicately tinted, filmy Georgette and Crepe blouses—those sheer and gossamer under things, laces, etc., are really benefitted by being cleansed with LUX. LUX takes out any perspiration stains—leaves everything fresh and NEW. You see, there is no rubbing with LUX and it is so pure that it will harm nothing at all that pure water itself may touch. LUX is matchless in purity—matchless in results. Lux is sold at all Grocers, Departmental Stores, etc. A handy recipe book, "The Care of Dainty Clothes" gladly sent free on request. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO 76. LUX.