

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Father Gasson on Reverence for Authority.

The well-known Jesuit Father Gasson's remarks to the young men assembled recently in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the Christian Principle of the Divine Authority for Civil Society, that is the basis of true patriotism and genuine loyalty, are so instructive, especially to young men about to be entrusted with the right to vote that we will give much pleasure in copying from the Columbian an authentic report of them for the benefit of readers of this department. Father Gasson spoke as follows:

That civil society is natural to man is a fact admitted by all sound thinkers. Take any part of the world where human beings are gathered together, and there, no matter how low the race may be in civilization, we shall find some form of society, some elementary form of government. There is, everywhere, when men are normal, a tendency to unite together, an irresistible impulse to form a moral union for the benefit of the entire number. Finding this impulse so deeply rooted in our nature that nothing can stay its outburst, may we not fairly conclude that civil society rests in its fundamental analysis, upon something more than human, upon something divine? Is it not true to assert that back of society is the Author of the race, who in His wisdom implanted this yearning for fellowship in order to bring out our highest powers and our noblest traits?

Now society cannot exist without some force to weld the separate units into a harmonious whole. This unifying force we call authority. Its mission is to unite the various members of the social structure into a compact whole, to direct them towards the common good, and to compel them whenever necessary, to desist from projects which menace the general well-being. Now, if society is of divine institution, and if society cannot exist without authority, it follows by logical necessity that we must recognize a divine sanction upon all lawfully established authority. Hence, the true citizen, the patriot, must always be marked by a deep and sincere reverence for authority. He who lacks this conscientious regard for the unifying power of society does not possess the shadow of genuine patriotism.

For real patriotism does not consist in the mere waving of flags, and colored banners; it does not consist in those ear-splitting noises which mark our Fourth of July celebrations, it does not consist in a Niagara outpouring of vapid rhetoric; it consists, if it is real and not counterfeited, in an inward motive, in the conviction that in being true to our country and in furthering her interests, we are carrying out the plan of God. Who placed empires and republics among men to lead them to their appointed end on earth. It is upon this lofty plane that patriotism must rest, if it is to be worthy of the name; and men must realize that the service of our country is not a matter of material aggrandizement or of family advancement, but an affair of bounden duty, an obligation holding in strict conscience. Hence the reverence for authority which we speak of must not be a mere superficial expression; it must spring from mind and heart, so that our esteem may be an inward principle urging us to those deeds which will insure the steady progress of the nation along the path of civic probity and of material prosperity.

Now authority speaks to the citizens of any realm through laws and enactments. Hence respect for law, scrupulous observance of state decrees must be the badge of the devoted citizen. I am not referring to any abnormal condition of affairs in which despotism may flourish and pass statutes inimical to the common weal or to the laws of God; I suppose a healthy condition of national life and a proper regard for the fundamental dictates of the natural law.

Has this scrupulous reverence for law and authority always made itself felt among us? Have there not been those who have wilfully trampled under foot regulations made to secure the best interests of all? Have we not known instances in which the law was flagrantly violated and the law-breakers openly boasted of their wrongdoing? Is this patriotism? Is this genuine citizenship? Sad, indeed, would be the day, didary would be the outlook should such transgressions find any toleration at the public count, or any support from popular applause.

If you saw a man pulling away the foundations of a stately edifice, would you not brand him as a villain? If you noticed a man sending on to the broad seas a mammoth vessel freighted with precious lives with a serious leak below the water line, would you not condemn him as a criminal? If you perceived a man applying the torch to a colossal hall crowded with men, women and children, would you not stamp his deed as that of a miscreant? Yet not less guilty, not less deserving our most vigorous condemnation are the men who make light of the laws of the commonwealth and who set at defiance the wise enactments of our legislators. They may strive to perjure their crime by claiming that the lawlessness was displayed in a trivial matter; but, gentlemen, there is nothing trivial when there is a question of honor or of principle. What would the venerable patriots who laid the broad and deep foundations of our country in justice and in loyalty, say could they have witnessed the scenes which thinking men will not soon forget?

To survey with equanimity the spirit of lawlessness, to lend countenance to evil conduct or to illegal deeds, to sanction even by a look a criminal act is to co-operate with those who are at heart the destroyers of the commonwealth, the slayers of their country. No land can endure where contempt for authority or disregard for law has found a firm foothold.

Gentlemen, let me urge you, to guard well the spirit of true reverence; let me urge you to stamp your very thoughts with the mark of true loyalty;

let me entreat you at all times and under all circumstances to refuse favor to those who, either for fancied gain or influence, seek by misdeeds to violate those laws which alone can secure stability and abiding prosperity."

Some Helpful Thoughts. It is immoral to do clumsily that which we ought to do skillfully, to do carelessly that which ought to be done with commensurate patience, to be satisfied with ugliness when beauty is within reach.—Hamilton Wright Mable.

Hail hearted work is useless. Unless we put ourselves with all the powers at our command into whatever we resolve to be, or do, it is not worth while to attempt it at all. Whatever task is put into our hands we are charged to do it with our might. The limp, the nerveless, the vacillating, advancing to day and retreating to-morrow, swinging like a pendulum between hope and despair—amount to nothing. It is the strong ones—strong to do or bear—who are needed.

Keep your heart pure. Only the clean of heart shall see God. Sensuality dims the eyes of the soul, and at last puts them out. Value too highly the purity of your mind to defile it with lascivious reading. Shun the impure tongue as would a scorpion. Pick your steps through life; keep out of the mire.—Most Rev. Dr. Keane.

Religion is for men. It cherishes the life of the soul. It shows the way to heavenly things. It trains in spirituality. It calls for the noblest manliness in resistance to the flesh. It makes of fortitude a virtue. It has no use for weakness or cowardice. It develops all the good traits. It makes for the highest type of character. Why, then, should not men aim to be devout?—Catholic Columbian.

In time of temptation struggle as hard as if it all depended on yourself; pray as hard as if it all depended on God. Such is the rule that we Christians must follow.

The man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something, that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan.

How Young Men Become Machines. A bookkeeper asks us for advice. He says he has been in the same position for twenty-five years with practically no raise of salary, that he is hopelessly in a rut because he has not had an opportunity to learn anything outside of what he has acquired in keeping books in the small establishment where he started as a boy.

This man is a type of tens of thousands of people who drift into ruts and never get out. But, why, my friend, did you get into this rut? It is true, you say you had a family depending upon you; that you had to work hard and had no chance to learn anything else, that your routine work absorbed all your time and energies. But, my friend, hundreds of young men in similar situations have managed to keep out of ruts. They have kept their minds growing by constant self-improvement until they have made what, to you, has been a rut, a stepping-stone for them to something higher.

There is not much hope for the man who is content to remain where he is, or who has not ambition enough in his life to long to better his condition.

You say that you are in a rut; but your mind got into rut first. If you had kept your eyes open, your mind open, your faculties alert, if you had formed the habit of an acquiring mind at the very outset of your career; if you had been determined to use your position only as a stepping stone to something higher, you would not have gotten into a rut. But when the mind reaches its limit and ceases to expand, when ambition does not prod a man until he exerts himself with all his might to get a little further on, a little higher up, there is not much hope for advancement.

I know some of these rutty bookkeepers who can hardly answer a question outside of their books. They look, but they do not see. They have formed the habit of the inquiring habit, the observing habit. They seem to think of anything that does not bear directly on bookkeeping is no concern of theirs. There is no hope of advancement for them because they have not prepared themselves for the next step above them. They have not foundation enough; they do not know enough about the business. During their rutty years, when they have been receiving practically the same salary, office boys, cash boys, boys who have entered the establishment for three or four or five dollars a week, have climbed away above them. The boys who have advanced have kept out of ruts because they would not allow their minds to become rutty. They have kept growing, and up with the times, and have read everything they could get hold of that would make them more intelligent and more expert in their specialty.

These boys, who came into the firm years after you, did not complain that the firm kept the employees in the same position a lifetime without advancing them. They were not afraid of ruts, and they had no better chance than you—not so good, in fact, because you were in there long before them. But a streak cannot rise higher than its fountainhead. You can not get above your ambition and your determination to realize your ambition.

The men in this country who have become practically machines, without originality, individuality, or enterprise, could not have been persuaded in their youth that they would ever become mere cogs in wheels or mere parts of the machines they are attending, mere mechanical slaves of the things they are doing. The process of their evolution in deterioration has been so insidious, so gradual, that they have scarcely noticed it.

It does not seem possible that a bright, intelligent youth could be so changed in his environment that he

should lose his progressiveness and gradually become contented to be a mere machine.

There is something in the monotony of doing routine work year in and year out, of tending a machine which does the principal part of the work, that is death to ambition, strangling the progressive spirit. Any work that does not require the constant exercise of ingenuity, of judgment, of originality, the constant reaching out of the mind for newer and better ways of doing things, will gradually and insidiously tend to destroy these faculties and to make a man a mere automaton.

Facilities must be exercised or they will not grow. Nature is too good an economist to allow us to keep any faculty or function which we do not employ. We can have just what we use, and that will constantly increase; everything else will be gradually taken away from us. Man becomes strong and powerful and broad just in proportion to the extent and healthfulness of the activity of his faculties; and it must not be one-sided, not an exercise of one or two faculties, or one set of faculties, or the man will topple over. Balance in life comes from the healthful exercise of all the faculties. One reason why we have so many one-sided men in this country is because they pursue one idea, exercise one side of their nature, and, of course, they cannot retain their balance. This is one of the curses of specialities. They are a good thing for the race, but death to the individual who pursues his specialty at the expense of the development of the all-around man.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES OF THE ROSARY

By LOUISA EMILY DORRICK.

The Annunciation.

DOROTHY.

"Are you disappointed in Europe?" asked Bess, as she noted the little sigh that escaped her friend, who in some respects was so friendly, in others so reserved and distant to her. The latter puzzled Bess very much, who was generally liked by her girl friends.

"I don't think so. I don't have as good a time as you do, as I can't speak foreign languages as you do," said Dorothy.

"I cannot think how you manage to talk so smartly to all those foreigners."

Bess laughed.

"Well, you see, when mother died I lived with my aunt in Chicago, who was German, and I had a French governess; so I learnt to chatter both languages, but I don't pass me in no timid in book learning, as I'd have to take a low seat where writing these languages is concerned."

"I can't imagine you doing that, anyway."

"Taking a low seat," said Dorothy, with a little laugh that effectively hid the bitterness of her feelings.

"Do you think me such a very pushing, bold girl, then?" asked Bess, who was amused.

"No, of course, I do not."

"Why you are far more clever than I am," said Bess. "You always were, even at school; you quite eclipsed me when we were in the same class. Where's Mr. Fuller this afternoon? Has he gone for a trip anywhere?"

"No. He gave up his plan of going on the lake, as he did not look the mountain called the Dent du Chat, which serves as a kind of barometer of the weather at Aix. And he said he'd be about here presently."

"There he is," said Bess, as she saw the tall, thin form of Mr. Fuller slowly approaching.

"We can go and meet him; I want to go round to the booth, a little olive-wood more of those, though mamma says we'll get them better in Italy."

"Then I think I'll leave you," said Bess, rising from the seat, "and go down to the church for a little."

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders.

"Very well. I suppose you think me a heathen because I don't go with you. Indeed, it isn't in my line now."

Bess, earnestly, a pained look coming into her beautiful face. "I am quite sure I don't do that. Only I love to go when I can. It sort of helps one on."

Dorothy did not answer, and Bess went down to the church, while Mr. Fuller joined his daughter, and went towards the Arc de Triomphe, and the little ray stalls with their pretty wares, the father strolled about. Away from Bess he had more courage in airing her French, and even trying a little Italian with the vendor of coral and olive-wood and consequently she was better pleased than when she was feeling eclipsed.

Mr. Fuller stood silently by, admiring Dorothy's attempts, and being prepared to pay whatever was demanded.

Certainly Dorothy found it very pleasant to be rich. She seldom thought about it, as having been accustomed to having all that money could give her ever since she could remember. She had taken it all as a matter of course, and in a way as her right; but that afternoon the contrast between herself and others seemed forced upon her, not only in the matter of money, but other things. As she walked back slowly to the hotel with her father, who had been joined by an American acquaintance, with whom he was discussing the latest New York news, she thought of many things, for the times and seasons in which people are brought face to face with themselves certainly vary very much, and often on the most unlikely occasions serious thoughts force themselves upon the soul.

They passed several poor invalids walking slowly along, with pain writ large upon their faces and movements. Two of them happened to be sitting at the same hotel as the Fullers, and Dorothy knew something of them, and how all that money could do had been done for them in the effort to bring back health and strength, and how very little hope there was that even the treatment at Aix would have any effect.

In no instance it was a young man, heir to a large property in Italy, now a

hopeless cripple; in another a newly married girl suffering from local rheumatism, the result of a drenching on her wedding tour in the Alps. Then there was the little frail boy, the one child of his widowed mother, who walked by the side of his wheel chair, her face tense with anxiety and nervous strain. All these had, as Dorothy knew, all the luxuries that wealth can give, and the alleviations of trial that it certainly can procure, but not efface.

When they came to the terrace of the hotel Mr. Fuller and his acquaintance went into the saloon, and Dorothy stopped to speak to a little grey-haired lady, with a pale face, who was just leaving the hall, and who certainly could not be classed amongst those who had money.

Dorothy knew her from having met her one day in the town when she had slipped and nearly fallen, and they had got into conversation. The little woman had told Dorothy her sad story. She was alone in the world, and had to earn her living, for she did not possess an income of her own, and hitherto she had given lessons. Then rheumatic gout had attacked and crippled her, and she had come to Aix in the hope of cure, and enabled to go by a lady who wanted her daughter chaperoned out to join her aunt. She was using all her little savings so as to try the treatment in the hope of getting well and being able to work; but as she told Dorothy, with tears in her eyes, there was very, very little hope about it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

Take care to stir up in yourselves deep veneration for the most kind Heart of Jesus, that heart so overflowing with love and mercy.

How pleasing are the meek of heart to the Heart of Jesus! Yes, He loves hearts full of sweetness, who know how to bear affronts and injuries without resentment.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Our dear Lord's blessed Heart is a very ocean of mercy. Peter and Thomas and Magdalen found it so. Then courage my soul! I too shall find it so.

True lovers of the Sacred Heart must be kind, but with the kindness of God. For as there are two sorts of Christians, so there are two sorts of kind nesses. One seeks a return, the other gives gratis. One is killed in a moment by any mortification, the other never shines so brightly as when, in order to be kind, we have to carry the Cross. Which of the two is the kindness of God?

It is the love of Christ for us, that love that made Him fulfil His mission of redemption, that He knew when we refer to His Sacred Heart. Of it, the Heart is only the symbol.

The Heart of Jesus is the most loving of hearts. And what a sacrifice that love cost Him! Behold Him hanging upon the cross; and what return is made to Him for this love? Think, too, that in addition, to all else, He has left us the Blessed Sacrament of His own Body and Blood to be our treasure, our comfort, and our support.

We who murmur and repine and chafe and fret all the day long if anything goes against us, call ourselves disciples of the Sacred Heart; and yet we have not so much as a will to bear the cross, much less to love it.

MARY IN SCOTLAND.

EARLY DEVOTION AND ITS PRESENT DAY INHERITANCE.

In the current number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review, Rev. Michael Barret, O. S. B., has an article on "Ancient Scotch Devotion to Mary," which shows how warmly the early Scotch loved Mary the Mother of God, and how devoted to her permeated their national life. Father Barret says this veneration was chiefly shown in the following ways: The dedication of churches, chapels and altars in the name of Mary; the traditional place-names of the country; pilgrimages to her shrines and wells; the veneration paid to her images; and the cherished hymns of the people.

Among all the religious orders, devotion to Mary manifested itself in the dedication of their churches in her name, and also among the secular clergy, three Catholics had Mary as their titular patron. To enumerate the churches and chapels which, through the length and breadth of Scotland rejoiced in having the Mother of God as their titular would be an impossibility," said Father Murphy, "not only on account of their number, but also because the title of so many has been altogether lost sight of." Scotland is full of places named after Mary, and the title "Our Lady" is still more numerous, as Father Murphy shows. There were "Mary Fairs" in those days, and many generous bequests for "Lady Altars" and churches dedicated to the Mother of God. Among the holy wells which bore her name were not a few to which miraculous powers were attributed. "The number of such wells cannot now be accurately estimated," said the chronicler. "In a list compiled in 1883 by Mr. J. Russell Walker for the Society of Antiquaries, seventy-five Mary wells are mentioned, but it

is probable that many are lost sight of.

"The devotion of centuries," concluded Father Murphy, "the honor intended by fervent donors to witness their love in after ages—though neglected and forgotten by faithless descendants—must surely bear fruit. It would seem, indeed, that the seed so long ago is already showing blossom. Turn to the Catholic Directory for Scotland, for proof. In the six dioceses which the country has possessed since the restoration of her hierarchy, as many as eighty-two churches at least will be found to rejoice in Our Lady as titular, either alone or in conjunction with another heavenly patron.

"Mary has indeed come back to Scotland, even though her presence is ignored by so many thousands of the Scottish nation. Her name is lovingly and daily invoked for the conversion of her altars rise again on every side. As so many pray for the prayers poured forth and the Masses offered in her honor during the ages of faith, combined with the lasting worship paid her by her loyal children during centuries of persecution and ridicule and contempt, are beginning now to draw down from heaven more abundant showers of grace, and will in God's good time be still more fully answered in the return of the people of the land to the faith they once cherished so dearly."

Drink is the Weight.

The Rev. Luke J. Evers of New York has been making a special effort recently to reach the many homeless men who congregate in the cheap lodging houses in the Bowery district of New York. He has visited many such resorts in an endeavor to induce the men to attend church. "Ignorant men you might suppose them," said Father Evers, "but the average of intelligence and education is not low. I met graduates of Oxford and Cambridge and of Catholic institutions of learning, and men who could quote lines from Latin and Greek verses, recite Shakespeare and argue politics. Drink is the weight that almost invariably has brought them to their present low level."—Sacred Heart Review.

Of all Catholic societies, said Cardinal Moran in a recent sermon at Sydney, Australia, that of the St. Vincent de Paul is closest to the heart of the Church. This is a great compliment to its members. But it is also a pointed reminder to the Catholic layman who is not counted in its membership.

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