

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN WHY TAKE LIFE SO SERIOUSLY.

Some of us are beginning to realize that we have taken life too seriously; that we have not had enough play in our lives; that we have not had half enough fun. Many business men see the fallacy of working too many hours a day.

Formerly men thought they must spend most or all of the daylight hours in working. Intense application to business had become almost a religion. But now they are beginning to learn that it is efficiency, mental vigor, freshness of mind and body, and not necessarily long hours, that do things; and that the mental vigor, freshness, and energy which produce efficient work are impossible when the body is weary and the brain is fagged; that mental robustness means physical robustness.

So there has been a steady shortening of the working hours of men of affairs, and an increasing of the play hours, just in proportion to the importance and efficiency of their work and responsibility.

Multitudes of men now find that they can accomplish very much more in a year by spending part of the time which they used to put into work in playing golf, tennis, or in some other recreation such as yachting or flying about the country in an automobile.

There are plenty of business men in this country at the head of great establishments who get through an enormous amount of work, who do not spend more than three or four hours a day in their offices, and who frequently take long vacations. They find that a good deal of play and mixing much with the world not only improves their health and multiplies their efficiency, but also gives them a broader, saner outlook.

There is no greater delusion than that we can accomplish more by working a great many hours, straining mind and body to the limit of endurance, than by working fewer hours with less strain, less fatigue, but with greater vigor, greater intensity.

Great efficiency, vigorous mental concentration, are impossible when the mind is overstrained, fatigued, or when we do not have sufficient recreation to restore its elasticity, its rebound. Many people have the idea that great achievement depends upon unceasing, strenuous industry, the everlasting grind. They think that the more they work the more they will accomplish.

The fact is that what we achieve in life depends upon the effectiveness of our work, upon our efficiency, rather than upon the length of time we work.

Many people who are capable of doing good work, do very inferior work, simply because they are in a run-down, jaded condition much of the time. Everywhere we see ineffective, botched work, inferior products because men do not keep themselves in a vigorous, healthy condition. They do not play enough, do not have sufficient exercise in their air; they do not have that recreation that refreshes, renews, and strengthens both mind and muscle. They take life too seriously.

When you have plenty of fun you work with more vigor, and with greater enthusiasm; you begin your day in better spirits, are more hopeful, and you leave your work at night happy, and in a more contented frame of mind. Many men work their employees so many hours, and so hard, that they do not keep fresh, buoyant and enthusiastic.

Where did the idea come from that we should take life so seriously, anyway? Why should a man be such a slave to his bread-winning? There is certainly something wrong in the very idea of sacrificing the juices of our lives for the husks which we get.

Remember that there is something else in the world just as important as making money, and a little more so. Your health, your family, your friendships should mean a thousand times more to you than dollar-chasing.

Life was given us for enjoyment, not for mere strenuous, straining industry. It is the dreary drudgery of scraping dollars together. Living-getting was intended to be only a more incidental in the larger life of growth, of freedom, of soul expansion, mind-enlargement.

Men could get fun out of their business if they only knew how, and by taking the drudgery out of it they would not only be happier, but they would be more prosperous.

A great many men fail because they are too serious; because they develop unsocial, morose, cold qualities which repel, and which make them poor mixers. It is the sunny, happy nature which attracts friends and trade. The too-serious people seem to say, "Keep away from me, life is too serious a matter to be spent on trivial things." They are dry, and rutty, because there is not enough play in their lives to furnish the necessary lubrication, variety, or change. It is well known that many have come insane because they have not had enough play in their lives.

Some people think it is undignified to give full play to their fun-loving instinct. They think they must be thoughtful, sober-minded, very dignified, if they would carry any weight in the world, and not be degraded as light-headed and frivolous. We have all seen people who go about with their finger on their lips, figuratively speaking, as though they feared they might laugh out loud or say something funny. "Away with these fellows who go howling through life," wrote Bovecher, "and all the while passing for birds of paradise. He that can not laugh and be gay should look to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into life."—O. S. M. in Success.

Suggested Vacation Reading. A correspondent of Church Progress, writing us to ask about suitable books to read on vacation, is answered as follows: "Take a catechism and a Bible. The reason for the former you may guess. And, perhaps, you will be aware that the late Pope Leo XIII. granted a special indulgence to everyone who spent a quarter of an hour in reading and meditating on the latter, so actions was he to have the faithful familiarize themselves with the written Word of God."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. PEGGY'S COURAGE.

Peggy came out of the house and sat down on the farthest corner of the porch steps. It was the only place that she could think of where, at this time on a Saturday morning, there was any likelihood of her being alone for a little while. There were so many people in her family that the house was always full, and on Saturdays, when the boys were all home, the barn, the cart house, the big sweep of lawn, and pasture, and orchard, seemed frequented.

Just now, Peggy simply had to be alone; for, try as she might, she could not keep the tears from coming into her eyes. In Peggy's philosophy of life, she could imagine no greater cause of bitterness than that anyone should suspect she ever cried. And yet, when one's heart is full of disappointment, it seems impossible to keep from being at least a little bit of a baby.

A week ago Dick had promised her as faithfully as could be that when Saturday morning came, he would make her a flower garden. Now Saturday morning was here—just the right kind of spring sunshine and warm summer promise—and Dick had gone off to town with Nan, his biggest sister. Of course, Peggy knew that Dick had not done it on purpose, that he had only forgotten, but that was the very reason why she was so miserable. It was not the garden she cared so much about; probably she could get one of the other boys to dig that for her, if she asked him. But she had counted so much on spending this morning with Dick, the big warm-hearted, impulsive brother she loved more than anybody else in the world. She knew, too, that if, when she had seen Dick and Nan mount their horses, she had reminded Dick of his promise, he would have been instantly penitent, and managed to dig that garden. But Peggy thought she would rather have done almost anything than remind him. So now she sat on the step, bravely humming a tune to help her fight back her tears.

"Hello, Peggy? Where's Dick? You're usually his shadow on Saturdays."

Peggy gave one heroic gulp before she looked up to greet Tom Denning, Dick's chum, who lived next door. "He's gone to town with Nan," she answered bravely.

"Has he?" Tom seated himself on the step beside Peggy. "Did they go horseback?"

Peggy nodded, while Tom's eyes brightened knowingly. "Did Nan ride the colt?"

Peggy nodded again. "My, but that girl's plucky!" The admiration in Tom's tone was strong. "That colt's as lively as you'll find them, and not more than half broken, and she has the nerve to ride him to Lewis! That's what Dick took her for—so people could see the grit she has. He's as proud of her as can be, and I don't blame him."

This praise of Nan, coming as it did at the moment of her unhappiness, was too much for Peggy. A little pulse of self-pity beat in her throat. "He promised to dig my flower garden," she said, then she stopped. She did not know how she had let those words escape her. She must be even a bigger baby than she had thought—one of the "whiny kind," who had to tell people about their troubles. That Tom recognized this, the soothing note in his voice seemed to show, as he answered sympathetically: "Never mind, Peggykins. I'll dig your garden for you."

For a moment Peggy felt as if she must jump to her feet, stamp them and tell Tom right out that he was not going to dig her garden, that nobody in the world was going to dig it except Dick. But she had learned to war with her passionate little nature, and now it took only a minute's struggle to make her say calmly: "Thank you, Tom."

She did not at first mean to accept his offer, but almost before she knew it, Tom had set to work. He did dig the garden beautifully, and Peggy watched him with admiration, helping him where she could, and chatting along bravely. She had conquered herself at last. If Tom had seen her be a baby for a moment, he was not going to think she was that way all the time.

Still, Peggy was glad when the work was done and Tom had sauntered off towards the barn in search of Steve, her second oldest brother. The fact that her garden was ready for planting had not lightened her trouble at all. In fact some of Tom's words had made it heavier than ever. Yes it was true, Dick was proud—more than ordinary proud—of Nan and her daring, and the most trying part of it all was that Nan was so worthy of his pride. Peggy tried to think, but she could not remember a time when Nan had showed herself the least bit of a baby. Nan never was known to complain, no matter what happened, and Peggy did not believe there was a thing in the world her sister was a bit of. Peggy admired Nan for this as much as anybody did, and strove hard to imitate her. Not that she was so brave, but in Peggy's Dick's a minute, was the thing that hurt Peggy; not yet Peggy felt sure that Nan did not love Dick nearly as much as she did. Nan had always been lots the chummiest with Ned.

Suddenly a new idea occurred to her and the seriousness of her face changed to eager animation. "I just believe," she declared, half aloud, "I just believe that the truly bravest person is the one who's really afraid and who cares, but who acts about things as if she didn't care. And that's the kind I'm going to be. I've tried before, but I never really understood about it. Now, I know I can do it, and maybe, after I've tried a long, long time, Dick will see I'm really brave, and love me for it. And then, when he loves me, he won't forget."

The gloom of her former mood was so suddenly and completely gone that she almost laughed to think how unhappy she had been.

"That's why Steve calls me a weather-cock," she thought, "because I feel so many kinds of different ways in such a little while." She laughed again, not for any particular reason, merely because some kind of expression seemed necessary. "Oh," she sighed, "I wish something would happen right off now, so I could show how brave I'm going to be."

She rose to her feet and gazed vacantly up the road. "Why, what's that?" she exclaimed suddenly, her eyes growing big, and her body trembling with excitement.

Down the road two horses were approaching at a breakneck speed. The foremost one, running at a pace the other could not equal, was the colt and on his back was Nan, clinging to the saddle horn, and trying vainly to recover the reins, which were trailing on the ground near the horse's forehead in a way that maddened him. Peggy clasped her two hands together so hard they hurt, then unclasped them again, while she called at the top of her voice: "Oh, father! Steve! Ned! Tom! James! Come, quick, just as quick as you can. Oh, hurry! hurry!"

She had read the significance of the situation in a second. "Dick's trying to head the colt off, but he can't; he's too fast for him," she thought, as she shut her eyes tight. Nan was so near, she couldn't look. Then suddenly her eyelids opened again. "But somebody's just got to stop that horse."

STRICKEN FATHER TABB.

The sad news of the probable ending of Father Tabb's physical sight is only too well borne out by the following communication from the distinguished victim: "Dear Sir: Please let me make to my friends through your paper the following statement: My sight nearly gone, I remain where I am, but as the faculty would generally have me—a pensioner of the college—but paying as long as I am able full board. It is only to keep me from seeking some asylum that the faculty consents to my having my own way—the greatest kindness it can do me."

In the August "Atlantic Monthly" the subject was touchingly broached by Father Tabb in the following terse stanza: "Back to the primal gloom Where life began, As to my Mother's womb, I'd fain return. Not to be born again but to remain; And in the Schools of Darkness learn What mean 'The things unseen.'"

In his ordinary physical condition the true poet has always an inner perception, like that of the prophet. May we not hope that "the things unseen," of which Father Tabb has been dreaming, may, by the help of this poet's faculty, in his altered state be rendered clear as light and beautiful as dawn on a summer morning, and that it will continue to depict the life of the soul and mind with Meissonier touch, as he has been doing?—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY REV. J. T. BOCHE, I. L. D.

One of the most beautiful passages in Sienkiewicz's famous novel, "With Fire and Sword," is that in which is pictured the last moments of the great Polish warrior Pan Jan. Wounded to the death, with the bodies of his Tartar foes piled high about him, like a true Christian soldier he prepares to meet his God, slowly and deliberately he makes his net of contrition, and then as his life-blood slowly ebbs away, he turns for aid and comfort to the gentle mother of the Saviour and pours out his soul to her in the beautiful words of the Litany. As his lips murmur "Queen of Angels," with his face still to the foe he sinks down; and the author tells us that the Angels of God took up his brave soul and laid it down as a pure pearl at the feet of their Queen."

In these words the writer bears testimony to a prevalent middle-age practice of the faithful. They memorized the litanies of the Church, and made them an essential part of their daily prayers. In those days long prayers were the rule, rather than the exception; and they had not yet arrived at the stage where brevity was considered the first characteristics of effective prayer. I sometimes feel that our Catholic people do not appreciate how beautiful a form of prayer our approved litanies are. Too many of them never think of opening a prayer-book except on Sunday. The few minutes of oral prayer offered up by the average Catholic generally includes the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed, and the Confiteor. Morning and night prayers, as they are given in our manuals of piety, are seldom recited. Mental prayer is not even so much as thought of; and yet many Catholics complain that they cannot pray, more than that they do not know how to pray. The Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus is a veritable mine of spirituality. Our Lord Himself is addressed by a great variety of beau-

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tiful titles, and it is impossible to repeat this prayer without being moved to sentiments of contrition, and without being inspired with a deeper love and confidence in the Savior and Redeemer of the world. The same is largely true of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Mother of God is appealed to under a great variety of titles. The heights above and the depths beneath—in fact the whole realm of nature—as been searched for terms in which to pay tribute to Mary's charity and zeal for souls. Every term is a hymn of praise; every title is a sublime prayer. All spiritual writers agree that the ejaculatory form of prayer is most effective. The Litany is a long list of beautiful ejaculations, with a simple "pray for us" at the end of each. I believe that every Catholic boy and girl ought in early years to memorize this Litany of the Blessed Virgin. They will find it the true armor of God in the hour of temptation. So long as they know it prayer will never be wanting to their lips. It furnished material for all moods and all spiritual conditions. It tells a story of Catholic faith and love and confidence coming down through the ages and finding expression in the poetical terms of the rarest beauty, as well as of the deepest spirituality. It can be recited anywhere—at

work, on the streets, or in the privacy of one's home; and it has an eternal newness and freshness not possessed by many other forms of prayer. Fathers and mothers ought to see to it that their boys and girls learn this beautiful Litany by heart. I believe, too, that what the great novelist says of the Polish warrior will be true of all those who die with this beautiful Litany upon their lips; the angels of God will take up their souls and lay them down forever at the feet of God's Blessed Mother and the Angels' Queen.

THE CATHOLIC (?) MASON A DOUBLE TRAITOR. From an Exchange. Joseph W. Pomfrey, a thirty-third degree Mason and editor of "The Five Points Fellowship," Covington, Ky., has the right idea of Catholics who wish to become Masons. He says: "His Holiness Pius X., following the noble example of the long line of illustrious Pontiffs of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, has recently issued an encyclical forbidding the laity of the Roman Catholic Church uniting with the Masonic fraternity. For so issuing, he is entitled to the everlasting gratitude of Masons the world over, for the very

good reason that the encyclical will have the effect to keep out of the Masonic order an undesirable class of men. A Roman Catholic becoming a member of the Masonic order and claiming to hold his membership in the Roman Catholic Church, cannot be true to both, and if false to either, he cannot be true to either. It is fair to infer that it is not the sublime teachings of Freemasonry that has attracted the Roman Catholic, but only the substantial benefits he hoped would accrue to him by becoming a Freemason.

When Scandal Comes. Of course it is inevitable that from time to time scandals will take place. Such occurrences are no reflection on the Catholic Church, for the Church has no promise of the infallibility of her members. * * * Popes, and Bishops, and priests, and nuns are men and women like ourselves, subject to human temptations and liable to fall away unless they themselves correspond with the graces they receive. It is no more an argument against the Church that a priest or nun should quit the ranks of the faithful, than it is an argument against truth that persons should be found who tell lies.—London Monitor and New Era.

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