

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## A MAN'S MOTHER

"Your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting as a woman must fight. She worked, not the eight or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four hour day of the poor wife and mother. She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs. She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph. She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on. She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked. She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows. Remember this now while there is yet time, while she is yet living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all."—Bx.

## WORDS FOR YOUNG MEN

1. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you. 2. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is, at the best, painted lies. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality. 3. The nobility of life is work. We are living in a working world. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My father worketh, hitherto and I work." Let that text be enough. 4. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine. 5. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous. 6. Do one thing well. "Be a whole thing at one time." Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing, do it, and be done with it.—The Missionary.

## DAWDLING

An over-worked young man is certainly not to be grudging the pleasure of once in a while thoroughly unhitching and enjoying the delights of laziness. It only he finds, in proper time, the way back to well-ordered life! Unluckily this return is often hindered by a serious misunderstanding: on the one side he sees only the refreshing gratification of all his desires, humors, and inclinations—on the other side stands, dark and joyless, the categorical imperative of duty threatening, like a foreign power, to subjugate him more and more. But life is short—therefore let us have a good time and enjoy ourselves as long as possible: "Yet is the blooming golden time—yet are the days of roses."

The error consists in the mistaken notion that only an unhampered

way of one's impulses means personal life and that all rigorous restraint and strict husbandry of time is an alien law—the extinction of personal liberty. As a matter of fact, "blooming golden time" is found wherever the will of man is engaged in forceful and persevering activity: personal life means a victorious advance of the mind against the power of exterior things, a triumph of character over circumstances and accidents and over the resistance of body and nerves. Hence there is nothing which so essentially belongs to the realization of personal life as a determined fight against all dawdling lethargy and aimless waste of time. That a strict apportionment of time is also demanded by one's duty and responsibility, is a consideration apart; for the present we are bringing home to ourselves how sleepiness of volition and surrender to whims and contingencies is a mark of declining life and not of youthful vigor. To wage war against interior sluggishness is the true glory of a young man, and for such warfare self-chosen tasks offer the finest opportunity, precisely because they are the fruit of personal initiative and not the result of pushing tutelage. Take as much recreation as you please—but attack your work always with the whole man, subdue your indolent self as a rider does his stubborn horse, while at your task fight against all superficiality and fickleness, against that dawdling in the midst of work which is almost more fatal to the will power than complete laziness! You will experience that such strenuous attitude of your character against dawdling means a real cure for your vital force, and that, as a consequence, more youthful vigor will radiate from you than from the whole collection of anaemic holiday songs!—Southern Guardian.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE BOY MARTYR OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

From Truth

Oh, Mother, won't you let all the stories, this month be about Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament?" said Betty, the day after her First Holy Communion.

"Yes, Betty dear, I was just waiting for you to ask for that. You can't learn too much about the love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and how He has filled the hearts of some of His children with love for Him. Now that you have joined the rest of our family in the practice of daily Communion, we are going to let all the stories this month relate to the Blessed Sacrament. To-day, we will listen to that beautiful story told by Cardinal Newman in his book, "Fabiola," about a little altar boy of the second or third century. But here are Newman's own words:

Beautiful and bright dawned the morning of the day on which a band of martyrs were to be led forth to the Flavian amphitheatre, there to offer up their lives to God in the arena. The Christians had made arrangements for the conveyance of the Blessed Eucharist to the martyrs in their prison to strengthen and console them as they went forth to face the fury of the beasts.

To carry the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Rome was a difficult and dangerous undertaking,

especially on the morning of the games, when the fierce passions of the populace were more than ever roused against the Christians.

Who was to undertake the task? The Blessed Sacrament had been consecrated, and the priest turned round from the altar on which it was placed, to see who would be its safest bearer. Before any other could step forward the young acolyte Tarcisus knelt at his feet. With his hands extended before him, ready to receive the Sacred Deposit, with a countenance beautiful in its lovely innocence as an angel's, he seemed to entreat for preference and even to claim it.

"Thou art too young, my child," said the kind priest, filled with admiration of the picture before him.

"My youth, holy father, will be my best protection. Oh I do not refuse me this great honor." The tears stood in the boy's eyes, and his cheeks glowed with a modest emotion, as he spoke these words. He stretched forth his hands eagerly, and his entreaty was so full of fervor and courage that the plea was irresistible. The priest took the Divine Mysteries, wrapped up carefully in a linen cloth, then in an outer covering, and put them on his palms, saying: "Remember, Tarcisus, what a treasure is entrusted to thy feeble care. Avoid public places as thou goest along; and remember that holy things must not be delivered to dogs, nor pearls be cast before swine. Thou wilt keep safely God's sacred gifts."

"I will rather die than betray them," answered the holy youth as he folded the heavenly trust in the bosom of his tunic, and with cheerful reverence started on his journey. There was a gravity beyond the usual expression of his years stamped on his countenance as he tripped lightly along the streets, avoiding equally the more public and the too low thoroughfares.

As he was approaching the door of a large mansion, his mistress, a rich lady without children, saw him coming, and was struck with his beauty and sweetness as, with arms folded on his breast, he was hastening on.

"Stay one moment, dear child," she said, putting herself in his way: "tall me thy name, and where do thy parents live?"

"I am Tarcisus, an orphan boy," he replied, looking up smilingly; "and I have no home save one which it might be displeasing to thee to hear."

"Then come into my house and rest; I wish to speak to thee. Oh, that I had a child like thee!"

"Not now, noble lady, not now. I have entrusted to me a most solemn and sacred duty, and I must not tarry a moment in its performance."

"Then promise to come to me tomorrow; this is my house."

"If I am alive I will," answered the boy with a kindled look, which made him appear to her as a messenger from a higher sphere. She watched him a long time, and after some deliberation determined to follow him.

Soon, however, she heard a tumult, with horrid cries, which made her pause on her way, until they had ceased, when she went on again.

In the meantime, Tarcisus, with his thoughts fixed on better things than her inheritance, hastened on, and shortly came to an open space, where boys just escaped from school were beginning to play.

"We just want one to make up the game; where shall we get him?" said the leader.

"Capital!" exclaimed another, "here comes Tarcisus, whom I have not seen for an age. He used to be an excellent hand at all sports. Come, Tarcisus," he added, stopping him and seizing him by his arm.

"Whither so fast? Take a part in our game; that's a good fellow."

"I can't, Pothinus, now; I really can't; I am going on business of great importance."

"But you shall," exclaimed the first speaker, a strong and bullying youth, laying hold of him. "I will have no sulking when I want anything done; so come, join us at once."

"I entreat you," said the poor boy, feelingly, "do let me go."

"No such thing," replied the other. "What is that you seem to be carrying so carefully in your bosom? Give it to me, and I will put it by safely while we play." And he snatched at the Sacred Deposit in his breast.

"Never, never," answered the child, looking up towards heaven.

"I will see it," insisted the other rudely. "I will know what it is, this wonderful secret." And he commenced pulling him roughly about. A crowd of men from the neighborhood soon got round; and asked eagerly what was the matter. They saw a boy who, with folded arms, seemed endowed with a supernatural strength, as he resisted every effort of one much bigger and stronger to make him reveal what he was bearing. Cuffs, pulls, blows, kicks, seemed to have no effect. He bore them all without a murmur, or an attempt to retaliate; but he unflinchingly kept his purpose.

"What is it? What can it be?" one began to ask the other. Fulvius chanced to pass by. He at once recognized Tarcisus having seen him at the ordination; and being asked, as a better dressed man, the same question, he replied contemptuously, as he turned on his heel: "What is it? Why, only a Christian ass, bearing the Mysteries."

This was enough. Fulvius knew well the effect of his words. Heathen curiosity to see the Mysteries of the Christians, and to insult them, was aroused, and a general demand was made to Tarcisus to yield up his charge. "Never with life," was the reply. A heavy blow nearly stunned him, while the blood flowed from the

wound. Another and another followed, till, covered with bruises, but with arms crossed fast upon his breast, he fell heavily on the ground.

The mob closed upon him, and were just seizing him to tear open his sacred trust, when they felt themselves pushed aside, right and left, by some giant strength. Some went reeling to the further side of the square, others were spun round and round, they knew not how, till they fell where they were, and the rest retired before a tall, athletic officer, who was the author of this overthrow. He had no sooner cleared the ground, than he was on his knees and, with tears in his eyes, raised up the bruised and fainting boy as tenderly as a mother could have done, and in most gentle tones asked him: "Are you much hurt, Tarcisus?"

"Never mind me, Quadratus," answered he, opening his eyes with a smile; "but I am carrying the Divine Mysteries; take care of them."

The soldier raised the boy in his arms with tender reverence, as if bearing not merely the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice, a martyr's relics, but the very King and Lord of Martyrs, and the Divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child's head leaned in confidence on the stout soldier's neck, but his arms and hands never left their watchful custody of the confided Gift; and his gallant bearing felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried. No one stepped him, till a lady met him, and stared amazedly at him. She drew near and looked closer at what he carried. "Is it possible?" she exclaimed in terror, "is that Tarcisus, whom I met a few moments ago, so fair and lovely? Who can have done this?"

"Madam," replied Quadratus, "they have murdered him because he was a Christian."

The lady looked for an instant at the child's countenance. He opened his eyes upon her, smiled, and expired. From that look came the light of faith; she hastened to be a Christian likewise.

The venerable Dionysius could hardly keep his weeping as he removed the child's hands, and took from his bosom unviolated the Holy of Holies, and he thought he looked more like an angel now, sleeping the martyr's slumber, than he did when living, scarcely an hour before. Quadratus himself bore him to the cemetery of Callistus, where he was buried amidst the admiration of older believers; and later the holy Pope Damasus composed for him an epitaph, which no one can read without concluding that the belief in the Real Presence of our Lord's Body in the Blessed Eucharist was the same then as now:

Christ's secret gifts by good Tarcisus borne,  
The mob profanely bade him to display;  
He rather gave his own limbs to be torn,  
Than Christ's celestial to mad dogs betray.

STUDY YOUR CATECHISM

As the hot season is at our doors, we are naturally thinking, at least many of us, about a vacation, and that necessitates in most instances some travel. Then we are picturing the company of fellow tourists in the cars and meeting those who are continually talking about religion. The Catholic Church will come up for discussion. Not a few will be engaged in conversation who have at their fingers' ends the common stock of arguments and objections against our holy faith. It may be well to know the best way of acting under such circumstances.

Good advice upon this subject is offered by a Catholic writer. He says:

"We have not got obligations mixed. We do not want to defend persons in order to establish principles. To advocate persons is outside the argument proving religion true, and besides would make the conversation endless. There is a whole heaven of difference between principles and persons. The rectitude or malice of the one is far apart from the truth or falsehood of the other. Pin down to the principles of faith; you can smile for an hour and a half at the objections urged against them. You may be always certain that they are misrepresentations or humbug, more ridiculous to a Catholic than they could be to a heathen or infidel. Hold to simple truths with words. Only falsehood is a tangle in itself and a maze in its expression. It will take you some time before you get your adversary to announce himself correctly, and do not begin until he does that. No matter what he ends with make him commence with the dictionary. The great mistake a Catholic often makes is to begin in the second period of a discussion to assail one who is constantly shifting his ground, changing the original subject, and not knowing where he is at, or the purpose of his speech. Don't hurry! Truth does not need you, nor haste to assert itself. Be calm! Be kind! You may not be as clever as the preacher who, when asked, why does a priest wear a dog collar, retorted: 'To distinguish him from the cur that asked the question.' You may not be eloquent in giving a reason for your faith, but you will be forceful if true, and truth after all, has an inherent beauty and goodness that will ever charm to win a mind or soul. Its plain expression yields a sublime result. Ever remember that the enemies of our faith are mere guzzlers of words,

glittering nothings that like soap bubbles vanish before the breath of logic."

That is good advice. The best is to study your catechism and be imbued with its truths. That will suffice for the heretic, the schismatic, the unbeliever and agnostic.—Intermountain Catholic.

## THIS MUST BE REMEMBERED

This is again the time when Catholic parents must shut their ears to the plea of the grammar school graduate that he would sooner go to work than to high school. There should not be a question as to what course to follow unless extreme poverty bars the thought of a higher education. It must be borne in mind that every day leaves to the youth of half an education fewer chances in life. Just because the boy has no ambition to become a priest, lawyer or doctor, is no reason why he should not be sent to a secondary school. The consequent training begets new ambitions and ideals. Engineering, pedagogy and sociology are but a few of the vocations of life that reveal their possibilities and enchantment only to the student who goes beyond the merest elements of knowledge.

This is without a doubt the day of the young man. Every course in life is open to him and will give him chances and distinctions which yesterday were withheld for the man of maturer years. If your son is to share in the glorious deeds of tomorrow he must be sent into the ring equipped for the struggle. Nor should his immature mind be permitted to determine when his equipment is complete.

On the other hand, with the Catholic parent there should be no question as to the school most suited to his children's need. There is but one, the Catholic college and academy.—New World.

## NOT THE MONARCHY BUT THE CHURCH

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, writing in the Dublin Review, expresses disagreement with a writer in the Fortnightly Review who maintains that it was the Monarchy "that kept together and developed the modern currents of civilization." In the opinion of Mr. Belloc it was not the Monarchy but the Church that was the great constructive and conservative force in the development of our modern civilization. Under the caption: "The Entry into the Dark Ages," he says: "All other civilizations have been shattered or have died. Ours in a perpetual change has preserved its identity and has proved unceasingly vital. The institution which preserved it, the institution which performed the continuous miracle of creation within the European body is not the Monarchy—that only held the ruler. The Church—that vitalized was the Church."

In this connection the opinion of President Wilson is of interest. In an address at Lakewood, N. J., he said: "Every chancellor in Europe, every court in Europe was ruled by those learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and then dominant Church."

No society is renewed from the bottom. I can give you an illustration concerning that, that has always interested me profoundly. The only reason the Government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which governed them, was that the men who were efficient instruments of Government—most of the officials of the Government—the men who were efficient—were drawn from the Church, from that great body which was then the only Church, that body which we now distinguish from other church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church."

The Roman Catholic Church, then as now, was a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become the Pope of Christendom. So, what kept Government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of sap from the bottom, from the ranks, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood.—Truth.

MEMORIALS OF SACRIFICE.

It is neither a superficial nor a materialistic view of religious activity which measures faith and zeal by the material monuments they rear. Most Catholic temples, at least, are the memorials of sacrifice, and sacrifice is the fine flower of the Christian life, the last and unanswerable argument for its sincerity. Even the poet Heine, himself half a pagan, saw this truth when he exclaimed at the sight of one of the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages—"Ah, men in those days had convictions! Now they have only opinions."—The Catholic Universe.

PREPARING FOR EMERGENCIES

Replying to a letter of two senators asking what arrangements had been made for military chaplains in case of mobilization, the Italian Minister for War has explained that priests who are liable for military service are selected for the spiritual assistance of the men and that in addition to those a list is being kept of all priests who have offered their services to this end, and those services will be accepted if need arises.

The direction of the Catholic Action in Rome has, on the same subject, mobilization, made arrangements for its members to take their share in the "civil mobilization"—that is the replacing of civil servants who are called to the colors.—Church Progress.

CENTENARY OF ST. COLUMBANUS

This year occurs the thirteenth centenary of St. Columbanus, the great Irish saint whose memory is honored in the Italian hill-town of Bobbio, where he has a magnificent shrine. Five years ago this shrine was visited by Cardinal Logue who desired in recalling the glories of its past traditions to revive the national Irish pilgrimage to St. Columbanus.

His Eminence, who has a great devotion to the saint, has now conceived and brought into being a new Irish Catholic society to be known as the Knights of St. Columbanus. It will be based on the same principles as the celebrated American order of the Knights of Columbus and indeed the founders have been in communication with the latter regarding their constitution.

So well is the movement going already that a meeting of the general council was held in Belfast a few days ago when a most satisfactory report was put in, showing that several branches were in course of formation. It is hoped to hold a grand annual reunion in some part of Ireland, and the first will take place this year in November. When the war is over and conditions are once more settled, the knights hope to lead a grand Irish national pilgrimage to Bobbio to pay homage to the great saint.—Church Progress.

AMERICAN RELIEF OF BELGIUM A SUCCESS

"No phase of the war has meant more to American reputation than the work of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium. Herbert C. Hoover, head of the commission, an American mining engineer, has given the world a new conception of what executive ability means. For the first time in the world's history, American brains have made possible the feeding of an entire destitute nation."

Gifford Pinchot paid this tribute to the efforts being made in Belgium and Northern France.

"For the first time in the history of the war," said Mr. Pinchot, "a whole nation of 7,000,000 people in Belgium, to say nothing of 7,000,000 more in France, are being fed because they cannot feed themselves. It is a marvelous achievement."

Grain is brought into Belgium by canal from Rotterdam. It is taken to the docks, where the agents of the commission arrange for the distribution of the food to the committees located in each province. The grain and other supplies are given to bakers and provision merchants, and it is seen that they reach only Belgians entitled to receive it.—True Voice.

## MADE IN CANADA

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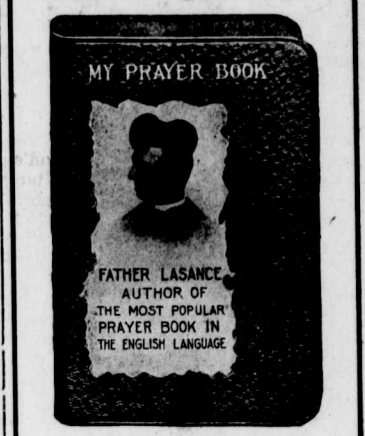
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