

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

FIND TIME OR MAKE IT

Opportunity tapped at a door
With a chance for the brother
within;
He rapped till his fingers were sore,
And muttered: "Come on, let me in;
Here is something I know you can
do;
Here's a hill I know you can climb."
But the brother inside very quickly
replied:
"Old fellow, I haven't got time."

Opportunity wandered along
In search of a man who would rise.
He said to the indolent throng:
"Here's a chance for the fellow who
tries."

But each of them said with a smile:
"I wish I could do it, but I'm very
busy."

Very busy today, and I'm sorry to
say
That I really haven't got time."

At last Opportunity came
To a man who was burdened with
care.

And said: "I now offer the same
Opportunity that has been theirs.
Here's a duty that ought to be done.
It's a chance if you've got the time
to take it."

Said the man with a grin: "Come
along, pass it in."

I'll either find time, or I'll make it."

Of all the excuses there are
By which this old world is accursed,
This "haven't got time" is by far
The poorest, the feeblest, the worst.
A delusion it is, and a snare;
If the habit is yours, you should
shake it.

For if you want to do what is offered
to you
You'll find time to do it, or make it.

—Detroit Free Press

HOW TO KILL A SOCIETY

1. Don't come.
2. If you do come, come late.
3. If too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold, don't think of coming.
4. Kick if you are not appointed on a committee, and if you are appointed, never attend a committee meeting.

5. Don't have anything to say when you are called upon.
6. If you do attend a meeting, find fault with the proceedings and work done by other members.
7. Hold back your dues, or don't pay them at all.
8. Never bring a friend whom you think might join.
9. Don't do anything more than you can possibly help to further the association's interest; then, when a few take off their coats and do things, howl that the club is run by a clique.—The Tablet.

SYCOPHANTIC CATHOLICS

It is much to be regretted that some of our young men do not seem to understand that they endanger their Catholic faith and give scandalously bad example when they become members of societies that are directly under the control of heretical denominations.

Some of these youths, wishing to explain such action, flatter themselves that they are broad-minded, progressive, and possess a larger view of life than others who draw the creed line closely in religious matters. Affiliation of this kind is evidence, not of breadth of mind, but of sycophancy.

It is not a larger view of life which makes them associate with men who deny the divinity of our Lord, who in word and deed repudiate the doctrines, Sacraments and practices of the Catholic Church; whose ideas of God, religion, education and morality are based upon principles that are false and pernicious; whose ignorance of Catholic faith and history is simply dense; men who have been trained in and surrounded by an atmosphere of misrepresentation and prejudice; men, who are under the direction of sycophants. Surely, consistent with influence like these is not evidence of genuine and sturdy faith in all the sacred truths which the Catholic Church believes, teaches and practices.

It is an old maxim that "as a man thinks, so he is." And while we may have respect for many amiable qualities possessed by Protestants, because at times, even unconsciously, they live according to Catholic principles, their environment has been so different from that of Catholics that their view of God's law, of home, of morals, of marriage, of divorce, of religious duties, of life, death and eternity is vague, so weak, so full of vitally dangerous errors that it is replete with peril to Catholics who are brought in contact with it in sectarian associations.

To seek membership in such organizations is not excusable under the plea that financial success and social prestige are gained thereby. The end does not justify the means in this case. The price paid is too great. It is not permitted to sell our Catholic faith and brightness for a mess of pottage. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his soul?"

Besides there is no dearth of social or business organizations in which Catholics and non-Catholics may meet on the basis of mutual interest and good fellowship without any sacrifice of religious convictions.

When Catholics join societies which are attached to any heretical denomination, they exceed the bounds of social and business requirements and they give offense to sincere Catholics who regard such actions as indication that the faith of these trimmers has become secondary to servility.

Real breadth of mind is shown by inflexible devotion to the truth.

Weakness of mind is betrayed by willingness to admit that error may be equivalent to the truth.

As a rule, membership of Catholics in sectarian societies is prima facie evidence of at least lukewarmness toward Catholic doctrine and practice. It is only one step from affiliation with such organizations, to attendance at and participation in other activities of these Protestant denominations.

Catholic men have no right, by affiliation with sectarian societies to encourage error in its work of destruction to faith and morals. They do not win the respect of either Catholics or Protestants. Catholics look upon them as a sort of renegades whose membership in distinctively Protestant organizations is scandalous and offensive. Protestants themselves neither admire or respect Catholics who are weak enough to apologize for their religion and to admit that there is little difference among the various denominations.

Any man who is willing to compromise with error, sacrifices truth, and even most rigid Protestants have no respect for the timid and cringing Catholic. In such a one they detect insincerity, and despise him for it. He is regarded as unprincipled and sycophantic. His motives are questioned, and while he may be tolerated, he is always held in veiled contempt.

The boasted liberality (?) of recreant Catholics is only a subterfuge by which they claim liberty to deny the truth, or, to mingle it with error. Liberality of this kind is the result of actual indifference to genuine Catholicity.—Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"THAT SWEET, SWEET SONG"

Somewhere I have read a story
Of a bird with a wounded wing,
And how ere the cruel arrow struck
He would mount to the sky and sing:

Far up in the deep blue ether
He sang all the livelong day,
And the notes of his song came softly
From the cloud lands far away.

One day a hunter saw him light
On the limb of a willow tree.
He bent his bow and an arrow flew
As true as true could be;

The bird from the tree fell fluttering;
No more could he soar and sing,
But there in the grass he must stay,
Alas!

Because of a wounded wing.

But lo, from among the willows
That border a murmuring stream
A song came up on the evening air
As sweet as a restful dream;

The notes were tinged with sadness,
With suffering and with pain,
But there now was a harmony
Of a nobler, loftier strain.

A message of inspiration
To all who pass it brings,
For among earth's human beings
There are many with wounded wings;

And they forget their worry,
Discouragement and care
In that sweet, sweet song that floats
Along

On the wings of the evening air.
—In Portland Oregonian

THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN

His name was Hermann—a little fair skinned, white-haired boy, with a wide mouth, blue eyes, high forehead, dressed, moreover, in a style that gave him the appearance of being a little old man rather than a young boy; with a flat green cap, a short blue jacket, a long black vest and wide, shapless trousers. And they called him "The Little Dutchman."

Being at once the youngest and the smallest in the office, diffident and yielding, a stranger which is generally born in an English boy, it is not strange that he was the office drudge, and an object of amusement and derision.

He mastered very little that he was willing and obliging—was he not a Dutchman?

So thought the boys of one to whom the accident of birth had denied a native accent, as they laughed immoderately at his broken English.

Now, it happened one day that Hermann, busily engaged in filing away letters near the door of the manager's room, overheard this conversation:

"Mr. Rule," said the manager.
"Sir," answered the clerk.
"Here's a telegram that must go at once. See that it is copied, and taken to the office without delay."

"Yes, Sir."
"Be sure that it goes promptly. It is very important."
"It shall be sent immediately, Sir."

But far be it from the dignity of a chief clerk to perform the services of this kind where there are inferiors to be commanded.

Glancing around, his eye fell upon an aspiring youth who was bending his whole energies and mighty talents to the execution of a comic picture upon a piece of blotting paper.

"Here, Oester," exclaimed the chief clerk, in a peremptory tone, copy this telegram and send it right away. Don't wait a minute."

Thus abruptly disturbed in his absorbing occupation, the aspiring youth took the piece of paper with a fiery impulse to throw it back in the chief clerk's face, but thinking better of it, he sullenly arose and proceeded to take an impression from it in a copy-book with an iron press.

While slowly and unwillingly performing his duty, another and a

younger boy, returning from an errand, came near.

"Here, Tom," said the aspiring youth in his turn, "take this telegram to the office."

"Why don't you take it yourself?" returned Tom.

"Because I'm busy. Harry up, now; there's no time to lose."

Not less did the younger boy resent the elder's swaggering assumption of authority than had the elder, that of the chief clerk. Wherefore he deliberately took off his hat, sat down before his desk, and coolly said:

"Who was your servant last year?"

The chief clerk had already returned to his desk at the other end of the office, and paid no attention to this interesting conversation. But the aspiring youth, still ranking with the thought of the superior manner in which the chief clerk had addressed him, and still further enraged to see that his own authority was not respected, slapped the telegram down on the desk before the other boy, and exclaimed:

"You'll take that to the office or I'll know the reason why."

"You were told to take it, and you'd better do it," retorted the younger boy.

"Well, I've got something else to do," (the tail of the monkey in the comic picture was not yet finished), "and I tell you to do it."

At this moment the clock struck 12. Work stopped as if by magic. Office boys and clerks disappeared as if drawn by a magnet, the magnet of dinner.

Even the chief clerk vanished, and the despatch, without coming to any definite conclusion, passed out together, wrangling as they went and left the important messages on the desk.

And there Hermann a few moments afterward found it.

Hermann was too ignorant—"green" the boys would have said—to carry the message to the manager, who was still in his private office, and doubtless supposed that the telegram had been sent long ago; he was too conscientious to ignore it. Had he not heard the manager order it sent immediately, as it was important? And as it was left (as he presumed by accident, for he had not heard the recent debate), was it not his duty to take the message to the office?

He did not stop to think about it, but ran with it to the office of the telegraph company, after which he went back to his frugal meal; and when the meal was finished and the noon hour was over, he was sent out upon another errand.

Meanwhile the other boys, whose guilty consciences had made them miserable, were quietly and anxiously hunting for the missing telegram, an uneasiness that was not rendered lighter by the voice of the manager asking:

"Mr. Rule, did you send that telegram?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Rule, with alacrity. "Chester copied it at once."

"Chester," continued the manager, "did you take the telegram to the office?"

Chester approached with a shamefaced air.

"I copied it."

"I asked whether you took it to the office?"

"No—no, sir."

"Why not?"

"I told Tom to do it."

The manager's anger was rapidly rising.

"Tom."

"Sir?" Slowly.

"Did you send that message?"

"No—sir." More slowly still.

"What did you do with it?"

"I left it on the desk," very slowly indeed.

While he was in the midst of this indignant rebuke the little messenger returned.

He stood a moment irresolute, frightened by the exhibition of the manager's anger. But catching the meaning of it, he came forward and told the manager what he had done.

"Do you mean to say that you found the message and took it to the office yourself?" inquired the astonished manager.

"Yes, sir."

"And why did you do it?"

"I did think it was right. I heard you tell Mr. Rule to gorry un' send it right away, un' I did it."

"Without anybody telling you?"

"Yes, sir."

"My boy," said the grateful manager, "you have saved us perhaps \$1,000. A boy who will do his duty whether anyone tells him or not, will be a worthy man some day, if he lives. I will see that you are properly rewarded for your faithfulness. As for these," pointing to the two crestfallen lads, "if they are ever again guilty of such stupidity, obstinacy and neglect, it will be the last time here; they will be discharged."

Thus brought to the manager's notice, Hermann rapidly advanced from one position to another. He soon began to improve, both in attire and in language.

More and more responsibility was placed upon him. His thorough honesty, industry, his constant cheerfulness, his willingness and interest in the business commended him to his employers' favor made him valuable to them. Until at last Hermann, the "Little Dutchman," had outdistanced all the other clerks and became manager himself.—The Angelus.

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SOUL ATROPHY

It is a well known fact that limbs of the body when not used become atrophied, that is flabby, weak and unfit for exertion. Without co-operation by activity of every part of the body the process of food assimilation cannot be accomplished. Where activity is wanting, there the famished condition is first felt, which, however, has a debilitating reaction on the whole system. Man cannot be dead in part and very much alive as a whole.

The same applies to our mind. Unless we exercise our memory, it loses its tenacity and readiness of reproduction. If even an educated person only absorbs the thoughts of others and never engages in original thinking, his reasoning powers become lazy and dull. And it stands to reason that the neglect of one or the other of these faculties has a detrimental effect on the whole intellectual life. No one can be a good reasoner without memory, because he cannot hold in his mind the data with which to spin out a process of solid reasoning. A good memory without reasoning powers is even worse, for an individual of this sort falls short of the very definition of man as a rational being. We do not say that, philosophically speaking, he must not be ranged under the species of man, but in practical life he will never fill the bill of a man.

All this has been said by way of introduction to the subject of soul atrophy. We have started with analogies. By soul we mean here the spiritual life of man; conscience, faith, hope, charity, and all the other things that are comprised under the head of religion. Now we maintain that these spiritual faculties are denuded by disuse. If a man's transgressions are allowed to accumulate without calling forth the sense of repentance, his conscience is inevitably doomed to extinction. If the mind never or only rarely dwells on the truths of religion, faith will disappear. And so it will go with the rest of the soul's faculties. An atrophy in one part will have a sinister influence on the whole, for the spiritual life of the soul is one.

Of atrophy we can properly speak only in the case of those whose spiritual life had once been developed. Unfortunately there are many who never learn that they have a soul. Deserving of compassion as these are, they are not as badly off as those who have killed their soul. Alas! their name is legion, because there are many of them. You find them especially in places where the priest seldom goes. They have unlearned to go to Mass, to confess their sins, to receive Communion, and even to pray. Sermons, if by accident they happen to hear one, leave them untouched; they are spiritually dead. Private pleadings elicit a promise that is never kept. Their soul has no want because it is dead.

It is a pious saying that we should never despair of a soul as long as the natural life lasts. But, on the other hand, spiritual writers are agreed that it takes a miracle of grace to resurrect a lukewarm Christian from his spiritual torpor. Now miracles are the exception, and, for the most part, we are left to discern the mark of final reprobation on those Catholics who, through their own negligence, have brought this spiritual coma on themselves. God seems to have abandoned them because they forsook Him first. Oh, that the thought of their plight might strike terror into them, and bring them back to see for mercy at the feet of an All-Merciful God!—S. in The Guardian.

THE ABANDONED SOULS

Some very holy persons make their principal work and the object of their desires the assistance of the souls in Purgatory, and especially the most abandoned souls. They seem to obtain all blessings for soul and body through their prayers and other good works for these poor souls. In fact, some people when they want any favor, merely get a Mass offered for the abandoned souls in Purgatory, or do some good work for them, and they are seldom disappointed in their request.

This is only what we might expect, because there is no work more pleasing to the Sacred Heart than the assistance of these poor souls. In this world, if we saw a person hungry or naked, and we assisted him, it would be a most meritorious work, and a work for which we might expect a great reward, both here and hereafter. Our Lord will say to the good on the Last Day: "I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat. I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink." The good will say: "When did we see Thee hungry or thirsty?" Our Lord will answer: "As long as

you did it to one of My least brethren, you did it to Me."—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

ROMEWARD

UNMISTAKABLE TREND NOTED AMONG
PROTESTANTS IN SWITZERLAND
(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Paris, Nov. 12.—There is to be noted among the Protestants of Switzerland an unmistakable trend toward Rome, especially in the case of the theological students. Lausanne and other cities offer the most important examples of this movement. Some pious Protestants, dissatisfied with the fruits of the Reformation, are turning instinctively to the Catholic Church. Many are coming back into the fold.

One prominent Protestant pastor is on the point of conversion to the ancient Faith. Another pastor has introduced in his service prayers for the dead. The result has been a larger attendance at his services.

This Romeward tendency can not yet be compared to the "Oxford Movement" in England, in the middle of the last century, but it is strong enough to justify the remark made recently by a Protestant:

"The fashion is now to become a Catholic."

Protestant churches in Switzerland are showing a disposition to reunite. The age of individualism in religion has passed or is passing as between the two great Protestant groups, the national and state supported body and the independent churches.

SPANNING THE INFINITE

Mr. Edison has revived in some quarters the discussion about the immortality of the soul. He claims to be able to construct an apparatus so delicate that through it an investigator can enter in communication with the spirit world, and gain proof of the survival of life after death. With Mr. Edison's apparatus we are not concerned. Notwithstanding the inventor's wizardry we know that an instrument can not be produced that can bridge the chasm between the material and spiritual worlds. But with Mr. Edison's views or lack of views on immortality it is different. Here is a matter that vitally concerns every man, woman and child in the world. As Pascal says:

All our actions and thoughts turn in one direction or other according as there is or not a hope of eternal happiness, so that it is impossible to take any step with sense of judgment unless we regulate it in regard to this point, which ought to be our ultimate aim. The immortality of the soul affects us so powerfully, and touches us so deeply that we should be devoid of all reason if we regarded it with indifference."

Mr. Edison has lent the weight of his powerful scientific authority to the denial of immortality. He says: "I do not claim that our personalities pass on to another existence or sphere, I do not claim anything, because I do not know anything about the subject. For that matter no human being knows."

In this last statement Mr. Edison errs. For the immortality of the soul is a truth that the majority of mankind has known, and that every human being can know. We know it from revelation and we have it on faith that God created man to His own image and likeness, that He breathed into Him an immortal soul and that this soul lives on after death in one of two places, either of reward or punishment according as its actions have been good or bad. This is the very foundation of the Christian religion.

Man through unaided reason can and has arrived at the conclusion that the soul is immortal. Among the pagans Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, and Cicero have upheld it. And this belief was even more firmly rooted in the hearts of the masses than in the heads of the philosophers. In every age and in every country mankind has believed in the continued life of the soul. From this universality of belief in immortality we can deduce that it is an innate, instinctive requirement of nature, which all rational thought is impelled to demand, for it is the original dowry of the soul, which itself is the likeness and breath of the Everlasting God.

This argument from universal belief is the touchstone of the other proofs which are derived from the nature of the soul and of God's perfections. The moral proof is based on the fitness of things. God has given a law which is implanted in the hearts of men. But in this life the good

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are not always rewarded nor the wicked punished. Therefore the justice of God demands that there must be another life where observance of law can be rewarded and its disobedience punished. Unless such a future life exists, the Creator would be in the position of making wise laws and caring not if they were observed. But we cannot suppose that the wise, just and powerful God would thus stultify Himself. And so we believe in a future life.

The scientific proof of immortality is based upon the indestructibility of matter. The soul is spiritual. It cannot be divided, because it has no parts, and therefore cannot be annihilated and therefore by its very nature it will last forever. In other words it is immortal.

Materialists claim that everything is matter, and that we need give no heed to the things of the spirit or of religion. Such is the attitude of most non-Catholic scientists. Through intellectual pride, through false notions of human liberty they refuse to have their thoughts or actions curtailed by beliefs that cannot be brought within the sphere of their limited "science."—The Pilot.

He is truest to the past who uses it and its victories as gateways through which he must pass, without lingering to the future.

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