

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S WAY

Tender, gentle, brave and true,
Loving us what'er we do!
Waiting, watching at the gate
For the footsteps that are late,
Sleepless through the hours of night
Till she knows that we're all right,
Pleased with every word we say—
That is ever mother's way.

Others sneer and turn aside
Mother welcomes us with pride;
Overboastful of us, too,
Glorying in all we do,
First to praise and last to blame,
Love that always stays the same
Following us wh'er we stray—
That is ever mother's way.

She would grant us all we seek,
Give her strength where we are weak.
Beauty? She would let it go
For the joy we learn to know.
Life? She'd give it gladly, too,
For the dream that we pursue;
She would toll that we might play—
That is ever mother's way.

Not enough for her are flowers,
Her life is so bent with ours
That in all we dare and do
She is partner, through and through;
Suffering when we suffer pain,
Happy when we smile again,
Living with us night and day,
That is ever mother's way.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

MOTHER'S DAY

It is something more than a pretty sentiment that has inspired the observance of Mother's Day. It is a solemn admission on the part of those who direct the trend of national celebrations, of the great and growing need of a more intensive cultivation of the ideal of motherhood. It is an expression of the age old, time worn, and oft confirmed conviction that a country depends for its perpetuity and prosperity more on the purity of its ideal of home than upon the strength of its armies or the wealth in its exchequer. The glorification of motherhood expressed in such a nationwide tribute as Mother's Day is, therefore, a sign of the victory of the spiritual over the material, of the triumph of right over might, and in a sense of the conquest of sound standards of the old fashioned morality over the pernicous principles of theorists and faddists.

The wistful haunting longing in the old ballad has ever had a peculiar fascination for the average man. In the depths of his own soul, and in the quiet solitude of his heart, he pleads with childish eagerness, "Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight, make me a child again, just for tonight." Time will turn backward tomorrow and make all men children again for a day. They will be transported on Mother's Day back again to what must ever be for every normal man the sanctuary of his highest hopes, the shrine of his deepest devotion, and the first and strongest inspiration, his mother's knee.

Happy shall we be as a nation if like children, we learn there the precious lessons so lovingly imparted. The ideal of motherhood is one of the nation's strongest bulwarks. Her sweet influence penetrates everywhere and ennobles and inspires to great actions and heroic deeds. All our material prosperity must rest upon the adamant foundation of pure homes, watched and tended by good mothers. Behind our far flung battle line during the War was an army of little gray mothers watching, waiting and praying for their boys across the sea, behind the holy priest or nun, in church, school, or hospital, back of the statesman in the halls of legislation, the jurist in the court of justice, doctor at the bed side of the sick and dying, and the laborer at his bench or the captain of industry in his office, stands another figure that guided him in his early days of childhood, watched over him in the dangerous days of youth, and now inspires him in his life's work—his mother.

Every saint in history without exception had a good mother. Every great man has acknowledged, what Lincoln so well expressed when he said: "All I am in life, I owe to my mother, God bless her." These mothers lived quiet simple lives for the most part, undismayed by the rushing legions of the army of pleasure, unenvious of the riches, the honors, and the pleasures of the world, content only to fulfill their sublime vocation of motherhood as God intended and as their consciences directed. The empty world needs not their coming or their going, but the angels in Heaven smile upon them and God welcomes them with joyous praises to their Heavenly Home. Mother's Day is one to be observed with praise and thanksgiving, with prayer and with love for the holy ideal it ennobles and hallows. But in a wider sense, we cannot enoble, we cannot hallow, this one day, for to those who understand, every day is Mother's Day.—The Pilot.

MOTHER'S DAY

"Every day, sweet son, hear Holy Mass!" So spoke the father to his son in the days of chivalry. It was the usual custom in those days, Leon Gautier tells us in his beautiful book on that period.

Good Christians are eager to hear Holy Mass every morning. Like the mother of St. Augustine who says

himself, that she never failed to assist daily at the altar, they neglect nothing in order thus to sanctify the beginning of their day. Had they numerous occupations they rose earlier, thus rendering their action more meritorious.

During his stay at Laghouat, General Sonis, of whom Galiliet says: "No one knew better than he both how to command and how to obey," never failed to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "At six and half or seven," wrote one of his attaches, "he went to church in silence. I used to accompany him." This habit never interfered with the discharge of the important duties of his position. On the contrary, he found himself better disposed to fulfill them, as is always the case when one has peace of conscience and joy of heart.

"The best way to economize time," wrote Ozanam, "is to lose about half an hour every morning at Mass.

La Roche Jaquelein, expressing the same thought in his military language said: "When I have lost my morning Mass, I live on a lower level all the rest of the day."

The illustrious Daniel O'Connell, in spite of his busy life, was constantly faithful to this pious habit, and the Dominican, Father Burke, declares that what greatly contributed to his entering the priesthood was the devout attitude of the great Irish orator during Holy Mass.

THE BLUFF THAT FAILED

A successful old lawyer tells the following story about the beginning of his professional life: "I just had installed myself in my office," he said, "had put in a phone and had preened myself for my first client who might come along when, through the glass of my door I saw a shadow. Yes, it was doubtless some one to see me. Picture me, then, grabbing the nice, shiny receiver of my new phone and plunging into an imaginary conversation. It ran something like this: 'Yes, Mr. S.,' I was saying as the stranger entered the office, 'I'll attend to that corporation matter for you. Mr. J. had me on the phone this morning and wanted me to settle a damage suit, but I had to put him off, as I was too busy with other cases. But I'll manage to sandwich your case in between the others somehow. Yes, Yes. All right. Good-by.' Being sure, then, that I had duly impressed my prospective client, I hung up the receiver and turned to him. 'Excuse me, sir,' the man said, 'but I'm from the telephone company. I've come to connect your instrument.'"—Catholic Universe.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

QUEEN OF THE MAY
Children, children trooping fair
Through the fields this morn in May—
All the silver daisies there,
With the buttercups so gay,
Seem to whisper, sweet and airy,
"Love our Queen! love Mary!"

All the lilies of the lea
Shake and shake their snowy bells;
And the violets, with glee,
Murmur through the dewy dells;
"Be not of your service chary—
Love our Queen! love Mary!"

Till the crocus, full of light,
And the golden dandelion,
Seem to turn their faces bright
(Like the stars of old Orion),
Breathing from their blossoms
fairly—
"Love our Queen! love Mary!"

Down the field and past the brook,
Through the wood the whisper runs—
Sweetest words in Nature's book!
Ever chant them, blessed ones,
Ever swell that chorus airy,
"Love our Queen! love Mary!"

—ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY

MARY'S MONTH

If all the words that have been written concerning the Blessed Mother of God could be gathered together and printed in one book, what a remarkable volume it would be.

From New Testament times and before has Mary been a predominant figure throughout the world. Writers of every age have paid tribute to her. Thousands of lines of verse have been penned in her honor, some of these by the greatest poets the world has known. In Dante's Divina Comedia many references to Mary may be found:

There suddenly I seemed
By an ecstatic vision wrapt away;
And in the temple saw, methought,
a crowd
Of many persons; and at the
entrance stood
A dame, whose sweet demeanor did
express
A mother's love, who said, "Child,
why hast thou
Dealt with us thus? Behold thy
sire and I
Sorrowing have sought thee," and
so held her peace;
And straight the vision fled.

But while much has been written to the glory of the Queen of May, unfortunately there are many people who sneer at Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother. These sacrilegious ones contend that our love for Mary verges on the idolatrous. The fault-finders insist that we "worship" the Immaculate Mother of the Redeemer. We are accused of putting the Mother before the Son. Catholics know how foolish, not to say malicious, these contentions are. To deny,

however, seems to be futile. The minds of the critics are so thoroughly saturated with the prejudice of the ages that to argue is, in great measure, waste of precious time.

Catholics do not worship Mary. They do know, however, that in her they have a mediator who is all-powerful with her Divine Son. The earnest client of Mary need have little fear concerning eternity. She hears the supplications of her devoted clients; she pities and she pleads. Thus it is that every good Catholic is devoted to Mary and goes to her for favors that, if asked for in humility and faith, are almost always granted, provided they are for our good.

And here we are once more at the gateway of Mary's month. Long years ago it was Florence McCarthy who wrote:

My heart is waiting, waiting for the
May;
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
in her fragrant Hawthorn
brambles;
With the woodland alternating that
scent the dewy way;
O my heart is weary waiting, waiting
for the May.

In Rudyard Kipling's volume of poems, "The Seven Seas," will be found this verse:

O Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that goes tomorrow
Before the God that gave;
As each was born of woman,
For each, in utter need,
True comrade and brave foe,
Madonna, intercede.

And so it goes throughout the literary world. Poets, Catholic and non-Catholic, have written words of praise and prayer to the Blessed Virgin. Nor have writers of prose withheld their tributes.

During the approaching month of our Mother, why should not all Catholics show by their devotion that they are real lovers of the Queen? In every church throughout the world there will be May devotions. Her altars will be dressed in the flowers of May and made beautiful in other ways. Thousands will gather every evening to pay tribute to her. There are other thousands who should do so. Why not forget the more frivolous pleasures of life for a short month and devote a little more time to thought of the Blessed Mother in Heaven?

"O purest mother, whose heart was pierced with the sword of sorrow let thy anguish plead for me. Draw me close to the bosom of thy mercy, and hold me until the storms of life are past. Do this for the sake of thy divine Son."

It was St. John Damascene who prayed to Mary thus: "O Mother of God, if I put my confidence in thee, I shall be saved. If I am under thy protection I have nothing to fear; for to be devoted to you is to have certain arms of salvation, which God gives only to those whose salvation He wills in a special manner."—Catholic Sun.

FUNDAMENTALISM IS NOT FUNDAMENTAL

Because of the Fundamentalists' defense of the Virgin Birth of our Divine Lord, Catholics must not consider that the principles are also the principles of the Catholic Church. It may even be doubted whether the agitation, that this association of Christians is carrying on, is helping rather than hindering the progress of religion. Anything that is intrinsically illogical can hardly be welcomed as an ally to the cause of truth.

The Fundamentalists are not well named. The principles that they defend are not fundamental. For example they maintain that the Bible is the only and the infallible rule of Faith; that is, that, if there should arise disputes about Christian teaching and practice, these disputes can, and should, be settled by reference to the express words of Holy Scripture. But it is obvious that there are such disputes amongst themselves. For example they do not all belong to the same organization. Some are Baptists. Some are Presbyterians. Some are Methodists. Some are Episcopalians. If the Bible is their only rule of Faith, why do they belong to different denominations that have historically grown out of disputes that have never been successful? The rule of Faith proposed has not become a rule. Nor is there any evidence that it will become one in the future. All attempts at union between the various sects have failed. The foundations offered have not been accepted by the Fundamentalists themselves.

On the other hand, their opponents, the so-called Modernists, have really tried to effect some kind of unity. They have said substantially to the Fundamentalists: "We have accepted the theory that the Bible must speak for itself without any interference of Pope or Church. We have examined it scientifically. We find it to be an historical document that has come down to us from many different sources. Its text is contained in thousands of manuscripts that to some extent differ from one another. It is filled like any book or library of books, that was written centuries ago, with errors. Many of these are due to the copyists who wrote by hand. Some are due to theologians who wish to insert ideas of their own. Some are due to damaged originals. Some are attempts at correction.

If the Bible is the sole source of true doctrine, then first, we must be sure that we have the original text. It is only scholars that could be relied upon to reconstruct a trustworthy edition of the Sacred Scriptures. Moreover, our studies have convinced us that there is no evidence that the Bible is the work of inspired writers. It is a library of religious writings extending over centuries. It is a unique record of the search of man for God. But it represents a development rather than a revelation. It is only Catholic tradition that an inspired human record into an inspired "Word of God." We do not accept Catholic Tradition; and we cannot understand why you should. The idea that the Bible proves itself to be the Bible is illusive. We think that the Bible proves itself to be a human record. We do not find in it any more evidence for its being inspired than we find in any evidence for the infallibility of the Pope. This does not mean that we do not recognize the value of both the Holy Scriptures and of the Papal system. Both are important developments. Both of them are worthy of human interest. We make the Bible explain itself and this is what we read in it: An inspired history of man's search for God; but nothing more."

How do the Fundamentalists respond? They respond by unconsciously and illogically falling back on the Catholic Church. Although, as some one has pointed out, the most active Fundamentalists would probably welcome the K. K. K. as an ally, it is to Catholic Tradition that they turn. They begin to talk of the Apostles' Creed, of the witness of the Church, of the lives of the Saints as evidence of what has always been believed about the Bible. But this is to stultify their own appeal to the Bible and the Bible only. Moreover, they have brought a great deal of bitterness into the controversy. They have charged their opponents with pride and atheism. Some of them have even suggested forcible repression of the theories that differ from their own. All of these things go to prove that the 'Fundamentalist' principle of the Bible as the sole source of Christian doctrine fails when they put to the test.

In the contention between Modernist and Fundamentalist the Catholic has no place except to point out that this contention has always been inherent in, and an integral part of, Protestantism. The contention has its value as demonstrating the irrational principles of the so-called Reformers. When these latter threw off the guidance of the Church and proclaimed the sovereign authority of the Bible, they forgot that it was the Catholic Church, solely and alone, that guaranteed both the authenticity and the inspiration of the Bible.

There is, however, a great danger to religion in this controversy. It is certain that many people will think that the truth of the Bible has been destroyed. Nothing could be farther from the fact. It is surely plain that science has its limitations. It deals only with evidences. There are evidences that have in any way weakened the rock of Holy Scripture. The difficulties pointed out by modern critics were known to Catholic theologians centuries ago. From the earliest Christian ages, repeated attempts have been made to correct and preserve the true text of the Bible, which, like any other document of antiquity, has suffered at the hands of numerous copyists. But to suppose that anyone has discovered evidences that disprove the unbroken tradition of the Church is simply false. If some critics have lost their Faith, it is not due to anything that they have discovered. People lose their Faith through many causes. Faith is a divine grace.—Catholic Standard and Times.

AN OLD WOMAN'S ROSARY

I bless myself, and I kiss the cross,
And the holy Creed I tell:
And the Paters and Aves trip off my tongue,
For it's me that knows them well.
For it's many a day these same old beads
I told in the same old way—
I got them my first Communion morn,
And that's sixty years this May.
'Twas the Joyful Mysteries that I liked
(And I said them joyfully.)
When Our Lord was only a Child Himself
At His Blessed Mother's knee.
Ochone! but it's many and many a year,
I've turned from the joyful deeds;
And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries
With tears as big as my beads.
For my beautiful boy with the fever went,
And 'himself' next morning died.
Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries
That end with the Crucified?
For it's then as I'm telling each blessed bead,
A-kneeling beside my bed,
We two women, God's Mother and me,
Have many a talk of our dead.
And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell
Her pains and her darling Son's;
It's plenty of time I'll be having in heaven
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