

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S EYES

I saw them first when they revealed To me a world of mother love, And oft, when mutely they appealed For strength and guidance from above;

I saw them slowly fade from blue As bright and clear as summer skies, And take an even softer hue, Those thoughtful, kindly, loving eyes;

Though closed in death, these many years, They light my rugged pathway yet; Dispelling many haunting fears, Reminding, I must not forget; They also brighten every dream Of home ties of the long ago, Their hallowed light, as sunsets, seem

More besuetic in their afterglow. —JASON KELLEY

WASTED ENERGY

I used to know a man who was the incarnation of business. He was always in a rush. He seemed to be in the permanent condition of one running to catch a train, his eyes fixed glassily on futurity and his coat tails streaming out behind. For some time, judging from appearance, I cherished great reverence for this gentleman, considering him to be one of those rare beings whose minds work like lightning and to whom thinking and acting are practically one spontaneous process.

After studying him closely I found out that he seldom accomplished anything objective; he was simply a victim of muscular nervousness. His motto seemed to be that any time spent in thinking a matter out was time lost. I had not been the only one unduly impressed with this human merry-go-round. He succeeded in convincing powerful and busy folk that he was a person of capabilities. He was even given a job of some importance and responsibility.

Then the real tragedy began. Men accustomed to large affairs had dealings with him and speedily discerned that there was little in him except a variant of St. Vitus Dance. They took his measure and let him alone. But there were many others not so fortunate, for the incessantly active man, swollen with an idea of his own importance and endowed with the forgiving disposition of an Iroquois chief, made it his business to occupy his position to even up every real or fancied grudge and make life impossible for those who were in no position to do more than resent what he did.

Now, this intolerably busy man was a virtuous individual; he had good intentions and not a few excellent ideas if he had only given himself an opportunity of thinking out problems, taking proper counsel and acting with deliberative forethought. He did none of these things, for he became obsessed with the delusion that he was infallible and that his snap-shot decisions brooked no delay. I have not heard anything about him in several years, but have reason to believe that he is still alive and working endless mischief. It was a case of excess energy.

Several months ago it was my misfortune to occupy an apartment above which lived, moved and had her being, a lady who had nothing in particular to do. She was no longer in the first bloom of youth and enjoyed an income that enabled her to busy herself in a multitude of affairs of no importance whatever. Her apartment had a hard-wood floor plentifully strewn with rugs of high and low degree. It was her habit to use up at least two hours of each morning in dragging an old-fashioned carpet sweeper over these rugs. Of course the obvious thing for her to do was to have these rugs taken into the open air and thoroughly cleaned, and meanwhile to dust the floor and mopboards with a damp cloth. But she scorned the obvious. Strangely to say, this lady still lives, exercises her carpet-sweeper and continues to arouse homicidal tendencies in her neighbors. Yet this lady is a thoroughly religious woman and doubtless esteems herself as a useful member of society. Excess energy again.

When I was much younger than today I had the good fortune to be on friendly terms with a business man of many and large affairs. During eight hours of each working day he and his assistants transacted a volume of business that would have driven an ordinary office force to neurotic words. I never noticed any signs of haste or nervousness in that large and busy office. Each person there from the employer down had his or her task, understood it thoroughly and got through the work in perfect good humor and intelligent camaraderie. Generally the force was dismissed and the employer took his afternoon relaxation at an hour when the majority of offices in town were giving a life like imitation of Dante's Inferno. The employer's method of management was simplicity itself. His rule was Descartes in strictness and in frugality of them was speedily punished according to the measure of carelessness or shiftlessness. The

work day started at 9 a. m. A typewritten schedule was always ready for him at that time, the various duties, routine or exceptional were properly divided and affairs moved without hitch or unpleasantness, with an hour's interval for lunch, until the work was disposed of and all desks cleared. I have never watched a better or happier office force. In case of illness or some happening that could not be averted, preventive or remedial action was immediately taken. That office worked like a high-powered machine in perfect order.

Now it is no small task to run a large office with its diverse personalities, occasional "grouches," sudden inroads of unexpected toil and all the other matters that come up when a number of people bend their energies on delicate and nerve-racking work. Yet the office in question seemed by some benevolent magic or profound psychology to be spared all such troubles.

One afternoon, after the office force was dismissed, I asked the employer how he managed to do it. He seemed a bit surprised and at first was inclined to suspect that I was practicing a joke upon him. Finally however he told me:

"I abhor waste energy. It is my humble opinion that any man in charge of work and of people should make it his business to study what is to be done and the most efficacious way of doing it. This is a hard business to run; it is multifarious and exacting. These men and women are like all others, full of whims, small jealousies and the varied infirmities of human nature. I think matters out beforehand and decide how things are to be done and who are to do them. They all know that I am fair and even merciful—but that I tolerate no foolishness or loafing. Orders are given plainly. In case some exception occurs, or there is a hitch of some sort, the clerk states the case to me in a few words and I make the best decision I can. In ten years there have been changes, but the new hands soon learn the run of affairs and fall into line. I seldom have any trouble, and as well as I can figure the matter out, it is simply an affair of eliminating waste motions." Verbum sapientis.—A Looker-on in The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MAY

Sweet May! 'tis through thy tender, golden light, That falls from azure skies (half veiled in mist), On fresh young daisy-buds, on lilies white,

On violets by timid zephyrs kissed— 'Tis through thy shiny portals that From spring's new morning into summer's noon, And glide across thy crisp and dewy grass,

Into the rose fields of the fervid June. Ah! even so, sweet Mary, Queen of May, Nursed in the soft light of thy sunny smile,

Humility's fair blossoms deck our way, And flowers of purity our path beguile:

Swift through the portal of thy stainless breath, Thy children into God's great summer dark, For through thy daisied meadows, Mother blest!

We reach the rose-fields of Christ's Sacred Heart! —ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

BE UNSELFISH

There are many things in life that are like the flowers in the garden. They come and brighten a day or an hour, and are gone; they are not meant to be hoarded in miserly fashion, but to be shared and passed on, and so made to bring joy to as many as possible while they last.

Young folk have youth and energy and enthusiasm. How are they using these gifts? Selfishly for just their own good or pleasure? Or are they sharing them with those who may have none of these beautiful things?

It is a wonderful and beautiful thing to gather and pass on to others the rosebuds of life. Do not wait until the flower blooms and fades and the opportunity is gone.—Catholic Bulletin.

SUCH A KIND SAINT

He was a Franciscan friar, called John Joseph of the Cross, who lived in Italy about three hundred years ago, but the virtue for which he was noted will never grow old, and it is just as much needed today as in his far off times. This special virtue was kindness to every living thing. His heart was so big that it felt for everybody's troubles before his own. Nothing pleased him better than to do kind acts for these around him, and this was even before he became a friar. When he was living at home, he was as good and kind to the members of his family as he was to outsiders, and this is something to be remembered; for, sad to say, these are many of us who are ready enough to do something for people who are only acquaintances and not at all ready to make a sacrifice for those at home! St. John Joseph knew better than that. Nothing was either too great or too little for him to do in the way of kindness, to well and happy, to sick and sorrowful. It is told of him that one day a poor sick woman begged him to get her a peach—he had such a longing for one. It was the middle of winter, and St. John knew he could not possibly get her one, so he felt very sorry about it. Going out in his little garden, he

passed a chestnut tree, bare and leafless; and there, hanging on one of its boughs was a lovely peach! You can imagine how glad he was and how thankful to the good God who had worked this miracle for him and the poor sick woman, and you can guess, too, which of them was the happier! —Franciscan Herald.

TRUE REFINEMENT

"Quietness of person" is the sincerest portrayal of refinement. This does not mean that one must cloak oneself in staterisque dignity and assume a reserved and distant manner. Neither does it wish to subdue the vivacious, athletic-loving type of girl. Such elimination would truly be a loss of no little moment. Superb health and vitality are among the most valuable assets. The world has all too few really healthful specimens of humanity, especially among the feminine sex. Place the blame on factory, society, or the energetic life of today—the fact still remains unaltered. Yet no matter how good or how companionable a sportswoman a girl may be, she can never, even with such praise-worthy recommendation, afford to forget that she is the most worshipped thing in life—dowered with lovely womanhood.

Perhaps it is due to the hustling, energetic life of the twentieth century, which seems bent seriously upon one thing only: to endeavor to satisfy in each day the varied passions of a lifetime.

So we meet them on our city streets, winsome little girls in their teens, at the loveliest and most appealing age, girdled, when we should find them "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." But today, "tis with eager feet they hasten to that port of embarkation, 'tis with yearning heart they long for the mystic and glamors of "grown-up life." They pass us talking loudly, pushing rudely through the crowd, powder and oftentimes rouge quite visible upon their baby skin, marring the young beauty of their faces, short skirts, silk stockings, aping their elders quite cleverly, even to the "low-neck" so deplorably common today, so vulgarly indecent. Bits of their chatter drift to our ears as they hurry by; laden with slang, till it is almost a foreign language to one unversed in the "latest." The subjects of their conversation, topics that are not appropos to discuss in public, are abundantly talked over by these "know-it-all" little ladies, punctuated by insane side remarks and gaudy chatter. Such the little miss of sixteen summers, in this, our twentieth century.

"Ah, gone are 'the girls Of the ribbons and curls And the fragrant old-fashioned bouquet."

And they have taken with them the most cherished of attributes—true refinement.—Worcester Catholic Messenger.

THE MONTH OF MAY

The beautiful month of May comes as a welcome relief from the severity of winter and the chill of early spring. The warm sunshine, the perfume of flowers, and the music of birds flood the air. 'Tis month is Nature's alchemic in which tired humanity is purified and energized again. But for Catholics May is the month of Mary. Upon her children in this gladdest month of the year she bestows her sweetest smile. She sheds her warm radiance into their lives, distills the mild fragrance of heavenly virtues in their souls, and makes melody in their hearts. Twice welcome is May, welcome for what it brings, and welcome for what it represents.

Now something of the warmth of Spring will enter into the devotions of Mary's children. With renewed fervor they will turn to their Mother, and with glowing hearts and burning spirits make new protestations of love and fealty to her. Their little acts of devotion performed in her honor will take on an added meaning in this month dedicated to this fairest flower in God's garden.

The purity, the loveliness, the fragrance of flowers have always been associated with Mary. She was the Rose of Sharon, the lily of Israel, the mystical Rose, and the Garden Enclosed. The most popular devotion in her honor is the Rosary, a garland of spiritual roses. Her altars are kept decorated with flowers as the most fitting symbols of her virtues. And May, the month of flowers, is set apart by the Church as her month.

The earth itself was a fair garden once. But sin with its devastating blight transformed it into a waste, where weeds rank and foul festered. The souls of men were created to bring forth flowers of virtue and holiness until sin planted the seeds of evil and vice. Of all creatures in the world one only was saved from sin's devastating blight and was permitted to bloom fair and undefiled, without spot or blemish. Our tainted nature's solitary boast was given to us as the choicest specimen of the Creator's handiwork. But she was given not merely as an object of admiration, but as a model for imitation, and a fountain of application.

As the flowers of spring breathe forth unconsciously their pure tribute of worship to their Creator, and mirror the beauties of God's Mother, so let us in this month of flowers bring forth in our souls flowers of virtue and homage to God and His Mother. Let us make of our souls gardens in which the weeds of sin and vice have been carefully excluded and present our

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lives to Mary during her month as a fragrant offering to her. The wreck and ruin of War have made havoc with the souls of men. The ravages of sin, and the scars of the spiritual combat have marked our lives, yet during this month of May we can turn like children to their mother and she will heal our hurts, bind up our wounds and send us forth with renewed courage to the fray.

The way back to Christ is through Mary. She holds out to us from her arms her Divine Son. Nations which have rejected the mother have always ended by rejecting the Son. "You shall find the Child with His Mother" was the message of the Angels of the Nativity. It is the message of the Church today. As we kneel before her shrine in this fair month of May let us not forget to ask her who is the Refuge of Sinners and the Help of Christians to turn upon the world those pitying eyes and show them the blessed fruit of her womb, Jesus.—The Pilot.

A TIMELY MESSAGE

Catholics the world over will read with interest the latest words of Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., on Social Action. Writing to the Bishop of Bergamo in Italy about social conditions in his diocese the Holy Father enunciates principles that should be the basis of Catholic Social Action. In this letter the Pope condemns the revolutionary action of a small group of extremists who called themselves by the unauthorized name of Christian Socialists.

In commending the efforts of the Dicastrian Council in behalf of the working people, Pope Benedict stresses the point that such institutions must ever keep before their minds and scrupulously follow the principles of social science inaugurated by Leo XIII. in his immortal encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes. "Let them especially remember these fundamental points," says the Sovereign Pontiff, "to no man is it given to be truly happy in this brief mortal life, subjected to every kind of misery, since true and perfect felicity awaits us in Heaven alone, as an eternal reward for those who have lived well. All our efforts, therefore, must be directed above. Rather than show jealousy of our rights, we should be careful to fulfill our duties."

The Holy Father warns against the danger of inflaming workmen by the bitter language used by Socialists to excite social revolution and insists upon the need of tempering our aspirations by the call of Christian duties instead of over-emphasizing the improvement in temporal conditions. Timely advice is given both to employers and to laborers. The rich and those who are more highly placed by social position or by education should not refuse to help the workmen with their advice, their words, and their authority. "But," he continues, "we should wish that they who are favored with the benefits of fortune should regard their own interests with the proletariat rather according to equity than according to strict reason. In this way they will gain the hearts of the poor which have been alienated from them by thinking them too much attached to their wealth."

Those of lesser means, the Holy Father reminds that distinction of classes comes from nature and therefore from the will of God. Who made the little and the great? "Let them remember that no matter how much they may improve their condition by their own activities and by the assistance of good men they will still have, as all have, no small amount to suffer. On this account if they wish to act as wise men, they will not strive to follow unattainable Utopias, but will support in peace and forbearance the inevitable evils of this life with the hope of eternal reward."

One striking thought from the Holy Father's letter merits the attention of certain radical elements who are disposed to assert their rights by force rather than by reason. "The cause of truth and justice is not defended with violence and disorder; for these are weapons which injure chiefly the persons who use them." The Holy Father concludes that it is therefore, the duty of priests to oppose manfully such declared enemies of faith and society. Any question that concerns the salvation of souls is not merely an economic question and is within the province of the pastor of souls. The rules of Christian life are the best safeguards against the wiles of extremists. Hence as the Holy Father advises we should pay in the words of the Church that we may pass through temporal fortune

so as not to lose eternal fortune. That all classes should unite in settling the turbulent social question is the urgent need of the hour. The Holy Father has delivered a timely message to the world.—The Pilot.

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF YOUR TIME

It is frequently said of us Catholics, that we are not readers of Catholic literature; and there is no denying it that we deserve the reproach. We are also charged with not being able to give an intelligent answer to questions asked us regarding our religion. Again we are at fault. We cannot attempt a defense by saying we need more or better Catholic literature, says the Catholic Tribune. We have the best of books, and a generous supply of good magazines and newspapers. We have leaflets and booklets costing only a dime or nickel, giving us explanation of Catholic truths.

And we have the real and only sermons that teach that self same doctrine which Christ Himself taught while yet on earth. Do we appreciate all this?

No, the fault does not lie on the other side of the question. Blame rests with us, and a shame it is upon us.

We have a well worn and handy excuse for this as well as our bits of neglect. "I am so busy, I have no time." It is a busy world, and a busy period of time. What does all our rush and bustle amount to?

Our busiest men and women are dropping off every day, having their manifold duties, closing their eyes on this world and opening them to another. "The workman dies, but the work goes on." So many of the things that we are busying ourselves and worrying ourselves over, amount to so little.

If only fifteen minutes a day were given to close intelligent reading on Catholic subjects, if we carry only one clear idea, one bit of knowledge of what we have read, it will mean more than we realize if persevered in. You may insist that you read more than that every day? Remember that one chapter or page thoroughly read and understood, means much more than volumes skimmed over. The point is that we carry the knowledge gleaned.

Our beautiful religion is worth more of study and deep thought than most of us are giving it. It is a thing to be deplored. Let us unite in thought on this matter. Let us talk it over together—realizing our lack and hasten to correct it. Let us not only subscribe for Catholic papers and magazines, but read them, and read them with attention and thoroughness.—Catholic Bulletin.

UNITY

RETURN TO ROME IS LOGICAL OUTCOME FOR UNITY MOVEMENT

While recent attempts of Protestants to bring about among themselves some sort of "Christian unity" are not to be commended for advancing the cause of Catholicism conscientiously to any grave extent, there is an element in some of the latest of their activity which might lead numbers of Protestants Romeward if it should be given the proper direction.

Speaking of present day attempts to bring about unity among Protestants, the "Ave Maria" suggests that logically there can be only one outcome to such widespread tendencies as have of late been noticed in the field, and that is ultimate union with Rome. While in his opinion great numbers of conversions are unlikely, individuals, he feels, are sure to be drawn centre of unity, as they come gradually to realize the source and cause of what is now recognized to be a fatal blot on the Protestant churches, their endless divisions, which result not only in a loss of efficiency, but in a betrayal of Christianity in the eyes of unbelievers and heathens.

"What is perhaps most striking in a reading of the various addresses dealing with the Inter-Church Movement," it says, "is the fact that while the Catholic Church is nowhere directly attacked, she is none the less studiously ignored." But it adds: "It is some gain that the bitter animosity of former days has departed, perhaps never more to return. When minds are no longer filled with blind, unreasoning hatred, they are better disposed to a calm consideration of Catholic teaching and practice and missionary endeavor, which continues to force themselves upon the attention of men, no matter if they are ignored

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in official Protestant gatherings. "And the very striving of Protestants after unity; the very endeavor to obliterate the centuries-old and clearly marked lines of cleavage between the various denominations; the open and anxious deprecating of all that keeps apart the several Churches; the insistent call for harmony and mutual understanding—can these bring about unity also but a deep yearning of heart and an aspiration towards the real unity exemplified in the Church and never broken during twenty centuries.—The Pilot.

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