

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

JUDGE NOT

Judge not: the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The fall that one dares to despise— Maybe the angel's slackening hand Has suffered it, that he may rise And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain; The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain.

—The Pilot

PAST AND PRESENT GREATNESS

Do our achievements of today equal those of past ages? Without pessimism or prejudice, we can fairly say that in general they do not. One reason for this may be the fact that men are striving to eliminate effort wherever possible. Today men of means travel in luxurious cars. They rarely indulge in that best of all exercises, walking for exercise or recreation. In consequence the physical powers have deteriorated, and no longer do we find men able to support extraordinary toil or fatigue or excessive expenditure of the mental or physical powers without distinct loss. The power of endurance is considerably lessened. Will power is weak, and consequently few great things are achieved.

In that charmingly picturesque country where the heather and the bluebell cover the hillsides with softest mantle, one clear frosty morning a traveler strode briskly across an open heath. Behind him rose a huge chain of sombre mountains. Before him stretched miles upon miles of wild morass and ravine. Above him the blue of skies smiled as if in sympathy with his cheerful mood. So elastic is the verdure in this beautiful country that the footsteps of wayfarers who have passed by are soon lost or but slightly marked by a shadow in the grass. So our traveler explored a country apparently undiscovered, where, like Robinson Crusoe, that famous pilgrim, he was monarch of all he surveyed.

A giant figure of a man, over six feet in stature, his carriage was singularly free, his limbs well-proportioned. His dress, plain and unostentatious, indicated nothing as to his rank. His traveling equipment was very small—a volume of Shakespeare in each pocket, a diminutive bundle containing a change of linen slung across his shoulders, an oaken cudgel in his stalwart hand. A blue hill was to him whose soul was delicately attuned to nature, a friend. The song of the mountain torrents was like the crooning of a nursery rhyme heard in childhood. He whistled as he proceeded on his way, not, his biographer tells us, "from want of thought, but to give vent to those buoyant feelings which surged within his breast."

His education, we are told, had been somewhat desultory and neglected—that is, the education that comes from books. But neither those busy scenes where he had been engaged nor the insecure state of his circumstances, had been able to divert him from the task of mental improvement. Proceeding through the eastern walls of Cumberland into Scotland, he was eager to glimpse a view of the famous Roman Wall built by the Emperor Hadrian during the Roman occupancy of Great Britain to keep back the tumultuous northern tribes. This Wall, eight feet thick and fifteen feet high, extended from the River Tyne below Newcastle to Solway Firth on the west coast, a distance of seventy-five miles.

From a point of vantage, which commanded the course of this celebrated work of antiquity, the traveler contemplated the glories of the past, and broke into a soliloquy: "What a people! whose labors, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labors of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity. Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their fountains, all their public works bear the grave, solid and majestic character of their language, while our modern labors, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments."

To understand the sources, and foundation of such strength and solidity as that of the old Romans, before luxury had enervated them or effeminacy unmanned them, we have but to regard certain of the maxims of one who is a type of his race, Marcus Aurelius. His admonitions regarding the dignity and value of hard work are not to be despised by men of our day who seek to achieve things in the easiest possible way.

"Labor not unwillingly," he says, "nor without regard to the common interest, nor without due considera-

tion, nor with distraction; nor let studied ornaments set off thy thoughts, and be not either a man of many words, or busy about too many things. . . . but a Roman, who has taken his post like a man waiting for the signal which summons him from life, and ready to go. A man must, then, stand erect, not be kept erect by others."

The greatest happiness in life surely comes from the realization of one's ideals. But the secret of attaining this realization, this happiness, is not successfully found save by the few. The true secret of all success, of all greatness, whether past or present or future, lies in the sober conviction that we are but dust, that an Omnipotent Power alone can raise us from the dust and sustain our efforts.

Mere intellectual appreciation of the beauty and dignity of life, mere comprehension of the principles which should actuate us in our deeds, can never produce greatness. These principles must be "converted into action by the habitual exercise of acts in conformity with them."

The old Roman Emperor seemed to have grasped clearly the truth that the traveler, contemplating the ancient Wall of Hadrian, understood, and yet neither understood so well as the great moral heroes, the Saints, understood these things. Neither understood as did Paul, who, a young lad, coming out of Ghetto at Tarsus, and drawing near the little group of philosophers, marvelled at their trivial discussions, with the fore-knowledge, perhaps, that one day he would brand as foolishness in God's sight the petty deliberations of men.

As ever a fierce combat is going on today between mere human reason and Divine revelation "in the arena of human thought and moral responsibility. Arithmetic, says the man of learning, is the science of numbers, or the art of computation by figures. Arithmetic, says the religious man, is the art whereby we can convince ourselves of the small number of our days. Just a difference in conception,—but what a difference! It is just this difference which gauges true greatness whether of today, yesterday or tomorrow.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GOLDEN PRISON

Woe not for me, when I am gone, Nor spend thy faithful breath In grieving o'er the spot or hour Of all-enshrouding death; Nor waste in idle praise thy love On deeds of head or hand, Which live within the Living Book, Or else are writ in sand; But let it be the best of prayers, That I may find the grace, To reach the holy house of toll, The frontier penance-place— To reach that golden palace bright, Where soul elect abide, Waiting their curtain call to heaven, With angels at their side; Where hate, nor pride, nor fear Torments their tormentors, The transitory guest, But in the willing agony He plunges and is blest.

And as the fainting patriarch gain'd His meek and mid-way, And then refresh'd pursued his path, When up the mount it lay, So pray that, rescued from the storm Of heaven's eternal ire, I may lie down, then rise again, Safe, and yet saved by fire.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN

A STRANGE LIGHTHOUSE

One of the most remarkable lighthouses in the world is that on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay, which is separated from the Island of Lewis by over five hundred feet of raging water. On the top of this barren rock there is a lighthouse which, night after night, in storm or calm, sends out its rays to guide the fishermen home. Upon hearing this, one naturally inquires who it is that has the endurance and the bravery to row across that wild chasm of breakers and light the lantern. The answer makes everything plain. Upon the Island of Lewis there is a larger lighthouse, and from one of its windows a stream of light is directed to a mirror in the lantern on the lonely rock, the effect being the same as if it were a real light.

THE GIFT OF APPRECIATION

"There is one thing about Helen," said a girl speaker, "she has a genuine gift of appreciation. Whenever you speak of anybody, she always seems to bubble over with some kindly appreciation of her. When someone remarked the other day that Miss K— was not at all pretty, she broke in with, 'Yes, but then some people don't need to be pretty; they're nice enough without it.' It is always that way with her; she has seen the gleam of gold somewhere in somebody, that nobody else ever detected or thought of looking for. 'Her elder sister is a splendid musician and her younger is quite a brilliant elocutionist, but I don't know but I'd rather have Helen's talent of appreciating people than to have the gifts of either of the others. I believe she gets more joy out of it, and perhaps gives more joy with it.' It is a talent toward the acquiring of which we can do a great deal

by practice, even if we seem to be lacking in it by nature.—Exchange.

A RARE ATTAINMENT

To be resentful and sore and revengeful when someone has done us a wrong is the easiest thing in the world. Our wounded feelings, our outraged honor, our natural desire for redress, all give us strength and assurance to wreak some sort of vengeance on our foe. We are hot and ready—woe betide him if he should come across our way!

Of course, we remember all those solemn things which are said in the Gospels about forgiving—but these are not pertinent now. This case is of ours calls for justice and stern redress. It is all very well to be forgiving—but we must not let ourselves be walked over and trampled in the mire. Those Gospel sayings will do very nicely for another time, and for lesser injuries—we prefer to forget them just now, because they are really most uncomfortable and inopportune!

This is, as we know, the natural way, and a very easy course to follow, at least in the beginning. After the silly and useless fight is well on, we would give a great deal to be out of it—but to begin a quarrel needs no skill nor talent at all—we need only to give our ugly passions full swing.

But ah, the art of forgiving! That is a rare and beautiful attainment, only to be got by sedulous care and practice—an art so rare and unearthly that it needed a God made man to teach it to the world. Any fiend of the pit can stir a man's soul to ugly revenge. It is Christ Himself Who persuades our hearts to forgive. It is very well worth our while, then, to take great pains to learn this art of pardoning offenses. We shall all of us need it sorely many times in our lives.—The Pilot.

A NATIONAL ASSET

As the greatest transportation company in the world, the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained a national service in the Trans-Canada Limited which is second to none and on the conclusion of the summer schedule of this crack train has transferred the equipment to the Vancouver Express which leaves Toronto every night 10:10 p. m. on its trip across the continent, via Winnipeg, Calgary, Banff, Lake Louise, the spiral tunnel, Sicamous and parts of the Canadian Pacific Rockies famous throughout the world, on its way to Vancouver, where the travellers are unanimous in their praise of the service of the Vancouver Hotel. The Canadian Pacific also operates a steamship service to Victoria, the Mecca for winter tourists.

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CIVILIZED MEN AND WOMEN BECOME OLD PREMATURELY

One would think it would be the other way about. But this would leave out of the picture the effect of civilized people's denatured foods. Savages live upon foods just as nature provides them, thus they retain all their body-building properties. Civilized peoples refine out of their most important foodstuffs, the grains, their most important building materials, the mineral salts, vegetable fats and vitamins. Thus civilized bodies cannot so well stand the wear and tear of daily life, and they soon begin to grow old. White flour, refined "ghost cereals," white sugar, and refiners' syrup and other "denatured" foods do their work well in prematurely aging their votaries.

This aging tendency can be overcome to a great extent by resorting to natural, unrefined foods. Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is a natural whole grain food, made from whole wheat, whole rye, flax and bran. It compensates the deficiencies of white flour, "ghost cereals," etc. Roman Meal renewed the youth of Dr. Jackson, its inventor, to such an extent that while at 55 he was a wreck, at 85 he won a 1,300 mile bicycle contest from a man 30 years younger, actually ran away from his young competitor. Roman Meal has 1,600 food units while beef has only 952. Roman Meal is thus seen to be the best

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Religion and education should ever go hand-in-hand, as it is only by their union that the highest type of manhood can be developed.

One thing alone I know—that according to our need, so will be our strength. The more the enemy rages against us, the more will the Saints in Heaven plead for us; the more malicious are the devices of men against us, the louder cry of supplication will ascend from the bosom of the whole Church of God for us.—Cardinal Newman.



Answers for last week: 2 & 5: King David and Nathan the Prophet; 8 & 4: Annunciation; 6 & 7: Pharaoh's daughter finds Moses; 1 & 8: tribute to Caesar, Gospel at end of Mass Sunday before. Basilica of our Saviour, commonly called St. John Lateran.



What portions of the Church's services this week does this picture represent? Answers next week.

Europe!

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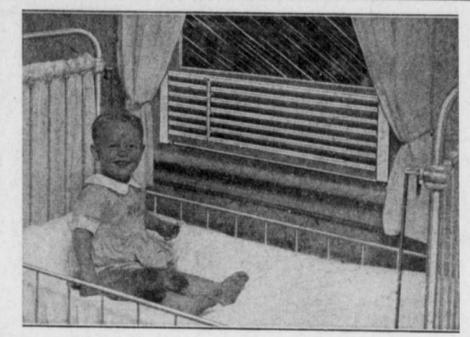
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