APRIL 5, 1919

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CHANCE TO SERVE The chance to serve ; let it not-pass For youth or age in any mo od ; We see ourselves in a glass In those whom we give shelter, food.

The chance to serve, though sad or

gay, Whatever be its final cost, Of all the chances on life's way Is far too precious to be lost.

The chance to serve; who does not know That herces to this task were born

And, be their calling high or low, They help the needy and forlorn.

The chance to serve, though not to choose, But do the work that comes to hand:

Our part is never to refuse, But eager, ready, always stand. -Living Church.

REAL APPRECIATION.

He was standing at the end of the bridge looking out across the water in the waning afternoon, a large, unkempt man with cowhide boots, smoking a disreputable pipe. I had never seen him before. I have never seen him since. Had it entered my mind that he would accost me, I would not in months have guessed what he did say, which was : " Ain't that a corking sunset?" At first there seemed something

curious about a man clad as he was, making commets on sunsets, and so filled with enthusiasm of what he saw, taking the first chance comer confidence over the matter. Since then, however, I have pondered the incident and come to the conclu sion that it is much wiser to take men as you find them, not as you imagine them.

To return to the man on the bridge As I reflected on the incident I found myself envying the unknown. For tune had evidently not poured gold into his lap. He had all the hall-marks of the man who had failed. Yet can any man be said to have failed if he can stand on a bridge in a deserted village and grow so en thusi astic over a sunset that he must share his joy with the first man who comes along ?

The idea is old: the legend of Eyes and No Eyes, yet it is endowed with unconquerable youth. It makes all the difference in the world whether one sees or merely looks at things.

A very hard specimen of a Roman coachman was driving two tourists about the City. As they passed the new Palace of Justice, he turned around and expatiated on the multitudinous details of that elaborate structure and on its cost. He finished his remarks by saying: "Ah! a Give me the Cancelleria. There is a If you take the trouble will find that the best authorities agree with the coachman.

Some years ago a new hotel was built in the Ludovisi quarter in Rome. On holiday afternoons I always saw a crowd of country people looking at

At first I thought there was a a murder or a robbery. But on fire, a murder or a robbery. But on mingling with the people I ascertained that they were discussing the architecture of the building. Not a thing escaped them; a group of small ground brilliantly illuminated, as i pillars, the carving over a window, the design of the roof, came in for their share of comment. These critics were peasants from the hill towns about Rome and from the Compagna!

The tourist who takes a late after. noon walk in Tokio will always find number of Japanese in the gardens of that delightful city; the poor people, coolies rickshaw men, laborers who have finished work in the outskirts and are going home to supper. them are people of the leisure class, but all are alike in this; they

are absorbed in the flowers. A group before a blossom are in animated dis

little hands on the altar and bend-ing towards the tabernacle said, "Come, my dear Jesus, I must speak amount of joy and beauty and life interest that goes for naught for them, the more I think of that un-"Come, my dear Jesus, I must speak to you. Come out, I have some very kempt man with the disreputable pipe, who stood at the end of the bridge and asked me with exulta-tion in his eyes: "Ain't that a important matter to settle with you; come-O come-"" He listened and come-O come-!" He listened and looked wistfully towards the tabertion in his eyes : "Ain't that a corking sunset ?"—A Looker On in nacle In wonderment the priest watches Boston Pilot. the innocent child, as the reflection of the sanctuary lamp cast a golden radiance upon the infant's curly head, and reflected in the big bright

at the tabernacle doors

What are you doing here my

"Father, I was calling Jesus;

wanted Him to come out from the tabernacle to ask Him to let my

father come back soon from the war

and to stop the war ;-but Jesus did not come out ;" and the child burst

and tenderly wiped away the little one's tears, saying. "Never mind, mv boy, even though Jesus did not

come out from the tabernacle now, He will come into your heart very

soon, then you may tell Him and

ask Him everything you wish."-

GOOD EXAMPLE

It would seem to be an implicit ac-

ous, that the respectful behavior of

the Castilians during holy Mass made

a profound impression upon the natives of Hayti. An old cacique

have caused all our tribes and people

to which the souls go when they have

ness, prepared for those who disturb

and maltreat other men ; besides this, there is a good and delightful place,

where they shall dwell, who, during

their life on earth, loved the peace

and quite of the tribes. Therefore,

if you think you have to die, and that

every one must expect retribution

according to what he has done here,

you will not do harm to those who

have not harmed you. What you have done just now is good ; for, as it

seems to me, it is giving thanks to the Great Spirit." It is needless to

say that the admiral was astonished

at the wisdom of the old Indian .-

THE RIGHTEOUS

POLITICIAN

There was a delicious bit of humor

Buffalo Union and Times

left their bodies : one in thick

It

dark

The priest stroked the child's head

sanctuary.

into tears.

True Voice.

child

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WILLIE'S DIRTY FACE When I rise in the cold morning, Ere my shoes I start to lace. "Now, Willie, darl Mother calls:

ing, Don't forget to wash your face!" And I trudge out to the bath-room Wondering how it can be That so early in the morning Folks start in to worry me.

When the dinner bell has sounded And each one is in his place, Auntie whispers to my mother, Look at Willie's dirty face! Mamma taps me on the shoulders, Starts me toward the nearest door

And I know I must wait dinner Just to wash that face some more. And as true as supper's ready, Papa says I'm a disgrace, And he sends me from the table Out to wash that same old face. I am washing, washing, washing, Every minute of the day !

Funny folks don't never worry That I'll wash my face away But there comes a rest at night time.

knowledgment of the divinity of the When I slowly climb the stairs, Catholic faith that non Catholics are quick to detect and condemn the mis-conduct of Catholics. On the other And I kneel down at my bedside To receive my evening prayers, For if I've been good since morning, hand many a Protestant has been won to the faith by the edifying ex-God, who keeps the stars in place, Seems to smile and doesn't bother ample of some good Catholic. It frequently happens that a non-Catho-If I have a dirty face. -The Monitor

THE WELL OF ST. BRIGID

lic out of mere curlosity, enters a Catholic Church during the celebra-tion of holy Mass and is edified by On the southern side of Loch Lawne is the Well of St. Brigid, re-nowned all over Ireland for its the niety of our fervent Catholics. He may even come to sneer, but remain to pray. The following anecdote going back to the days of discovery and exploration of this health-giving waters. To get to the well it was necessary

to pass over ground belonging to the estate of a country landowner. continent beautifully illustrates the oower of good example: One year when the pilgrims to the It is told, in the history of Colum-

holy well were very numerous, the owner of the ground suddenly closed up the path that led to it, declaring should pass over his land no one without his permission.

afterwards approached Columbus and addressed to him the following words This churlish act caused much excitement and indignation. He was in his own tongue: "You have come to these lands a stranger, and you importuned, threatened, coaxed, petitioned all in vain. He would not relent. to fear and tremble. But know you that we believe there are two places So the well was unvisited for three

months, and loud were the lamentations heard on every hand. Though the owner of the estate told no one why he had barred the

his remarks by saying: "Ah! a way to the well, yet he thought he beautiful building, but it is too ornate. had good cause to do so. One morning he had found some of his fences torn down and thrown o read up Roman architecture you into the lake, his corn trampled under foot and destroyed, and so

much damage done to his crops that naturally he blamed the pilgrims. He was very angry and at last made up his mind that he would drain the well into the lake.

So one clear moonlight night, armed with a spade and a gun he started for the well. Imagine his amazement to find the lake and well and surrounding

myriads of candles and lamps were alight. Then as he stood wondering what this night light could mean, he was further surprised to see a most be tiful maiden slowly rising from the lake.

in the reply of Clemenceau to the The maiden was clothed in a long women of France who demanded a flowing white robe, around which was knotted a blue girdle, and sparkroice in the affairs of their country. Every French soldier who spoke in this country said, without reserva-tion, that it was the women of France ling jewels shone over her garments. Rising above the lake she seemed to float to the well and hover over it. "It is St. Brigid herself!" ex-claimed the landowner. "I must open the way to her well and never shall it be closed again!" civil France was theirs. Patient and He bet bis read

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THOSE IRISH LADS ! OH, priest, and then slowly exclaimed :

After the armistice was signed, the West" 91st Division-in Wild which I am serving—passed through several Belgian towns and over the frightful battlefield of Ypres to Rousbrugge, Belgium. We were then be yond the battle zone and quartered in a town that had suffered little material damage from the war; only eyes that were gazing in expectation a few hostile aeroplanes had flown over the town and dropped a few "eggs" on the buildings of Rous-When Vigilio was climbing down from the chair, the priest pushed the curtain aside and stepped into the

brugge. Our billets were an index to the good fortune of this little Belgian town ; instead of spreading our blankets on a floor that was neither warm nor soft, we enjoyed the luxury of sleeping in real, soft, warm beds.

I was billeted with the pastor of Rousbrugge, a priest who, before the war, occupied a position as director of studies in a flourishing city of Belward. guim. (At his own request I shall not mention his name.) He had fre-quently visited England in the past and spoke English very fluently.

In the evening, we often sat before an old-fashioned fireplace and talked on questions of theology and the war. mparisons, I know, are odious ; but of his own accord, he compared army with army, officers with officers and soldiers with soldiers. Without de-tracting from the armies of our associates, I can say that the American army occupied a very flattering posiwill! tion in his estimation. This, is in-deed, a great compliment for our American troops ; for, during the four years of the war, he had been associated with men who had hailed

from every corner of the globe-Irish, Canadians, Australians, Africans, Scotch, Hindoos, English, French, Portuguese and his own Belgian compatriots. But, after he had found some point

in the character of each army that was worthy of commendation, he invariably ended by saying : "Oh, Father, those Irish ads! Such faith! Oh, they were such good boys! As innocent and as pure little children !" And I noticed that his eyes. were brimming with tears!

One night during my stay with him he told me a story that would warm the heart of any priest and delight all those who are devoted to the Sacred Heart .It is a palpable proof of the providence of God and of the re-wards that accrue to those who are 316th T. H. & M. P. A., A. P. O. 776, sincerely loyal in the practice of their holy religion.

'At the time this incident occurred. was stationed at Watou, Belgium I had learned to speak English fairly well-I have often thanked God for the opportunities of doing good that the knowledge of English has afforded At that time a great number of English speaking troops were in and behind the lines of Ypres and the Passchendale and Messine ridges. Luckily, many of the inhabitants of villages within a short distance of the lines, had moved far back into Belgium or even into France, and this condition gave me ample time to go from place to place and admin ister to the spiritual needs of thousands of Catholic soldiers.

"Early one morning, I entered Poperinghe and, after celebrating holy Mass, I paid a short visit to the pastor of the village. While we were at breakfast, we could hear the blasts of high-explosive shells as they burst in and around the town; the rumbling of the trucks and ambulances as they dashed to and fro through the streets, and the crunch, crunch, crunch of the infantry, marching into battle.

"I intended to visit a hospital in the town-one that had been located in Poperinghe since the beginning of tion, that it was the women of France who won the war. More than the I found that the road to the hospital was blocked; soldiers, artillery, trucks; the ambulances were moving en

operating room now. I think he is a Catholic. Perhaps you can help him.

"I hurried into the operating room

out three men who were Catholics.

But it is of no use to bother about that Irishman, Father, he said. 'He

I knew-you-would come.' "He knew I would come ? How did this Irish lad know that I would come? What mystery was this? I had never seen that poor boy before that critical moment. No one had told him that I intended to visit him.

Why, I did not know that this hospi-tal existed! What was it that had convinced him that, in his last moments on earth a priest of God would stand at his bedside? It was only by the merest chance—no, no, Father, that is not correct! No! Not by chance did I find that hospital, nor by chance did I stand at that deathbed! By the providence of God was I guided there; by the providence of God was I unable to attend to the wounded soldier in the operating room; by the providence of God was I led into the ward in which this lad

lay dying ! "I quickly heard his confession anointed him and then passed on to the two other Catholic men in the In a few minutes, I stood again at the bedside of the Irish soldier. I could plainly see that he had only a few minutes to live and began the prayers for the dying. He would awaken, mumble a few reconses to my prayers and then lapse ack into unconsciousness. And now the end was at hand. He opened music and emotional mysticism. He told such people, somewhat to their bewilderment, that he had been con-verted because Rome alone could his eyes, looked at me and then slow ly and prayerfully sighed : 'God !-Mother ! - Father ! - Ireland !' He was dead! He had made his last Oh, Father, those Irish lads! course, as in Newman's and number-Such faith! Such innocence! Such noble lives! Ob, what a joy for a less others, well meaning people con-

priest to labor and die for such wonderful souls! 'I wrote his mother a warning letter —one in which I prepared her for the terrible news—and then, later I told her of the inspiring death of her son. In the letter which I received from her, she told me how he and she ad prayed every day of their lives for the grace of a happy death. She, too knew that in the critical moment, a priest would stand at his bedside. Was he not a frequent communicant ? Had he not made the nine Fridays He had always received Holy Com munion on the first Friday-God rest him! Sure, he always was a good son and God had rewarded him!

"I promise that all those who re-ceive Holy Communion on the first Friday of nine successive months, will not die in the enmity of God."-Promise of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary. CHAPLAIN JOSEPH A. BURKE

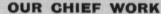
Am. Ex. Forces. WASHINGTON'S CATHOLIC RELATIVES

On Washington's Birthday, it is in teresting to call the roll of the living members of his family who profess the Catholic Faith. These are:

Mr. Richard Blackburn Washington, Richmond, Va., son of George Washington, last of his illustrious family to be born at Mount Vernon, Grandson of John Augustine ington, last owner of Mount Vernon, vho was the great grandson of John Augustine, brother of General George

Washington. Miss Lucy B. Lewis, of historic " Marmion," Osso, Va. Great great-granddaughter of Colonel Fielding Lewis and Elizabeth, only sister of General George Washington. Mis Lewis' three sisters are also Catho Miss lics. Miss Lewis two years ago sold to the authorities at Mount Vernon the Copley portrait of her great great g and mother, Elizabeth Washington Lewis.

General Baron Peter George Wash. ington, of the Austrian Army, Great-great-great grand on of James Washwho emigrated to Holland ington, ia 1650, the year his brothers, James and Andrew, went to Virginia, and who became the ancestors of the family in this country. Herman Bushrod Washington, St. Louis; son of the late Hon. John



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Roman Church. It is notable, in plicated explanations, rather than connection with the general arga-ment, that while the deeper reasons man believed a thing because it was for such a change do not concern true." for such a change do not concern such a sketch as this, he was again characteristically amused and ed with the straightforwardness of annoyed with the sentimentalists, but then there must always be some

weakness. which had escaped the notice of friends, account for a conversion to the Faith in which Dante and Thomas satisfy the reason. In his case, of gloried and which Marshal Foch is not too great to practise with all the simplicity of a child. It has ever ceived a thousand crooked or com- been thus .-- America







SUCH FAITH !

cussion over the hues of a flower, as interested as a crowd of Americans discussing the tariff. But for the most part, these hundreds of people are silent, satisfied to feast their eyes on the flowers. It is a strange thing that of all who have written of Japan and its characteristics, few have discerned that the one passion of the inhabitants is not war, aggrandizement, business or commerce. It is flowers. A primrose by the river's brim or elsewhere is not merely a primrose to the Japanese; it is a tiny cosmos, and honored accordingly.

As I watched the holiday crowds Washington Street, surging along like some gigantic centipede, aimless, sightless, absorbed in what "he said" or, "she said," I wonder it we have gained so much after all. We have parks and gardens for the people and they are given over to the urchins playing ball and nurses pushing perambulators. Those who use the walks are apparently anxious to get through them as so as possible. The trees, the flower beds, the landscape gar-The trees, dening mean nothing to anyone. Of these open spaces do give course church. fresh air and a breathing space to those who live in close tenements, but how much more they could give if

the people opened their eyes. "Cavalleria Rusticana" or "Pagliacci" or "Aida" is given in the opera The conventional seat holdhouse ers listen conventionally. The Italians in the gallery go into an ecs-tacy over a certain measure or a high note. Tae people in the boxes murmur. Poor conventionals. They, who applaud love real music and greet it naturally, and you may be certain the singers on the stage look for the cry from the galleries, long-

gly. Tney know. The more I see of the blindness of nine out of ten around us, the

uncomplaining they staggered on to Victory. They worked and they prayed. The politician alone did neither. Now that victory has come they ask a hearing for their claims. He kept his word. The next morning a great sign was put up bearing the words "Free Access to St. Brigid's Well," and never since has the way been closed.-Catholic Bulletin.

THE LITTLE PETITIONER

Clemenceau says they will not yet get it. As the Chicago Tribune puts Half hidden among fig and pomeit, "Clemenceau thinks them too granate trees near the great and well fortified city of Trent, lies the sunny village of M_____. In the fall of 1915, the paster of the village was emotional." Of course he did not say that. He had the honesty to giving instructions to a group of small boys in preparation for their first

state bluntly that he feared the influence of the Church over them. And here come the humor. The Cnurch, indeed, must have sinister designs on the nation, which the Holy Communion at Christmas. The youngest boy, a child of five years, often surprised the priest by his politician could never entertain. Influenced by the politician the motives bright and intelligent answers, and by his devout and modest behavior of the women go unquestioned. Politicians set the standards for service and patriotism. They alone in the church. Vigilio was the child of poor but pious parents. His father had been on the battlefield are actuated by the sublimest impulses. They are never self-seeking. Proverbially, they are pure altruists. since the beginning of the war. Nearly every evening after sunset, As the French themselves say: "It is to laugh." To be sure it was not from the politicians that Bolo, and Calliaux, and Serrail came. Some way should be found to the these to the little boy would steal away to the village church. The pastor had noticed this late visitor from his window, and he made up his mind to find out what he was doing in the the apron strings of the Church. But at least it must be said for poli-

One evening, therefore, he con-cealed himself behind the curtain ticians that they did not object when which separates the sacristy from the sanctuary, that he might observe unseen what little Vigilio was doing. Softly, on tiptoes, he came trip-ping along, knelt down beneath the come back from distant lands to do battle for the country that had sent them into exile. But now that peace ping along, knelt down bedeath the sanctuary lamp and prayed in a whisper, "Padre nosto che siete in cielo--;" then he stretched out his arms and prayed louder and more fervently, "Dear Lord, protect my father on the battlefield, and send him home scon, O dear Jesus, make the war stop scon." Then the boy arcse, and dragging

Then the boy arcse, and dragging one of the vesper stools up the altar steps, climbed upon it, placed his

Nicholson Washington. cross. Fearing that there might be Mrs. Maud Washington Walsh, St. Louis; daughter of Hon. John Nichol

some poor scul in the hospital who was in urgent need of my assistance Washington, and eister of the son son Washington, and eister of the late Mothers Anne Josephine and Mary Juliana, of the Ursulines, Arcadia, Mo. Francis J. Katherine, Northrup, and not wishing to wait until a column, I knew not how long, had passed, I decided to make a detour

around the town and reach the hospital from a different direction. and Sallie Vail Washington. St. Louis grandchildren of Hon. John Nichol-Ob, Father, it was the providence of God that blocked the short road to son Washington. the hospital.

Pauline Emery Washington, New York City, Granddaughter of Hon. "I slowly circled the town, walking as closely as possible to the house in order to protect myself from the shrapnel and high explosive shells that were bursting overhead. I had

John Nicholson Washington. Mrs. Mary Virginia Washington Fairfax, New Orleans. Daughter of Captain John St th, and Anne, daugh-ter of Lawrence Washington. Mrs. Elizabeth Paschal Howard almost arrived at my destination when, on turning a corner, I caught sight of a Red Cross flag. What's

O'Covnor, London ; wife of Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. Descendant of this, I thought. Have they moved the hospital? I entered the building Anne Pope, grandmother of General George Washington.

and inquired whether the location of the hospital had been changed. 'No, Father,' a soldier told me. 'This is Francis Howard, London, the painter. Son (by the previous mar-riage) of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.—Cathanother hospital that was established only a few days ago. And say, Father, a wounded Tommy is in the olic Columbian.

CECIL CHESTERTON AND CATHOLICISM

and found that the patient was al-ready under the influence of an anesthetic. Something urged me to ton, speaks of Cecil's conversion from Socialism to the Catholic Courde. Through her he was brought into touch "with much older traditions of human freedom, as ex-'He is dying now. We have tried to rouse him a number of times. It's too late!' I went immediately to the dying soldier and saw that he had only a few moments to live. I took his hand in mine, pressed it gently, and said: 'Tommy! I am a Cathor lic priest!' And, Father, he slowly He looked at me, recognized me as a is dying now. We have tried to rouse

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