

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A WONDERFUL WORLD
A little more praise and a little less blame.
A little more virtue, a little less shame.
A little more thought for the other man's rights.
A little less self in our chase for delights.
A little more loving, a little less hate.
Are all that is needed to make the world great.
A little more boasting, a little less jeering.
A little more trusting, a little less fearing.
A little more patience in trouble and pain.
A little more kindness worked into the strife.
Are all that is needed to glorify life.

NEWMAN'S REPLY TO STUDENTS

Many readers besides those of the Sower will be grateful to Canon Murphy, of Kingston, for permitting publication of the subject letter by Newman, addressed to two students, who had asked his advice as to a course of reading in English authors. The editor of the Sower states that this letter, which is dated March 2, 1868, and signed in full, has not hitherto been published.

"I would gladly serve you by answering the question which you ask had I anything to say which would be materially of use to you. Also I know what able instructors you have at Maynooth, and I should shrink from interfering in a matter which requires experience of young men, which the Maynooth Professors have, and I have not."

"Besides, while I thank you heartily for the compliment you pay to my own mode of writing, and am truly glad if you and others have received pleasure from it, you must recollect that those who are expert in any work are often the least able to teach others; and for myself, I must simply say that I have followed no course of English reading, and am quite at a loss to know what books to recommend to students such as yourselves."

"As to the writing or delivery of sermons to which you refer, the great thing seems to be to have your subject distinctly before you; to think over it till you have got it perfectly in your mind; to take care that it should be one subject, not several; to sacrifice every thought, however good and clever, which does not tend to bring out your one point, and to aim earnestly and supremely to bring home that one point to the minds of your hearers. I have written some pages on the subject of preaching in a volume upon university subjects, which I published when I was in Dublin. It is, unfortunately, out of print, or I would have sent it to you."

"One great difficulty in recommending particular authors as models of English arises from the literature of England being Protestant, and sometimes worse. Thus Hume is a writer of good English, but he was an unbeliever. Swift and Dryden write English with great force, but you can never be sure you will not come upon coarse passages. South is a vigorous writer, but he was a Protestant clergyman, and his writings are sermons. All this leads me to consider that everyone must form his style for himself, and under a few general rules, some of which I have mentioned already."

"First, a man should be in earnest, by which I mean he should write, not for the sake of writing, but to bring out his thoughts. One should never aim at being eloquent. He should keep his idea in view, and write sentences over and over again till he has expressed his meaning accurately, forcibly and in a few words. He should aim at being understood by his hearers or readers, which are most likely to be understood. Ornament and amplification will come to him spontaneously in due time, but he should never seek them. He must creep before he can fly, by which I mean that humility, which is a great Christian virtue, has a place in literary composition. He who is ambitious will never write well; but he who tries to say simply and exactly what he feels or thinks, what religion demands, what faith teaches, what the Gospel promises, will be eloquent without intending it, and will write better English than if he made a study of English literature. I wish I could write anything more to your purpose, and am . . ."

HOW A MASTERPIECE WAS WRITTEN

When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he gave the world a literary masterpiece and as well coined a new phrase which ever since has been applied to any case resembling the dual personality of the character about which the book is written. In a recent issue of Scribner's magazine, Lloyd Osburne gave the following dramatic account of how Stevenson wrote the story:

One day he came down to lunch in a preoccupied frame of mind, hurried through his meal—an unheard of thing for him to do—and on leaving said he was working with extraordinary success on a new story that had come to him in a dream, and that he was not to be

interrupted or disturbed even if the house caught fire.

For three days a sort of hush descended on Skerryvore: we all went about, servants and everyone, in tiptoeing silence. Passing Stevenson's door, I would see him sitting up in bed, filling page after page and apparently never pausing for a moment. At the end of three days the mysterious task was finished, and he read aloud to my mother and myself the first draft of the Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

I listened to it spellbound. Stevenson, who had a voice the greatest actor might have envied, read it with an intensity that made shivers run up and down my spine. When he came to the end, gazing at us in triumphant expectancy and keyed to a pitch of indescribable self-satisfaction—as he waited, and I waited for my mother's outburst of enthusiasm—I was thunderstruck at her backwardness. Her praise was constrained: the words seemed to come with difficulty; and then all at once she broke out with criticism. He had missed the allegory, had made it merely a story, a magnificent bit of sensationalism when it should have been a masterpiece!

Stevenson was beside himself with anger. He trembled; his hand shook on the manuscript; he was intolerably chagrined. His voice, bitter and challenging, over-rode my mother's in a fury of resentment. Never have I seen him so impassioned, so outraged, and the scene became so painful that I went away unable to bear it any longer. It was with a sense of tragedy that I listened to the voice from the adjoining room, the words lost, but fraught with an emotion that struck to my heart.

When I came back my mother was alone. She was sitting pale and desolate before the fire and staring into it. Neither of us spoke. Had I done so, it would have been to reproach her, for I thought she had been cruelly wrong. Then we heard Louis descending the stairs, and we both quailed as he burst in as if to continue the argument more violently than before. But all he said was: "You are right! I have absolutely missed the allegory, which after all is the whole point of it, the very essence of it." And with that as if enjoying my mother's discomfiture and her ineffectual start to prevent him, he threw the manuscript into the fire!

Imagine my feelings, my mother's feelings, as we saw it blazing up, as we saw those precious pages wrinking and blackening and turning into flames.

My first impression was that he had done it out of pique. But he had not. He really had been convinced, and this was his dramatic amend. When my mother and I both cried out at the folly of destroying the manuscript he justified himself, vehemently. "It was all wrong," he said. "In trying to save some of it I should have got hopelessly off the track. The only way was to put temptation beyond my reach."

Then ensued another three days of feverish industry on his part and of a hushed, anxious and tiptoeing anticipation on ours, of meals where he scarcely spoke, of evenings unenlivened by his presence of awed glimpses of him sitting up in bed, writing, writing with the counterpane littered with his sheets.

The culmination was the Jekyll and Hyde that everyone knows—a story that, translated into every European tongue and into many Oriental tongues, has given a new phrase to the world.—Vancouver Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

EVENING CHANT

Strew before our Lady's picture
Roses—flushing like the sky
Where the lingering western clouds
Watch the daylight die.

Violets steeped in dreamy odors,
Humble as the Mother mild,
Blue as were her eyes when watching
O'er her sleeping Child.

Strew white lilies, pure and spotless
Bending on their stalks of green,
Bending down with tender pity,
Like our Holy Queen.

Let the flowers spend their fragrance
On our Lady's own dear shrine,
While we claim her gracious helping
Near her Son divine.

Strew before our Lady's picture
Gentle flowers, fair and sweet;
Hope, and fear, and Joy, and Sorrow
Place, too, at her feet.

Hark! the Angelus is ringing
Ringing through the fading light,
In the heart of every blossom
Leave a prayer tonight.

All night long will Mary listen,
While our pleadings fond and deep,
On their scented breath are rising
For us—while we sleep.

Scarcely through the starry silence
Shall one trembling petal stir,
While they breathe their own sweet fragrance
And our prayers—to Her.

Peace to every heart that loves her!
All her children shall be blest:
While she prays and watches for us,
We will trust and rest.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER 3

The Delicious Flavor

drawn from the leaves of

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

has won it millions of users. Sold by all grocers. Buy a package today. FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

AN HISTORIC DOG

There have been many famous dogs in history; but the story of one named Gelert, which is told at some length by both Scott and Wordsworth in their poems, is quite as remarkable as any of them, and far more reliable than many. He was a deer-hound, presented by King John of Wales to his son-in-law, Llewellyn, who kept him at his hunting lodge.

One day, when the hunters started out, Gelert was missing from the pack of hounds. His owner fearing some disaster, repaired speedily to the lodge, where his little son was sleeping. There, sure enough, was Gelert, his mouth smeared with blood; but the babe was not to be seen. The distracted father fell upon poor Gelert and killed him, thinking that he had destroyed the child; but upon turning around, he found the little one safe in his cot, and beside it the body of a ferocious wolf that the dog had slain in defense of its young master.

The grief of the prince at his unjust act was terrible, and he caused Gelert to be buried with all the honor possible. Tourists to that part of Wales are even now shown the remains of the monument which was erected over the faithful deer-hound.—Ave Maria.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Bishop John S. Vaughan, in the Homiletic and Pastoral Review, shows by an example how a little child can bring back an old sinner to the practice of religion. During a big mission in London, he says, a little girl came to confession and, after receiving absolution, said: "Please, Father, dad is coming to confession now." After much coaxing, I made him promise to come with me. He is waiting outside and will enter the box when I leave it. "Oh! That's right, God bless you, my child," said the priest. "You will be kind to him, won't you, Father?" asked the child. "Yes, yes, he has nothing to fear." "Don't scold him Father! I promised him that you would not be cross." Under these conditions the hoary-headed old sinner came, made an excellent confession, unburdened his conscience of a weight that was oppressing it, and—once in the grace of God—thought more of his little daughter than he ever did before. "There is no doubt," adds Bishop Vaughan, "that children often perform, and almost unconsciously real Apostolic work, and should be encouraged to help, in their strange unstudied way to lead souls to God."

SELF-CONTROL

Self-control is a quality which must be developed early in life. Boys especially should be impressed with the importance of acquiring this trait, for their conduct and well-being in life depends largely upon the strengthening of their character in the days of youth. As the years go by and the boy's will grows stronger, the habit of self-restraint begun early in life, should be more and more encouraged. The most ordinary occupation may be used as exercises for gaining this self-control. The very habit of an upright carriage is useful in this regard. All lounging and loitering habits should be discontinued and energy, briskness and erectness demanded. As a matter of fact, anything that tends to harden the body reacts on a boy's character. If he is accustomed to his cold shower or plunge every morning, winter and summer, if his windows are wide open on the coldest night, and particularly if he had learned to rise early and promptly, he has made a good start on life's journey and will probably come unscathed through many a temptation which would mean downfall to another of more luxurious habit.

Anything that calls for an effort of self-control is useful. To some boys habits of order will be a severe discipline, others will need constant practice in good manners at home, yet others find rising from bed promptly a great difficulty. But constant acts persevered in bring victory at last.

"Human nature," says St. Francis de Sales, "easily falls from its good affections, on account of the frailty and evil inclinations of the flesh, which depress the soul and draw her downwards unless she often raises herself upwards by the main force of resolution; just like birds who fall suddenly to the ground if they do not multiply the strokes of their wings, or keep themselves flying."—The Echo.

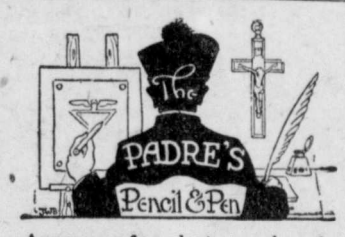
THE VALUE OF PRAYER

There is a story told of a woman, a worldly wicked woman, who happened to hear of the pressing need of a community of nuns. She visited the convent and generously gave them financial assistance and averted a calamity. A little later she was stricken with a fatal malady. Her friends besought her to be reconciled with God, but she was adamant. She would not see a priest, she declared, anyone rather than a priest.

At length her hours were numbered, and the watchers at her bedside were horrified to see an expression of abject terror transfix her face. It passed, and she shudderingly held out supplicating hands. "A priest," she pleaded. "A priest, quickly!"

After she had made her peace with God, she explained that Satan had appeared to her and diabolically cursed her for that one act of charity. He held her soul fast, he told her, and she would never have escaped him had it not been for the prayers of that community of nuns who were daily interceding for their benefactress. Are there any of us who would not, at the dread hour of death, wish to have the prayers of a community of holy women?

To blush at evil is wise; to blush at good, folly.—St. Gregory the Great.



Answers for last week: two upper pictures: Gospel Sunday before. Lower picture: All Souls, Nov. 3rd.



Try to unscramble this design so as to produce two Old and two New Testament events. (No. 5 is King David.) Last Sunday was the feast of the Pope's Cathedral in Rome. What is it's name. Answers next week.

EGGS and POULTRY WANTED
GET IN TOUCH WITH US
C. A. MANN & CO.
London, Ont.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
Incorporated 1851
Fire — Marine — Automobile — Burglary — Guarantee
ASSETS EXCEED \$6,000,000.00
SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS \$4,000,000.00
HEAD OFFICE — TORONTO

BENSON'S PREPARED CORN
A Friend of the Family

The CORN STARCH that for sixty-five years has faithfully responded to every demand of the housewife.

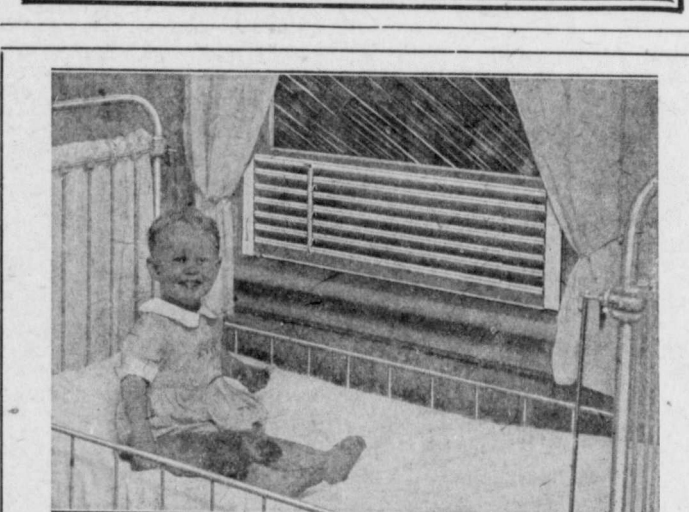
Write for the EDWARDSBURG Recipe Book
THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL

Makes also of Edwardsburg Silver Gloss Starch

Prevent Depression after Illness

Bovril has a wonderful power of pulling you out of depression after illness. It is such a wonderful stimulant it makes you want to be up and doing. There is nothing like it.

Insist on BOVRIL
The Great Restorative



Fresh Air Without Draft
Dust, Snow, Rain

through ordinary windows. May sleep or sit next to open window. Louvers made of Metal. Enamel electrically baked on in artistic finishes of white and brown. Phosphor Bronze Screen on back. Used by Dominion and Provincial Governments, Hospitals, Schools, Offices, Homes, Hotels, etc. Recommended by Physicians, Medical Health Officers, Architects.

DRAFTLESS VENTILATOR and SCREEN CO.
Factory and Office — 47 Booth St., Ottawa, Ont.

TORONTO 53 Adelaide St. W. Phone Adel. 6594
MONTREAL St. Catherine St. W.
LONDON 430 Wellington St. Phone 1071 W

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Tires for Every Need—Including
Regular Full Balloon Cords
Interchangeable Balloon Cords
Ready to fit your present Rims.

Major Cords Used and preferred by the largest Taxi Companies.
Trump Junior Cords and Light Car Fabrics

The F. E. Partridge Rubber Co. Ltd.
GUELPH, CANADA

Have You the Courage to Start Over?

By WILLIAM A. LAWRENCE

MEN of twenty-five, thirty-five or forty-five, who feel that the time for new ventures has passed, should take a running glance back over the pages of biography.

Noah Webster studied seventeen languages after he was 50. Franklin did not begin the study of philosophy until he was 50! At 80 Cato began the study of Greek. Plutarch took his first lesson in Latin, and Socrates learned to play musical instruments.

Tennyson at 83 composed "Crossing the Bar." John Wesley, at 88, preached daily, and still held the helm of Methodism. At 89 Michelangelo was painting his immortal canvases.

So you see, my friend, it is not too late for you to achieve large success. True, it takes something more than wishing, but you can do it. You must supply the will—the International Correspondence Schools will supply the way.

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. lessons make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 300 I. C. S. courses will surely suit your needs.

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. is the quiet of your own home, will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you afford to let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste?

This is all we ask: Without cost or obligation, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS CANADIAN, LIMITED
Department 1357 C, Montreal, Canada

"Without cost or obligation, please send me full information about the subject before which I have marked X in the list below."

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

☐ Business Management	☐ French
☐ Industrial Management	☐ German
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Advertising
☐ Trade Memoranda	☐ Letter Writing
☐ Sales and Marketing	☐ Foreign Trade
☐ Accounts	☐ How to Succeed
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Penmanship & Typing
☐ Business English	☐ Commonplace Book
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Dictation	☐ Illustrating
☐ Cartography	☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Mechanical Engineering	☐ Consulting Engineer
☐ Civil Engineering	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Chemical Engineering	☐ Commercial Draftsman
☐ Mining Engineering	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Metallurgical Engineering	☐ Textile Manufacturing
☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Pharmacy
☐ Radio Engineering	☐ Veterinary Medicine
☐ Marine Engines	☐ Naval Architecture
	☐ Mathematics

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Occupation.....
If name of course you want to not be the above list, please explain your needs in a letter.

McCausland Windows
Church Painting and Decorating.

Design and Estimate Free
ROBERT McCAUSLAND - LIMITED
141-143 SPADINA AVE. TORONTO

DR. NORVALL'S Stomach and Tonic Tablets
will Relieve Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache

For Sale by all Dealers at
25c. A BOTTLE
The Dr. Norvall Medical Co. LTD.
168 Hunter St. PETERBOROUGH, ONT.



Hotel Wolverine DETROIT
Newest and Most Modern
500 Rooms 500 Baths
Rates \$2.50 Up