

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"NO CROSS, NO CROWN"
I sometimes think, when life seems drear,
And gloom and darkness gather here—
When hope's bright star forsakes my skies
And sorrow in my pathway lies—
It would be sweet, it would be best,
To fold my tired hands and rest;
But then God sends an angel down,
Who sweetly says, "No cross, no crown."

Last night I heard the river moan
With sad and melancholy tone;
I saw its water flashing free,
And dashing headlong to the sea.
I would have plunged beneath its tide,
And on its friendly bosom died,
But then God sent an angel down,
Who whispered still, "No cross, no crown."

I said the world is dark and lone;
There is no hand to hold my own;
I cannot bear the noonday heat;
The thorns so pierce my bleeding feet!
"Behold!" he cried, "where sacrificed,
Shine the red, bleeding wounds of Christ.
And fell his tears of mercy down,
While still he said, "No cross, no crown."

Then turned I to the river shore,
And sought the lonely world once more,
With aching heart and burning head,
To battle for my crust of bread;
But Hunger came who knew me well,
And fainting by the way I fell;
But still God sent an angel down,
Who, weeping, said, "No cross, no crown."

"No cross, no crown," as standing there,
The cross too heavy seemed to bear;
And for the crown, I could not see
That it was ever meant for me.
The words I could not understand,
Even while I pressed the angel's hand;
But still he looked with pity down,
And still he said, "No cross, no crown."

Back to the world I turned again,
To feel its grief, endure its pain;
But all the sweetness that it gave
I followed, weeping to the grave.
And from the cold and quiet sod
I lifted my sad eyes to God,
And saw the angel coming down,
And in his hands a golden crown.

Then I forgot my earthly loss,
And, kneeling, lifted up the cross—
Through all that once made life so sweet
Lay 'neath the lilies at my feet.
A radiance from the realms of light
Flashed for a moment on my sight—
A still, small voice came fluttering down:
" 'Tis enough—receive the crown."

THE ROYAL WAY
Man must suffer here below. It is the universal law from which none is exempt. In human affairs, if man finds himself confronted by some irksome or disagreeable condition which by strenuous means he can overcome, he leaves nothing undone to remove it from him. He claims exemption on the ground of his wealth, his influence, or on some other common plea.

There is one exemption that man, however exalted or affluent he may be, cannot obtain. It is exemption from the law of suffering, from the cross. With a cry on his lips he enters this dreary valley through which he is destined to walk with tottering feet. Many a rough fall forces him to his knees and chastens his soul, but he must go on. With a moan of anguish he goes forth at the end of the road, after a long or short journey as the case may be, to render an account of the brief journey that he has made.

There are those who, feeling the sharp pricks of the thorns of life, have cast to the winds the thought of a loving and all-wise Creator. Foolishly they assert, reasoning by their limited lights, that a kind and loving Father must of necessity bestow none but good gifts on His own. By good they mean the agreeable, the pleasant things. Whereas true philosophy teaches that the so-called pleasant and agreeable things are often hurtful to man, do not strengthen him either in soul or body, and even pall on the immortal part of him in the end.

Man cannot escape suffering, no matter how securely he may shield himself from it. Wherever you go, says a Kemptis, you carry within yourself the seed of the trouble. You cannot avoid it. Suffering is the great panacea of life. At first sight this appears paradoxical. But when considered closely in relation to human affairs, it will be found to be the truth. How then, shall we endure this suffering, since we cannot flee from it?

Christ is the great Exemplar of suffering. After Him weak men and women have balanced themselves bravely, keeping close to His blood-stained tracks. Fallen, they have raised themselves, and weary and travel-stained, and wounded and assaulted, they have struggled on. We all admire the man who can bear suffering without a murmur. The patient who can submit to the torture inflicted upon him for his physical healing is looked upon with

admiration by the surgeon, who wounds him that he may make him whole. Suffering, borne patiently, makes men so strong that they are the admiration, not only of their companions, but even of the angels and of God Himself. It is an easy matter to be calm and equable when things go well with us. The Psalmist well illustrates the bravado with which the self-sufficient man starts out in the morning to conquer the world. Alas, before the day is spent he finds out that he is vulnerable, and crawls back humbly to the feet of his Maker, acknowledging his need. Unmanly, to say the least, appear the petty complaints we hear on all sides from worldly-minded persons who strive to flee from the healing shadow of the Cross. They are willing to stand with the Apostles on Tabor and be with Christ Glorified. But they shrink from the dark Garden, the shadow of the Cross. They cannot endure the sight of a drop of blood. What weaklings are they who would contravene the designs of their Creator and would refuse to offer to a dying God one drop of the sympathy that He craves!

The Way of the Cross. In our churches we see the crowds following, on the Fridays of Lent, the priest, as he travels from Station to Station with the Crucifix. They contemplate His sufferings and they are moved to compassion. But Christ asks them to go out into the city, to their homes, to the workshop and to tread that Royal Road after Him. They go, and a little suffering comes near to them. How do they receive it?

In a lax and pleasure-loving age, when few persons imagine themselves strong enough to fast, when few will restrain themselves from the usual round of pleasures,—we may well ask ourselves: Is suffering the badge of all our race? How shall we personally help to establish the reign of a Crucified Master in this weary and care-worn world?

The answer: By suffering our little trials in patience, by restraining ourselves in all the miseries of our daily life, by treading the wine-press with One Who shed the last drop of His Precious Blood for the salvation and peace of the world.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHOEVER LOVES THE WINTER
Whoever loves the winter
Loves the beauty of the snows
In all their varied setting.
Where all their grandeur glows:
On ancient mountains, gleaming
In sunset colors grand;
In woodland ways, where sunlight
Plays,
And carves a glittering strand.

Whoever loves the winter,
Loves the buoyancy of youth;
Life's will-creating combat,
The vastness of God's truth;
The wilderness's splendor
In isolation's grip;
The sweetness and completeness
Of Nature's fellowship.

Whoever loves the winter,
Love's the hearth and home as well;
The radiant warmth of kindly hearts,
Where old age has to dwell;
And counts those moments precious
After the busy day,
When with one's kin the home
Within,
We chat and read and pray.

Whoever loves the winter,
Should love the God of all,
Who orders all our doings,
Each season's rise and fall.
Gloria in Excelsis, ringing
On Heaven's eternal shore,
Its echoes seem down-flinging
To earth's illumined floor.

THE "O SALUTARIS"
It is not generally known, perhaps, that the singing of the hymn, "O Salutaris Hostia," during Benediction is of French origin, and recalls a remarkable event in French history. In 1818 France was attacked on all sides by the enemy, and the country had never been in greater peril. It is interesting and edifying to learn now how the King of France of that time, Louis XIII., acted. He at once had recourse to God, and he appealed to episcopal authority to implore assistance from the Most High by having the hymn, "O Salutaris," sung during Mass at the moment of the Elevation.

"O Salutaris Hostia,
Quae coeli pandis ostium
Bella premunt hostilia;
Da robur, fer auxilium."

"O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gates of heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply! Thy strength
Bestow."

The France of that day received relief.
ROSARY MOST REFRESHING
The famous musician Joseph Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright in Rohran, Lower Austria. His father played the harp, to the music of which his mother would often add that of her charming voice. This it was which first awoke the musical talent of the great composer. One day when he was in company with several distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind

when one is wearied with mental labor. "For my part," said one, "I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine." Another remarked: "When my ideas begin to flag, I quit my work and go into company." "And how is it with you," Haydn?" asked one of his companions. "I take my Rosary, which I always carry about with me," he answered modestly; "after a few decades I am sure to feel refreshed both in body and in mind."—Catholic News.

A CHILD'S IMPRESSION
The impression left on the mind of a child by Benediction is beautifully expressed in an incident told in the Ave Maria.

Little Mabel, though her parents were non-Catholics, was brought up by a good Catholic nurse, who always attended High Mass and Benediction every Sunday. Rather than have the trouble of caring for the child at such times, Mabel's parents permitted her to go to church with her nurse, and during the first years of her childhood she never missed a Sunday or Holyday.

It was with intense interest that she watched the different ceremonies of the Church. She liked the red vestments which her nurse told her were worn on the feasts of martyrs who had shed their blood for Christ; she also liked the heavy gold vestments, which seemed to light up the whole sanctuary, and which she had been told were used on great feasts, like Easter. But perhaps what attracted her most was the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when the priest held up the golden monstrance and the light of the candles reflecting from it made it seem like the eye of God looking down upon the people.

Mabel had been told time and again what Benediction with monstrance meant—that it was God blessing His children on earth.

Mabel's nurse had been gone away for over two years, and she was now nearly ten. She had not been to church many times, and seemed to have forgotten all about the ceremonies that used to delight her so much. But one day as she stood on the seashore holding her mother's hand, she turned suddenly to the west where the setting sun, a great golden disc, flamed in the sky; and she dropped upon her knees and bowed her head. "What is it?" said her mother, who feared something had happened to the child. "It is the Benediction," Mabel whispered. "God is blessing the world. Kneel down, mother, and say a prayer."

NOBEL MEDALIST

DECLARES CLASH BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE INEXCUSABLE
New York, Oct. 19.—"There is no scientific basis for the denial of religion," "Nor is there any excuse for a conflict between science and religion."

These are two of the striking statements of Robert Andrews Millikan, Ph.D., Sc. D., Nobel Prize winner, Edison Medalist, holder of many other learned awards and one of the foremost of living scientists.

Dr. Millikan makes his statements in an interview entitled "A Scientist's God" appearing in this week's issue of Collier's. Added significance is lent to his words by his Eminence in the world of science. He has studied at seven universities in three countries; has won the Comstock prize for research in electricity and the Hughes Medal of the Royal Society of Great Britain, in addition to the Nobel and Edison awards; has been vice-chairman of the National Research Council, and is the author of many scientific works. His discoveries in electricity have been revolutionary.

SCIENCE ONLY REVEALS GOD
"I cannot explain why I am alive rather than dead," says Dr. Millikan at the start of the interview. "Physiologists can tell me a great deal about the mechanical and the chemical processes of my body, but they cannot say why I am alive. But would it not be utterly absurd for me to deny that I am alive?"

"Our scientific knowledge compared to what we knew a hundred years ago is very great, but compared with what there is to be known it is trivial. The map of the earth used to have on it many great, blank spaces marked 'unexplored.' Now there are very few of them. The map of science is still a great blank sheet with only here and there a dot to show what has been charted, and the more we investigate the more we see how far we are from any real comprehension of it all and the clearer we see that in the very admission of our ignorance and finiteness we recognize the existence of a Something, a Power, a Being in whom and because of whom we live and move and have our being—a Creator by whatever name we may call Him."

MATERIALISM CALLED ABSURD
Noting that the conceptions of this Creator are varied, Dr. Millikan discards the materialistic conception summarily. "Materialism, as commonly understood," he says, "is an altogether absurd and an utterly irrational philosophy, and is indeed so regarded by most thoughtful men." Then, declaring that he is chary of making dogmatic denials

or affirmations in the field of religion, he continues: "This much I can say with definiteness—namely, that there is no scientific basis for the denial of religion—nor is there in my judgment any excuse for a conflict between science and religion, for their fields are entirely different. Men who know very little of science and men who know very little of religion do indeed get to quarrelling, and the onlookers imagine that there is a conflict between science and religion, whereas the conflict is only between two different species of ignorance."

The impossibility of real science and real religion ever conflicting becomes evident when one examines the purpose of science and the purpose of religion. The purpose of science is to develop without prejudice or preconception of any kind a knowledge of the facts, the laws and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals and the aspirations of mankind.

FAITH OF GREAT SCIENTISTS

"Many of our great scientists have actually been men of profound religious convictions and life. Lord Kelvin's estimate of the age of the earth at around a hundred million years did not seem to him or to the church to be in conflict with the first chapters of Genesis. He said: 'I believe that the more thoroughly science is studied, the further does it take us from anything comparable to atheism.' And again: 'If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find it not antagonistic but helpful to religion.'"

"Take other great scientific leaders—Sir Isaac Newton, Michael Faraday, James Clerk Maxwell, Louis Pasteur. All these men were not only religious men but they were also faithful members of their communities. For the most important thing in the world is a belief in moral and spiritual values—a belief that there is a significance and a meaning to existence—a belief that we are going somewhere! These men could scarcely have been so great had they been lacking in this belief."

"HEROES ALL BELIEVE IN GOD"
"And it is because of this belief that men are willing to work and to die for causes. Men and women prefer to die rather than to live in the consciousness of having played the coward, of having failed to play their part worthily in the great scheme of things. It is true that not all men are like that, but I am optimistic enough to think that most men are. Why? Simply because most men believe that there is a world scheme, that they are a part of it, that their deaths are going to contribute to its development; in short, because most men believe in God."

"This is the obvious inference from the fact that men are willing to die for a cause. They may not know whether there is a personal immortality for them or not, but they do know with absolute certainty that they live on in memory and in influence; many of them, too, have faith to believe that they live on in consciousness, but in either case they are a part of a plan of development which gives meaning to life. In other words, men who have the stuff in them which makes heroes all believe in God—in a power in the world which makes for righteousness."

ESSENTIALLY OF RELIGION

In conclusion, Dr. Millikan says: "It is beyond belief that we may some time be able to do in our laboratories what the sun is doing in its laboratory. Then it is conceivable that science could, if given the chance, transform this world within a generation. 'But to what end? Without the moral background of religion, without the spirit of service which is the essence of religion, our new powers will only be the means of our destruction.'"

DAYS

I have a little fairy friend
And, when the skies are grey,
She flies into the dimming past
To seek a Golden Day.

Now Golden Days are rare days,
As all old sinners know,
And oft times they are buried deep
Among the Days of Woe.

I sent my elfin friend this morn
To scan the troubled years
But weary came she back tonight,
Her bright eyes filled with tears—
"A million ugly hours I dragged
From off a heap of Time—
I found, tonight, a Golden Day
All covered o'er with grime."

"And, though I bathed her pallid form
And dressed her—most like new,
She sighed and said that she was tired—
Would come no more to you."

I comforted the sobbing elf—
"Wipe all our tears away.
Tomorrow, dear, we two will try
To make a Golden Day."

—EDWARD P. BUTLER
Jesus seeks more than mere passing acquaintance—avoidance of venial sin. He desires that delicacy of true friendship—union of heart and soul with Him.

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