AUGUST 31, 1912

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN THE RIGHT PLACE There are truths that are pleasant to hear; and truths that all do not wish to hear. The following is of the latter kind, and will provoke, from thought less critics, a good deal of critician. And yet the surest way to disappoint the great majority of men, is to per-There are truths that are pleasant to hear; and truths that all do not wish to hear. The following is of the latter kind, and will provoke, from thought-less critics, a good deal of criticism. And yet the surest way to disappoint the great majority of men, is to per-suade all men that they can rise high in the world. Some hasty readers may the world. Some hasty readers may suppose that the writer of the following means to advocate keeping down bud-ding talent. We do not so understand him. The talk of the educationists of the future will be to observe, note, record, and study all the signs and tokens which indicate what kind of work a boy is best qualified to do; and until that task is commenced, the choosing of occupations will remain, as it now is in occupations will remain, as it now is in most cases, a matter of sheer guesswork, a leap in the dark, or the toss of a coin-so far as human aids to that choice are concerned. We have spoken before of this problem. The writer from whom we quote below, deals with another hase of the problem. We have com-lained of the giving to all boys the same plained of the giving to all boys the same kind of education as being irrational, almost as irrational as giving to all sick people the same kind of medicine. Our much landed educational systems, up to this time, have, for the most part, done this, and have made the further mistake of suggesting to all boys the highest round of the ladder, or what men choose to call such. The Pittsburg Catholic SAVS :

Modern systems of education are permeated with the spirit that nobody is fitted for a low place, and everybody is taught to look for a big one, what we greatly need is the inculcation of soberer views of life. Boys are led to discon-tent, everybody is after a kigh place, and nearly everybody fails to get one, and, failing, loses heart, temper and con-tent. The multitude dress beyond their tent. The multitude dress beyond their means and live beyond their necessities to keep up a show of what they are not. In days that are gone, when the simpler life prevailed, children were educated to fill, in Christian hamility, the subor-dinate offices of life which they must fill, dinate offices of life which they must fill, and taught to respect humble callings and to beautify and glorify them by lives of contented and glad industry. When schools accomplish an end like this they will have fulfilled a true mis-sion. They fail to inculost the idea, the mainty of loffices in life are humble sion. They fail to incurcate the idea, the majority of loffices in life are humble, that the powers of the majority of the youth, which they contain, have relation to these offices; that no man is respect-able when he is out of his place; and that much of the results uphers able when he is out of his place; and that much of the world's unhappiness grows out of the fact that from the dis-torted views of life many are in places where they do not belong.

We do not altogether agree that "no man is respectable when he is out of his place;" but he can hardly receive re-spect if he be above his place—lu a place too large for his ability. He can, how-ever, be quite respectable in a place that is smaller than his ability would enable bim to occupy with credit and respect. If mistakes must be made, it is better for a man to err on the side of curtailing his ambition, than to leap too high and fail upon his face. The dis-couragement of ambitions which have a fair chance of being attained is one fair chance of being attained is one thing: The endeavor to guide a boy towards a post in life which he can fill with credit, and to warn him against the disastrous mistake of attempting too much, is quite another thing. knew a man who was a faithful employee for most of his life, of a large corpora On some change taking place in tion. On some change taking place in the management, he was sent for and offered promotion and more pay. He refused. We think we may say that a majority of men, situated as he was, would say he was a fool to refuse. And that is because of the false notion so long propogated that every man is ento look for the highest or beat

paid office or employment. But, was he a fool? Or was he a wise man? Many best lawyers in the world have refused to be made judges. Were they tools ? There is much wisd fools? There is much wishout in better satisfied with "well enough." Content ment and happiness are nearly synony-mous. The bulk of the real work of the world will always be done by the men in humble stations. Upon the religious side of the matter, the man who has side of the matter, the man who has enough for his needs, and does not thoughtlessly squander the means he has, has fever temptations to combat than the man whose ambition or long-ings to keep place with others, spurs him on and on, to scheme, intrigue, and walk in doubtful paths, to accomplish his purpose. There is much complaint negrodars about competition and the him on and on, to see the second seco in great danger of forgetting what it is, in great danger of forgetting what it is, though all men know, when they pause a moment to think. To do one's work well, for the sake of doing it well; to seek respect amongst one's immediate associates, and not elsewhere; to be moderate in one's wishes and satisfied with simple pleasures and a few frinds; tism so you couldn't get round much.

sisvery, folly, madness, meanness of spirit. And perhaps it would be such if spirit. And perhaps it would be such if there were no other world than this; though, even then, the theory would be none the less nonsensical that all men are fitted to climb high — or what is called high—in this world. Education-ises of the future will be found discard-ises much that is now thought to be a ists of the future will be found discard-ing much that is now thought to be a great system. Educationists of to-day have changed that system greatly. But one thing they will undoubtedly do, or try to do, which has not yet been seri-ously attempted. They will try to direct the minds of young men to a wise choice of occupations, and to imbue them with caution as to plunging forward on unknown paths. Up to now, the Church is the only teaching authority in the world which has consistently told men always that it is no disgrace to be poor; no shame to be satisfied with an humble no shame to be satisfied with an hun occupation ; no offence to wear unfashionable or inexpensive clothes; no crown-ing sin to lack ambition, or to be con-tent with little: but that, on the con-

ing sin to have animital, or to be con-tent with little: but that, on the con-trary, the end for which man was created is more readily attainable by the poor man than by the rich; by the man of few and simple responsibilities than by the man of many and complicated affairs. Of course, great poverty, deep indigence. brings its temptations. So does wealth; and the wealthy succumb to their temp-tations as quickly as the very poor to theirs—perhaps, on the whole, more quickly. Of course, these views, which involve refl ction on the unperishable truths of religion, mean nothing to Soci-alistic agitators. Religion is a bugbear to them. But, we have stood by the graves of our dead, and we have heard the earth fall on their coffins, and we have heard the words— ' Remember, have heard the words- 'Remember, man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." How much of arithcial philosophy, and how many false theories disappear before those words -The Casket.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE LITTLE FLORIST

Some boys play and put their whole some boys pay and put their whole minds to it, but object to work; and some boys work and put their whole minds to that, and don't seem to care for play; and then there are some boys for play; and then there are some boys who work and make play out of it, and enjoy themselves fully as well—and I wouldn't wouder a little better. Bobby Chase was a boy of the work-play sort.

When Bobby was four and brought in wood for his mother, he played that each wood for his mother, he played that each stick was a poor little homeless boy, shivering and crying for warmth, and he packed them cosily into the woodbox with little pats and words of encourage-ment. And when he picked up stones from his mother's garden, and he played they were bad things that had stolen in to eat the fruit and vegetables atolen in to eat the truit and vegetables and that earrying them out made the whole garden laugh. Of course, the thought of the garden laughing made him laugh, too. So he went about his work smiling and chuckling, and with many node of understanding to the growing things around him.

By the time he was eight Bobby had developed quite a taste for growing plants and taking care of them, especial-ly flowers. He loved them. His mother said he was a natural little upon his hands. "I since I'd better

who made a regular ballies of go and flowers for sale. Bobby loved to go and stand outside the greenhouse and look through the glass at the beautiful plants inside; and once old Tompkins had actually seen and motioned for him to actually seen and motioned for him to come and help. Bobby never forgot that day. And months later, when he saw lilice in bloom through the fence, in saw liftee in bloom through the rende, in the little garden just outside the green-house, it was the remembrance of a promise made by the old florist that took him through the gate. He was bending over the liftes when— Siffeulty.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD



ne ?"

us love flowers."

in Sunday Companion

Well Worth Knowing

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE

walk down the valley of silence,

Down the dim voiceless valley alone, And I hear not the sound of a footstep,

gave ; And I said : "In the world each ideal-

And sleeps like a dream in the grave.'

And still did I pine for the perfect,

mortal

drops

And I have heard songs in the silence That never shall first into speech; And I have had dreams in the valley

And I have seen thoughts in the

Too lofty for language to reach,

I raked off the bed, you and nicked up the stones, and know and picked up the stones, and helped you set out the bulbs. You gave me 25 cents, and said that I could have my choice of the flowers when they bloomed. Don't you remember?" Yes old Tompkins remembered. His

Yes old Tompkins remembered. His face showed it. "Any way, you oughtn't to pick it without letting me know," he remom-strated, his voice softening. "I did try to," said Bobby, earnestly. "I spoke to you three times, pretty loud, but you didn't wake up. Then I noticed how tired and—and sick you looked, so I slipped away. But I knew you wouldn't care so long as I took only the one that was mine." "Well I'm sorry I spoke so ha'sh," apologized the old man, his voice now

spologized the old man, his voice now gentle. "But why didn't you wait and

apologized the old man, his voice now gentle. "But why didn't you wait and come sgain?" "It's mother's birthday, and she's sick," replied Bobby; "if it wasn't for that, I'd have waited. I couldn't let you know before, for I've been working over to Farmer. Brown's, picking up stones. I got through only last night." He waited with his arm still outstretched toward the lily he had selected, as he looked up at old Tompkins inquiringly. "Yes pick it," said the old man, "and you might as well pick two more with it. One wouldn't be much for a sick woman to look at. I remember now, about you helping me. You were a good, willing boy to help about plants. I remember, caretul, and not a lazy bone in your body. How'd you like to come over for sn hour or two this afternon?" The boy looked us quickly. "I'd like it first rate," he answered eagerly. I'm not doing anything now, and we need all the money I can make. I'll be over just as soon as I carry the lilies hom."

hom

Around me but God's and my own, And the hush of my heart is as holy As he sped away, old Tompkins turned easy chair in front of As bowers where angels have flo back toward his Long ago I was weary of voices the greenhouse.

For many years the old man had con-Whose music my soul could not win ; Long ago I was weary of noises ducted a successful business, living alone and hiring such help as he needed. That fretted my soul with their din; Long ago I was weary of places Where I met but the human and sin. alone and hiring such help as he needed. But as the years and rheumatism took away his strength and activity, he had gradually given up raising the vege-tables and small fruits, and then most of the flowers. Now he raised and sold only a few plants each spring, just enough to supply him with the harest enough to supply him with the barest necessities of life; and all the rest of That shines like a star on life's wave-Is tossed on the shores of the real,

his strength was given to caring for his beloved lilies, the most cherished of all For the last few days he had been more depressed than usual, owing to one of the many letters from his son in the West, urging him to sell out and live with his relatives. "You are not fit to live by yourself any longer," the letter had said, "and something should be done

ly flowers. He loved them. His mother said he was a natural little florist. They were very poor, and lived in a poor little house, only a short distance from the big greenhouse of an o'd man who made a regular business of growing flowers for sale. Bobby loved to go and stand outside the greenhouse and look That lies far beyond human ken,

"Tis my trysting-place with the Divine;" And I fell at the feet of the Holy, And around me a voice said, "Be Mine!"

then rose from the depth of my

TEMPERANCE

MISTAKEN KINDNESS-A STORY FROM LIFE.

What is here given is a story of fact ; it will carry its own moral. On a wretched day, bitterly cold and On a wretched day, bitterly cold and damp two men, attired in warm over costs, stood on the step of a tram car, ready to alight at the next stopping place. As they waited, the conductor came up, cold and tired, with a look of suffering on his face. "That's a nasty cough you've got," said one of the gentle-men; " take this and get a good stiff class of hot whister when you go to bed

men; "take this and get a good stiff glass of hot whiskey when you go to bed it is the best cure for a bad cold." "Right you are, sir," replied the con-ductor gratefully, as he took the coin. The car stopped, the two men stepped off, and walked a few steps in silence. Presently the elder of the two spoke : "Shall tell you a story?" The other locked at him curiously and said, laugh-induct all wight let us have it." But

looked at him curiously and set it." But ingly, "all right, let us have it." But there was no laughter in his friend's voice as he began. "That little incident in the car," he

"That little incident in the car," he said, "reminds me of something that happened a good many years sgo, when I was living in Lancashire. I used to go to my home at St. Helens pretty regularly by car, and I got to know one of the con-ductors very well. A tall, straight, soldierly fellow, one could tell at the first glance that he had been in the Army and was proud of it. 'Yes, sir, he said to me in one of my chats, 'Twenty-one years I have served Her Gracious Lois are young and sprv, and could do the running around. Yes, we could make money, like I used to," his voice breaking a little in its eagerness. "Will you-do you s'pose they'd be willing to "Be willing 1" repeated the boy, catching his breath a little; "why, they couldn't wish for anything nicer. All of one years I have served Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; God bless her ! When I joined the Army, as a mere lad. "Well, s'pose you don't work any this fternoon. Go home and tell your When I joined the Ariny, so a now; it wasn't for two or three years as now; playing at soldiering, I call it. It meant the twenty-one years, best years of your life, in the service of your Queen and afternoon. Go home and tell your mother, and get her to be ready to move just as soon as she's able; then go and

just as soon as the sole ; then go that tell Lois to give up her housekeeping. Tell them we'll make everything just as nice and comfortable for them as we can. Now hurry." "I often used to have a word with him, and as the winter came on I noticed how thin and worn he looked, and he had This time the old man's head did not a cruel cough, which was most paictul to hear. 'I can't stand this climate now, This time the old man's head did not fall dejectedly upon his hands when he was lett alone; instead, it was thrown back in delighted chuckles, while his hands made congratulatory little pats upon the head of his cane.—L. V. Arcott in Sandar Communic hear. 'I can't stand this climate now,' he said ; 'fourteen years in India tells on a man, and the winters here are some-thing cruel. I often told him, as you told that man just now, to take a glass of something hot, at bed-time, but he always shook his head. 'I'm done with that, sir, I have signed the pledge and mean to keep it.' 'That's all right,' I would say, 'I'm a Temperance man my-self ; but I take it as a medicine, and I advise you to do the same. It would do There are many initations of Kel-logg's Toasted Corn Flakes. None of them equal the genuine. Look for the signature and be sure of satisfaction. Order Kellogg's to day. advise you to do the same. It would do

you good.' "But no persuasion moved him, and as the weather became colder and his cough increased, I used to feel irritated at his obstinacy, and his 'No thank you, sir, I've signed the pledge.' "At last, one day, I said, 'Look here, South hors' my address: come up when

Smith, here's my address; come up when you are off duty and I'll give you a bottle of old port, which will pick you up.' He hesitated, but evidently did up.' not like refusing my kindness. He came

THE

not like refusing my kindness. He came and got the port. "Next day, I left home on business, and was away several weeks. On my re-turn I missed my friend the conductor, and concluded that he must be laid up. At last I asked the one who had taken his place what had become of him. "You mean Smith, the Army man? Ah ! sir, it is a bad case. He had a nasty accident. Had a drop too mucb, and fell off the top of the car. He couldn't stand much, pcor chap, he had no strength at all.' I walked in the world with the worldly, Yet I craved what the world never

couldn't stand much, pcor chap, he had no strength at all." "I could harddy believe my ears, re-membering what he had told me about his pledge. I felt uneasy about giving him the bottle of wine, but it passed out of my mind, till one evening I had just settled down to read the paper, when my wife said with a sigh, 'Oh, what a tragedy life is'." And still did I pine i'r the perfect. And still found the false with the true; I sought, 'mid the human, for heaven, And caught a mere glimpse of its blue; Aud I sighed when the clouds of the tragedy life is !'

tragedy life is !" " 'Well, I don't know,' I answered, 'I feel jolly comfortable just now.' " 'Don't laugh at me. I sm not think-ing of onraelves, but of a poor woman who used to come to our mothers' meet-ing. She havn't hear of late, and I wont Veiled even that glimpse from my view. And I toiled on heart-tired of the human And groaned 'mid the masses of men; Till I knett, long ago, at the altar, And heard a voice call me. Since then I walk down the valley of silence, She hasn't been of late, and I went ing. She hash t been of late, and I went to find the reason. I found her in great trouble. Her husband has taken to drinking again. He was a soldier, but returning from India, he left the Army, and gave way to drink. Time after time the just menaned to keep the here to ing. Do you ask what I find in the valley ? she just managed to keep the home to-gether, only to find that everything was sold for drink. Seven years ago, a

commits a mortal sin, because he de-liberately co-operates with the grievous If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility .- Longfellow.

6 Whoseever is guilty of excess in drinking, though not to intoxication, in family by squandering that which is needed for their support, commits a mortal sin against charity. In like manuer, whosever thus renders himself unable to pay his lawful debts, though elmay not drink to intoxication, co mits a mortal sin.



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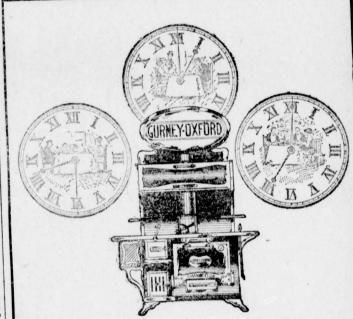
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7

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Тне

"Hi, there! Get out o' that, you boy! What are you doing?"

Old Tompkins was hobbling down the

"The lily's mine, Mr. Tompkins," Bobby said, sturdily; "don't you remem-ber?"

An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

"Here I am, Mr. Tompkins," Bobby id briskly. 'Now what'll I do ?" Do you ask how I live in the valley ? I weep, and I dream, and I pray ; But my tears are as sweet as the dev The old may controlled himself with

"How's your mother ?" he asked. That fall on the roses in May, She's sitting up, and will be all right by to-morrow, the doctor says. He says it's the house, and that our place isn't fit to live in on account of the swamps beyond it. I'm going to bire a house that isn't wet, soon's I can earn the money," straightening himself sturdily. In the hush of the valley of silence I hear all the songs that I sing, And the notes float down the valley Till each finds a word for a wing, "That's right." absently. Then the That to men, like the dove of the De

haggard face suddenly warmed under some reassuring thought. 'How'd you like to come and live here ?" luge, The message of peace they may bring. The boy stared. "Are you laughing at me ?' he asked. But far on the deep there are billows That never shall break on the beach

"No, I'm not," earnestly, and a little tremulously. "I'm not fit to live alone any more, and your mother could sort of look sfor me and take care of the house. Yan'se mile and handr that along took sfter me and take care of the nouse. You're quick and handy about plants. Then there's that sister Lois you brought here once to lock round. She was bright and willing and seemed to

valley-Ah, me ! how my spirit was stirredlove flowers. Where is she now ?" They wear holy veils on their faces, Their footsteps can scarcely be heard, They pass down the valley like vir-"Over to Farmer Brown's, helping t

gentler, only to him to sign the pledge, was sold for drink. Seven years ago, a gentleman got him to sign the pledge, and they have been so happy. But he has been ailing all the winter, with a terrible cough, and one gentleman in-sisted on giving him a bottle of port wine. His wife was terrified when he brought it, but he said he would take one glass. He drank the whole bottle, and fell back into his old habits. Now her heart is broken, and on Christmas Day, when she had made a pudding for the children, he came in like a madman and dashed it on the fire. A few days later he fell from the car, and has lost his place; isn't it dreadful ? And my prayer, like a perfume from censer, Ascendeth to God night and day.

din

FATHER RYAN

his place ; isn't it dreadful ?' nis place; isn't it dreadful?' 4 You can't imsgine what I felt, as I listened to this, since I was the cause of his fall. Well, that is the end of my story. You think me a fanatic on the data constinut, it was the total of the drink question; it was that made me

one." His companion became very serious, and said, "From now I am with you, heart and soul. By God's help I will no more touch the drink, nor offer it to my fellow men."-Ex.

THE MORTAL SIN OF DRINK THE MORTAL SIN OF DRIVE The following decisions as to mortal sins in connection with liquor which were laid down by Bishop O'Reilly of Liverpool, about thirty years ago, we commend to the thoughtful considera-tion of those who look lightly upon the drink habit, and those who are given to speak of it as "a good man's failing,

1. Whosoever drinks deliberately to

such an extent as to lose his reason commits a mortal sin. 2. Whoseever knows by past experi-ence that when drunk he is accustomed to blaspheme, or utter other improper language, 'or injure others about him, besides the sin of drunkenness, is guilty of those other crimes committed during the state of intoxication. 3. Whoseever does not adopt the proper means for the correction of this vicious habit of drunkenness remains in a continuous state of sin.

Only a sympathetic and sensitive nature can tell just where intrusiveness

nature can tell just where intrusiveness begins, so as to avoid its very first ap-proach. We can all, however, improve in this respect by cultivating our per-ceptions and sympathies so as to enter somewhat into the consciousness of other people. No one deliberately in-tends to become an intruder or a bore, but many actually do so from selfish and careless disregard of the feelings of others, and are the people it is advisvicious habit of drankenness remains in a continuous state of sin. 4. Whosever entices or urges another to excess in drinking, whom he foresees will be intoxicated, commits a nortal sin.

3. Any seller of liquor who continues to supply to ary individual that he knows will become intoxicated therewith others; and are the people it is advis-able to keep at a distance.

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