

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MISUNDERSTANDING

They seem as very trifles, yet they have a pow'r malign; They enter, oft unnoticed—as it were—without design; They creep, like Eden's serpent, pushing beauteous buds aside; They poison Friendship's flower which the strongest blast defied!

mission to withdraw from a public career, the monarch inquired if his desire sprang from disgust of the world. Whereupon Valdeso replied that it was his sober conviction that there should be time for reflection between the life of a soldier and his death.

The New Year is the best time for such reflection on the part of every man. "Life," says one who had tasted deeply of its wells, "as we view it in our retrospection of the past, lays no flattering unction to our vanity, for it sets before us many blunders and much that we owe to be veritable meanness and cowardice."

It is undeniably true that all men lose some time, and most men a great deal of time. Forgetfulness of the Divine, says a sacred writer, is a much more common sin than open revolt against it.

While there is life there is hope, a homely adage, but invaluable as a motive to help us on our journey through another year.

The great Cardinal Newman who knew so well the pains and doubts and anxieties of the souls of men, has painted a striking picture for our consideration:

Not more different is the miniature we have of the man as a boy, when every feature spoke of hope, put side by side with the large portrait painted to his honor when his limbs are shrunk, his eye dim, his brow furrowed, than differs the moral grace of that boyhood from the repulsive aspect of his soul now that he has lived to the age of man. For moroseness and cynicism and selfishness is the ordinary winter of that spring.

The message of the New Year bells is one of hope, hope for brighter things, that, at its close, men may be able to re-echo the sentiments of the hero of "A Tale of Two Cities."—"It is a far far better thing I do than I have ever done."

The bells have ceased. The Old Year has passed by, and the New Year has begun.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IRISH HEART OF MINE

I have strayed through every nation Far away from friends and home, And have paused in admiration By St. Peter's wondrous dome; I have roamed and read their stories

Where the Grecian ruins lie, And have marvelled at the glories Of the blue Italian sky. But an Irish hillside glowing In the morning's golden ray, With a minstrel streamlet flowing Down below the verdant brae; And a thatched roof cot appearing Where the wild moss-roses twine, Make a scene far more endearing For this Irish heart of mine.

Glorious dreams are in the pealing Of those old Cathedral chimes, And in organ tones revealing All the charm of southern climes; Luring love lies in the glances Of dark eyes that shoot and gleam As the broken sunlight dances On a shaden woodland stream.

But the harp of Erin breathing Tender strains that sorrow sings, While a stranger hand is wreathing Cypress leaves around the strings; And the blue eye's modest bearing When it beams with love divine, Have a charm beyond comparing For this Irish heart of mine.

There are vacant places that we know since last New Year's Day. There are once familiar figures missing. In life we did not think much about them. They came and went beside us, dull, gray uninteresting figures, and disappeared suddenly from the paths that we knew. Now that they are gone, in the hush of the New Year we recall them. They are strangely distinct in our path. We see them, clothed as the Prophet saw the dead men on the plain, clothed in different aspects. We wonder that we passed them by as unworthy of a thought: "And some of these walked not in monastery or convent, but amidst the busy haunts of men. Saints they were of the lowly freestone, hidden martyrs that bore their cross and died upon it. Blameless in the sight of Heaven and their fellows, they walked faithfully in the path of humble duties, and never dreamed how blessed before the angels was the life they led."

They have disappeared from this earthly scene, but we think of them tonight. And our thought resolves itself into something like this: It is the pure intention and the will to love and serve which make the saints of the whole world.

Ere the Old Year passes with the music of the bells, we ask ourselves a few questions: Has the past year been one of peace with our own souls and those of our fellowmen? At this time the world cries for peace, and perhaps never before in history has there been such a good omen for the future years. The world to a great extent is at peace about the Crib of the New-Born Christ, and yet in comparatively few human hearts is there lasting and perfect peace.

The New Year smooths the furrowed brow of the Old. Now is the time to cast out all dark thoughts of despair or of vain and useless regret. Every man in spite of the past fails that he has the right to start all over again this Year. The story is told by Dr. Johnson in one of his essays that when Valdeso asked of Charles V. per-

It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings and not suppose that a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct.

After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious men learn to be cold and cautious with us. Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy" and everybody is under restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.

A FRIEND

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He replied: "I had a friend."

Truer words were never spoken. There is nothing that brings sunshine to our lives, takes us out of ourselves, and makes life really beautiful and worth the living, like a friend.

A true friend is heaven's choicest gift. And when we have such, let nothing separate us. Let us love them and cherish them, and above all, let us trust them. There may be actions and words that we do not understand and that pain us, but let our faith be stronger than these, and nothing will separate us. Let us cultivate in ourselves what we long for in our friends; sweetness of character, evenness of temper, confidence, loyalty, patience, sympathy and love.

Let us be kind, courteous and true to all we meet, but let it be only the few—the choice ones—who come close to our hearts, sharing our deepest thought and inmost feelings, entering into the inner sanctuary of our lives.—True Voice.

JES' BE WHAT YOU IS

One of the peculiar kinks in human nature is that which leads a person to pretend a superiority which he does not possess. Each man stands forth with certain natural and acquired qualities; his pretense cannot add one iota to his actual worth, although he strives ever so hard to appear greater or of more importance than he really is. The very effort itself indicates a lack of solid value.

Usually it is amusing to watch the antics of such a person. Realizing his shortcomings, he endeavors to make up for them by assuming what neither God nor nature ever intended for him. In this way at times he succeeds in deceiving the gullible and he revels in their approval. The judicious, however, never for a moment credit him with being other than they actually know him to be. But not having genuine gold, he loves to play with tinsel. Perhaps it is just as well, since tinsel is his natural element.

The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady may be sisters under the skin, but frequently they are worlds apart in every other respect. May not also the same be said of the colonel himself and Judy's other half? The most majestic, awe-inspiring, and withal mirth-provoking, individual in the whole world is perhaps the drum major at the head of a parade. From trembling and defiant shako, to bearskin, to shiny boots, he is the embodiment of power, strength and beauty; shorn of these he remains but a common mortal like unto the rest of mankind. For his whole impressiveness consists in a mere outward appearance.

So it is with many people whom we meet in daily life. Take away the shako of their conceit and the gaudy uniform of pretense, and their apparent glamor melts away like the waxen wings of Icarus when he attempted to fly across the sea. After all, there is deep philosophy of conduct in the old Darkey's words:

Don't be what you ain't, Jes' be what you is.

If you is not what you am, Then you am not what you is. If you're just a little tadpole, Don't try to be a frog, If you're just the tail, Don't try to wag the dog, You can always pass the plate, If you can't exhort and preach, If you're just a little pebble, Don't try to be the beach, Don't be what you ain't, Jes' be what you is. —Catholic Bulletin

FOLLOWING THE STAR

The Wise Men found the Saviour because they sought Him. They did not consume the time in ineffectual desires. They studied the signs of the times, and God spoke to them. They heard the call; they accepted the vision; they followed the star, and they found Him, who alone can give man and the world, peace and happiness.

The Wise Men brought gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. But they offered the Child infinitely more than these symbols of Oriental opulence and power. They gave Him the sacrifice of parting from home and country, the toil of long days and nights in the desert, the weary hours of seeking and hope deferred, and in the end they gave themselves. They loved God and sought His face, not in words but by deeds. Therefore they found Him.

We, whosoever are called Christians, must likewise seek the Child at Bethlehem. Assuredly we too shall find Him. For the call has

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"SALADA"

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been given us, and the star is shining. We know the way, the truth, and the life. The riches of the East are not ours to garner and give. But we have, the humblest of us, and can give, that which the Child came to seek; our hearts and their unswerving loyalty. This is indeed more than an offering once made. It means to keep ourselves in this twentieth century unpotted from the world; to be just, and more than this, to be loving; to be faithful to the little daily obligations which, forgotten, can bring darkness to the lives of those nearest us; to obey all whom God has given command to rule us; to have an especial regard and love for the poor and the weak; to make, as far as in us lies, that little corner of the world which knows us, better for our presence. This is no small gift. It is far above gold and frankincense and myrrh. But it is ours to give, and only in the giving shall we find rest for our souls. For the Love that is incarnate in the Child at Bethlehem has taught us that in renunciation is found love's choicest gift.

The world today is not seeking Him. Therefore is there wickedness in high places, and the sound of merriment in the houses of the rich. But it is a merriment which passes. None know so well as all who seek the pleasures of a passing world that in the end these are as dust and ashes. There is a peace to which we can all attain, a peace that is as light in tired eyes and as a song in hearts that mourn, and it is given by the Child in His Mother's arms at Bethlehem. The way is long, but the star is shining, and in its guidance we shall walk to Him, and find Him.—America.

REVERENCE

There is no virtue more important for religious life than the virtue of reverence; and yet it is idle to suppose habitual reverence is attained without some effort. Many things work against it. The first element of danger to it lies in the habits of thoughtlessness. It is easy to slip through the world and tread on holy places and not to know that the ground is holy. Half the mischief of the world is caused by unthinking stupidity. And then, too, our habit of explaining away things blunts our sense of reverence. We think we know so much, whereas the fact of the matter is we are profoundly ignorant. Every blade of grass asks a question that the wisest cannot answer. We hide our ignorance under a polite formula, the laws of nature, forgetting that after all these laws of nature are the habits of God. But perhaps the chief barrier to reverence is worldliness, the absorption of mind in the things of the sense. Reverence demands recognition that we are living in a spiritual world. Beyond the range of our senses there is a vast spiritual reality, in the contemplation of which we may very well put the shoes from our feet. To recognize that we are spiritual beings in a spiritual world at once humbles and exalts us. He who keeps this in mind is in a fair way to become reverent.

Another element of reverence is self-respect. To cower, to cringe and to creep is not reverence; it is servility. Self respect is the very basis of reverence. We bow the head and bend the knee not to signify our servility, but to salute the Divine and to admit our weakness in its presence. When men are reverent, they are fearful and mindful of the things of God.—The Missionary.

CRUX OF ANGLICAN CONTROVERSY

Having long observed the fatal readiness with which our friends the Anglo-Catholics succeed in missing the essential point in the old controversy between the Church of England and the Catholic Church, Father Vincent McNabb, O. P., in a short paper contributed to the December Blackfriars, puts the real crux of the question with such unescapable logic that it is very difficult to understand how any sincere Ritualist with a head on his shoulders can fail to see the force of the argument. "Who are members of the Church?" pertinently asks Father McNabb, and then reasons thus: "A Church in schism is not a member of the True Church. A member of a Church in schism is not a member of the True Church. Two Churches, therefore, between which the relation is one of schism cannot both be the True Church; one of them is not part of the True Church."

The relation between the Church of Rome and the Church of England is one of schism. Schism

Vapo-Cresolene advertisement with image of a person using the product.

The Kidneys advertisement with image of a person sitting at a desk.

Capital Trust Corporation advertisement listing directors and services.

Many persuade themselves that they have no true sorrow for their sins if they do not practice many and great corporal austerities. Let us learn, nevertheless, that he does a good penance who studies to please God alone at all times and in all things. This is a very perfect thing and of great merit.—St. Francis de Sales.

More Chiropractors Urgently Needed DEAF? advertisement.

Hotel Tuller advertisement with image of the hotel building.

Mount Royal Hotel Company advertisement for convertible debentures.

W.A. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd. advertisement for kidney pills.

To W.A. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd. form for requesting circulars.