

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NECESSITY OF ORDER

God bestows a special blessing on those who keep order. This blessing is shown in the things that belong to this life. Order is of great value in getting on in the world, for nothing facilitates work so much as order. The man who keeps his business affairs in order will never find them too heavy a burden for his shoulders; he will never have to exert himself beyond his strength; and yet he will accomplish more than others of greater talent. In the absence of method work accumulates and confusion issues. Not only does method make work comparatively easy, but it is also the greatest means of success in business. Thus order leads to temporal prosperity. Where there is order nothing is wasted, no time is lost, work proceeds briskly, and the confidence of others is secured; all these things make for success. Where disorder reigns everything goes amiss, and the best undertaking must fail. God's blessing is on those who keep order in temporal matters. This is no less true of those who keep order in things pertaining to their souls.

If in the things of time and sense the law of order must be observed lest confusion and ruin result, how much more true is it of the things belonging to our immortal souls! Regularity and order in a man's life are the means of rendering him secure against many dangers. They save him from the dangers attending on idleness, for a man who has order in his occupations is never idle. A man who keeps order knows how to distribute his time, and thus escapes the dangers of reprehensible conversations, bad companions, frequenting dangerous places, etc. Order in spiritual matters conduces to virtue. What advantage in the spiritual life can a man expect to make if he has no order and leaves all to impulse and caprice? His prayers are said, occasionally perhaps, and then they are omitted for long periods; he may receive the sacraments frequently for a time, and then neglect them for months together. On the other hand, he who loves order and lives according to it will persevere in his pious practices; he will say his prayers daily, he will receive the sacraments at stated times, all things will have their time and their place, and the danger of neglecting them is reduced to a minimum because he believes in order. Order is his guide, and he advances steadily day by day towards heaven. If we wish to make progress on our journey to heaven we must draw up a rule of life, be it ever so simple, and live according to it. The good results that such a rule will produce in our souls will be immeasurably great. It is not he who runs and then stands still that reaches the goal, but rather he that proceeds steadily without interruption.

Order is a most important thing for our salvation; as it leads to success in the world of business, so it also leads to success in the matter of our eternal salvation.—Rev. Joseph Schuen.

CHARITY OF SPEECH

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then looks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can

still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

A MERRY HEART

Why do you wear a harassed and troubled look? Are you really in trouble, or are you allowing the little worries of life to grind furrows in your face? Take a glance at yourself in the mirror and reform—that is, reshape your face into the lines of comfort and good cheer which it ought to wear. Take an honest inventory of your troubles, and decide whether or not they are really worth advertising in your countenance. It may seem a little thing to you whether or not you wear a smiling face, but it is not a little thing. A serene look advises the tired and troubled men whom you meet that there is peace and joy in at least one heart. And there may be among them some who had begun to doubt if peace or joy existed at all. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

KIND WORDS WITHHELD

Everyone condemns miserliness, but money is not the only thing selfishly hoarded and kept out of circulation where it is needed. Expressions of sympathy, and kind words that would brighten one's own or other homes, the power to all to the general cheer and comfort—all these are withheld as if weeping them men again. Talent, time, service can be selfishly kept back from being of any value to the possessor or anyone else. Moth and rust do their ruinous work in the soul as well as in the stable, and there are as many starving for cheer and friendliness as are starving for lack of food.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

PARTING OF THE WAYS

Day was dawning in the beautiful Summer Valley. From behind the distant peaks the sun was climbing, step by step, the ladder of the day. A bustling little town, with a scarcely audible chirp, flew away from the fir tree, her nightly dwelling. From a negro cabin arose a plaintive plantation song, from the tuneful throat of a young melistoe. In a rolling shadow the loving of cattle could be heard; smoke could be seen arising from the numerous chimneys. All this showed the day was advancing.

Day was waking, too, in the high colonial house. A touching scene was being enacted in its dining-room. The two sons were leaving for the north. One for the north, the other for the south.

War, the great Civil war, had been declared.

At last the moment for the departure arrived. Fred, scratching a heavy knee from his sister, a long silent embrace from his mother, a handshake from his father, was off for the south, with all the blessings and best wishes that could be carried.

Then Will, a handsome boy of twenty-one, came slowly into the room. He attempted to kiss his sister, but that proud child of the south turned her back upon him and exclaimed that she could never kiss a traitor even though he was her own brother. The boy drew back. Over his face there came a deadly pallor, he staggered, swallowed the lump in his throat and turned toward his mother, who could not bear to see her son go to war and maybe to death, without a tender embrace. She kissed him again and again, then with a sigh she went from the room. He offered his hand to his father, who told him never to darken this doorstep of his home again. With a sickening heart he swayed toward the door, passed out, and was off to the north, with no words of love or Godspeed.

His brother, sitting his horse like a statue, was waiting for him. Taking his horse from the black boy, he slowly mounted, turned for the last look of his boyhood home, and then swiftly galloped away, followed by his brother.

They drew rein before a house, similar to their own, and dismounting, went slowly up the steps and pulled the knocker. Early, as it was, they found



the Wilson household already astir and were ushered into the reception room by a black slave, Augusta Wilson, a handsome girl, with raven hair, a lark face and bewitching eyes, came into the room.

"Well, Augusta, we're off," Fred said, "we've come to say goodbye."

"Goodbye, Fred, and may God watch over you and let you return unharmed." She turned to Will and said: "Will, I hate to see you dishonor your country like this. Won't you fight for the south, even for me?"

"I can't, Augusta; my mind is made up. Perhaps it is my northern schooling that makes me fight for the north, and try as I may I can't shake off the feeling that the south is going to be beaten. Goodbye, and try to think kindly of me, even though I, as you say, am going against my country."

She took a small confederate flag from a waist pocket, kissed it and gave it to Fred. "As for you, Will, I have nothing to give unless it is my blessing."

"Thank you, Augusta," was all Will could say. Then he quitted the room. A few moments later he was joined by his brother and once more mounting their horses, they traveled on until they came to the north and south turnpike. There they parted. Fred to join Lee's forces and Will General Hill's whom he met when at West Point.

Two weeks afterwards, Will, travel-worn and footsore, reached Harper's Ferry, where General Hill's forces were encamped. The general was a stout and florid countenance person. A few days later the battle of Bunker Ridge was fought—Will's first battle. This resulted in a complete defeat of the southern forces. From a prisoner Will learned that Fred was a lieutenant in General Lee's army, having won fame and his promotion in the battle of Cripple Creek.

After a few more unimportant battles the armies retired, as it were, into winter quarters and nothing of vital interest took place during the ensuing winter. It is needless to go over the results of the next two years, although several very important battles were fought.

In the early part of the fourth year the great battle of Shiloh took place. There, brother was fighting against brother, although both were ignorant of the fact. A day of dreadful carnage and confusion followed. The Confederates were beaten, retreating with great loss. In this battle Fred received the wound which afterwards caused his death.

Day was dawning as Will in agony lay on the field. He could see the sun rising from behind the distant mountains and remembered well the sunrise of the day when he left home. In a few moments he would be dead, and then, he thought, forgotten. How well the memories of his boyhood days flashed through his mind. His boyish pranks, the old swimming hole where he had his first swim. Then the thought of his mother came upon him. Would she miss him? Would his father forgive him after he was dead? Would his sister

think kindly of him? Then worn out with worrying and tortured with pain, he lapsed into unconsciousness.

When he came to again he was in the field hospital, swathed in bandages from head to foot. A bullet had penetrated the abdomen, another had shattered the knee, while a bayonet had pierced the fleshy part of the right shoulder. He was informed that he had to be removed to Washington and was to start at once.

On that ride to Washington! Day and night his brain was sickened by the cries of his fellow-sufferers. When at last the city was reached, and after he had been hurriedly put to bed in the hospital, his mind gave way and all was a blank.

After hovering between life and death for weeks suffering from brain fever he again grew stronger and soon was able to walk around. A few days afterwards—the day on which Lee surrendered and peace was declared—he was discharged from the hospital and sent back to his regiment, which was then encamped at Hall's Ferry. There being honorably discharged, he departed, that night, for the south and for—he could not call it home.

Again day was dawning and the sun was peeping from behind the mountains as a horseman drew rein before the Birmingham house. The man was Will, come back from the victorious north, to his old home once more.

He had ridden across the mountains so as to get there as early as possible, but to his dismay he saw that he was too early. Seating himself upon a decayed stump in the garden, he went over in detail the happenings of his life from the time he left home.

Absorbed in his thoughts he did not hear the footsteps of a person coming up the gravelled walk. Awakening from his reverie, he found himself face to face with his father. He started, back, then advanced and put out his hand, which was received by the grieving parent, who long ago had repeated of treating his son in the manner in which he did, four years ago.

"Father," the boy said.

"My son," and then he was gathered in a long loving embrace.

There in the garden, with the melodious songs of hundreds of birds, he was told of the death of his brother.

Two weeks afterwards Augusta Wilson and William Birmingham were made man and wife. After the ceremony was over and the guests were having a gay time in the parlors of the house the bride and groom slipped away to a flower-bedecked mound in the family cemetery. There they knelt and prayed earnestly to Him who watches over souls, for the brother who had given up his life for his country.—Allan Noonan in Father Dunne's Newsboy's Journal.

THE PLACE OF THE HIGH MASS

The Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul publishes a letter, recently addressed by Archbishop Ireland to the clergy of the diocese, which contains this reference to the High Mass: "All efforts should be made to bring the people, in as large numbers as possible, to the high Mass. Low Masses, the faithful should be made to understand, are intended for the use of those who can not without inconvenience be present at the high Mass. Continuous or frequent absence from the high Mass—even though the obligation to hear Mass is otherwise complied with—is a serious detriment to that thorough religious life, which should vivify the Catholic, whether in his personal bearing of soul, or in his religious community of which he is the member. The high Mass is the official, public profession of faith on the part of the whole community; all Catholics should strive to have part in it. Through the special ceremonial attached to it, the high Mass affords special aid to faith and piety; none should deprive themselves of the uplift it imparts to mind and heart. Connected with the high Mass there is the sermon—the official, formal message of the official teacher of religion; none should there be unwilling to listen to the message. The intelligence of faith, the warmth of piety, prevalent in a parish, is measured by the smaller or the larger concourse of parishioners in attendance at the high Mass."

"SERVANTS OF THE DEVIL"

As part of the pernicious propaganda against the Catholic Church now being conducted throughout the United States, a weekly paper, which we shall not advertise by naming, is being put into the hands of people who have not subscribed for it. This paper contained in a recent issue a document which purports to be a Papal Encyclical dated Dec. 25, 1891, and addressed: To the Jesuits, Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and other Orderlies (sic) in peace and communion with the Apostolic See of the Entire World."

A writer in the Protestant Episcopal Living Church, who is anti-Papal enough, heaven knows, in his own way, is indignant at the sending forth, to misled Protestant people, of this alleged encyclical; and he treats of it as follows:

This absurd document, composed by someone so ignorant of the ordinary forms of the Roman Court as to make a tissue of blunders from beginning to

end, purports to be a declaration of war against the American Republic, with a command to all Catholics to exterminate the heretics that live within its territories. This precious paper has been printed before in the same column. The only authority given for it is the Christian Leader of April 11, 1893, and the Sunday Oregonian of April 1895. Patently it is not intended as a joke. I am bound to say that men who circulate such a forgery in their endeavor still further to embitter religious prejudices are servants of the devil.—Sacred Heart Review.

JUNGLE SHRINE IN CEYLON OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

One of the most unique shrines to the Blessed Virgin in the world is hidden in the island of Ceylon.

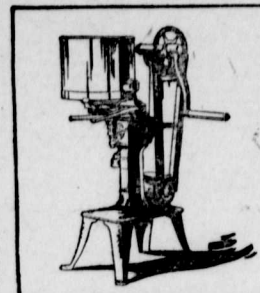
This shrine, consisting of a simple statue of the Immaculate Mother, is buried in the heart of the densest jungle the nearest village being fifteen miles distant. Yet notwithstanding this fact thousands of the faithful flock to the spot every year to celebrate the feast of the Visitation and during the eight days of the festival, a city of 50,000 inhabitants surrounds the almost inaccessible sanctuary. The reason for the devotion is that during this time is believed what is known as Madhu earth. When mixed with water this earth forms a drink which is ascribed the miraculous power of curing those suffering from snake bites. The value of this cure will be better understood when it is stated that the greatest danger to life in Ceylon comes from poisonous serpents, no less than 20,000 persons dying annually from this cause.

A Catholic missionary, however, has never been known to die in this way, and he owes his safety to the protection of St. Francis Xavier. When the great apostle was laboring in India and Japan he promised that no priest would ever perish from the bite of a serpent, and present-day missionaries attest that the pledge has been faithfully kept.

That the poor Hindus might not be left without a remedy for the dread affliction, the Blessed Virgin has dispensed

her own alleviation in the simple form of native soil seasoned with water. The faith of the pious Hindus is as

absolute, and facts would seem to prove the legitimacy of their belief.—Catholic Universe.



IHC Cream Separators Have Trouble-Proof Neck Bearings

GRANTING that a cream separator is a money making necessity on every farm where three or more cows are kept, there are two points to make sure of when you purchase your machine—close skimming and long life.

There is very little skimming difference between separators when they will give. The difference is due to design and mechanical construction. To take one example of mechanical efficiency

IHC Cream Separators Dairymaid and Bluebell

have trouble proof, self aligning, bowl spindle bearings. The bowl spindle bearing or neck bearing is an extremely important part of the separator mechanism. Its business is to reduce to the lowest possible point the vibration of a heavy bowl whirling at the rate of 6,000 or more revolutions per minute. A rigid bearing in such a place is impossible. To make a flexible bearing capable of withstanding the terrific strain requires the most accurate balance of strength, firmness, and elasticity. In IHC cream separators this balance is acquired by the use of one spring. There is only one wearing part, a phosphor bronze bushing. The entire bearing is protected from dirt or milk by steel cases. There is but one adjustment and that easy to make.

Go to the IHC local agent who handles these machines and ask him to show you how successfully this bearing meets all the difficulties imposed upon it. He will also show you many other reasons why IHC cream separators, made in four sizes, are the best. Get catalogues and full information from him, or write the nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA (Incorporated)

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

IHC Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizers, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to IHC Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

SUMMER TEMPERATURE ALL WINTER

PEASE BOILER

AND this with a lower fuel cost, if you use a PEASE ECONOMY BOILER. There is hardly an atom of heat wasted in this boiler, because wherever there is heat we have placed a water backing.

Our books "The Question of Heating," or "Better Information" sent free on request. "ASK THE MAN WHO HAS ONE." PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, TORONTO, ONT.

Save one ton in seven



LET us send you this Book. It tells how to heat your home comfortably—and save one-seventh of your Coal Bill. The Hecla steel-ribbed fire-pot makes this saving. With three times the radiating surface of any other furnace, it sends more heat to the living rooms and less to the chimney. Everyone who is building a home, everyone who has a worn-out furnace or one that is wasting coal, will value the suggestions and information contained in "Comfort & Health."

Hecla Furnace

FOR COAL AND WOOD

Healthful heating is not possible with a leaky furnace. Coal Gas is not only unpleasant—it is a menace to health. The Hecla will supply your whole house with pure warm air because it cannot leak gas or dust.

Every point where a leak might otherwise occur is fused by our patent process absolutely tight. Time and use cannot loosen the Hecla Fused Joint.

Is 1/7 of your Coal bill worth saving? Do you want more healthful heat?

Write for "Comfort & Health," a book on the sane heating of homes.

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, Dept. R, Preston, Ont.

Sweethearts for everybody!

Once you or yours realize the rich, wholesome savor of crisp, toasted flaky hearts of sweetest sugar corn, you'll banish porridge from your breakfast menu. It will be 'sweethearts for everybody' OFTENER than once a day when you offer

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Ten Cents A Package

