

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

FORGET AND REMEMBER

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite each sneer
Whenever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, whatever its measure;
Remember praise by others won,
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

A DAY OF LONELINESS

It may be there comes a day when
The forms that walk by our side are
Strange; that, lacking the old
Familiar faces in the midst of multi-
tudes, we are alone. Then, indeed,
We are in sorry plight if, turning to
our knapsack for the aid it might
afford us in this our time of need,
We find it empty.

But if in it we packed faith, hope,
love and humor, and have through-
out the journey guarded these well,
we are not so badly off after all.

The appreciation and encourage-
ment of those who know us best are
sweet; but faith—in ourselves, in
ideals, in our fellowmen—is a sturdy
staff to lean upon when all else
fails. With faith in our knapsack
we may walk unflinching and
assured.

Love is the most important thing
in the universe, the strongest force
of flesh and of spirit, the quality
that makes life not only worth
living, but affords the real reason
for living at all! Like the milk in
the miraculous pitcher, the more
we pour out love the more love we
have in store. With love in our
knapsack we have understanding and
contentment.—The Pilot.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

The world today in its agony and
despair feels deeper kinship with
the mystery of the Cross which
symbolizes the sufferings and death
of its Divine Saviour. The innocent
people, like their Holy Redeemer,
are the victims of the sins of the
world and realize more vividly the
meaning of the religion of the
Crucifix.

In Holy Week which begins on
Palm Sunday the Church concentra-
tes the attention of her chil-
dren on the Passion and Death
of the Divine Saviour. The most
tragic events in the last few days
of the mortal life of Our Lord on
earth pass in panorama before the
contemplation of the faithful that
they may meditate deeply on the
eternal significance of the divine
drama of Calvary. The Death and
the preceding Passion of our Saviour
occupy a large amount of space in
the Gospels and it is fitting that
the followers of the Crucified Christ
should think deeply and devoutly
on the meaning of these solemn and
sacred events in our Lord's life.

The value of the Passion for the
Christian soul arises from the fact
that by His death man was redeemed
through sacrificial love. Our Lord
was the Good Shepherd who came
to seek and save the lost. He came
for our redemption and salvation.
We are redeemed not by silver or
gold but by the precious blood of
Christ shed upon the Cross. He
sacrificed Himself to save us. We
are indeed bought at a great price.

The Gospels relate with divine
pathos the story of the Passion of
Christ. Who was it that was so
cruelly treated? It was the Son of
God, the second Person of the
Blessed Trinity. Who took human
nature and suffered in it for the
sins of man. Christ being in the
form of God, took the form of a
servant and died even the death of
the Cross.

What motive did our Blessed
Lord have to suffer so much pain
and anguish of spirit? It was love.
God so loved the world as to give
His only Son. And what greater
love than to die for one's friend?
We are not worthy of such great
love, yet by the Precious Blood that
poured from His Sacred Heart are
the sins of the world washed away.
He was bruised for our iniquities,
He was wounded for our sins; by
His stripes we are healed, and by
His redeeming death our sins are
blotted out.

The sacred events of Holy Week,
therefore, should inspire the Chris-
tian soul with deeper love for the
Crucified Saviour Who loved us
sinners even unto the cruel death
of the Cross. Especially on Good
Friday during the Three Hours'
Devotion or the Stations of the
Cross, the memory and message of
the Passion of Christ are freshened
in our minds and hearts as we
behold the Lamb of God crucified
for the sins of mankind. Those
feet, which so faint and weary
sought the sinner, we behold pierced
and fixed to the Cross. Those hands
never lifted save to bless and feed
the hungry and to give sight to the
blind are now nailed to the Cross.
That Sacred Face that shone as the
sun upon the mount of Transfigura-
tion is now spat upon, buffeted and
covered with blood, and His Head
crowned with cruel thorns. In the
prophetic words of the Old Testa-
ment; They have dug His hands
and feet; from the crown of His
head to the soles of His feet there is
no soundness in Him, but soreness
and wounds.

O who can contemplate the sin-
less and holy Saviour thus cruelly

treated without compassion with
Him and resolving to answer to this
great love and make some little
sacrifice for Him Who loved us and
suffered so much for us. He asks
His children to love Him more and
to show it by giving up their sins
and faults and by devoting a little
time to prayer. Mass and other
good works which will prove our
love for our Holy Redeemer Who
loved us even unto the death of the
Cross that He might save us from
iniquity and bring us safely home
to His Father's house.—The Monitor.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IN PRAYER

Lord, when in quiet prayer I go
apart
To speak to Thee, my busy thoughts
begin
To gossip of the world; and
hurry in
On every side, hopes, fears most
strangely win
A hushed repose from all this
worldly din.
A silent talk with Thee, from heart
to heart.
O God, Thou wilt be kind, divinely
mild;
For while my spirit thus confusedly
wanders, Thou art its goal and
Thou alone.
So, like a mother with her toddling
child,
Catch up the heart that stumbles
toward Thee
And take in it both hands unto
Thine own.

—REV. F. P. DONNELLY, S. J.

WITH OUR SORROWFUL MOTHER

Truly our mother loves us sincerely,
watches over us with tender
solicitude in childhood, and con-
cerns herself deeply in all our
struggles through life. And if,
perchance, misfortune or disgrace
befalls us, she not only does not
forsake us, but rallies to our assist-
ance with increased loyalty and
devotion.

But great as is a mother's love for
her child, no earthly mother was
ever so profoundly attached as was
Mary, the Mother of Christ, to her
beloved Son. In all His trials and
sufferings Jesus' Mother shared
fully, being close to Him through-
out the agonizing period of His
ignominious and cruel persecution.

An ancient tradition, confirmed by
the revelations of many Saints,
tells us that Mary followed her Son
after their touching farewell in
Bethany, her heart being full of sad
apprehension of the bloody drama
which was to be enacted. She
followed Him to the Cenacle; was
present at the institution of the
Holy Eucharist—that Blessed
Sacrament of Love—descended with
Him into the Valley of Josaphat,
heard the treacherous "Master,
hail!" of Judas, and saw Him
dragged before the High Priests,
With John, the "beloved Disciple,"
the weary Mother watched through-
out the long, long hours of Maundy
Thursday night, and saw the sun
rise over Calvary on the first Good
Friday morn. And when her Son,
her sweetest of yesterday, was
arraigned before the dread Pilate
and before Herod, she too was
there, that she might comfort Him
with her presence, should His poor,
sweat-bedimmed eyes happen to fall
upon her.

She stood mute in agony, while
that maddened howl: "Away with
Him! Crucify Him!" rang through
her pain-benumbed soul. Then the
holy Mother beheld her Son, with a
crown of thorns pressed into His
forehead and a red robe hanging
loose upon His drooping body,
presented to the clamoring populace
by the Procurator, who cried out
above the din of wild disorder: "Ecce
Homo!" "Behold the Man!"

Vainly the martyred Mother had
hoped that the bloodstained sight
of her beloved Son would soften
the madness of the people, and that
they would spare Jesus. But again
there rang forth that fendish cry:
"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"
Mary's distraught soul was
pierced with woe and anguish, as
the cowardly judge pronounced the
death sentence upon Christ. Rent
with sobs, the sorrowing Mother
saw Him, smarting under the
inhuman buffet of the ruffians,
meekly take up His cross, place it
on His bruised shoulders, and slowly
set forth toward Golgotha.

And then she saw Him fall! No
longer could she restrain herself.
Neither the insolent stare of the
crowd nor the menacing attitude of
the soldiers could deter her now
from rushing to His side. Breaking
through the crowd the Mother fell
beside her agonized Son, and drew
Him to her heart.

In a moment, however, she had
been dragged from that sacred em-
brace, and Jesus goaded on by gibe
and curses, by pikes and javelins,
was once more slowly moving for-
ward.
Crossing the depression which
separated the elevation upon which
stood the Palace of Pilate from the
hill of Calvary, the plodding Victim
began to ascend the rocky way of
Golgotha. He had gone but a few
steps up the incline, however, when
His strength again failed Him, and
He staggered once more to the
ground. The Blessed Mother could
not reach Him now, but her heart
felt some slight consolation when
she beheld the soldiers force Simon
of Cyrene to help bear the cross,
and a few minutes later saw the
gentle Veronica courageously break
through the crowds and wipe the
bleeding face of Christ with her
veil.

Higher and higher up the hill
wended the suffering Saviour until,
exhausted once more, the Divine
Sufferer fell for the third time
beneath the cruel burden. The
sorrowful Mother's eyes beheld His
head bent in the dust, and the
thorns pressing deeper and deeper,
causing fresh streams of blood to
gush forth.

Dragged again to His feet, her
beloved Son was forced to proceed.
The city limits now past, a group of
women who were close to Him lifted
up their voices in wail and lamenta-
tion, and Mary wept afresh, ming-
ling her tears with those of the
women of Jerusalem.

Beneath His strength and
weighed down by the burden of the
cross, Jesus at last reached the
top of Golgotha. His journey was
ended.

Then His poor mother witnessed
the piteous look of shame which
passed across His haggard face as
He was stripped of His garments.
A moment later she saw Him hurled
upon the cross, which now lay prone
upon the ground, and then a sword
of anguish pierced her heart—she
heard the sounds of the hammers
which nailed the hands and the feet
of her Son to the wood of infamy.

The cross was elevated. There
her Son—the God-Man—lingered,
reviled by earth and rejected by
Heaven, His eyes gazing down in
loving forgiveness upon His enemies
who had brought Him to this pass.

And then His eyes, anxiously
searching the throng, met at last
those of His Mother. Oh, how full
of infinite tenderness was that fare-
well look! What eloquence there
was in that gaze, fast growing
glazed in death. In that short
space of time, as He looked down
upon her, what supreme realization
of the other's love did each experi-
ence! What a wondrous moment
of understanding it was, between
Mother and Son.

"It is consummated!" The last
parting words of the Redeemer had
resounded from the cross. Jesus
was dead! Mary gazed terror-
stricken upon the lifeless features
of her beloved Son.

After what must have seemed to
her long years of anxious waiting,
He was taken from the gibbet, and
she received His emaciated, blood-
encrusted form into her trembling
arms.

Finally the faithful souls who
were assisting her in her bereave-
ment gently took Him from her and
prepared the body for burial.
With grief too poignant to imagine
and sorrow too exquisite to de-
scribe, the Mother followed her Son
to the Tomb, where she laid Him
with loving hands and sorrowing
heart. Then was the great stone
rolled in front of the tomb, shut-
ting Him in, away from the world
and from her.

Let us follow the example of the
Mother of Sorrow, and often
mediate upon the Passion of her
beloved Son, our Redeemer, in the
exercise of the Way of the Cross.

SCIENCE DEMANDS UNIFORMITY

Careful research made in recent
years in the study of dietetics has
shown the great importance to the
human system of purity and uniform
quality in foods. It is a great
blessing that today so many deli-
cious foods as well as tea and coffee
can be procured in tins and sealed
metal packages. "Salada" Tea
was one of the first pure food pro-
ducts to become widely popular in
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fresh and delicious. Skillful blend-
ing maintains the quality absolute-
ly uniform.

WHAT YOU READ

Everything we read makes us
better or worse, and by a necessary
consequence, increases or lessens
our happiness.

Often ask yourself what influence
your reading exercises upon your
conduct. If, after having read a
work that pleases you, you then find
yourself more slothful about dis-
charging your duties, more dry and
cross toward your equals, harder
toward your inferiors, with more
dissatisfaction for your state in life, more
greedy for pleasures, enjoyments,
riches—do not hesitate about giving
up such reading; it would poison
your life and endanger your eternal
happiness.

The practice of keeping, especially
before the young, growing mind,
beautiful and uplifting images, and
bright, cheerful, healthy thoughts
from books, is of inestimable value.
Good books are not only our
friends; they are our best teachers.
Bad books are a curse, and do a
world of harm. Nothing spreads
dissolution and evil more surely than
a bad book.
What great precautions are taken
against poisons which can take
away the life of the body! What a
holy, happy world this would be
if the same care was taken against
that which can kill the life of the
soul!

St. Augustine says that when we
pray we speak to God; that when
we read a good book God speaks to us.
Can it be denied that the devil is
speaking to millions of souls in the
world today through bad news-
papers and magazines, bad pictures
and cinemas, bad and suggestive
songs and plays?

Let all, in their own way, do what
they can to counteract these terrible
evils, which were never worse than
at the present time.

St. Alphonsus Ligouri says: "If
we pray we will certainly be saved;
if we do not pray we will certainly
be lost." But do we pray as we
should? There is one means which
will make us more regular in our
daily prayers and deepen our
earnestness in that sacred duty.
This is spiritual reading.

A good book is a perpetual ser-
mon. A true home should contain
food and fuel for the mind as well
as for the body. As a rule, people
are no better than the books they
read. A vacant mind is a play-
ground for the devil. Father
Faber tells us that if we find we are
going to have some idle moments,
we should make it a practice to
have a good book to take in our
hands. The same great writer tells
us that a taste for reading is a gift
of the Holy Ghost. "What effect
will this have on eternity?" a great
saint used to say. "Will this con-
tribute to my eternal happiness, or
will it endanger it?" This is a
rule of conduct that is very safe and
very decisive, and that can be
applied to every circumstance of
life. Let us enjoy it most earnestly
to what we put into our minds
through reading.—The Monitor.

THE CHAIR OF PETER

SYMBOL OF UNITY AND AUTHORITY

The feast of the Chair of St.
Peter, which falls January 18, has a
special significance this year, when,
for lack of unity and authority,
Christian sects are in danger of
being sub-divided even beyond their
present hundreds of divisions. The
Chair of Peter, to which Mother
Church offers her veneration, is the
one actually occupied by St. Peter
in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla
when he first gathered the Chris-
tians of Rome about him. Later,
it was moved to the Church of St.
Prisca at Rome, and from there to
its present home in St. Peter's.

During the Middle Ages and until
the transfer of the papal capital to
Avignon, the chair of St. Peter
was exposed to the public gaze and
venerated every year on the feast
day, and the newly elected pope
was solemnly enthroned on it.
After the return from Avignon, the
Chair, for preservation, was encased
in a solid bronze receptacle, sup-
ported by four Doctors of the
Church, (Sts. Ambrose, Augustine,
Athanasius and Chrysostom) and
placed in the apse of St. Peter's
Cathedral where it still remains.
It was last exhibited to the public in
1867, the eighteenth centenary of
the year when Sts. Peter and Paul
died martyrs during the persecu-
tion of Nero.

The Chair itself is a perfectly
plain oak arm chair, with legs con-
nected with crossbars to strengthen
it. In later times, other supports
were added to strengthen it and one
or two ornaments to embellish its
simple lines. It remains, in form
and substance, the Chair occupied
by St. Peter as he instructed the
Romans, and presided over their
assemblies; the Chair before which
they knelt as he administered to
them the Sacraments of Baptism
and Confirmation.

Justly, then, the Chair of Peter
has been accepted as the symbol
of the Apostolic See, centre of unity
and authority in the Universal
Church; symbol of the infallible
authority conferred on Peter:
"Thou art Peter and upon this
rock I will build My Church, and
the gates of hell shall not prevail
against it." symbol of the unity for
the Holy Spirit, stayed, almost
with his dying breath: "Father,
keep them in Thy Name whom thou
has given Me, that they be one as
We also are one . . . that the
world may know that Thou hast
sent Me;" symbol of the divine
strength prayed for by the Saviour;
"Simon, Simon, I have prayed for
thee that thy faith fail not; and
thou, being converted, confirm thy
brethren."

Here is the divine centre of unity
to which all must turn; else every
movement for Church unity is fruit-
less, for every such movement, is
an invitation to the Catholic Church
to abandon the source of unity estab-
lished by her Divine Founder, and
trust men to build a substitute—
men whose previous efforts at reli-
gious unity have shown the ludicrous
effect of creating wider disunion.
The only reply of the occupant of
the Chair of Peter must ever be
that given by Benedict XV. to the
delegates of the World Move-
ment for Church Unity: "Come
back to the Rock of Peter from
which you have strayed and there
will be one flock and one shepherd.
My arms are extended to receive
and embrace you all."

In many a quarter, there is hope
that this kindly, fatherly invitation
will be accepted. The Russians, be-
trayed by their atheistic govern-
ment, robbed of their own church
and offered a State church as a
substitute, are looking longingly
toward the Chair of Peter. The
Slavs, alarmed at the disintegra-
tion of the Eastern Church, are
studying again the life and teaching
of St. Josaphat who offered his
life to lead his people back to the
Chair of Peter, are turning yearn-
ing eyes to the unity and authority
which remained untouched by the
shock of the World War.

High Church Anglicans, weary of
their internal dissensions, are in
consultation with Cardinal Mercier
about "terms of reunion." Their
leader has urged that the Pope be
accepted as a religious generalis-
simo, somewhat as the allied armies
accepted Foch during the War

against the Central Powers.
It is a safe conjecture that in the
religious war now raging in the
Episcopal Church, many a weary
soul is looking toward Rome, seeing
there what Newman saw—the only
safe anchorage amid the tempests
of warring sects.—The Catholic
Mirror.

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