

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"THE TOUGH"

In his "Conferences for Boys" printed in the Homiletic Monthly, the Rev. R. Kuehnel gives some excellent advice. The subject of the conference in the July number is "The Tough"—a most dangerous element of society. Father Kuehnel points him out "leaning against the walls of the saloon at the corner," waiting for a chance to get a free drink. If the chance does not offer, the loafer becomes a thief. He must have liquor and will do anything to get it—except work. He was not always like that. There was a time when he was probably just like some of the boys Father Kuehnel is talking to—fond of a good time, ready for turbulent fun, but none too inclined for study or work. The leisure hours and days, the street corner teachings, and the gang gradually lowered the ideals that devoted teachers set before him. After all that do old fogey teachers and over-careful parents know about life for boys? They preach work, work, and they practice it themselves but, alas! too many parents do not insist that their boys too shall work. They have hopes and dreams of a wonderful future for the indulged son, but the hopes are not realized, the dreams never come true. And the love that was never wise turns to hatred and bitter shame. "I wish he was dead," is the cry of agony wrung from the lips of many a parent who has killed and sacrificed only to be disgraced. What will be the end? Is the question that tortures father and mother night and day as they watch the downward course of their pampered boy. The answer comes from the reform school, the prison, the almshouse, hospital, or the morgue. Father Kuehnel advises his boys to keep the devil at a distance by keeping busy. The evil suggestion which the devil deposits in an idle mind finds a fine breeding place. It will thrive and spread. Evil thoughts will create evil desires, the desires will lead to actions. The devil, indeed, loves nothing more than idleness, though he himself is anything but idle. No boy, no matter what may be his state in life, is immune from the effects of idleness. He can't stand and reputation. He may have a bright mind but if he does not fill it with wholesome thoughts and ambitions it will not save him from the doom of the tough. "Never give way to idleness" is Father Kuehnel's parting word to his boys. "Your ambitions may not be realized as quickly as you may desire; disappointment and failure may be your work seem useless and bitter; but others have overcome these difficulties and they earned a well-merited reward. If others could persevere why not you? Keep up your courage, and your faith in yourselves, and you are bound to win in the end."

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN

To-day this country of ours needs young men of virtue, whose aim in life will not be so much to win success for themselves as to bring glory to her. Can she find such young men, and where? Yes, she can: they form in general the rank and file of the students who come forth from Catholic institutions.

It is the aim of these schools and colleges to train the student not only in religion, but also in matters concerning their temporal well-being as individuals, as members of society, and as citizens of the land. They learn something of the secrets of nature, it is true. They are trained to ways of culture; but most of all, they are taught to respect authority, and constitute a strong bulwark against revolution and riot. The Church bids them be energetic and honest in their work; energetic, for their religion not only teaches constant renunciation, but also gives strength to practice it; honest, for religion supplies them with motives of the highest kind and urges upon them the development of good-will.

Willingness to endure hardship is another feature that should characterize the Catholic young man. The Church instills into his heart the grit and pluck to bear and to overcome trials and difficulties, reminding him constantly of the sufferings which Christ endured to redeem mankind. This alone suffices to

convince such a young man of his duty to bear his burden patiently. Since the Church teaches the young man to love his neighbor, she also imposes on him the duty of loving and being loyal to his country. In this she has met with great success, as is attested in history's pages. We read of many Catholic men who have shed their blood and laid down their lives for their country's flag.—True Voice.

STUDENTS EDUCATE ONE ANOTHER

It is a great thing for hundreds of splendid young men from all over the country to be thrown intimately together at the age of the greatest expectancy, when life promises so much, at an age when youths are full of hope and ambition, and feel strong and vigorous. There is an untold advantage in the growth and expansion which come from constant measuring of mind with mind, the attrition of mentalities, the measuring of brain power, the comparing of ability, of experiences, the tempering, the constant drill in self-mastery, self-sacrifice, the constant prodding of ambition, the spurring of lagging energy. All these things are of untold advantage.

I believe that the advantages of mere book learning in college are overestimated. That is, I believe that a great deal of what is attributed to the studies themselves comes from the association of the students.

We hear a great deal about the development of personal power in solitude; but, while a certain amount of this is necessary, yet there is no substitute for the growth and education which come from intimate association with human beings. As a rule, the men who pay their own way through college are the most practical because they are the most practical men. On the other hand, every man who has to devote a great deal of his time to paying his way suffers an immense loss from the lack of larger association with the students.

Many of these men who work their way through college feel obliged to go directly from the class room to their own room. They cannot enter into many of the sports with the other students because they are obliged to remain in their rooms and study during evenings, Saturdays and holidays alike.

I believe that many college men owe more to what they get from their fellow students than from their studies. In saying this, I do not underestimate the great value of what comes from lectures and books; but I believe it is impossible to overestimate the value of the social intercourse of the college.—Success.

OUR FAILURES

Every man's business is God's business. If not, what have we children of God to do with His? Christ has taught us that we are to seek enlargement in our work. If expansion is impossible without, at least we may deepen and enlarge within. We may transfigure drudgeries by the sense of God's presence, transform motives by experience of love, put ourselves in the spirit of witness even though we find no opportunity of speech. Once we have given ourselves to do the will of God, we have a right to reckon on subsidies of strength and joy out of His hidden treasures.

"What of our failures, then?" May they not be failures of our will, not tokens of God's reluctance? The key is to seek God's kingdom first. Our courage is success in the venturing of faith, not in the attainment of a particular desire. The "Father of the Faithful" owned no more of the Promised Land than a grave. The lawgiver of Israel died upon the journey. The most influential life ended upon the cross. Let God judge of failure and success; it is for us to venture, confident in His reserves of power.—Church Progress.

Catholic influence on Protestant life is always pleasant to notice. Referring appreciatively to the work and the growth of the Holy Name Society, the father-in-law however notes with gratification the organizing of a similar society among Protestant men in the city of Erie, Pa., by three laymen of that city. The new Society is known as the Pure Language League, and its members pledge themselves not to use profane or vulgar speech.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A Boy's Promise

The school was out, and down the street A noisy crowd came thronging. The hue of health and gladness sweet To every face belonging. Among them strode a little lad, Who listened to another, And mildly said, half grave, half sad, "I can't; I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout Of boisterous derision, But not one moment left in doubt That manly, brave decision. "Go where you please, do what you will," He calmly told the other, "But I shall keep my word, boys, still: 'I can't; I promised mother.'"

Ah! who could doubt the future course Of one who thus had spoken? Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss, Could faith like this be broken? God's blessing on this steadfast will, Unyielding to another, That bears all jest and laughter still, Because he promised mother.—Selected.

SAVED BY A LITTLE SCHOOL GIRL

It had been snowing off and on for nearly a week, and the children had made the air resound with gleeful cries. Boys were dragging sleds, and on hilly streets, it was all your life was worth to get out of the way of the "coasters," who came rushing down the slopes like whirlwinds, dashing into whatever unlucky thing happened to be on the crossing. Police were vigilant, but who can get ahead of the "small boy"? Snowballs were flying, and even the young feminine contingent were on their skates, and did not disdain to throw a snowball or two from their mittened hands.

I pursued a moment to smile at the merriment of a youthful crowd, such as I have described, one morning, when my attention was attracted to two little girls who were standing apart; one with a worried expression of countenance, the other evidently trying to persuade or console her.

I knew them both by sight. One was a little convert I had baptized with her parents two years before. The other was a parishioner's daughter, who smiled confidently at "the priest."

"What is the matter?" I said, as I walked over to them. "Beatrice is in trouble, Father," said the elder of the two girls. "Her uncle is dying, and her mother says he has not been to church for eighteen years, and she must get all the prayers she can for his conversion, as his wife is not a Catholic and won't listen to anyone who wants to send for a priest."

"Why, Beatrice," I said, "don't you know I will be glad to visit your uncle! Where does he live?" "Don't go, Father," said Beatrice in alarm. "Nobody in the house will let you in! Oh, they are awfully bigoted. They said they would never speak to us after we were baptized, and they did keep it up for ever so long; but mother said not to mind, but to pray for them and never to mention religion! But I loved Uncle John; he was so jolly and so kind!" And two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, Beatrice," said Martha, her little friend. "We'll just pray to the Sacred Heart for his conversion! I'll go round and ask every one I know to say our little prayer—for him, 'Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee!' You know it, Father?" Of course I knew it. I had often seen its efficacy! I encountered the little apostle, and she ran off toward the school-house, while I walked slowly along the street with Beatrice, seeking for more particulars about the sick man.

I learned that her uncle had married a non-Catholic wife eighteen years before, and had gradually grown careless and never went to church. His mother who lived with him also became remiss in her religious duties, and never was seen in the Catholic Church. When I proposed calling as it were by accident, Beatrice at once grew fearful, lest I should meet with rebuff, or even insult. Of course, this would deter me, but I did not wish to distress the little girls, only demanded her uncle's address, and when she pleaded with me not to expose myself to disappointment, I only said, "All right."

We parted. Beatrice went off toward the school building, where Martha had already arrived, and enlisted the sympathy and prayers of the good Sister-teacher, who promised she would have the uncle prayed for before the convent altar. Then Martha and Beatrice, into whom she infused some of her own hopeful zeal, lighted a ruby lamp before the picture of the Sacred Heart and, with a crowd of little school girls, began a novena—just one round of their beads—saying their favorite aspiration on each prayer: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee!"

They told me afterwards (those who listened) that the intense fervor of these little children would put to blush the older and more enlightened minds!

In the meantime, I had called at the address of Beatrice's uncle, and was met politely by some lady, who looked askance at my Roman collar, and said she was very sorry, but that a casual visitor, or even a friend, was positively forbidden by the doctor, the sick man was so very low. Absolute quiet was ordered!

I had only to take my leave, but before doing so I firmly declared I would call again; that I was a Catholic priest, and that I was sure if the sick man knew of my coming he would see me. The lady thought not! but took my telephone number, and when I said I would call again, shrugged her shoulders and told me she was afraid I would be again disappointed.

Urging the point was of no use, I could see, as though something told me the man wanted the priest, but the inspiration gave me no means of getting to his presence. Oh, the terrible doubt and suspense of salvation to those who have forgotten God in their best years.

I saw Beatrice the next day, and her distress was evident. She was grieved that I had been rebuffed, and grieved because she said her uncle would surely die. The novena was going on at school most fervently after school

hours, and her mother had joined it at home, for this was her favorite brother. She, too, was debarred from the sick-room, on the plea that absolute quiet was ordered. Only his wife was permitted to see him a few minutes each day. (I had met her when I called.) Time was passing. No encouragement came from the sick-room. The novena was nearly over, and the patient was gradually growing worse. Every Catholic friend seemed to be interested, and the good Sisters had added their prayers to those of the little girls. At last the novena was concluded, and no sign of answered prayer appeared, when Beatrice's mother suddenly arrived at the rectory.

"Father Alexander," she said, "the doctors say my brother has a last chance in an operation. The ambulance will be at his home at 10 o'clock, and he will be taken to the hospital!"

Here was a providence of God! At the hospital I might approach him. I quickly put on my coat and set out for the hospital. I found the surgeons expecting the patient, and I inquired what hope there was. "The answer was, 'Little hope, but always a chance.'"

I stated the man was a Catholic, and requested them to tell him the truth and to say a priest was waiting for him. The ambulance arrived, and the patient, almost in "extremis," put to bed. In less than an hour one of the surgeons came to me, saying the patient was almost anxious to see me. I lost not a moment, and when I arrived at the bedside the poor man feebly stretched out his weak hand to welcome me.

"Oh, Father!" he said, "how is it that God has brought you to me? If you only knew how I have prayed to see a priest, but no one at home would listen to me! They said I must not be excited! God knows my worst terror was to die without seeing a priest after eighteen years of neglect!"

I soothed him, and heard his confession, and gave him the last sacraments. His peace and relief were indescribable. I told him of his little niece, Beatrice, and the Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and taught him the aspiration, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee!" He said it over and over with deep devotion and gratitude.

"Dear little girl!" he said, "her faith has saved her uncle. Tell her so!"

I left soon with great consolation, bidding him to rest all he could until the operation was over. It was to take place next morning. I went to the hospital to the home of the little girl, where I found her little friend d. Martha. Both were quite jubilant over the fact that the patient had, by a most astonishing turn of events, gone to the hospital. When I told them he had made his peace with God and had received the sacraments, the whole family wept with joy.

"Surely!" cried Beatrice, "this is the answer to our Novena! Oh, who can help trusting to the dear Sacred Heart of Our Lord!"

And was it not sure a prayer granted? No wonder this pious family rejoiced. All joined once more in the devotions before the picture of the Sacred Heart, where the ruby lamp still burned! But it was more a prayer of thanksgiving.

At the request of the family I said Mass next morning for "Beatrice's uncle," and as soon as possible made ready to go to the hospital.

It was 11 o'clock before I arrived at the hospital. But too late to speak to him again!

The man was dead! He had not sufficient vitality to stand the operation! He seemed to have been brought to the hospital for one purpose only—his eternal salvation!

The Sacred Heart had listened to the prayers of a little child!—Rev. Richard Alexander in The Missionary.

Advertisement for Royal Yeast Cakes. Text: "THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE" and "THE KIND THAT PLEASURES THE PEOPLE". Image of a Royal Yeast Cakes tin. Text: "ROYAL YEAST CAKES" and "NEW GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED".

True Catholic Conduct. "The true Catholic," says the Southern Messenger, "is he who has such a lively sense of the blessing of being a member of the Church of Jesus Christ that he guards him off carefully against giving scandal to those within or without the fold by any words or action unworthy of a Christian. In a community containing a number of non-Catholics he is particularly mindful of showing to them, suspicious of the Church as they usually are, that the Catholic Church is a teacher of the most exalted morality; and as the spirit of any organization is judged by its expression in the lives of its members, he is so watchful of his doings and sayings that he avoids even the appearance of evil."

However we may plan for the future years, let us not forget here and now. The future years are made of to-days.

Advertisement for Pease Heating Systems. Text: "WHY NOT LET US SOLVE YOUR HEATING TROUBLES". Image of a Pease Heating System boiler. Text: "PEASE HEATING SYSTEMS" and "PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, TORONTO, ONT.".

Advertisement for Eaton's Semi-Annual Sale. Text: "EATON'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE JULY AUGUST". Images of various goods. Text: "EXTRA 550 FEET (100 lbs.) MANILLA AND SISAL BINDER TWINE" and "SPECIAL 650 FEET (100 lbs.) PURE MANILLA BINDER TWINE".

Advertisement for Eaton's Sale Catalogue. Text: "SAVE AS YOU SPEND—HERE ARE YOUR CHANCES". Images of various goods. Text: "A WONDROUS VARIETY OF ALL ONE PRICE BARGAINS".

Advertisement for Eaton's Sale Catalogue. Text: "HURRY! QUICK!! LAST CALL FOR SEMI-ANNUAL SALE BARGAINS". Text: "BUY NOW If you want to save greatly select your wants from our Sale Catalogue. It's a helpful, profitable book of specially bought, specially priced, dependable merchandise, and the choosing lasts just one month more—articles for the home, and wearing apparel all at prices you'll gladly pay—so hurry quick if you want to share in this Bargain Carnival." Text: "NEW GOODS—LOW PRICES—QUICK DELIVERY". Text: "A TRIAL ORDER Send your order, large or small—make up a trial order from this Catalogue and see for yourself how wondrously profitable your purchase will be to you. We promise you a quick, careful, satisfactory service—in many instances your best expectation will be more than realized when your purchase arrives—why miss the saving?". Text: "EVERY PURCHASE GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR YOUR MONEY BACK". Text: "Whether a five-cent or a five-dollar purchase, each and every order is handled with all care and despatch towards securing for our mail order customers the satisfaction we aim at giving. At no time could you test our worth better than the present—so use this Catalogue towards securing the greatest returns for the money expended—through the 'EATON' mail order way." Text: "ON REQUEST WE WILL MAIL YOU A COPY OF OUR SEMI-ANNUAL SALE CATALOGUE." Text: "THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO CANADA". Text: "SATISFACTION ASSURED YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK THE EATON MAIL ORDER WAY."

Advertisement for IHC Cream Separators. Text: "A Close Skimmer and Built to Last". Text: "THERE are two features that make a separator a good investment: close skimming and durability. Easy cleaning and easy turning are important, but not as important as the power to get all the butter fat and keep on doing it for many years." Text: "IHC Cream Separators will make good under the most severe skimming test. If you will compare them with that of any other separator you will see why. Extra strong shafts and spindles, spiral cut gears, phosphor bronze bushings, thorough protection against dirt or grit getting into the working parts, and perfect oiling facilities, are the features that make these separators good for long service." Text: "IHC Cream Separators Dairymaid and Bluebell are close skimmers and built to last, and at the same time are easy to clean and turn. The reasons are these: The interior of the bowl is entirely free from intricate forms of construction. Every part has a plain, smooth surface, to which dirt and milk do not adhere. The dirt arrest chamber removes the undissolved impurities from the milk before separation begins. Accurate designing and fitting of all moving parts, spiral cut gears, convenient crank, and thorough lubrication, make these separators easy to turn. There are many other features worth your consideration. Ask the IHC agent handling these machines or write the nearest branch house for catalogue." Text: "Canadian Branch Houses International Harvester Company of America (Incorporated) At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton." Text: "IHC Service Bureau The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, irrigation, fertilizers, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to IHC Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A."