

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A PICTURE FROM CHILDHOOD

It comes to me often at twilight, like the gleam of the after-glow.

When the dark, uncertain shadows seem wreaths of long ago; A picture from memory's childhood, with a yearning that always heeds,

When mother, at night, gathered round her the children to say the beads.

Outside of my darkened window is the world's great crash and din, And slowly the evening shadows come silently drifting in;

But through it all is the picture of a place of hallowed deeds; When mother, at night, gathered round her the children to say the beads.

In the group that is gathered 'round her is one, a child of grace, And the rapturous look of the mother, as she scans each childish face,

Glowing soft with a love so tender, as the heart of each child she reads, When mother, at night, gathers 'round her the children to say the beads.

Tonight they are gathered together, but one from the group is torn, And the lonely heart of the mother is desolate, sad and forlorn;

For the garden of roses of childhood may run o'er with poisonous weeds, And the lips of the mother now falter as she kneels here to say the beads.

Yet we know the years that are coming, the erring one of youth will reach the goal of his quest, The picture of home and of mother that hangs on fond memory's wall;

Though the heart may be restless and sullen, another heart fervently pleads, When mother, at night, gathers 'round her the children to say the beads.

—BROTHER FELICIAN PATRICK

A THOUGHT FOR MAY

Are there enthusiasts in the world today, or are they gone with the discovery of new continents, the institution of great religious Orders—gone with the Pauls, the Xaviers, the Franciscans? And must we always identify enthusiasm with a pale face, a grim look, a scourge, hunger, and hardship?

Was that young man whom you met in the street car today an enthusiast? Behind those determined eyes was a brain busy with schemes that, if fructified, would advance science, art, or society.

More than probably he was an enthusiast; for youth is the season of enthusiasm. Then the fires leap highest and life seems to be given only to be consumed.

Each year the papers relate stories that tell of heroism. The different colored sheets of the different dailies tell of their heroes and enthusiasts. But the true enthusiast is scarcely ever mentioned.

That young pair going up hand-in-hand to the altar-rails are enthusiasts. They are already sparkling with the diamond-dust in which all enthusiasts revel.

That young woman over whom a white veil has just been thrown, is an enthusiast, and already she has seen the heavens open and angels ascending and descending. That young man, who has undergone the rigor of twelve years' discipline and now stands at the altar for the first time, is an enthusiast. He has heard a voice calling on to higher things, and he has followed it with eager steps.

Through what dangers it may lead he neither knows nor reckons. Both Church and State need enthusiasts. Every municipal organization, if it is to beat with life, must have enthusiasts. The Church has always had hers in the past; she has them today. Every convent, monastery and seminary in the world is filled with those who have risen above the common-place and have stretched their hands towards the rising sun.

Enthusiasm, if it be worthy of the name, must be constant. That is not enthusiasm which upsets the cosmic harmony for a few days and then sinks into a deep, unapproachable despondency—that is merely nervous criticism translated into ludicrous activity.

Enthusiasm in the general sense is directed towards the good. It may be flowing as evenly and silently, yet with the same irresistible power, as some majestic river.

Enthusiasm is not flickering in its attempts. But through a long life it will sustain even pressure, and death only shall withdraw the hand that youth put to the plow. It may be colored by the personality of its possessor, but in essence it is ever the same.

Enthusiasm knows no defeat. It seems at times, to the timid at least, to be foolhardy, but it is never irrational.

Fanaticism is not enthusiasm; it is its counterfeit. Enthusiasm is the expression of a healthy mind; fanaticism is the jibbering of a puerile and unbalanced intellect. Enthusiasm is the swell and ripple of a healthy muscle; fanaticism is the tumor on a diseased limb.

Age smiles at enthusiasm; but a healthy mind never sneers at it. Enthusiasm makes mistakes and laughs at them; and from out the thousand efforts that were mis-

directed comes at last the final, glorious attempt that straight and true hits the mark, and the illusive thing that danced through a lifetime is at length held fast; and the treasure is revealed, and ecstasies are silenced, and enthusiasm has justified itself once more.

We cannot all be discoverers of continents; but by word and look and cheery smile we can help youth and enthusiasm on their way. Never once shall we gain distinction for ourselves by sourly impeding the confident attempts of others.

We can lower our jealous life into a narrow grave; and enthusiasm will laugh and work when we are gone.—The Franciscan.

ASCENSION DAY

The first Ascension Day was sad but significant. It was the final earthly parting of Jesus and His disciples, but it pointed the way to the heavenly, the unending union.

The risen Saviour spent forty happy, busy days, preparing His followers for this final parting, enlightening them as to their ensuing mission, heartening them with the hope of eternal union with Him after their labors.

Those forty days sped by too quickly. It was now time for Jesus to return to His Father. He led them out of the city as far as Bethania; to Mount Olivet. On the way, He reassured them of the coming of the Paraclete, who would strengthen and enlighten them.

But now the last moment has come. Surrounded by His little flock, He lifted His hands, those pierced hands, to bestow a last blessing, and in that very act He was slowly carried upward, till the clouds hid Him from their view.

The disciples were once more bereaved, Jesus had gone to His home.

Such is the story of the Ascension as witnessed from earth. What a spectacle the angels witnessed beyond those obscuring clouds! Let the eyes of faith pierce that curtain and feast on the ravishing scene.

Jesus Christ, the Conqueror, returns home from His terrestrial battles, bringing as trophies a countless host of happy souls, the former residents of Limbo. What transports of joy seized the heavenly cohorts to see that beautiful, glorified human Body of Jesus, its resplendent scars telling of battles fought and won, telling of the plan of the Redemption perfectly accomplished.

An endless chorus of praise and thanksgiving resounds from the celestial choirs. It is a psalm and a pageant that will never cease. The King of Glory, the Lord mighty in battle, enters His kingdom leading captivity captive, and opening the Eternal Kingdom to all His followers.

There is, indeed, a big share of this Ascension joy for the faithful of Christ on earth; the battle, the victory, the scars, the ascension, the triumphal procession, the glorious enthronement on the right hand, are of vast import to them. Man is so prone to forget this! He discounts and discards past events. He is the creature of the passing moment. Be reminded, oh Christian man, that the procession of souls into Heaven which Jesus inaugurated on Ascension Day has continued ever since. That unending march of triumph was made possible by Christ's victory over sin and death. As a member of the Church Militant, you are now sharing in the fruits of the Redemption.

If you persevere in the fight you will one day take your place in that triumphal procession as it wends its way to the Kingdom of Glory. What a sublime purpose for your life, what a glittering goal your faith and hope place before you. How trivial the trials and ills of this life appear in the strong, clear light of the Ascension. No age is an age of unrest for the earnest Christian. The troubles and toils of his day serve only to make him prize his faith and to exalt his hope. For him, too, the realm of eternal and perfect happiness is just beyond the clouds.—The Tablet.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ONLY ONE MOTHER

You have only one mother, my boy, Whose heart you can gladden with joy.

Or cause it to ache Till ready to break, So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will Stand by you through good and through ill, And love you, although The world is rife for you.

So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray That in the good path you may stay, Who for you won't spare Self sacrificed rare; So love that mother always.

You have only one mother to make A home ever sweet for your sake, Who toils day and night For you with delight; To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother—just one: Remember that always, my son, None can or will do What she has for you: What have you for her ever done?

SAVING CAN BE MADE A PLEASURE

Saving money may be looked at from two entirely different angles, that of necessity or of pleasure. In either case the amount put one side may be the same, but the psychological effect on the individual is totally at variance. It is only when

an act is accomplished with a certain pleasing reaction that the best results are secured. Therefore it is the wise woman who combines enjoyment with the laying aside of a certain amount from the income.

There are very few persons who do not feel the necessity of saving. There are instances, of course, where a person's income is from a principal large enough to warrant the spending of the entire proceeds. However, these are comparatively rare cases.

For the most part, each person or family must save in order to avoid a weight of responsibility that increases with each passing year. Since this is true, the laying aside of a sufficient amount should be coupled with enjoyment.

The habit of laying aside certain amounts from money earned can be fostered from the time a child starts to earn little sums. Let him have the real say as to how the money shall go, and parents will find that a portion of the money is designated for specific purposes.

Usually a good bit of it goes for candy. That is what the child probably wants most of all just then. But parents can get children so absorbed in things that are of more lasting value that they will of their own volition prefer to put a few pennies aside toward the object each time they have any money coming to them. The object may be a box of paints, a ball, an interesting game or book, a cheap radio set or the parts to make one, a boat to sail on some nearby pond or stream, etc.

It must be remembered that there has to be some interesting reason for starting the habit of saving or the habit will be formed under protest only.

It is not alone in childhood that the idea of happiness, as well as benefit, should be associated with saving. It is important to know precisely what the object is for which you most wish to appropriate your savings. Let this be definite. This is one of the essentials.

Perhaps there may be more than one object, but it is rather wise not to disseminate your savings at first but to save them. For instance, do you wish to travel? If so, how much do you wish for it? Do you sincerely want to go abroad or across the continent so that it becomes a joy to set aside a definite amount for the trip? Or do you merely express the wish and let it go as part of an air castle that can never materialize—at least, in so far as your co-operation toward that end is concerned?

Do you want the trip enough to save for it, to deny yourself little things that are non-essential? If so saving for travel becomes a happiness, and the trip is assured unless some unforeseen difficulties arise. Even so, these are apt to be overcome.

If a home of one's very own is the wish of a young couple, saving for it becomes one of their chief joys, and its accomplishment will become more certain each month. The nest egg will grow slowly at first, but with more rapidity, as the savings increase. For money makes money, and savings properly cared for eventually begin to earn for themselves.

Saving for emergencies and for old age are two of the most unusual reasons for saving money not exactly joyful to contemplate in themselves. But a certain element of pleasurable satisfaction can result in the thought of lack of anxiety in the event of illness and the continuing of good times in the latter.—Catholic Columbian.

THE ASCENSION

Six weeks after Our Lord rose from the dead, He ascended into Heaven. During the interval He had been seen with His Apostles at various times, reassuring them, comforting them, and instructing them in the work that was before them. It was a time of unalloyed joy for the Apostles. Peace, joy and gladness were instilled into their hearts.

On the seashore He had given them the commission to go forth and teach men. He breathed upon them and they received the Holy Ghost and the power to forgive sins. Peter was appointed to the Primacy of honor and jurisdiction. He guaranteed the perpetuity of His Church by the promise to be with them all days even to the consummation of the world.

Then when all was ready He led them to the Mount of Ascension. Poorly dressed in the garb of fishermen, with hands gnarled with toil, and faces tanned with exposure, the Apostles gazed with rapture upon the vision of their Lord slowly rising from their sight. On their faces was a look not of earth but of Heaven. They knelt there striving to pierce the cloud through which their loving Master had disappeared from view until two men in white garments stood before them and an angelic voice broke the stillness and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to Heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into Heaven shall so come as you have seen Him going into Heaven."

Everyone has at times felt a painful wonder about the next life. When we lose someone we dearly love, the sadness that comes over us is one of irremediable loss. But this thought quickly fades as we fall back upon faith and on the lesson which the Ascension teaches. As Christ has ascended into Heaven after a life-time of suffering and hardship on earth, so the souls of the just will one day be taken by Him into Heaven. There we shall see them as they are in the glorified

FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 7

The Advent of Tea to England

Tea was not used to any extent in England till about the middle of the seventeenth century, although knowledge of the wonderful qualities of the beverage had reached Europe as early as 1517. During the seventeenth century, all tea was imported from China and cost from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per pound. Not until 1836 did any tea reach England from India. In that year the first shipment was made from the now famous tea growing district of Assam. India today supplies fully half the world's tea requirements and provides some of the finest teas grown. The rich body of "SALADA" is due to the select India teas used in the blend.

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body. This is the Christian consolation that robs the death of the Catholic of its greatest terror and makes the pain of separation from loved ones bearable. Catholics do not mourn as those who have no hope. They look forward to the vision of the life to come as the Apostles on the Mount of the Ascension.

For nineteen hundred years the thought of Heaven has been the stay of the Christian soul. The happiness of Heaven as described in Catholic theology has flooded the drab lives of workaday people with the sunshine of eternal hope. The flaming words of Saint Paul and of Saint John have gleamed through the clouds of doubt and despair with which materialists and agnostics have sought to envelop the conception of the life to come. Catholics will never exchange the certainty of Heaven that they have received from Christ for the forlorn hope that the false Christs of Spiritism hold out to them.

Phenomenal advertising has given the apocalyptic theories of spiritists like Vale Owen and Conan Doyle an ephemeral popularity. Three months is enough to consign such teachings in the limbo of discarded theories. The Spiritist writer of yesterday is disproved by the new teacher of today, who will be contradicted again by his successor of tomorrow. Meanwhile the vision of Christ on the Mount of the Ascension has continued and will continue to sustain the hopes of Catholics in the future life.—The Pilot.

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