

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHY IT DECLINES THEM

One well known American magazine has lately stated its reasons for declining all advertisements of cigarettes or liquors. It says: "We decline cigarette advertising because we do not care, even remotely, to help any boy acquire the insidious habit which undermines his health and his morals."

table. And the oldest things with which man is concerned are called mostly by short names. Sword, wife, house, land and horse and plow, the ox alive in the Saxon's field and as "beef" on the Norman's table, wine and bread, friend and grave and God—these are all monosyllables.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come. And modern literary artistry, knowing how simple things are best expressed by simple words, loves to use the monosyllables of power.

WITHOUT DIVINE HELP Guard against the error of supposing that the will is strong enough to practice virtue unaided by divine help. But still cultivate natural strength and firmness of character, in order that grace may have better material to work on and to cooperate with.

RESPONSIBLE The responsible person is the one who may be depended upon to carry out what he undertakes. To be responsible means to answer to one's name. A brilliant and gifted lad was so irresponsible that he was unable to finish a course of study in any school, and was sent from one to another, always failing.

HARM FROM WITHIN Righteousness is fearlessness. The wise Socrates said, "No harm can befall a good man, he be alive or dead," and St. Bernard thus turns the same courageous thought a little differently: "Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault."

HIS FUTURE A man's future is his own. He makes it every day as he goes along. As a keen thinker says, "What a man chooses to do he chooses for to-morrow, what he overcomes to-day he is overcoming for to-morrow; what he yields to to-day, he is still more likely to yield to to-morrow."

HE TOOK THE CHANCE "No, I did not forget. That's the worst of it. I haven't even that excuse to offer. I remembered the risk; but took the chance." That was what the bandaged victim said when he was allowed to talk to visitors. He was in a hospital, slowly recovering from the effects of a gas-line explosion set off by his lighted cigar.

AMABLY USEFUL A stenographer advertises, "Capable of being amably useful." There is a whole volume of power in

those last two words. They mean self-control as well as ability. The useful people who are unamiable in their work, whom others cannot pull with comfortably, are really near-failures.

HIS BEST The one who does everything the best he possibly can, is going to make that best better with every effort. The one who taxes his muscles is the one who grows stronger; and the one who has to stand on tiptoe to reach his ideals is the one most apt to increase in stature, in more ways than the physical.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HIS BIRTHRIGHT

"Mother, haven't we any saints? The Catholics seem to have so many." Mrs. Stewart dropped her embroidery into her lap and looked at her little son, the slow color rising in her cheeks.

"Why, Archie dear, what do you mean?" she questioned in surprise. "The saints do not exclusively belong to any church."

"But we never ask their help, like the Catholics do," the boy persisted. "And—and they have the Virgin! There's a beautiful white marble statue of her in St. Leo's church, and there's always flowers before it and lighted candles and—"

"Archie Stewart! What took you to St. Leo's church?" his mother demanded sternly, all the soft color dying out of her cheeks.

"Why, I went with Billy Andrews. He was taking a basket of flowers for the Sisters to put on the altars. Ah, mother, it was all so beautiful!" he went on with shining eyes. "There were statues of so many saints. Billy told me their names, but the beautifullest one of them all was the Virgin. Billy's father is sick, and before we came away Billy lit a candle and knelt down before her and asked her to make his father well, and she seemed to smile down at him as if she understood. I wish we had a statue of the Virgin in our church," he concluded wistfully.

Mrs. Stewart wisely refrained from making any reply. She was more disturbed than she cared to admit. This dreamy little son of hers had developed some strange notions.

"His passionate admiration for the doers of valorous deeds had at first been a source of amusement to his father and herself, but of late she made his father wince and she seemed to smile down at him as if she understood. I wish we had a statue of the Virgin in our church," he concluded wistfully.

"This magazine contains a splendid description of Napoleon; shall I read it to you?" she asked presently, anxious to divert his attention.

For a moment his eyes lighted, then he sighed. "I—I'd rather hear about the Virgin," he said slowly. "She was greater even than Napoleon. Why, she was the Mother of God! Think of that the Mother of God!"

Mrs. Stewart forced herself to smile indulgently, numbing her childish whim, but she was really alarmed. "We will visit the art gallery, perhaps, to-morrow," she said gently. "I did not know my little boy was such a lover of art," she added, smiling.

But the nude marble figures did not appeal to the boy. He stood for a long time before a life size bust of George Washington, his face lustrous with the old hero-worship.

Mrs. Stewart congratulated herself upon her wisdom in bringing him here, where while feasting his eyes on the chiseled features of dead and gone heroes (his vivid imagination supplying the local color), he could worship to his heart's content the brave man he so passionately loved. But in the midst of her self-congratulatory thoughts she became conscious of a painful shock. "He was the father of his country," she heard him murmur, "but she was the Mother of God!"

When Mrs. Stewart related the story of Archie's new infatuation to her husband that night, she met another shock, one so totally unexpected that she felt stunned mentally and physically.

A wave of apoplectic color swept over John Stewart's face as he listened, then slowly receded, leaving him quite pale. "I have never told you, Ethel," he said a little thickly, "but I—I was raised a Catholic."

"John!" was all his wife had strength to say. "Oh, I know your father would turn over in his grave if he knew you had married a Catholic!" John said a little bitterly. "But don't look so frightened," he added. "The world and its money getting has too deep a hold on me now for me to be anything but the suave, gentlemanly money grabber you know so well."

And, putting on his hat, John Stewart, restless, unhappy, dissatisfied with all the world, but particularly with himself, strode off to his club.

The old friendly relation between husband and wife seemed to have vanished, and in its place was one of constant war.

The subject of religion was never mentioned, but each knew that it was uppermost in the other's thoughts.

Stewart entered heart and soul into business, spending most of his spare time at the club smoking long, black cigars and frowning into space, while his wife rushed feverishly from one social function to another, finding nowhere the contentment she thought.

So Archie was left much alone with his books, his pictures and his long, long thoughts. Because of a peculiar delicacy, which had followed him

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from babyhood, he did not attend school, like other boys of his age, but had a tutor for a few hours every day at his own home. "It's a poor mite of a lonely he is," thought Nannie, the parlor maid, in spite of the many duties, found time to amuse the lonely child, winning his deep affection, and finally his confidence.

He had been looking forward eagerly to Washington's birthday as a day to be marked with a "white stone." Mrs. Stewart had intended taking him to a matinee where the life of Washington was vividly portrayed in very life-like moving pictures, but a social engagement, which she remembered at the last moment, prevented her going. So Nannie was sent instead, and a very pleasant afternoon it proved to her as well as her little charge.

Upon their return home Archie went to his room and stood for a long time before the flag-draped picture of Washington. "You were a great man," he said, addressing the picture, "and this is your birthday, one day when he had gone for a walk with Nannie, how they had stopped at a church, and she had taken him in to see the crib. He remembered, too, that his mother was quite angry when he told her about it. Nannie lit a candle, and when he asked her why she did it she replied: "In honor of our Lord's birthday."

There was a box of Christmas candles in his desk. He would light two candles and place them before the picture.

There was only one candlestick on the mantel, and that had been placed there merely as an ornament. A heavy, ornate affair, in which the tiny pink candle wobbled foolishly; but it burned bravely enough, and he was content at least for a little while.

While he stood gazing up at the unchanging picture, a sudden discomfited seized him; it was all so cold and so—so tame. He remembered suddenly one day when he had gone for a walk with Nannie, how they had stopped at a church, and she had taken him in to see the crib. He remembered, too, that his mother was quite angry when he told her about it. Nannie lit a candle, and when he asked her why she did it she replied: "In honor of our Lord's birthday."

"My darling boy! What happened?" she cried, holding him fast.

"CURED OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY. A DEVOTED WIFE HELPS HER HUSBAND TO A CURE THROUGH SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION. Mrs. S., of Trenton was in despair. A loving father, and a careful provider when sober; her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties.

But read her letter: "I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I was not and never had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Fort Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second box, but for fear one would not be enough, he writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles and he feels splendid, does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving to him. I feel I cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful Remedy. —Mrs. S., Trenton, Ont."

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same day.—Mary M. Redmond in the Young Catholic Messenger. THE SPIRIT THAT WILL MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC. The Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., late assistant editor of America, but now of Guelph, Ontario, Canada, in one of his masterly sermons on "The Present Position of the Catholic Church throughout the World," says: "One final word. Our separated brethren object that we are too proud of our gift of faith. We answer: No, we are not proud of it, but unpeakably grateful. We acknowledge that we do not deserve it. But anyone who wishes can obtain that gift by earnest prayer."

The spirit that will make America Catholic is the spirit of prayer. The prayer of humble gratitude on the part of Catholics; the prayer of humble petition on the part of those who are not sure they are in the true Church.

They light candles before the Virgin's statue on her feast day. "I sobbed brokenly. "We haven't any Virgin or saints, so I lit a candle, cause it's Washington's birthday, you know, and—"

A muffled ejaculation from the doorway made them both start and turn. "You shall have a statue of the Mother of God—and as many saints as you wish." Mr. Stewart said in a low determined tone, striding forward and taking the hand of his little son in a grip that hurt. Then, turning to his wife, added, with a look she had never seen on his face before: "I am going back to my Church, Ethel! My son shall have his birthright." Communion on the

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IT MUST BE WOODWARD'S! Benenden, Kent, November, 5, 1912. From the Rev. A. Harwood Field, B.D. I have great pleasure in sending you my testimony to the value of Woodward's Grape Water, which I recommend to all parents for their children. Our baby boy was troubled much with weak digestion, and after trying various remedies we were advised to obtain Woodward's Grape Water. It is invaluable in feeding. It gives prompt relief in the suffering due to imperfect digestion. It must be WOODWARD'S! Can be obtained at any Druggist's.

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