

Chats with Young Men

Now that the new year is beckoning the world on to twelve months of unprecedented progress, while new cables flash royal greetings under ocean waves and the Edisons predict conquests which will make action almost compete with thought in swiftness, Finem Respice, unable, as he is unwilling, to follow science to her new portals, prefers to lead a retreat to possessions which were regarded as priceless long before electricity was christened and of which the allotment to each individual increases inversely with the number of fortune-seekers. I lead to the realms of friendship. Cicero said that life is desirable for the friendships we make in it. Experience has taught each of us that we are most happy when we have most friends, dejected when we have lost a friend and never entirely contented while we have an enemy. Success, too, is promoted by the good will of our fellow-men, menaced by their hostility. Hence, at this time when we are setting out afresh to test the worth of new resolutions I regard as the best omen of success for this year, the determination to enlist as friends all who cross our path in our daily intercourse, whether on work or pleasure bent.

We cannot have too many friends, that is, true friends and good. By friends, I mean not only those with whom we are intimate, but all acquaintances, for mere acquaintances may be at times valuable allies or enemies against whom we are defenceless. Our ability to please may be judged quite fairly by the number of persons of our acquaintance whom we have never antagonized; our faults by the number who regard us with distrust. I make allowance, too, for different dispositions, some free, some reticent. To be happy and successful we must make friends whenever we can, whether we go up or down the scale of classes. For with the rich friendship tempers the tendency to disdain the lowly. It helps the poor to forget their trials. The sympathy of a world of friendly faces thus takes the sting from disappointments and strikes a balance between the joys and sorrows of this earth.

This is the theory of friendship. How are we to make it practical? There is one thing which has always impressed me strongly as being the reason why a great many people fail to make and to hold friends. It is a certain carelessness with which they speak of their neighbors. There are always a number of persons whom we regard as the inner circle of our friends, and against whom we would not dare in any circumstances to utter a word which might give offence. In the same relation might be placed those who are our benefactors. Immediately outside of these classes is a wide world of intimate or remote acquaintances with whom we neither expect nor care to have any dealings and hence we are indifferent whether or not our remarks regarding them are always charitable. Accordingly, in thoughtless moments we drop remarks about their eccentricities or their methods, not indeed thinking that those remarks will ever reach their ears, yet caring little whether they do or not. Now such remarks, if uttered habitually, are certain sometime to be carried to ears on which they will grate and forthwith hostility reigns where before if not friendship at least indifference rested. This condition is brought about by shortsightedness. It would be regarded as fool-hardy to utter unfriendly remarks about those whose friendship we prize or whose aid we require. But how do we know when we shall need a friend in that wide circle of remote acquaintances? The writer recalls more than one occasion on which he was strongly tempted to join in raillery of certain eccentric individuals and confesses also to have yielded for the sake of jest, but many suns had not set before he was done signal service by the subject of his raillery. He was glad to accept such service, though he felt little comfort in reflecting that his remarks uttered in thoughtless indifference a few days before may have reached

the ears of this, the last person, who, he considered, could do him a favor. This has been a common experience with me. I have observed it too, in the lives of others, and I have come to the conclusion that friends are made and lost by the shortsightedness with which we discuss the affairs or failings of persons in whose power we imagine we shall never stand. Therefore, I regard it as a wise and liberal resolution for each young man to take, to question all the words that cross his lips as to whether they will awaken friendly sentiments in all the ears to which accident may waft them. This policy is sure to leave you on the safe side, that of not antagonizing those who would otherwise be friends. Then remains the positive side, that of making friends. This does not mean that you must set out with the purpose of approaching people to secure their friendship, but rather enlisting them by your friendly attitude in casual meetings. A word kindly spoken, a smile returned, sympathy proffered, a trifling sacrifice made—these little things make friends. Coldness, incivility, selfishness call forth similar feelings in others. Thus it is possible to strew your path of life with roses or thorns. In conclusion therefore, I conceive of no more appropriate thought which may lead to the happiness and success of my readers than the behest at this first of the new year to put a price on the friendship of every individual, regardless of age or condition, with whom they will mingle in any capacity during the coming year.

FINEM RESPICE.

Regina Notes

Midnight Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kustouz, Rev. Father Van Heertum preached an able sermon. The sermon showed deep thought and careful preparation, and no listener could fail to be edified and to carry home with him practical lessons for the coming year.

Mrs. Thos. Malone, of Cochrane, Alberta, accompanied by her fine young son, passed through Regina on New Years Eve to spend a few months with her friends in Ontario. She was joined here by Miss Madge McCarthy, who goes east to attend school.

Mr. J. E. Whelan, of the dry goods department of the firm of E. McCarthy & Co., went east on New Years Eve to Toronto, called there by the serious illness of his brother.

The Gratton school opened this morning with a very large attendance. The closing exercises on Dec. 30 were very creditable to both teachers. His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Forget attended and presented each child with a coronation medal and a box of bon-bons. His Honor expressed himself as much gratified with the condition of the school and pleased with the progress the children were making under the careful supervision of Mr. Kramer and Miss McLaughlin, who are indeed indefatigable in their efforts for the advancement of their pupils.

Mrs. E. McCarthy went east last night in response to a telegram from her home in Ontario, where we are very sorry to learn her mother is dangerously ill. We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Malone, who visited her daughter Mrs. McCarthy some years ago. Our sympathies are with the family, and we sincerely hope that she may be restored to health again.

Misses Kathleen and Madge McCusker went to Winnipeg on Sunday evening to attend St. Mary's convent. Miss Kathleen spent the Christmas holidays at home from St. Mary's, but this is Miss Madge's first term. Madge will be greatly missed, especially among the young folk, as she is an especial favorite. We wish them both every success in their studies.

C.M.B.A. Branch 362.

The following officers have been elected for 1903.—Spiritual Adviser—Rev. Fr. Van Heertum. Pres.—John McCarthy. Vice-President—E. McCarthy. Second Vice-Pres.—J. Ehman. Rec. Secretary—F. N. Kush. Assist. Rec. Secretary—Geo. Engel. Fin. Secretary—J. E. Whelan. Treasurer—Peter Krause. Marshall—John Engel. Guard—John

Reinlander. Trustees—Messrs. C. J. McCusker, B. Moliski, Hoffman, Peter Selinger, B. Cotton.

The annual meeting and election of church trustees took place yesterday, when Geo. Engel, C. J. McCusker, J. Murphy, E. McCarthy and J. McCarthy were elected.

Allow me to wish you, Northwest Review, your respected and much esteemed editor, and your courteous and painstaking publisher, with all the readers of your valuable paper, a prosperous and bright New Year. We trust the Northwest Review will continue to flourish, and that increased circulation may inspire those who are at the helm to go on with new ardor in their good work. GENA MACFARLANE.

Home Column

IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face,
And laugh our troubles down;
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the snow in early Spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause,
By making it our own:
It gives the current of our lives
A purer, nobler tone;
It pays to comfort heavy hearts
Depressed with dull despair;
And leaves in sorrow darkened lives
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note with all their waywardness
Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
And let the sunshine in.

A friendly word, a pleasant smile—
The cost is small, indeed,
To him who gives—but priceless is
To him who stands in need.
The human heart responds to love
As flowers to sun and dew;
It pays to seek the needy one.
It pays—both him and you.

—Selected.

"THE HOME THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF ALL VIRTUES."

Such are the words of your talented contributor who writes "Chats With Young Men," and who writing in the issue of Dec. 20 takes generosity as his subject. Would that the contributor to this column could handle the subject with a little of the cleverness show by "Finem Respice." Before entering on the subject let me, if not too late, wish all readers of the Home Column a bright and prosperous New Year. May every home be blessed during 1903 and the readers of the Northwest Review have many things to be thankful for when another twelve months shall have gone by.

Home is, or always should be, the school where the child should learn practical generosity. The home charities of the Christian family lay open before us a deep and heavenly love, a vision of the dwelling of the Common Father above the skies, where love eternal decks out its most royal mansions for those who are poorest and lowliest here below. Children should be taught to be generous towards the sick and the infirm in the home. Make every child of yours know and understand that the friend in need was He who came from the throne of Heaven to heal, to restore, to lift up to the height whence He himself descended. Make them understand, that on leaving earth again, He wishes and bids every one of us to do for the sick, in body, in heart, or in soul what He did for us. You will then teach your children to treat the aged, the sick and the infirm with respect and tenderness, and to generously overlook infirmities of temper, and this will indeed be the crown of home charities. This generous self-restraint in dealing with the irritability of the sick and devotion to the need and comfort of others, is an admirable discipline for the young, as well as a rich source of merit before the Divine Majesty, whom the true children of God profess to serve, and believe they serve in ministering to the infirm and aged. Teach your children generosi-

ty in forgetting one's pain to please others. This home charity can be practised by children every day of their lives. Teach them that they must forget their little aches and pains to make all pleasant for their brothers and sisters or to show perfect hospitality to visitors. Let them be generous also in practising outdoor charities. Every mother, whether her home be that of the laboring man or that of the rich man, has a deep interest in the poor round about and a divine obligation to fulfil toward them in proportion to her means, so is it her duty to train her children to aid her in ministering to them. How many good examples we have of mothers with large families and not troubled either with money in the bank who have never failed to help the poor when cases of need were within their reach. Mothers who have left a record of every good work and home virtue behind them for their sons and daughters to follow. To be generous, it is not necessary to have this world's goods in abundance to give. "Tis not what we give, but what we share; the gift without the giver is bare." All can be kind and generous. A good word and a kind smile cost nothing, but what a comfort they give, only the worn and weary really know.

FATHER LEMARCHAND'S DEPARTURE.

Daily Herald, Calgary.

On Thursday, the 18th, a complimentary banquet was tendered the Rev. Father Lemarchand by the parishioners of St. Mary's Church at the bazaar hall. After the banquet, the chairman, J. W. Costello, read the following address:—
To Rev. Father Lemarchand, P.P., St. Mary's, Calgary:

Reverend Father: On the occasion of your departure, the C. M. B. A., the parishioners, the religious communities and pupils of the Lacombe Separate school, desire to tender to you the humble expression of their grateful appreciation of your labors in this portion of the Lord's Vineyard and the heartfelt hope that you may long continue your valuable services in this diocese.

The years that you have been amongst us witnessed great improvement in our now beautiful church and the chime of bells now on the way to this parish, will always speak trumpet tongued of your energy, of your perseverance and great zeal for the greater glory of God.

Hand in hand with your temporal progress went the spiritual advancement of the parish, the Sunday school work, the League of the Sacred Heart meetings, the encouragement and good advice to the C. M. B. A., and the general and never ending efforts of the entire parish spiritual labor, were never lost sight of for a moment.

In the vaster field to which your reverence is being transferred a great many of the conditions will be the same as in Calgary, and we hope and pray that the weighty responsibilities placed on you may be as successful as your labors have been here and we will beg God's choicest blessing on you.

J. W. COSTELLO,
E. H. ROULEAU,
J. McCAFFARY,
J. R. MIQUELON,
SISTER CAROL,
SISTER MARY GREENE,
MARIE ROBINSON,
JUDGE MAGUIRE,
J. R. COSTIGAN.

The Rev. Father Lemarchand answered as follows:—
Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

You do not expect from me a long and eloquent speech, but you have a right to expect a few words of thanks.

I am pleased to remark that you are just now speaking in the name of all the parishioners, the members of the C.M.B.A., the religious communities, and the children of our school for you are all the same to me, all very dear to me, and if I had any preference it would be for our dear little children.

It is with pleasure that I see the love, respect and veneration you have for religious communities, for the reverend sisters who devote themselves to the education of your children, and the heroic nuns who

are always ready to take care of you in case of sickness. You mention in your address the improvement of the church and the grounds adjoining. I accept indeed your praises and gratitude, and I thank God for having given me the grace and strength of doing that work, but allow me to make a very important remark: If I have succeeded in improving the church and the grounds adjoining, it is due to your co-operation especially to the work of the religious communities and the good ladies of the parish.

Some of our friends may be surprised at the amount realized in our bazaars, but if they could know all the work done by the religious communities, the ladies and the children, they would be more surprised. For instance, I am told that some of the Sisters and the children were for about three months employing all their recreations in that so meritorious work.

I am sorry that I have to leave you before the arrival of our five bells, but I will come back for the event, not only to witness your happiness and joy, but to assist and help the reverend fathers. Owing to the kindness of the Reverend Father Lacombe, I will be able to come and pay you a visit several times a year; this is a great consolation to me at the present time.

Concerning the spiritual advancement of the parish. I have done the best I could, I might have committed many faults, but I am satisfied that I have done my best for the greater glory of God.

Many thanks to you for your good wishes in my new position. I thank you now very sincerely and will pray during the holy sacrifice that God may bless you, your whole families and the whole parish.

The Reverend Fathers Lacombe and Naessens said a few words and were followed by J. R. Costigan, who made a very eloquent speech. This banquet tendered by the C.M.B.A. was a great success.

HER USE FOR IT.

"I want to get a camera," said young Mrs. Motherwell.
"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk.
"What size, please?"
"Why, the smallest, I guess," she said, dreamily, "I want one that's suitable to take the picture of a two-months-old baby."

A BIRD DINNER.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the hungry robin, "I wish I had lived about three hundred years ago."
"Nonsense! What for?" demanded the sparrow.
"I've just been reading something in a religious paper about a Diet of Worms they had then."—Catholic Standard and Times.



"Now is the winter of our

DISCONTENT."

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