#### OVEMBER 27. 1915

### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOUR OLD MOTHER

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweeter and more beautiful now ? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed away many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ab, yes, she which can never made. AD, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannol see you ; you cannot enter a prison where bars will keep her out ; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues till you most forgat that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion. —St. Paul Bulletin. CHRERFULNESS VERSUS

### GLOOM

The cheerful man is a jewel among his associates and cannot help but suggest contentment wherever he rs, in marked contrast to the appears, in marked contrast to the fellow who is gloomy, or, as the expression now goes—"the man with a grouch.'

where is this more noticeable than in and about shops or manu-factories where large numbers of men are engaged whose daily life and comfort depend a good deal upon their surroundings. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that commodious quarters, together with plenty of light and air be provided. This will aid, in a large degree, to-ward creating cheerful dispositions. In the past, much less regard than at present has been paid to shop comforts. To day, however, the railroad companies when they put up new shop buildings or add to the old ones, are in the habit of devoting especial attention to these needs, and it is most excellent judgment to do this. Without such consideration work is apt to become a drudgery and no man can be expected to do his best who is obliged to toil where proper facilities and ordinary comforts are lacking.

It is not surprising that we now and then run across ' a man with a grouch." Yet we will find men who wear a pleasant countenance and exercise cheerful dispositions, even under the most trying circumstances and who are always ready and will-ing to perform their allotted task, no matter what their surroundings may be. Such men are chearful by nature rule, but they can instill the same disposition in others not so born and often do. It is possible, there fore, for most of us to cultivate habit of cheerfulness if we be so

willed. Fortunately there is no such word grouch " in the English diction. It has been coined, and quite properly, to express a state of mind which was paramount in one of Napoleon Bonaparte's generals, named Grouchy, whose conduct at the famous battle of Waterloo was largely like. responsible for Napoleon's defeat. Or up by a consequent inefficiency. other words, he had what we, in these days, call a grouch for reasons which have never been fully ex plained. At any rate as a subordinate to Napoleon, he became in some way discontented and neglected his duty at a critical moment. Since the battle of Waterloo-fought more than a century ago, the fault finding, discontented fellow is known as "Grouchy." The stigma, though severe, is well applied. The gloomy individual, who sees no sunshine bright though it may be, who finds with his tools and his surroundings though they be ever so excellent and thereby creates discon-tent among his fellow workmen, is the Grouchy of Napoleon's time. He is the man who brings defeat and disorder and we regret to say that here, there and everywhere, to day, Grouchys are in evidence and oftentimes without good reason. Now that there are fewer reasons than ever for shandoning a cheerful disposition to become a Grouchy, it is a wise idea to acquire the habit of being pleasant and willing. There will be more likelihood of a victory han a crushing defeat. As a result, the employe will do better work and both he and his employer will profit by it in general. Promotion is more easily within reach, while the gloom which envelops the grouchy man is like a fog which deceives the vision and means serious dangers ahead, until it is dispelled. This lifting of gloom and substitut-ing for it cheerfulness is a slight task which is bound to repay one a thousandfold. The tendency of the times is toward a season of un-paralleled prosperity. We can materially aid humanity in general to reach this goal by being cheerful in spite of conditions and annoyances which sometimes suggest gloom or a 'grouch." The man with a "grouch" s assuredly not in the way of doing his best. When one fails to do his best he is liable to be classed as incompatent and, so listed, contributes to a failure instead of a success. The discontented man who carries his grouch to the point of abusing



the company which employs him, not You love this picture ? only shows a disloyal spirit but may Yes'm, ' the girl half whispered. spread a feeling of disloyalty through "Wby is it that you like it so out the shop where he works. He much better than the others? There should never forget that loyalty to his company and his cause is the foundation upon which the success ful operations of all the departments is beed Bailton Bailton and Bailton and are many beautiful paintings here ?" The girl hesitated. "My little brother died last winter. It seemed like it would break our hearts, mother's and mine. And it is based .- Railway Engineering.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

#### ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

brief sketch.

just like Carlie ; and, when I come and look at it a while, it seems as if The month of November is like a I'd had a little peep into heaven, and shrine of devotion around which cluster many beautiful flowers of sainthood, whose sweet legends win the heart and charm the mind. see just how happy Carlie is. Then I go away feeling glad clear through. Some day," the girl added, her whole face brightning. "mother's coming with me, and then she'll be glad, Maiden and warrior, priest and man complete the array of Christian too !" nobility remarkable alike for mysti-

The visitor moved silently away, ism and miracle. One, the famous St. Martin, who as if she had been in a sacred pia But at the door she looked back for a moment at the rapt figure with her wistful eyes on the pictured face of onverted the greater part of Gaul to Christianity, is the subject of this the Friend of little children.-Catho-

heaven with Jesus. But the little one cuddling up against Him looks

MATTER

We know the story of how the lic Sun. young Roman officer, while yet a catechumen, divided his military WHERE RACE DID NOT cloak and gave the larger part to a shivering, starving beggar on a sharp

winter day. With this historical fact is connected a legend that accounts for Dr. Arthur Martin, a contributor November known as St. Martin's witness to the devotion and skill of the nursing staff of nuns in a civil Summer.

'Silver and gold I have not," said and military hospital in a French the Saint to the beggar; "but what town. He states : I have I give, in the name of the It was presided over by Sister Fer-Lord." At these words, the very earth trembled with joy; nature awoke to life and happiness; the dinand, a trained nurse, with rigid antiseptic and aseptic principles. The nursing at this hospital was performed by Sisters of Mercy, all trained and skilful nurses, and the sun poured down in mellow radiance its beautiful flowing rivers of light brooks leaped and gurgled on their gentlest and most helpful people one way; the very birds came from their winter hiding places and filled the could meet. The Reverend Mother of the Order was the matron of the air with sweetest warbling. Then a voice from heaven, heard by all around, said : "Martin, because thou hospital, and was also a trained an esthetist, being able to administer chloroform or open ether. In addi-

bast had pity on this the lowliest of thy fellowmen, I grant thee a fore-taste of paradise this day. For I say, all those who here below take pity on the unfortunate shall enjoy in heaven a perpetual spring." Thus the legend runs and further states that this is the origin of St. Martin's summer, or as it is called in our own United States, Indian sumend Mother and the nursing Sisters,

mer.-Truth. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND In the leading art gallery of a

great Eastern city hung a picture of Christ blessing the children. On the days when the gallery was free to the public, a little girl might have been seen sitting before the picture, with a rapt expression on her face. She never seemed interested in the other art treasures of the great collection, but slipped into a seat near this one picture, and sat gazing upon it with an interest in which was something strangely unchild.

One day a group of girls came into

### THE CATHOLIC RECORD

almost unconsciously it reveals its presence. \* \* Indicarding forms and liturgies so largely, I sometimes fear that we do not attach to this matter of reverence the importance These were all lost on entering the hated Church of Rome; but, as he said, he hearkened to the voice that we ought.

"A third lesson which we may learn is that of loyalty. They attach their followers to their Church and to their faith by ties that are almost indestructible. In order to succeed in our work we must imitate their example. A Church that inflaences the life of a community must have not an uncertain, wavering attach-ment from its members, but a loyalty which will not falter even when sub jected to the severest tests.

"The fourth lesson which we may learn from our Catholic friends is one of zeal. These who profess the Catholic faith are seldom lukewarm or indifferent in their attitude They are zealous partisans. And this often leads them to do things which call for censure. But while intolerance and persecution are al-ways wrong, the spirit of zeal and enwasn't till I saw this picture that I could feel as if Carlie was up in thusiasm deserves the warmest com mendation. A spirit of cold indifferance never accomplishes anything. It is the man who is on fire with en-thusiasm for the cause in which he has enlisted who awakens others and brings results to pass."-The Scranton (Pa.) Daily News.

### A Famous Doctor Writes

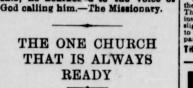
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## CARDINAL MANNING

#### TELLS HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

o see the world converted to Christ, and all men made members of the One Fold on earth, must always be interested in the conversion of the ndividual ; for, discourse as we may concerning the winning of the nation to the truth, it is through the gain of one person at a time that the King dom of God is to be built up in the world. One by one the souls are gathered in, until the mighty multitude is larger than any man can number. And when the conversion appens to be of a soul trained in all the processes of deep reasoning, that arrives at a knowledge of the truth by a road a little different from that taken by any other soul (as is, indeed, almost always the case) the history of such change becomes doubly in-teresting. In a private conversation Cardinal Manning himself related the following:

ums, the churches, and viewed the from all points. I had never city had the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of Protestantism, and had not the slightest notion of changing my religion. Nothing of all that I saw had made an impression upon me, and I was as far from Catholicism as I was at my departure from England. 'One morning I entered the Church



always ready," writes the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, D. D., in the Conready to seize the great opportunity that must come after the war, to which the christianity the supreme world power. The Doctor questions whether the "present disorganized Protestantism" is prepared for such a recessantism "is prepared for such a task, because it is "divided, and power-less," for joint action. Mr. Smyth sees peril "in a spiritual absolutism," but the unity of the Catholic Church im-presses him strongly, and he points to it as an example for the sections of Brotestantism. We want the of Protestantism. We quote Mr Smyth's remarks, as given in the London Tablet :

There is (he says) one Church that stands always ready. For centuries there has never been a day when it has not had power, for better or for worse, to speak its own mind with authority; and it has led its own following. At any time of need it has not had to wait. In the morning its voice may go forth to the ends of the earth. At midnight it may speak; and, as the sun rises, the whole world round, the people shall listen.

Before the powers of the world it can appeal for millions of people, and in every tongue. It retains no temporal sovereignty ; it can not com-mand the war to stop ; yet its appeal has gone forth for the love of Christ's sake in behalf of the sufferers and the prisoners. The Church of Rome has a voice, and it can make it heard even amid the storm of war. The Protestant churches can not. The voice of the Roman Church is one voice, as the voice of many waters there is none to declare the mind of the Protestant churches, though all would hear it spoken. Its voice is as the murmur of running brooks from distant sources. -- Sacred Heart

### IMPRESSIONS OF A NON CATHOLIC AT MASS

If any one had told me when I entered that church in a distant city—I do not even know its name— that I could have sat through fortyfive minutes of an unintelligible service, with but few words spcken in a language I could understand, without becoming wearied, restless and bored, I should have scoffed at the idea. Yet the Mass held me bound, and I really regretted its ending. I have already discounted the asthetic pleasure of my experience, and I am able to show that it was something more than artistic gratification.

These almost random impressions are a retrospective analysis only, not a record of conscious thoughts. If I had gone into that Church from any religious motive, whatever, if I had expected to find an answer to my lifelong questioning, I should "One morning lentered the Online" my lifelong questioning, 1 morning of St. Louig of France. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on one of the altars, probably on account of a novena. There was nothing out of novena. There was nothing out of the ordinary; a few candles were burning, the priests, vected only in that Sunday morning's sunlight in an that Sunday morning's sunlight in an that Sunday morning's sunlight in an the priests, vected only in



SEVEN

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Table than our own. NN THE CRUCIBLE, by isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bear-ing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others good, are keyed on the divine true story of thim Who gave up all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (Sacred Heart Review).

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The practical Catholic who longs Review.

tion two were Irish nuns who belonged to this French order. The matron detailed these two Irish Sigters to work with the British wounded. . . At this hospital many of the operations were performed under conduction anasthesia and infiltration anæsthesia. In all the work one was loyally helped by the Rever-

also by the Abbe Bouchondhomme, "I was in Rome, visited the muse French priest. This splendid priest spoke English and German as well as his native tongue, and was of great assistance, not only to our British wounded, but also to the wounded German prisoners in the wards. I am glad to know that the work of the Reverend Mother and the Sisters has been brought to the notice of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and of the President of the French Republic .--BAPTIST PASTOR CITES novens. LESSONS FROM

" There is one Church that stands

he room and recognized her. "Why, Margery, what are you doing all by yourself? Come along with us ?"

"Thank you," said the girl, "but I'd rather stay here." "Have you seen the statuary downstairs? There are licns and

buffaloes ! It's real exciting ! Come on !" "I'd rather not to day." the girl re

peated.

Thep, as the group disappeared she sighed as if with relief. and turned sgain toward the painting A visitor, who had seen the child there before, was interested enough to question her.

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CATHOLICS TELLS HIS FLOCK OF SOME THINGS THEY SHOULD ADMIRE AND IMITATE

Sacred Heart Review.

The Rev. Walter M. Walker, D.D. astor of the Immanuel Baptist hurch, preached recently on "What Protestants May Learn from Catholics," outlining three important features of the Catholic Church that

nembers of the Protestant churches may "imitate and admire." The text where "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Dr. Walker spoke in part as follows:

'There are many things in the Catholic Church which we do not agree with. But there are some things to imitate and admire, and it

is of these that I wish to sneak. From our Catholic friends we may learn to appreciate the value of the outward forms of religious worship. While many of our Protestants were still asleep hundreds of men and women were on their way to offer up their prayers in the house of God. The heart must be right to secure the

Divine favor, but the outward forms of worship possess an importance far beyond what we often give to them. Neglect them and you will find the springs which feed your spiritual life

drying up completely. "A second lesson which we may learn is that of reverence. The Catholic Church instills in the hearts and minds of its followers a spirit of reverence for sacred things and

sacred places. "Millet's Angelus has won the admiration of multitudes by its portray-

al of the spirit of reverence in two peasants toiling in the field. They have been busily engaged in hard, laborious toil, but as the clear light of day fades into the glow of evening they hear the bell in the distant tower calling to prayer, and as it rings out its message they cease their work and stand there in the field in an attitude of reverent wership. Say what you will, it is worth not a little to have that spirit so inwrought into the very fibre of the soul that even about the common tasks of life

their surplices, knelt in the sanc tuary; and a few of the faithful

were praying in the church. Nothing of the pomp of St. Peter's was there, but it was God's time. I felt in my heart a mysterious emotion, partly illumination, partly at-traction. For the first time in my life it appeared to me that truth might be here, and that possibly I might one day become a Catholic But I was not yet converted. It was merely the call of God, and I still far from the truth. I did not reject the call, but I prayed, I sough and studied with all the sincerity of

which I was capable. Light increased from day to day, and grace complished the rest."

Considered from a temporal point of view, no conversion could been connected with more disadvantages. There was for a clergyman and a scholar no more agreeable pesition than that of Archdeacon Manning. As a dignitary of the Anglican Church he possessed riches. influence and a prominent position ; genius fame and friends were his.

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aplifted mood which I had not kno for years. For a long time I had hated the

ides of the mystic, had scouted the miraculous, and had believed every canon of taste and reserve outraged by any form of worship that appealed to emotion, superstition or awe. And now I had witnessed a service which for me contained every one of the elements which once had offended me. There was no merit in my attendance because of the purely personal reason for which I had gone, yet the beneficent impression produced was to remain with me for a long time.

Furthermore, I had been surrounded, I could not help noticing, by a crowd of clean but, as a rule, not well-dressed persons; many of them evidently "uncultured" and of the lower classes. By every rule of my previous habit of mind I should have left that church feeling keenly conscious of my own intsl-lectual superiority; thankful that such a worship and such a religion could not enslave me; glad that neither hell nor heaven were any concern of mine, and well satisfied that, while lights and symbols and images and prayers and incantations were all very impressive, they could not enchain my reason.

That was precisely the way might have expected to feel. But I left that Mass engulfed in a deep peace that lasted for hours, and that was slowly succeeded by a profound regret that these people had so much that I did not have—an abiding sorrow that by birth, by training and, finally by unprayerful searching and wrong living, the precious gift of faith had been lost to me.

I started out that morning with the cumulated, callous irreligious-ness of seven years. That night, too deeply moved even for the best of companionship, I slipped off alone, and for three hours sat by the window of a dark room, looking out to see and calmly searching my own soul as I have never searched it be-

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