

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 eyes are dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, 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 cannot 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 gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues till you most forget that your soul is endangered by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion. —St. Paul Bulletin.

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the company which employs him, not only shows a disloyal spirit but may spread a feeling of disloyalty throughout the shop where he works. He should never forget that loyalty to his company and his cause is the foundation upon which the successful operations of all the departments is based.—Railway Engineering.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER
The month of November is like a shrine of devotion around which cluster many beautiful flowers of sainthood, whose sweet legends win the heart and charm the mind. Maiden and warrior, priest and man, complete the array of Christian nobility remarkable alike for mysticism and miracle.

OBEDIENTNESS VERSUS GLOOM

The cheerful man is a jewel among his associates and cannot help but suggest contentment wherever he appears, in marked contrast to the fellow who is gloomy, or, as the expression now goes—"the man with a frown."
Nowhere is this more noticeable than in and about shops or manufacturing plants 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 conditions quarters, together with plenty of light and air be provided. This will aid, in a large degree, toward 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 special 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 frown." 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 willing to perform their allotted task, no matter what their surroundings may be. Such men are cheerful by nature as a rule, but they can instill the same disposition in others not so born, and often do. It is possible, therefore, for most of us to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness if we so willed.

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 there was something strangely unchild-like.

One day a group of girls came into the 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 stately downstair? There are lions and buffaloes! It's real exciting! Come on!"
"I'd rather not to-day," the girl repeated.

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

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"You love this picture?"
"Yes," the girl half-whispered.
"Why is it that you like it so much better than the others? There 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 wasn't till I saw this picture that I could feel as if Carlie was up in heaven with Jesus. But the little one cuddling up against Him looks just like Carlie; and when I come and look at it a while, it seems as if I'd had a little peep into heaven, and see just how happy Carlie is. Then I go away feeling glad through. Some day," the girl added, her whole face brightening, "mother's coming with me, and then she'll be glad, too!"

WHERE RACE DID NOT MATTER

Dr. Arthur Martin, a contributor to the British Medical Journal, bears witness to the devotion and skill of the nursing staff of nun in civil and military hospital in a French town. He states:

It was presided over by Sister Ferdinand, 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 gentlest and most helpful people one could meet. The Reverend Mother of the Order was the matron of the hospital, and was also a trained nurse, being able to administer chloroform or open ether. In addition to our British nurses who belonged to this French order, the matron detailed these two Irish Sisters to work with the British wounded. At this hospital many of the operations were performed under conduction anaesthesia and infiltration anaesthesia. In all the work one was loyally helped by the Reverend Mother and the nursing Sisters, also by the Abbe Bouchardhomme, a 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.—Sacred Heart Review.

BAPTIST PASTOR CITES LESSONS FROM CATHOLICS

TELLS HIS FLOCK OF SOME THINGS THEY SHOULD ADMIRE AND IMITATE
The Rev. Walter M. Walker, D.D., pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, preached recently on "What Protestants May Learn from Catholics," outlining the important features of the Catholic Church that members of the Protestant churches may "imitate and admire."

"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.
"Miller's Angelus has won the admiration of multitudes by its portrayal of the spirit of reverence in two passages tolling 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 worship. Say what you will, it is worth not a little to have this spirit so inwrought into the very fibres of the soul that even about the common tasks of life

almost unconsciously it reveals its presence. \* \* \* In discarding forms and liturgies so largely, I sometimes fear that we do not attach to this matter of reverence the importance that we ought.

"A third lesson which we may learn from our Catholic friends is one of zeal. Those 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 always wrong, the spirit of zeal and enthusiasm deserves the warmest commendation. A spirit of cold indifference never accomplishes anything. It is the man who is on fire with enthusiasm for the cause in which he has enlisted who awakens others and brings results to pass."—The Scranton (Pa.) Daily News.

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CARDINAL MANNING TELLS HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

The practical Catholic who longs to 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 individual; for, discourse as we may concerning the winning of the nations to the truth, it is through the gain of one person at a time that the Kingdom 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 happens 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 interesting. In a private conversation Cardinal Manning himself related the following:

"I was in Rome, visited the museums, the churches, and I loved the city from all points. I had never 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 of St. Louis of France. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on one of the altars, probably on account of a novena. There was nothing out of the ordinary; a few candles were burning, the priests vested only in their surplices, kneeling in the sanctuary; 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 attraction. 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 was still far from the truth. I did not reject the call, but I prayed, I sought and studied with all the sincerity of which I was capable. Light increased from day to day, and grace accomplished the rest."

Considered from a temporal point of view, no conversion could have been connected with more disadvantages. There was for a clergyman and a scholar no more agreeable position 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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These were all lost on entering the laid Church of Rome; but, as he said, he hearkened to the voice of God calling him.—The Missionary.

THE ONE CHURCH THAT IS ALWAYS READY

"There is one Church that stands always ready," writes the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, D. D., in the Constructive Quarterly, in an appeal to the Protestant churches to mobilize their forces so that they may be ready to seize the great opportunity that must come after the war, to make Christianity the supreme world power. The Doctor questions whether the "present disorganized Protestantism" is prepared for such a task, because it is "divided, and powerless, for joint action. Mr. Smyth's peril is in a spiritual abolitionism," but the aim of the Catholic Church impresses him strongly, and he points to it as an example for the sections 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; 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 rumour of running brooks from distant sources.—Sacred Heart Review.

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 forty-five minutes of an unintelligible service, with but few words spoken in a language I could understand, without becoming weary, 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 aesthetic 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 not be surprised at the result. But as it was, while the feeling of surprise did not occur to me until hours afterwards, I went out into an uplifted mood which I had not known for years.

For a long time I had hated the idea of the mystic, had scouted 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 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 set that church feeling keenly conscious of my own intellectual 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 I might have expected to feel. But I left that Mass engulphed 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 irreligiousness 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 before.
And at last I went down upon my knees—because there was no place else to go.—The Rosary Magazine.

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