

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN
OUR IDEALS

What we make of ourselves depends upon the ideals we habitually hold. Our lives are shaped upon mental models. If these be high, the life is lofty; if low, it grovels. Man is no better than his ideals. The stream can not rise higher than its source. Our work can never overtop our ideal, our ambition. It is a great thing to keep the constant suggestion of high ideals, of things that are great in the mind, it tends to make us love the right and hate the wrong. There is one thing we ought to hold in such sacredness that no consideration could induce us to dilute it, and that is the quality of the life, the quality of our ideals. Whatever else we are careless about, we can not afford to be careless about our ideals, second class personalities or demoralized mentalities. However humble our homes or ordinary our environment, we should keep the quality of the life, the personality, at the highest possible standard. We should allow nothing to deteriorate it. Yet most people are careless and indifferent regarding the quality of their lives. There is a sloppiness in their living, a slovenliness in their mentality, which tend to deteriorate the quality of the life and make it cheap and commonplace. Whatever your career, guard your ideal as the apple of your eye, the pearl of great price; for everything depends upon the direction in which the points of your life are bent. No amount of money or influence can redeem you from mediocrity, or even save you from a degraded life. Man is so made that he must follow his ideal. He can not get up if his ideal points down. When the taste has become vitiated or demoralized by bad literature or vicious companions, there is no standard by which we can gauge the quality of life, and quality is everything. Quantity means little when compared with quality. Some one says: "The ideal which one possesses, or which possesses one, comes to control him so as to lift him up or drag him down, in spite of all other influences leading in another direction. Therefore, it becomes extremely important that a man's ideals should be worthy ideals, uplifting him in his aspirations and endeavors." What do we not owe to people who have raised the standard of living, who by trying to do something better, to live a little finer life; who were not content to jog along in the same old rut, but were determined to get up higher? I have known a girl inspired by the lives of great men and women about whom she had read in literature and in the atmosphere and ideals of the little village in which she lived, as Benjamin Franklin changed the atmosphere of the entire printing establishment in which he worked while in England. We little realize how much we are influenced by the great example of others; how the great men and women whose lives we know mold and stimulate our characters and modify our ideals. A great many people who live in out-of-the-way places and sparsely settled communities are only partially developed, and are never thoroughly aroused, because of the lack of inspiring and ambitious examples in their community. It is not difficult to predict the kind of men that will develop from children who live in a vulgar atmosphere, in an environment of vice, who rarely hear anything inspiring or see models of anything that is degrading and deteriorating. On the other hand, we can easily forecast the future men who will develop from children reared in homes of refinement and culture, who breathe the very atmosphere of intelligence and nobility which inspire, elevate and ennoble. The mind is formed by what it feeds on. It must follow the character of its daily food. I have known unusually bright, promising boys to lose their ambition almost entirely when living in a vicious atmosphere and associating with those without purpose in life except to have a good time. Before they realized it, their ideals had become tainted, their aims warped, and their ambition dimmed. There is something positively contagious about an inspiring ambition. Think of the influence and the power of being a living model, of igniting the spark in thousands of young lives, of awakening the ambition to be somebody and to do something in the world! On the other hand, what a curse to be a degrading model, to have a deteriorating influence! Anything which will lower our standards or ideals will cause an irreparable loss. One of the commonest and most unfortunate things that can happen to a human being is the ruination of the taste for better things. The taste should be kept sensitive, delicate and refined, so that the individual will be able to appreciate the best and highest possible to him. The moment a man stoops to the lower, he cannot maintain the higher; if he continues to do the lesser, he will render himself more and more incapable of doing the greater because his ideals will invariably drop to the level of his acts. Disraeli said: "The youth who does not look up will look down; and the spirit which does not soar is destined to grovel." How true it is that without a vision the people perish! Where the pursuits are sordid, where the highest aim is the all-absorbing ambition to make money, everything that is finest, cleanest and most beautiful in life evaporates; and the nature coarsens. The vast resources and great commercial prizes of this country are tempting, so fascinating that by the time they are ready for active life our youth are so saturated with commercialism, so ambitious to coin every bit of their ability, their education, their influence, their friendships, almost everything into dollars, that all else is neglected. They lose their ideals which are the true test of character.

The ambition of the old masters was to embody their ideals upon canvas, no matter how long it took or what it cost; they could not bear to associate money with their ideals. The canvas or the piece of sculpture was regarded as the child of the brain. There was a kinship in it. They loved it. They could not bear to part with it, even for the necessities of life. It was too precious to sell. The true artist transfers to the canvas the ideal which haunts his soul. Everything that he has seen, read and experienced is incorporated into his masterpiece. No pains, no study, no devotion are too great to give to the child of his brain. What are hunger and coldness to him! He sees immorality in his canvas. His idea is becoming tangible. He does not need the praise of the world, for there is an applause within which is infinitely more satisfying. He is in touch with divinity. He can hear up under any table the desecration of that holy passion within him. Let others chase the dollars, let others crowd and jam in the selfish world, and live the strenuous life for that which perishes. He eats bread of which the world knows not, he takes his thirst at the very fountain of life. In every really successful life, there are some principles which must always be put before every other consideration, whatever occupation we adopt. The ideal should be kept high, clear and clean of all contamination or compromise. It should not be warped or twisted by influence or by immediate prospects. Whatever the tools with which we work, we can all be artists. We can follow the voice that calls us higher, we can do the best of which we are capable. Running through the noblest characters of the world, there is a great backbone of purpose. We feel the timber of their manhood; the stamina of their character. We feel that regardless of their vocation, there is a great moral force in them; something which they hold more sacred than money-making or mere business consideration. These characters are the salt of civilization. We know perfectly well that it is useless to try to twist, buy or influence them. They are not for sale. They stand like the rock of Gibraltar. The very reputation of having a moral backbone, of standing for some principle, of being known as a man who can not be wheeled into doing a mean thing, a man whose character is beyond perjury, beyond influence for the wrong, is the greatest kind of capital; it is credit in itself. We base our confidence on his mere ability to pay. Many rich men in this country do not have half as much credit at the banks as others with a little of their wealth, simply because everybody believes in the latter. Their very names carry confidence. There is a letter of credit in their reputation. They carry it in their faces. Lincoln once said: "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say that I have none other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem." We are always betraying our ideals, whether high or low. They crop up in our letters, in our conversation, in our conduct. As the ideal of the sculptor "carves itself in marble real," so the great life aim out-pictures itself in our words, in our actions, in our conduct. How quickly a man is working in his lives of those he sees upon the streets or meets in traveling! How easy it is to pick out the clergyman or the priest, even when not wearing distinctive dress! The face of the professional or literary man betrays his vocation, the ideals which have actuated him become the thoughts held uppermost in the mind, which become life habits, very quickly become impressed in the face, the form, the manner. One of the most lamentable things in our civilization to day is the fact that so few business men maintain the integrity of their ideals throughout their business life. Never before was there a time when there was so much winking at dishonorable methods, so much graft in business and politics, or when the great leaders of men were so tempted to stoop to questionable methods. It seems as though everybody were looking for a pull, trying to get a slice even by the good things that are going, even by methods that are questionable. The habit of always trying to do something better, to improve upon our yesterday's, the reaching-up habit, the habit of aspiring, is of untold value to those who would make the most of themselves. The mind that constantly aspires to that which is constantly beyond it, that perpetually yearns for a larger growth, a completer life, will not be forced to look back upon a deformed and hideous life.—O. S. M. in Success.

they decided upon the daily recitation of the beads for this intention. When death claimed the King, her husband, Queen Mary was cast into deep sadness, and began to see the futility of Protestantism as a comfort to the dying or to their surviving loved ones. She was forcibly struck, on the contrary, with the prayers and ceremonies with which the Church aids her departing members, and notably with the common practice of its devout children in reciting the Holy Rosary. Thereafter she determined to seek her consolation in prayer. As she often visited the public hospitals, she became closely acquainted with the Sisters of Charity, and frequently recommended her departed husband and herself to their prayers. On one occasion she asked the good sisters to instruct her as to the meaning of the beads, and the manner of saying them; and, long and fervently, to good account, she set herself to reciting the Rosary with the fervor which grew more and more intense as the days and weeks went by. Passing a part of the summer at one of her country seats in the heart of the Alps, she came in contact with a well known priest of the neighborhood. By slow degrees she obtained from him instruction on all the points of the Catholic religion. The more she listened, the more she reflected and prayed; and the more completely, too, did her Protestant prejudices vanish. After long and fervent prayer, accompanied with deep study, she determined to become a Catholic. As soon as her resolve was reported in Berlin, every effort was made to induce her to change her mind. They sent her one of the chief Protestant pastors, in whom she placed the greatest confidence. He put forth all his arguments to prevail upon her to remain a non-Catholic. It was all to no purpose; for after having bootlessly sung out all his logic, and losing his temper, he added: "Then, Madam, all you have to do now is to say your beads." "An already," said the Queen with a smile, "the habit of saying them every day." Incidents like this should have the effect of increasing our confidence in the efficacy of prayer and our devotion to the Holy Rosary. "More things are wrought by prayer," says the poet; and, as everyone knows, the Rosary has been the source of innumerable blessings, not merely to the Church at large and to nations, but also to families and individuals.—Providence Visitor.

TWO BRAVE LADS Every boy who reads this paper has heard the story of the sinking of the Republic and of how the lad who was the operator of the wireless telegraph stood at his post for hours until he had brought help to passengers and crew. But there was a little sequel to the story which they may not have heard. A week after the disaster the manager of a vaudeville company offered this lad no less than a thousand dollars a month if he would appear on the stage. "No," he said, bewildered. "A thousand dollars? Why, I'm no actor!" This reminds me of a similar story, which also is true. A few years ago there stood in Penn square, in Philadelphia, a high old building filled with offices and in a ruinous condition. When a neighboring house was taken down, its foundations were weakened and its walls began to fall. Some of the occupants of the upper stories escaped; then the stairways fell. But the frame of the elevator remained standing and the engine continued to work. A great crowd assembled in the streets, watching the lift as it joggled slowly up and down, bringing a dozen men out of the jaws of death. As it started up again the frame of the elevator shook. The police interfered. "Stop!" they shouted to the boy, whose hand was on the lever. "But there are two women up there," he said. "The walls are going!" they cried. "Come out!" dragging at him. "There are women up there, and I'm the elevator boy," he repeated, doggedly. He went to the top story, took on the women, and came down slowly. When the floor of the elevator touched the earth, there was a great shout of triumph. They caught the lad, calling him a hero, and praying God to bless him; but he shook himself free from them. "Somebody had to go, and I'm the elevator boy," he replied, all unconscious of his bravery and usefulness. BRAVO, MRS. BRUIN! A bear story with an element of novelty is related by Dr. J. Winslow Ayre in his "Life in the Wilds of America." The incident occurred on the Little Missouri River, in Dakota: "A young Indian told us one morning that he had seen a cub and an old cub on the bluff of a small creek on the opposite side of the river. Several of the party at once took a small boat and started in search of the game, resolved to take the cub alive and keep it for a pet. "They proceeded up the creek for a hundred yards or more. Then hastily clambering up the bluff, they soon found the cub in a recess of the rocks, but the dam was not to be seen. "This suited the hunters very well, as they were not in a bloodthirsty mood. By means of a rope they secured the cub without difficulty, but when they began to drag it down the cliff it made a noisy protest, and by the time the men entered the boat with their prize they discovered the old bear bounding downward in pursuit. Just at the mouth of the creek a large rock projected over the water, and toward this point the bear advanced. "Several shots were fired at her, but not one took effect. The men thought that they could easily row away from her, but, to their consternation, just as they were abreast of the rock she sprang from the extreme point directly into the boat! "The celerity with which the gentleman vacated the premises was really astonishing. Over the side of the skiff and into the water they plunged and swam to land, regardless of guns and wet clothing. The situation was ludicrous, or would have been so to persons in a less perilous position. "Meantime the boat had acquired sufficient headway to carry it down the river in midstream, with the bears still in it. Later it drifted ashore and was recovered, but the bears had escaped."

RELIGION AND SCIENCE In the November number of Boringuen, Rev. Mariano Rodriguez contributes an interesting article on religion and science, from which we take the following extracts: "At no time," says the writer, "has the Catholic Church been the enemy of great science, nor has it looked upon the advance of knowledge as a hindrance to its growth and prosperity. Bacon said long ago, and Christians knew it before his time, that while ignorance draws us away from God, knowledge leads us toward Him. Only those who study things in a vague, superficial way take the wrong side in popular questions of faith; those who belong to the group of half wits, as the great Molgno calls them, have the daring to accuse religion of being at war with knowledge, and of being the enemy of enlightenment. Those who sincerely give utterance to such avowals make their profound ignorance evident at once, and show us how ignorant they are of the A B C of history; those who pretend to be learned and claim that their calumnious affirmations are the result of deep investigations, fall in the truth shamefacedly, and in their irreligious delirium they outdo even Voltaire himself. "But we hesitate to admit that in our day we know anything at all of the wise and learned men of antiquity; it is owing exclusively to the diligence of the patient Benedictine monks. "No; the Church in spreading through the world the teaching of the Gospel, addressed itself alike to the wise and the ignorant; it invited all by its light of knowledge and excluded none from its bosom; and while some of the Apostles preached in the lowly villages of Galilee, others, like St. Paul and St. Peter, announced the good news in the Forum of the great Athens and in the Forum of the grandest cities of the world. They came to count among their fervent and enthusiastic followers men that are known under such names as Dionysius, Origen, Tertullian, Jerome, Augustine and Chrysostom, who were and are the glory of science and of religion. "But we need not make these assertions; now that Catholicism had more than sufficient strength to resist the destroying forces of time and to prolong its existence, long after many would-be prophets had announced its downfall; many, even among athletes and haters of religion are willing to add to the list of the great names of the Church, from destruction much knowledge that came down to us as a legacy from the past, but they take away much of this praise by asserting that in our own day the Church puts barriers in the way of civilization. But we are not to be deceived by our adversaries; we cannot honestly make use of any such assertions, for if we glance at the picture presented by the most distinguished learned men of modern times, it is evident that now, as always, science and religion live in perfect harmony, and support each other mutually. "Of course it can be said that there is no lack of learned men who, far from believing, launch forth in their writings horrible accusations against the Catholic Church, and we know that, unfortunately, this is true, but it is also true and undeniable that the opinion of men who are well instructed in the sciences becomes of little value when they treat of religious subjects of which they know nothing. Here their views are only equal to those of any half-educated person. Such eminent men merit much credit when they speak to us of the properties of matters, of the movements of the stars, of the formation of the globe, of the earth, or of any other matters to which they have given deep study; then we listen to them as masters of their chosen science or profession, but it is not possible to grant them the same unquestioned authority when they discuss matters of which they have made no study at all; thus, as an astronomer, no matter how great his learning, is not called upon to resolve social problems, because the science of the stars has little in common with the government of men, so in like manner, neither the sociologist, nor the physicist, nor the mathematician, nor the lawyer have voice or vote in purely religious questions if they have not made religion a special study. This self-evident fact does away with the authority of irreligious men who may rank as learned, while it takes nothing from the worth of the testimony of the man who is both learned and a believer, and who has studied the subject of which he treats. The reason is obvious. "The Catholic scientist, whatever be his special branch, studies and meditates carefully upon the truths which he professes and upon the principles and maxims which guide his conduct, because this is one of the chief duties which his religion imposes upon him, and because he understands that it is of much more importance to him to

know the mysteries of faith than the mysteries of science. "Besides all this, we must confess that true believers to-day have a great obstacle to face when they devote themselves ardently to the study of any natural science, because they encounter at every step non-believers, who try to convince them that the teachings of the faith they profess are incompatible with the science to which they wish to consecrate themselves. And here we see that rationalists and free thinkers are the ones who really impede the advance of knowledge, and who do their best to trip up or paralyze the Catholic scientist, that his investigations may come to nothing; but precisely for this is the testimony of such a Catholic as the writer, who speaks of his own studies. In addition to the special study of his choice, he is forced to go deep down to the religious side of things and make a serious study of them and thus his judgments are formed about things that he really understands; in matters of faith he knows what he is talking about, whereas the rationalist, however learned on other points, about the matters in hand knows nothing at all. "And yet we have reason to be grateful to these very free thinkers and non-believers, for, without knowing it, and without intending it, they prepare the way for the Catholic scientist, and are ready for attacks and to be able to give an account of the faith that is in them." OF WHAT USE ARE ANGEL GUARDIANS Sir.—What object does my angel guardian serve? God is with me in every action. In time of danger, if He is pleased with me, or for some other reason, He will protect me; and if He is displeased with me, He will probably abandon me. God watches over me personally. Then where is the necessity for an angel guardian? Yours, etc. [Signed.] COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING LETTER It would be possible to retort to these questions, or to carry on the same line of questioning to an unlimited extent. Let us try. Of what use are preachers and teachers of religion? God is the master of grace, and could give it to us abundantly without their aid. Of what use is the Church? God is the supreme ruler of men, and could teach us and rule us in the way of salvation without the intermediary of Bishops and priests. Of what use is eating and breathing? God who has created our bodies could sustain them without waste, and therefore without need of renovation and refreshment. Of what use is our body? God could have created us pure spirits capable of functioning independent of the flesh. Finally and more philosophically, of what use are created or secondary causes, or the so-called agents and forces of nature? In order for them to act God must create them and preserve them in existence, and even supply them with all the force by which they act. Why cannot God do everything Himself without the intervention of secondary causes or agents. Ultimately all the force and power by which these secondary agents act is derived from God and is dependent upon Him; and He could do it all, and achieve nearly all the same results without them. Apparently He wants to make the universe a social thing—a thing in which His creatures depend not only upon their Creator but also upon their fellow-creatures—thus including a sense of fellowship among us. The result is, that we are created to create a man He wants to create a woman He makes use of a rib. When He wants to communicate with primitive man He assumes a human form and a voice. When He wants to lead a people out of bondage He commissions Moses and Aaron. When He wants to give commandments He sends them down written on pieces of stone. When He wants to redeem the world He makes His Divine Son appear on earth in human form. In order to provide this human form He makes use of a virgin. When the work of redemption is to be accomplished He makes use of the wicked men who put our Lord to death. When He wants to spread the gospel He does it through the mouth of the apostles. When He wants to establish a church He rules it through bishops and priests. When He wants to clothe us with grace He devises the sacraments. When He wants to wash original sin He makes use of water. When He wants to wash away actual sin He makes use of the words of absolution. When He wants to nourish the soul He makes use of bread and wine. When He wants to teach us religion He sends His Holy Spirit upon us as a teacher. When He wants to communicate directly with men He sometimes makes use of inspirations, but also sometimes makes use of angels. Although desirous to give us all possible grace, He will also give it to us if it is for His glory. He will also give it to us if it is for the good of our fellow-Christians or for the good of the saints in heaven pray for us. Finally, if He wants to extend a special and 'shelter' care over each one of us He does it through the appointment of

guardian angels—He Himself supervising the whole work of guardianship all the time, but allowing it to be effectively carried out under His supervision by a created spirit. This is certainly a good thing in two ways. First, it gives us a sense of fellowship with the angelic order; and secondly, it gives the angels themselves an interest and activity in the well-being of the human order. It is, in short, a good thing both for the angels and for us.—The Examiner, Bombay. ELOQUENT TRIBUTE OF MACCAULAY TO CATHOLIC CHURCH Providence, Dec. 2.—Two Baptist ministers had something to say to their congregations last Sunday and they said it. Of course, it had nothing to do with the gospel of the day which was not unusual. Bowley Green, of the Broadway Baptist church, discussed the errors and falsehoods of Roman Catholicism, while a Central Falls Baptist minister named J. J. Williams discoursed on the "Evangelization of a City." The names of Bowley Green and J. J. Williams are comparatively unknown outside their small and rapidly decreasing congregations. It is doubtful if 5 per cent. of the population of Rhode Island has ever heard of either of them. Every schoolboy, however, has heard of Lord Macaulay, the great English historian. Lord Macaulay had no love for the Catholic Church. And yet, Lord Macaulay's opinion of the Catholic Church, written in his best style, is a classic of the English language. It is reprinted here. MACCAULAY'S TRIBUTE "There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifices rose from the hearth, and when camels and tigers bounded in the Slavian amphitheatre. "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. The line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice, which has passed away, the Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. "The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farther ends of the world missionaries as zealous as the monks who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn; countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. A DIFFICULT TASK "The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christians exceed in number a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that the end of them all is destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the

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