

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NAME OF JESUS

Like the dawn of rosy morning
When the gentle zephyrs blow;
Or the summer's golden grandeur
'Neath the noon-sun's torrid glow;
Purer than the purple twilight
Of the day the sweetest hour,
Is the Holy Name of Jesus,
Name of Majesty and Power.

Greater than the wondrous ocean;
Spotless as an angel's wing;
Fragrant as the rose's petals,
Or the violet in spring;
Mightier than a mighty army;
Tender as a gentle dove,
Is the blessed name of Jesus,
Name of pity and of love.

SEEK THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS AND WE WILL FIND HAPPINESS OURSELVES

Standing in the doorway of the New Year we wonder, as we look into the future, what it has in store for us. Perhaps it is well that we can only wonder, for it is in kindness to us that Providence hides what the future holds. Yet we are after all not entirely in the dark. We know that 1918 will be very much what we make it. If we firmly resolve in our hearts and purpose in our minds that we will do our best to make this a happy year for ourselves and for others, we can go far. If our lives are in accord with God's law, if faithfully we practice His religion, we will harm none, deal honestly with all, be kind and considerate of others, lighten their burdens, cheer and encourage them in trial—then, the New Year will be filled with blessings for us that come as virtue's own reward.

It is really so easy to improve just a little bit to make the coming year at least one better than the departing one. We can, for instance, cultivate a cheerful disposition, and strive always to avoid a frown. We can be more considerate of our neighbors, more willing to do others a good turn, less prone to offend God either in thought, speech, or action. It is not necessary to look off something. To attempt quietly to correct the little mistakes will count as well. It will be a real charity so to consider them.

It will be a charity, too, that begins at home. Suppose we try treating others there with more consideration, for instance, taking on ourselves a little of the worry, some of the work that is aging mother. Suppose we try showing father that we are worthy of all his care and cost he has lavished on us, that we are anxious to make good. There's sister and brother, too. Cannot we improve upon our treatment of them during the past year? Couldn't we be a trifle less selfish or impatient in our dealings with them? It seems that we could.

Here is the secret of the season: in seeking the happiness of others we will find happiness ourselves and surely then it will be for us a Happy New Year.—New World.

THE OLD MAN WAS FIRED

Four or five years ago, a publisher, perhaps the best known in the United States, was walking through the editorial rooms of his nationally known New York newspaper. His glance fell upon a gray haired fellow sitting over a copy desk. Turning to the managing editor who accompanied him, he said:

"Who's that?"

"So and so," was the reply. "He has been with us for years—used to be a star reporter—but now we give him only easy assignments, stuff that doesn't tax him too much."

"He's getting too old for this game," snapped the publisher. "Let him go."

And the next pay envelope to the old man carried the telltale blue slip—the "not wanted" notice that has crushed the spirit and sinews of many a man.

Within a fortnight there began to appear daily in another New York City newspaper, the greatest rival of the one above mentioned, a new kind of feature article, signed (we will say) "X. Y. Z." The editor who had accepted it wasn't sure that it would "go," but decided to give it a trial, with the result that very soon its unusual style, homely truisms and attractive philosophy were making an ever-enlarging circle of pleased readers. And the editor began to feature it.

As the weeks went on, his copy went bigger and bigger, so big, in fact, that the man responsible for it, the old reporter, now gets practically what he wants for it—ten times more and the money he made in the old days—and this for just a few hours' work a day. His feature is now being syndicated and his income mounts higher and higher.

"A man may be down, but he's never out!"—Baltimore and Ohio Magazine.

TWO IRISH WITS

As Dean Swift and his servant, Tom, were once upon a long journey they put up at a wayside inn, where they lodged all night. In the

morning the Dean called for his boots. The servant immediately took them to him. When the Dean saw them, he said, "How is this, Tom? My boots are not cleaned." "No, sir," replied Tom: "as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again." "Very well," said the Dean; "go and get the horses ready."

In the meantime, the Dean took breakfast, but ordered the landlord not to let Tom have any. When he returned the Dean asked if the horses were ready. "Yes, sir," answered Tom. "Go and bring them out, then." "I have not had my breakfast yet, sir." "Oh, no matter for that," said the Dean: "if you had, you would soon be hungry again."

As they rode off in silence, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket and began to read. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Dean reading, was not willing to disturb him, but he said to Tom: "Where are you going?" "We are going to heaven, sir." "How do you know that?" "Because I am fasting and my master is praying."—The Ave Maria.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

KIND WORDS

How many days might lose their gloom,
How many nights their sorrow,
If we should wait to criticize
Until a kinder morrow!
A night oft changes hate to love;
A taunt, if left unspoken,
May change to sympathy and cheer,
And keep a heart unbroken.

How many tears we might be spared
How many hours of sadness,
If men should utter only good,
And speak but cheer and gladness
A word may break a lonely heart;
Or save a life that's broken;
Then let all evil words be stilled,
And only good be spoken.

A BIT OF STRATEGY

One day in spring a young girl, who had been visiting friends in the country, stepped on one of the electric cars which was at a great railway station. Beside her suitcase and a variety of parcels in all shapes and sizes, she carried a bunch of flowers the fragrance of which pervaded the car.

A little woman in black sat beside the girl, and she looked at the flowers with eyes that seemed to be looking back into bygone years. In spite of an air of refinement, her dress showed poverty and the girl knew that there was one whose circumstances had been better. Notwithstanding the wistfulness with which her seat mate looked at the bouquet, the girl did not venture to offer it to her. The sensitive pride in every line of the delicate old face forbade it.

But the generous impulse in the kindly young heart was too strong to be thwarted, and in a minute or two the girl had formulated a plan of action. Turning to the old lady and holding up the flowers, she said, "It seems too bad to bring them so far and then have to throw them away, doesn't it?"

"Throw them away?" the old lady repeated in shocked tones.

"My dear don't think of it."

"But I've got so much to carry," said the girl, gravely, though her eyes twinkled under the long lashes. "My cousins came down to the train with me, so I did not mind it much at the end, but when I got off the train here I dropped these things and the brickman had to pick them up for me. And when I leave this car I don't know how I shall manage it with such a load. Would you mind?" she hesitated a minute. "Would you care for them? I'd be sorry to bother you if it was trouble but really they're too pretty to throw away."

The old lady took the flowers, looking as if she did not quite know whether she was doing a favor or accepting one, but evidently feeling too delighted to trouble herself over that fine point. And the girl whose tact had been more than a match for the other's pride left the car carrying away a memory even sweeter than the fragrance of the flowers.—The Casket.

REWARDING MERIT

The renowned Frederic the Great, while riding one day some distance from the palace, saw an aged man working in a field. His bowed shoulders and general appearance gave evidence that the life of this peasant had been one of hardest toil and exposure, but he seemed perfectly happy. His face wore a contented smile and while he worked he sang with great cheerfulness and not a little skill.

"Good morning! You seem very happy," exclaimed the king, pausing by the roadside. "Is this your property?"

"No, sir," answered the peasant, who did not know the king. "I am not so well off as that. I work by the day for a rich farmer."

"What are your wages?" asked the king.

"My wages are eight groschen (about 20 cents) a day," replied the laborer.

"That is very little," said the king. "You deserve more than that." "Can you live on so small a sum?"

The man laughed heartily as he answered: "Oh, yes; I can live on it and have something to spare."

"How is it possible?"

"I will tell you," continued the peasant, leaning on his spade and

looking squarely, with honest eyes into those of the king. "Two groschen are for me and my wife; with two I am paying an old debt that I owe; I lay by two for use in the future and two I give in charity."

"All that is very strange; it is a mystery I cannot fathom," remarked the king.

"Then I will explain it to you," said the peasant. "I have an old father and mother at home. They cared for me when I was young and helpless. Now they are old and dependent and I care for them. In order to pay the debt I owe them, I daily put aside for their use two groschen. The third pair of groschen I treasure up for my children, who may in turn the more easily help their mother and myself when we are old and can no longer work. With the other two I support a poor old lady, a distant relative of my wife, who is sick and infirm. These are the groschen I devote to charity and thankfulness to the God who has blessed me with health and strength. To this practice I believe I owe the fact that I have never had a day's illness in all my life."

"Thou art a noble fellow," replied the king. "No wonder thou art happy. Now it is my turn to read a riddle. Hast thou ever seen me before?"

"Never, so far as I can remember," said the peasant, after carefully scanning the face of the king.

"In less than five minutes thou wilt have seen me fifty times and will have fifty of my pictures in thy pocket."

The old man looked at him with a puzzled air and said: "That is a mystery I cannot fathom! You must be joking with me, sir!"

"It will be quickly explained!" said the king. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew forth 50 gold pieces on which was stamped his image, and gave them to the astonished peasant.

"I owe you more," he said, "for you have taught me a valuable lesson. Adieu!"

With these words he galloped away and was out of sight before the astonished peasant could realize to whom he had been speaking.—Pittsburg Catholic.

MAKING THE WORLD BETTER

Amidst the horrors of the long drawn War men gladly consoled themselves with the hope that a purified world would emerge from the fiery cauldron and dream of peaceful and contented humanity. Politicians, as is the custom of their trade, eagerly seized on this mood, inflamed it with noisy rhetoric and held out ridiculous hopes. Four years have passed and men are sadly disillusioned. As usually happens in such cases they are angry and seek a scape-goat. The politician is worthy of blame for raising such gorgeous hopes but surely cannot be blamed for not achieving the impossible. The world can only be better when men are better, and men can only improve by choosing the right standard of life and trying to live up to the hideous calamities which have devastated the world are due to the fact that men and nations have made a god of material interests and have deliberately neglected and some times denied God. The future of humanity is with the growing generation and what have we done for it? We have multiplied schools, it is true, and while forty years ago the most conspicuous building in our country towns was a school, now a more pleasing edifice resonant with children's voices greets the eye. The State sets out to make them good citizens but what is the prospect of education without religion? The question may be answered now for the work has been carried on long enough to show tangible results. In France the authorities, blindly attached to a godless school method, the appalling increase of juvenile crime by the ridiculous device of ordering the figures of youthful depravity not to be published in the official returns. In the United States eminent men of various creeds have deplored the results of the Public Schools and have paid tardy but sincere recognition to the wisdom of the Catholics who at enormous sacrifice have maintained their own schools. Taxed for the schools they abhor, they have taxed themselves for the sake of a true education. More valuable than learning, which in most men must remain but slender, is the habit of discipline and self-restraint, the attitude which places justice above individual gain, the consciousness of duty in our actual position. Religion alone can teach this. Religion alone can teach men know, today, as all thinking men know, religion is only taught with authority in the Catholic Church. Experience then joins with authority in making us cherish our schools. The excellent quality of their teaching is shown in results and freely admitted by those who are competent to judge. Our business men do not directly reform the world but to preach in our own lives and hand on to our children that faith which is the salt of human life on earth and the key by life everlasting. It would be, however, a gross mistake and a grave dereliction of duty on the part of Catholic parents if they sent their children to a Catholic school. The home plays a fundamental part in the training of children and the home should be as

Catholic in atmosphere as the school itself. No one entering a Catholic school can be in doubt for a moment as to its meaning. Of how many Catholic homes can this be said? In numerous cases it would seem that Catholics were ashamed of their faith and its sacred emblem. The little ones, whose thoughts easily turn heavenwards, find no help on the domestic walls, no reminder of the Saviour nor of the Mother in Heaven to whom they are taught to pray. The evil is of course aggravated when the parents are careless in the performance of their religious duties. Precept is notoriously useless without example.

Men have said contemptuously: Is this all your Church can teach us namely to keep our own doorsteps clean? It is now all but in practice enough for the average man. Whatever the future may bring the world, to do our duty now is the immediate obligation. Forms of government are not of such importance to humanity if men are honest and dutiful; all are useless if discipline be lost. Humanity is guarded and saved not by political programmes but by Christian life and work.—Southern Cross.

MOTHERS WITHOUT HOMES

Years ago it was the custom to hang up in the living-room an embroidered motto: "What is Home Without a Mother?" Later on this became the theme of a popular song which made a great hit.

Today, we might change the wording of the motto to this effect: "What is a Mother Without a Home?"

We need only read our cheap popular literature, or frequent our moving picture theatres, or steal a furtive glance into one of our cabarets or hotel lobbies, to see what a married woman becomes when her chief ambition in life is to make a home for herself and her own. Such a woman is going against the deepest instincts of her own nature. For God has implanted in woman the deep homing instinct, and just as soon as she does violence to herself in this respect, she begins to disintegrate morally. Just as soon as she loses her love for her home and all that it signifies, we may be prepared to look for her anywhere in the world except at home.

Unfortunately, there are many agencies at work today which by their very nature tend to destroy in woman the love of home. There are, first, economic conditions, which we must admit make the building and maintenance of a home, for people in average circumstances, a very difficult thing—often requiring not only careful planning but cheerful sacrifice of many things which we have been accustomed to regard as essential to our comfort. Then there is the siren voice of pleasure, calling the home-makers from their own hearthstones. There is also the call to a participation in civic affairs, which in many cases militates strongly against the homing spirit. These and several other influences are doing their mightiest to destroy the love of home in the hearts where we first look for it.

Society is safe as long as the mothers of the land love their homes and strain every nerve to make them in very truth real homes. Napoleon once said that the greatness of any nation depends upon its mothers. We might improve upon that by saying that the greatness of a mother is conditioned by and mightily influenced by her home. If she makes it and keeps it the holiest of all places after the church, then there will be happiness not only for her, but also, for those whom she is to lead on the path of virtue and righteousness by her influence and example.

If all this is true, is it any wonder that holy Mother Church has always been the great home-builder? To protect the home she has displayed that wonderful instinct which has merited for her from her children the enviable title, Holy Mother. And perhaps the biggest task which the Church has before her in this country today is to make married women realize that to them she has entrusted the holiest of all offices—that of building a home in which children may grow up in the fear of God.—Rosary Magazine.

TRUST TO CHOP STICKS

The dinner was Japanese in every detail. The table stood about a foot from the floor and about this we gathered. For portly Americans the task of sitting at a table cross-legged and eating with chopsticks, furnished endless amusement and gave us a touch of Japanese home life that a world of reading could never have given us. Although knives and forks were held in readiness for the visitors, we trusted to the customs of the country, and having once learned how to maneuver the chopsticks, we stuck it out to the bitter end.

It would be useless to attempt a description of the mysterious and yet most palatable foods that were served to us on lacquer trays by a bevy of noiseless servants who made profound bows at each service.

Novel as was the atmosphere of the Japanese dinner, still more engaging were the topics of conversation. Perhaps the most interesting was the account of the Young Men's Catholic Society founded by Captain Yamamoto himself. Its object is similar to that of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of America, a missionary object, that of converting the Japanese empire. Although the Society is hardly a year old, it has already launched a monthly publication "The Catholic," which circulates among the student population of Tokio.

Leisure should be used, not wasted.

See Velvetex Announcement on page 8.

PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles; Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will. Who liveth and reignest God forever and ever, Amen.

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LOAVES AND FISHES

Calcutta, Nov. 2.—Despite the fact that the Anglican establishment is State-supported in India and has its bishops and clergymen on the government payroll, the opinion is current among educated Protestants here that Protestantism in India is a failure from a Christian and religious standpoint.

This is borne out by a recent letter sent to the Catholic Leader by the Rev. K. R. Gopala, a Brahmin convert and pastor in the Protestant church.

"Having been a minister in the Protestant Church for three decades," says this letter, "my experience is that the Protestant Christians are mostly a company of paupers who live on the crumbs that fall from the missionary table. If European and American contributions do not continue to water Indian Protestantism, I am afraid that thousands will retrace their steps to Hinduism. I have no faith whatever in the so-called mass-movement. A hundred and one reasons lead the untouchables and the unapproachable to the missionary, but not faith in God and his son Jesus Christ. People who have been starving week after week and suffering bitter persecutions from the higher classes run to the missionary for social emancipation. The loaves and the fishes distributed by the missionaries in the form of agricultural settlements, title factories, mission shops, weaving establishments and boarding schools, serve as bribes to induce the depressed classes of people to baptism. I saw pariahs, mostly illiterate and ignorant, baptized at eight o'clock and admitted to the communion service within an hour. They did not know the significance of wine and bread. These return to Hinduism with the same speed with which they approached baptism. I know hundreds of newly-baptized who ceased to be Christians in twenty-four hours.

"Roman Catholicism has already been nationalized. It is not built on foreign money. . . . Producing rice and curry Christians by the thousands is no honor whatever to the name of my Master and Lord, Jesus Christ."

The letter is regarded as a frank expression of the sentiments of a considerable number of Protestants.

THE BROKEN STATUE

The truth of the statement that the Australian soldier had no taint of sectarianism is strengthened by the following episode:

On August 15, 1916, at B—, all the children of the village, clothed in white, marched in procession through the main street carrying a statue of the Blessed Virgin and singing hymns. I had been the custom of the place for years and in peace or war would always be carried out. As the procession passed, every soldier in the street—Catholic and Protestant—stood at attention and saluted as the statue was carried by. Few knew the meaning of the ceremony, but the simple faith of the children struck a sympathetic chord with the Australians and they demonstrated their admiration by their actions.

Coming to the corner of the street, an Australian driver, being unable to see the procession coming around the corner, had occasion to pull his horses up suddenly to avert an accident. The children carrying the statue, fearing an accident, moved quickly to the side, and in so doing the statue fell and was broken beyond repair. The pieces were carefully picked up by the Australian soldiers, and in the evening they returned to the pastor the broken pieces and a sum of money (collected amongst themselves) sufficient to replace the statue four or five times.—Catholic Home Journal.

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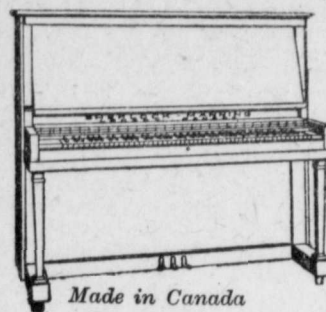
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Toronto Globe
If this charming idyll of Gascony falls to become a classic it will be because the love of literature has perished from the land.

Ida M. Tarbell
Abbe Pierre is delightful. It has left me a whole gallery of peasant portraits and a tremendous determination to find my way to Gascony one of these days.

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Exquisite! I don't think I ever found as many beautiful thoughts in any one book.

George Madden Martin, author of "March On."
Comes like a breath of cool air amid so much that is dry and arid. It is the other side of Main Street.

The New York World
We move a vote of thanks for Mr. Hudson's book, and so far as we are concerned it is unanimously carried.

Marie Conway Oemler, author of "Slippy McDee."
Like a whiff of clover and a cool breeze on a hot day. I am sure Father de Rance would have adored Abbe Pierre.

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The New York Herald
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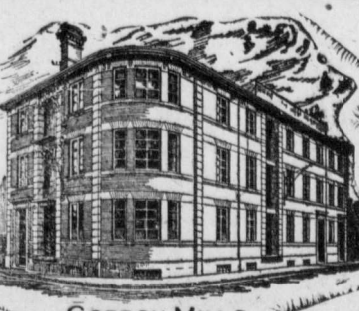
"I Had Terrible Backache From Kidney Disease"

Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Canaan Sta., N.B., writes:

"I was troubled for years with terrible backache, resulting from kidney disease. At times in each month I remained in bed, the pain was more than I could stand, and to walk was almost impossible. I used about \$50.00 worth of other medicines, but with little results. Now I am completely better, after using only five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

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