

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A CHRISTMAS CAROL
A Merrie Christmas, Gentlefolk!
May Nothing ye dismay,
May peace of mind attend ye all
This blessed Christmas day.

There was a star whose light,
Mystical and holy,
Shone through the silent night
O'er a stable lowly,
Sing praise to God on high!
And rejoice that He
Thus should beautify
Humble poverty.

A Merrie Christmas, Gentlefolk!
And may your wealth and pride
Be mindful of the humble ones
This blessed Christmas tide.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE
The message of Christmas
to young men is one of service—to do
good to others, to be unselfish, to give
up ease and comfort for hardship and
suffering if necessary to accomplish
a noble ideal.

Love is the message of Christmas
to young men—love that is pure, love
that seeks the welfare of the beloved,
love that is willing to make sacrifices
to achieve its object.

A YOUNG MAN'S THANKSGIVING
You went to Mass every morning
for a month when you were looking
for work, James," said a good mother.

Notice, my friends, charity
dispensed with a sneer. Was it Christ-
mas charity? The young man was
sure that the note of sneering wasn't
sincere; it was the cry of a blinded
heart.

AN EMPLOYER AND HIS EXAMPLE
The most genuinely pious man we
know is a middle-aged father of a
family, who has worked for over a
quarter of a century for the same
firm.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
BETHLEHEM
With little feet so feeble,
With tender little eyes,
With baby lips that tremble
To utter baby cries,

CHRISTMAS GIVING
Christmas is here again, a bright
and happy time for some, but a dreary
and sad one for many. Plenty and
poverty, the beloved and unbeloved,
sorrow and joy, with what different
eyes do they watch the dawning of

our dear Lord's birthday! It is a
pleasant season for those who are
well-housed and warmly clad, but to
the poor, from very contrast to the
good cheer around them, it means
only added wretchedness, cold and
misery.

It matters not how poor we may
be, there is always some one we can
help. Every day, every hour, there
are countless opportunities for relieving
distress, alleviating pain,
helping the orphan, or even to give a
kind word or smile.

We must not harden the heart nor
close the hand against the poor, or
we can not hope to have a share in
the joy of Christmastide. The friend-
less, the hungry, the homeless,
appeal to us now in a special man-
ner in the name of the Holy Child of
Bethlehem, for they are His little
ones. Let them not appeal to us in
vain!

"IS CHRIST A BROTHER?"
"Paper, Sir?"

"Naw!" said the ragged man and
hobbled out of sight (and out of the
story). He felt no brotherly senti-
ments that night. The young man,
selling newspapers, did not seem suited
for his work.

"Well, you know, mother, I've
been very busy, and some way I for-
got after a while," James tried to
explain.

"Yes, that's Tom Burnett; he's
crazy and writes crazy articles on the
fellowship of man; only he never
does anything he writes. That's
what keeps me from believing he's
really a bad."

On his way home, the young man
stopped at church and spoke to his
friend, Father Peters, about his
experience. He was advised to try
the little plan he had mentioned.

At half past eight, the door bell
rang. A well-groomed butler glared
at the young man and asked him
what he did, ringing a gentleman's
door bell.

"Have you your card, if I should
find him in?" polite and disdainful.
"Card? of course not!" The
young man burst into a merry peal
of laughter, that nearly undid Mr. Grav-
ity and his set, stone face.

With little feet so feeble,
With tender little eyes,
With baby lips that tremble
To utter baby cries,

CHRISTMAS GIVING
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and happy time for some, but a dreary
and sad one for many. Plenty and
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sorrow and joy, with what different
eyes do they watch the dawning of

"The retort courteous! It isn't
bothering me much. This is beard-
ing the lion in his den 'for keeps'."
"Mr. Burnett, it seems strange to
find a mere newsboy talking the way
I do. But I am no child. I am
seventeen; I have had a good home.
I am now forced to work for a living
and am glad to say I have so far got
along pretty well."

"Hold on, don't preach any ser-
mons at me, my precious boy. It will
fall upon waste rock."

"Just a moment, sir, I am coming
to the point. Four months ago I was
just beginning to recover from the
shock of hearing that my family had
all been killed by an accident. The
lawyer told me that there was
nothing left after all expenses were
paid and that I was now another
member of the army of the unem-
ployed. I began to get red. I had
always meant to be a good Catholic;
but now my faith grew blunt and I
felt just what I am sure I saw in
your words tonight, a hatred of
religion in general and man in par-
ticular."

"You have been to College, Jim, I
am sure. That's where you got all
these fancy ideas. Now you know
better."

"Yes, I know better," interrupted the
boy. "An old Irish washer-
woman gave me the advice; she took
me in while I was floundering
around for work and shared her poor
fare with me. Now that I have a
steady job, I return her kindness by
selling her papers, and letting her
rest in the evening from her labours."

"Listen. You have no prejudices;
give my way a chance. Come to-
morrow with me to Mass and visit
the little crib of Bethlehem, give my
way a try and you'll at least be on
the way to more happiness!"

"Jim, some how or other you have
hit me in a way that hasn't crossed
my mind for years. You, probably,
reckon me lucky in having so much
money; such a fine house and the
rest. To make me that lucky I had
to lose at a blow, as you did, father,
mother and sisters. It wasn't a
merciful death but a slow lingering
disease. Of course, I denied God and
you know the rest."

Is this a Christmas Story? Is
there more than a word about
Christmas? More than a word
about Christ our brother? No. But
Jim is showing us in deed the work-
ings of such a brotherhood. It was
not a theory with this boy; but a
habit of action and the spirit of that
habit was the spirit of none other
than the shivering Babe and the
bleak Crib.

"Not to this we append a twentieth
century piece of advice, taken from
The Milwaukee Journal:

"In this country of constant
changes of residence, it often happens
that dear friends are widely sepa-
rated. But changed occupations,
changed interests, new friends, be-
they never so delightful, cannot wear
the heart from the old friend.
Nevertheless, do not allow that friend
to imagine you are forgotten. Write a
letter. Send a gift. The gift need
not be costly! It is better not so.
It should be chosen with regard to
your friend's tastes, his likes or dis-
likes. Let some little token keep re-
membrance warm and living in the
heart. 'Sweet is the phrase that
even in a few words doth speak of
pleasant thoughts and breathe re-
membrance; for there is no separation
tho' apart, twixt friend and friend."

"Perhaps you come home tired and
tried with perplexing affairs, to find
on your table a loving letter from a
far distant friend. Many delightful
recollections crowd through your
mind. Worries are forgotten. The
nervous body rests. Peace and
comfort steal over the soul. Joy in
loving fidelity pervades the mind.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF
THE UNGODLY
An old writer of the seventeenth
century says that "the leaves drop
from the trees in the beginning of
autumn; and such is the friendship
of this world; whilst the sap of
wealth and honor lasts, and whilst
we enjoy a summer of prosperity,
our friends swarm in abundance; but
in the winter of adversity they will
leave us naked. Oh, how miserable
is that person who has no friend, but
of this world!" St. Francis de Sales
has the following beautiful simile,
which pleases us much:

ANGLICANS AND ST.
BENEDICT
The revival of the Anglican effort
to establish a community of "Bene-
dictine" nuns at Malling Abbey,
England, will excite considerable
interest amongst Catholics. A cor-
respondent of the Church Times tells
in its last issue the story of the
previous attempt. In 1892, the abbey
which had been acquired by Miss
Boyd, the founder of the English
Abbey Restoration Trust, of which
the trustees are the Cowley Fathers,
was made over to a sisterhood of
Benedictine nuns which had been
recognized by Archbishop Temple.
The community, in the course of
some time, removed to St. Bride's
Bay in Pembrokeshire, and in 1912,
following the example of the
Anglican monks of Caldey, sought



LUX
Won't Shrink Woollens Because it's Different
Here you have a preparation—tiny, satin-like
wafers of the purest essence of soap—that actu-
ally makes woollens as fresh and light and fleecy
as when new.
Socks and stockings—sweaters and sweater
coats—white flannel suits—underwear—blankets
—all come out of the gentle LUX bath absolute-
ly unshrunk and CLEAN. Get a package,
read the directions, it will be good news if you
want your woollens to last.

persons stagger in chastity and devo-
tion, carrying them on to affected,
wanton, and immoderate looks, sen-
sual caresses. But holy friendship
has no looks but what are simple and
modest; no caresses but pure and
sincere; no sighs but for heaven; no
familiarities but spiritual; no com-
plaints but when God is not beloved
—infalible marks of honesty.

admission and were duly received
into the Catholic Church. The
correspondent of the Church Times
says: "It is easy to see how a
Benedictine community in an ancient
monastery may gravitate to Rome
simply through a lack of Anglican
sympathy" and that "Real sympathy
on the part of those in authority will
do much to lessen this peril."

THE CATHOLIC
MOTHER
St. Monica, the mother of St.
Augustine, may be regarded as a type
of the prudent, earnest, devout Cath-
olic mother. The genius of the son has
immortalized the mother. Her son,
Augustine, at the age of sixteen was
a youth of fine talents and ambitions
and was anxious to leave home for
a splendid career. But he fell prey
to his passions, and, as sin too often
leads away from religion, he also
fell away from the Church and into
many errors and sins. Monica loved
her son with a strong, tender, maternal
affection; but she wept and her
heart was stricken not for silver or
gold or transitory things, but for his
soul.

THE CHURCH ON CREMATION
The New Zealand Tablet concludes
a lengthy article on cremation with
these words: "Earth-burial has
been consecrated by immemorial
usage as part and parcel of one of
the Church's most touching and
impressive religious ceremonies—a
ceremonial which inspires the dying
with hope and the bereaved with
consolation. By a decree dated May
17, 1886, Pope Leo XIII. forbade Cath-
olics to give instruction for the cre-
mation of their bodies after death
under pain of deprivation of the
sacraments when dying and of religious
obsequies when dead. This
decree was partly based on veneration
for the body which was once the
temple of the Holy Ghost; partly on
respect for the consecrated usage of
the Church; and partly on the fact
that, in Continental Europe, inciner-
ation of the dead was then, and is
still, adopted by atheists and Free-
masons as a public expression of their
disbelief in the resurrection and in
the life beyond the grave."

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First
Announcement
We have in preparation a
new book under the sug-
gestive title:
"The Facts About Luther"
which will be ready for the
market about October 1st,
1916. The work is written
by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F.
O'Hare, LL.D., who is well
known as a writer and
lecturer on Lutheranism.
The object of the volume is
to present the life of Luther
in its different phases as
outlined in the contents.

STAINED GLASS
MEMORIAL WINDOWS
AND LEADED LIGHTS
B. LEONARD
QUEBEC: P. Q.
We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

Ask to see
the base-
ment first
If you are about
to look through a house that
is "For Sale" or "To Let"
ask to see the basement
first. Be sure it contains
an efficient heating system. What
good is a house, no matter how
artistically planned, if it cannot be kept
comfortable during the long, cold winter?
Safford
Boilers and Radiators
insure warm homes. One reason why the Safford
hot water system is superior is because of its rapid
water circulation. The iron, you know, of which the
fire-pot and water sections are made absorbs the heat
almost as quickly as the coal gives it off. And one
square inch of iron absorbs enough heat from the
coal to heat thirteen square inches of water. If the
water doesn't circulate fast enough to carry this
heat in turn away
from the iron, a lot of
heat will go through the chimney
and be wasted. Now, the
Safford gets rapid circulation
because the water, after
being heated, has only one
third the distance to
travel to get out of the
Safford fire-pot that it
has in ordinary boil-
ers. This great cir-
culation speed
means getting
full benefit from
every ounce of
coal consumed.
It means, too,
that less coal is
required, be-
cause no heat is wasted, as with systems with slower water
circulation. Other Safford features explained in our booklet, "Home
Heating." It will only take you a minute to write for a copy.