

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

IS THIS YOUR PHOTOGRAPH?

The weak-willed man makes unpractical resolutions and promises, and fails to keep them. They were either too hard (beyond his strength) or too numerous. He is not a man of his word, but changeable, inconsistent, and unpunctual. If, perchance, he makes one good prudent resolution, he is powerless to persevere in it; for he does not take the necessary precautions for keeping it, nor has he confidence in his powers to keep it, as he does not know the strength of his will. He is either too impulsive or too phlegmatic in his choices; and knows not how to restrain impulses nor to prick on to action his cold nature. As a result his choices are ill-made, and he forms habits of rash choosing or of hesitation and indecision. When called on to make an effort he either stirs up too much or too little emotion—in the former case his will not ends in a blaze of excitement; in the latter, it fizzles out, leaving the task unaccomplished. The weak-willed man, if in authority, mistakes passion for power, and tries to bully and coerce with a kind of insane obstinacy. Not understanding what self-control means, and being at heart very diffident of his own powers, he makes a brave show by hectoring. In fine, his life is rendered wretched by its inherent weakness and inconsistencies.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record.*

DOING AS ONE PLEASES

Everybody hates to be bossed and longs to be free to do as he pleases. In one way this desire for independence is a good thing, when it is founded on a power of initiative and a purpose to advance in usefulness; but it is an evil thing, when it comes from the spirit of pride and self-will that led the great archangel Lucifer to say: "I will not serve."

Because we don't know the other fellow's job, because we are unfamiliar with his environment, because we do not, and cannot, realize his responsibilities and his perplexities, we are likely to think that he has what the boys call a "snap," to feel that he does as he pleases, and to envy him.

I have met thousands of business and professional men of every degree of success and attainment. Basing my remarks upon actual experience, I can say that I have never known a man high up, low down, or occupying a place in the middle, who did as he pleased, or who could do as he pleased.

The owner of a great business enterprise, with thousands of men in his employ, may appear to be captain of his industry, and it may seem to those who do not know him, that he is independent and may do as he likes without hindrance. As a matter of fact, he is not in command of his enterprise, although he holds legal title to it, although he may tell this man to go one way and that man to go another, although he may decide whether or not he will build a new factory, put a new line of goods on the market, or change his business policy.

If he is in business, he does not as he pleases, but as his customer demands. If he does not, he loses his business.

The real "boss" of business is not the man who owns it, but the customer, for without the customer there would be no business. The general in command of an army may, if he will, order his men to the right or to the left, to remain in the trenches, or to make a charge; yet he cannot do as he pleases, because he is subject to the rules of warfare and cannot disregard precedent without courting disaster. Therefore, instead of doing as he pleases, he does what others have told him is best. He consults his staff; and although he gives the final order, he is but a composite general, representing others even more than himself.

The office boy, who is obliged to be on hand early in the morning and to

sweep out and dust, who cannot get an afternoon off without asking his employer's consent, may feel that he is altogether too much under the rule of discipline and that his employer, who appears to go where he will and to do as he pleases, occupies a position of complete independence.

It is obvious that the employer is more independent than is the employee, and may to a larger extent follow his own will; but as a matter of fact, he is practically as much under discipline, as much subject to rules and regulations, as is the humblest man who works under him; for, if he should depart from established principles, he would become a bankrupt.

Back of it all in business, is the customer; and in business, and everywhere else, public opinion, established rules, precedent, right and wrong methods; all of these make a composite master, under which every man works, whether he is the president of a republic, the king of a great nation, or the motor-man of a trolley car.

Such a thing as complete independence does not exist. The only independence that is worth anything, that can be counted on to help one in his daily life, is the independence which is independent, which recognizes the rights of others, and which does not strut through the world with an antagonizing chip on its shoulder, claiming the right to wear it and refusing to give permission to anybody to knock it off.—*Philip J. Fowler in Catholic Columbian.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARDIAN ANGELS

By Elizabeth King in Truth

One sultry day, during the long holidays, when I was making a tour through South Wales, I found myself on the soft turf at the foot of an old oak tree. The beautiful river Wye lay at my feet, and through the trees, tinged with the rich hue of autumn, a glimpse of the ancient ruins of Tintern Abbey conformed to the scene of the past, when the good Cistercian monks inhabited it, and tilled the rich soil in the lovely valley; for the monks were not idle men. Their days were spent in bodily labor, in study, or in visiting the sick.

The sound of the Vesper chants floated past me, and as the *Gloria Patri* swelled louder and louder, and was echoed by the rocks above me, I was carried in spirit to other—far other scenes. In a dark, dirty court in a vast city, two boys were picking up old bones, old shoes, bits of rusty iron, and all sorts of refuse that they could find. Eagerly they placed their treasures—for treasures they evidently were to them—in an old bag; when full, they conveyed it to a marine store shop, and sold the contents for a small sum. If each little worker could have seen his Angel guardian tracing his steps, all day and all night bearing him company, his monotonous task would have been lighter. I observed that the Angel of one of the boys often shed tears.

"Why do you weep," I said, "while your Angel companion often smiles as he follows his charge?"

"The boy I watch over," replied the weeping Angel, "worships a god who will lead him to perdition if he continues to do so. He worships Mammon, the god of this world. He hoards the money he gets instead of helping his mother, who works hard by day, and sometimes through the night, to support him. He heard that a man who was a bone picker made his fortune, and he hopes to do the same."

"And why," said I to the other Angel, "do you so often smile?"

"Hugh, the boy whose steps I trace," replied the Angel, "worships the God of Heaven; he goes to Mass regularly, never forgets his prayers, and gives the money he gets by the sale of the refuse he collects, to an aged grandmother whom it helps to support. He has one great wish: he longs to be a priest of the great God Whom he loves and worships."

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



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The little toilers worked on the Angels—whose golden wings and white robes never became sullied by the filth through which they passed—ever following them, and protecting them in danger, sometimes stooping to whisper words of encouragement, counsel, and warning. All night, too, they watched them as they slept.

The scene changed. I found myself in a brilliantly lighted hall. Richly dressed ladies and gentlemen were seated at a rich banquet, and addressing flattering speeches to their host. Each had an Angel guardian. "Happy man!" I said to the Angel guardian of the host.

"Nay," replied the Angel, "this is Jasper; he has forsaken the true God; he never goes to Mass; never prays. The idol he worships cannot give him a quiet conscience—cannot make him happy. And the memory of the mother whom he neglected, and who died in the workhouse, continually haunts him; and the cry of starving multitudes is ever ringing in his ear, although he tries to turn a deaf ear to it."

The brilliant scene vanished, and I found myself in the chamber of death. Jasper lay dying, and a priest was administering the last rites of Holy Church. His Angel guardian—faithful to the last—stood there.

"Dear Angel," I said, "you are still with him, and you are smiling now."

"I have never left him for an instant," replied the Angel, "and the priest—who is his old companion, Hugh—has never ceased to pray for his conversion. Jasper made his peace with God before his illness, and to him he gives it as immense wealth he has amassed. Hugh still treads the courts and lanes, where in their childhood, he and Jasper toiled together; but now it is as the priest of God, and to do His work."

"There is joy among the Angels in Heaven over one sinner doing penance," and "They who convert many to justice shall shine as the stars, forever and ever," sang the Angels, as the scene vanished, and I awoke as the sun was setting—brilliantly illuminating the beautiful ruin. As I walked home in the twilight, I felt the presence of my Angel-guardian more sensibly than I had ever done in my life, and I resolved to be more devout in future to him, "whose office will last beyond the grave, until at length it merges into a still sweeter life of something like equality, when on the morning of the Resurrection we pledge each other, in those first moments, to an endless, blessed love."

START WITH THE BOYS

"The most effective means of fighting intemperance, is to give boys the chance to take the pledge," says the *Donner Catholic Register*. "Not one boy in a thousand who does not drink until he is twenty-one is ever bothered with serious temptations

towards gluttony afterwards. . . . The usual drunkard and even the usual occasional drinker has learned in his own home to like liquor, and has begun before he has reached twenty-one. Will boys keep the pledge? The experience of priests, who have been closely associated with total abstinence societies for years, is that not less than 90 per cent. of them do."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF HELL

Once a Protestant Bishop remonstrated with his clergy on their too cautious references to the place of final punishment and represented their preaching of it thus: "Dearly beloved, were a man wilfully to indulge in mendacity and profanity and inebriety and theft and other such sinful abominations, and were he really to depart this life clothed in the garments of his iniquity, he would, methinks, be consigned to that place or state which the ancient Christian writers were wont to denominate—ah-h-hell, as it were, after a manner of speaking." That was three decades ago. Now that Protestant ministers usually mention hell only to deny it and bishops admit candidates to the ministry who openly repudiate it, the good man would hardly dare or care to rebuke them ever so mildly. The Protestant pulpit has ostracized hell, following, as it is wont, in the trail of magazine and newspaper, and such like peddlers of "scientific" haberdashery, which have branded it with the "dark-age" label, translated it to hades, and reserved it for their joke column fillings.

Occasionally revivalists will ring the changes on hell, and should they rouse in a notable degree that sense of future punishment for sin, which, however dormant, is always inherent in the human soul, the paragraphs are up in arms and hell is bombarded with countless bombs of apocalyptic ink. A fair sample of the Protestant mind in this matter may be found in the *New York Evening Sun*. It has a column called the "Sun Dial," which is intended to be and usually is humorous, and is also wont to exhibit good taste and good sense.

But Mr. Sunday's clanging tocsin has transmutated the sunny humorist into an angry and un-sun-baked theologian, solely because the evangelist implants in his hearers' minds "the sense of hell as a waiting, reaching, creeping, enveloping, concrete thing." Nor is it only the excess of emphasis that angers. Hell itself must go: "It is the last gabbling echo of the silly tales we gibbered when we were blue-lipped apes back yonder in the gray dawn of time; and one day there will come a language in which the thing is not. As skulls grow broader so do creeds."

This is not merely the abolition of an innate sense who finds the daily torture of grinding out a column full of humor, punishment enough. It is typical of the literary pabulum that is fed daily, weekly, monthly, in Gargantuan dishes to the general public; and the blue-lipped apes and broadening skulls supply just the right "scientific" flavor for the banqueters that are catered to. These busy purveyors of exploded theories know not or ignore that real scientists now are agreed there are no scientific grounds for placing blue-lipped or any other kind of apes on our family tree; that the theory of broadening skulls has gone by the board, the oldest skulls discovered proving broader than the modern average, and that if the latest evaluations of Egyptian, Hittite and Ninevite civilization do not establish that "we were always decent," as an acquaintance justly claimed for his family, they do verify his further contention that "the farther you go back the more decent we were." Nor would it matter to the argument at what period of his physical development God breathed on man and gave him reason and free will. From this twofold gift flows responsibility and responsibility entails a sanction, that the sanction is, is revealed in the Scriptures: heaven is awarded the good; hell, the wicked. To escape hell the shallow shirkers of responsibility are willing to forfeit heaven. Hence their attachment to the ape theory. To condemn an ape, they argue, improved or unimproved, blue-lipped or red-lipped, to hell, were ridiculous and brutal; therefore, hell is not.

The dictum of the immortal John William Walsham that "modern man of science lost half their usefulness and wasted half their energy through not having been properly grounded in logic" applies with multiplied force to the journalistic jugglers of scientific fallacies. After all their tricks are tried, reason continues to insist inexorably that a future sanction ought to be, and is. Every violation of law has its penalty, and even though the law of men should not exact it, the law of nature does, with a constancy as inevitable as the laws of life and death. Nature's law is that which God has implanted in the human heart, and the penalties that men must pay in this life for having rebelled against the law of the Father, is plainly set forth by St. Paul. One can see his description realized in every day experience, even without visiting prisons, hospitals and insane asylums, and the illogical ravings of agnostic professors, university ex-presidents and their journalistic claqueurs are among its commonest manifestations. But in this life the penalties for rebelliousness, as the rewards of loyalty, are partial. The good often suffer and the wicked prosper. The infinity of God's mercy is stretched to the

farthest limit finite nature sets; but there its scope is ended. Beyond there is justice only; not the falling and often marvellous judgments of human courts, but the infallible and inexorable justice of God, which apportions its due, adequately and finally, to right and to wrong. And the due of those who, knowingly and to the end, shut their eyes against God, is that they shall never see Him. Out from the distractions of earth, their nature's yearnings for all good, which is God, shall, by their own act, remain unsated forever. Their own unceasing sense of loss of the God they wilfully repudiated shall be their torture. This in the main is hell. It is in a sense infinite loss, for it is the loss of the Infinite.

Revelation affirms what reason justifies. Christ came not to condemn but to save, and words and deeds of mercy make the story of His life; yet against the hypocrite, the unmerciful, the scandalizer, the persistent and unrepentant pursuers of evil, He, the embodiment of Divine Mercy, hurled the terrors of hell in terms unmistakable. When St. Matthew records the Baptist's threat to the Pharisees, "Ye brood of vipers who hath shewed you to flee from the wrath to come?" and, "the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire," He immediately adds: "Then cometh Jesus unto John to be baptized by him." The same evangelist sets down the Saviour's twice repeated judgment on those who aided not the poor and needy. Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels." Referring in St. Mark to scandalizers, Christ reiterates thrice that it is better to maim one's body "than to go into hell, into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not extinguished." The same, un-compromising doctrine is found in the other New Testament writers and runs through many of the parables, particularly those of our Lord's last days, in which He warns the Jews of the penalties their obstinacy shall entail. St. Jude's statement that "the punishment of eternal fire," after the manner of Sodom and Gomorrah, awaits those also "who defile the flesh, and despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty," sets down together the cause and the effect. It is obvious, then, that the doctrine of hell is an integral part of Revelation and that to reject it is to reject Scripture, Christianity and Christ.

But "fear," says our philosopher, "is the most base and ignoble of motives." Again is evident the lack of that logical training which precludes the equivocal usage of words. Fear may be prudential, reverential and servile, salutary and destructive. Is it ignoble fear that causes a man to take out a life or fire insurance policy, or induces a scribe to do his work faithfully and well lest the blue envelope of dismissal should frighten him? There are many temptations, within and without, to swerve from what one knows to be right; and it is not ignoble to be steered in right by realization of the penalties for wrong, be these imprisonment or death, whether in time or eternity. When the knowledge that hell is the fitting penalty set upon sin by an all-good and all-just God makes a man recoil from evil and return to virtue, the fear engendered is not ignoble but a stimulus to nobleness of life. This is the fear of hell that suffices for sacramental absolution, the same that Christ spoke of when He said: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body . . . but I shall show you whom you shall fear; fear ye Him who after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, say I to you, fear Him" (Luke, xii: 4).

The Catholic Church, like her Author and Master, invites men to shun evil and practise virtue primarily for the love of God; to do good because it is the teaching of Christ and the reflex of the All-Good, the purpose of man's life here and the condition of his happy completion hereafter; but she also preaches the doctrine of eternal punishment, precisely as Christ preached it, for the same purpose, and to the same degree. Hence we need not be surprised that the people of our time, witnessing her uncompromising teachings on hell, as on every other doctrine taught by her Founder, regard her precisely as His hearers regarded Him: "They were astonished at His doctrine; for He was teaching them as one having power and not as the scribes." (Mark i, 22.)—*Michael Kenny, S. J., in America.*

A TOUCHING PICTURE

THE CARDINALS VANNUCELLI WERE DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, gives this touching picture of their Eminences the Cardinals Vannucelli, the elder of whom recently departed this life:

"There is in Rome at present at least one very lonely figure, high though his station is, viz. His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannucelli, Datory of the Pope, who feels keenly the loss of his brother, Cardinal Serafino. For years they passed the last hours of each day together after the labors of their office were done. Both lived in the same street, the Via Giulia, ten doors from each other (for according to the etiquette of the Vatican, each Cardinal must have his own particular place of residence) until Cardinal Vincenzo became Datory at the end of 1914. He then changed from the Via Giulia to the commodious building assigned as the residence and the

offices of the Cardinal Datory. But this did not prevent the younger brother from driving down to the elder in the Palazzo Sacchetti by the Tiber.

For the last five years—that is, since Cardinal Serafino knew his end could not be far distant—Cardinal Vincenzo usually found his brother absorbed in prayer. And he would kneel beside him until the elder commenced to say the rosary of the Blessed Virgin. Then the two aged Cardinals, the one in his eighty-first year, the other in his eighty-third, would take out their beads and slowly recite the holy rosary. This done, they would sit chatting together for an hour, and towards 9 o'clock Cardinal Vincenzo would order his carriage. The scene was beautiful in its simplicity, one worthy of a master's brush."

SARCASM

There are several ways of losing a friend. One of the most efficient, outside of open insult, is the use of sarcasm. Remember Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman—one who never needlessly causes pain. We should respect the reserves and

reticences of our friends. The man who practices sarcasm on his friends will soon have none but enemies; or at best, mere acquaintances.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

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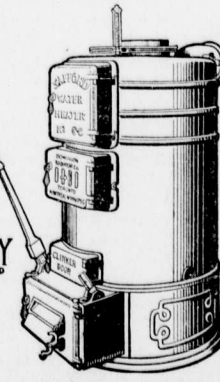
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