

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write, Three words as with a golden pen, In tracing of eternal light Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ round, And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow— No night but has its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark be driven— The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth— Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven, The habitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one, But such as many brother call, And scatter like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul— Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find Strength when life's surges maddest roll.

Light when thou else wert blind, KINDNESS ALWAYS PAYS

A genial member of New York City's police force, employed in traffic duty where the problems are many and patience is often tried, is wearing a smile these days more winning, if possible, than is his usual wont.

WORK AND STUDY We are all of us familiar with the man of wealth or means who keeps on working although he could well afford to take it easy the rest of his life.

OUR TALENTS Perhaps you undervalue your own importance in the scheme of things. It is a common failing and a comfortable one.

OUR INDIVIDUAL SIGNIFICANCE Our individual insignificance is precious, because it enables us to co-operate, to supplement and strengthen the work of other men.

OUR LORD, WHO UNDERSTOOD PERFECTLY the needs of men, and had all history before His eyes, gives a significant turn to one of His parables.

THE POLITE CAB DRIVER The other day, in a downtown district of Pittsburgh, two Sisters stepped up to a taxicab which was

One received five talents, another two, another only one. Now, the significant detail for us just now is this—that the man who received only one talent was the one who lost heart and went off and hid his money in a napkin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ONE SINGLE SOUL One single soul, Oh! what is its worth? His Heart's last drop Who redeemed the earth.

And how many souls may be thine, may be thine, And a throne like that where the Seraphs shine:

MONTH OF THE HOLY DEAD November belongs to the dead by time-honored Catholic tradition and practice. We call this the month of the holy souls, or of the poor souls; and these tender terms remind us of the teaching of our faith regarding the souls detained in purgatory and of our duty and a—blessed mercy it is—to help these souls by our prayers and good works.

THE POPE'S WELCOME The tour of the hall completed, His Holiness mounted the throne and delivered a speech in which he welcomed with all the affection of his paternal heart, the children come from the distant America to gain the spiritual gifts of the Holy Year and to ask for the benediction of the common Father.

BLESSING FOR ALL AMERICANS "Returning to your country you will say that the common Father has love for all your people and to all he sends his blessing which comes from the depths of his soul.

TEXT TO SUIT OCCASION A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as in his later years he had been a model of rectitude.

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standing at the curb and spoke to the driver, who immediately removed his cap and stepped out of his machine. The Sisters asked how to get to a certain address, whereupon the driver volunteered to take them where they wanted to go.

EXTENSION SOCIETY PRAISED BY POPE

By Mrs. Eustace Pined (Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. C.) The pilgrimage brought to Rome by Mgr. W. D. O'Brien, director of the Catholic Church Extension Society, was one of the most successful and interesting of the American pilgrimages coming to Rome this Holy Year.

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Before going out, however, His Holiness again paused beside Mgr. W. D. O'Brien, and very benevolently spoke to him congratulating him on the work he is doing as director of the Extension Society, and again blessing all those who take part in any way in this great and worthy work.

ST. PETER'S BAY RE-VISITED

Little waves flecked with foam kissing sand-drifts That blush crimson with wantoning glee: Far away sounds the boom of the ocean, A lone curling wings in from the sea.

Through a twilight silvering to moon-mist I hear herds loving far, far away— Then silence—'I'm alone with my mem'ries, And the beauty of St. Peter's Bay.

Fond hearts that I lov'd in manhood's blithe spring, They like me show the scourgings of years— Sunny curls that were gold, changed to silver— The roses they are dead, drenched with tears.

How visions long dead rise up like fond dreams— Live again as I stand here today, Where we stood, you and I, long ago, and gazed At the dunes slumbering down in the Bay.

Like a chiasm of mystical sweetness— Come the mem'ries of days that are flown, When you, dear, were near and sang old songs: What old songs can unfold! Had I known!

Now there 'neath the flowers and the silence, Where love-seeking zephyrs dream, Lies that fond heart, enshrining my image— A withered leaf in a silent stream.

When thou art troubled and afflicted, then is the time to gain merit. Thou must pass through fire and water before thou comest to refreshment.—Thomas a Kempis.

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Last Pilgrimage to Rome To witness the magnificent ceremony of the closing of the Holy Door and other important festivities Under the spiritual direction of His Grace Mgr. A. O. Gagnon, Auxiliary Bishop of Sherbrooke

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