

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN

"He used to be an usher here," said the old sexton, "and as far as I can remember he never missed the 7 o'clock Mass or was late for it during the three years that he served here. He had a custom of staying over for the 8 o'clock, twice a month, and of receiving Holy Communion at that Mass. He was quiet and, even though he was a bit pious, everybody liked him. His mother told me (when they first moved into this parish) that he had a good job in Wall Street and he kept getting raised each year until he got to be a boss of some kind over there, with a whole force of men under him. It might have been a little after that, that I began to notice a change in him. He gave up coming to the meetings of the Ushers' Union and he had short words for all the boys when they would speak to him. Finally he resigned from the union, without giving any reasons, though he used to hang around behind the last pew in the church during that Mass like one of those fellows that the pastor calls "Real Birds." You know the kind they lay their handkerchiefs on the floor at the Elevation and put one knee on it for a half minute, and they're out on the street before the Last Gospel's finished. Well, this young fellow that you asked me about seemed to me to change completely, and become in just a few months a different kind of a man. After he left the ushering, I never saw him at the altar rail and that worried me in a way, and I made it my business to go around and have a talk with his mother. And I tell you that it surprised me a great deal to find that she did not seem to care. "Frank's very busy, you know," she said to me, "and he is doing finely in New York so I guess he don't have so much time for confession as before. Besides, he's got a car now and that keeps him out late Saturdays so I don't like to wake him early on Sunday morning." With the mother taking that stand, of course I could say or do very little. I put the matter before the pastor and he interviewed the young chap, twice, I think, and I saw him once after that at an early Mass and then— Well, I met him in the street and to tell you the truth he nearly ran over me. He was in his new auto, turning into a side street fast, and I just managed to pull back to the curb. He stopped the car and turned with an angry look to yell at me, but when he saw who I was he calmed down and seemed a bit ashamed. I stepped over to the side of the machine and I asked him point blank why he didn't come to church. His face got red and he told me to mind my own business. I said something that made him apologize for that, but in a moment he told me that he was going to church for good. "I've got no time for it," he said, "and nobody has who wants to get anywhere in this world. It's a dead weight on you, this religious business and you know it. Look at the class of men you've got there at Mass every Sunday—the big majority poor, and they always will be poor. All this thing of forcing your conscience to be tender, and of studying out ways to make yourself unhappy may be fine for monks, but it doesn't suit me. I'm going up high and when I get to the top I'll send you a few thousand and buy badges for the Ushers' Union." He laughed and shot the auto ahead and that was the last time I ever saw him. I knew that he was young and that he had been talking like foolish young men like to talk, but I was very sorry for him at that. I could not get my mind off the question of what it was that had pulled him away from the Church. I know now, of course, as everyone else does, that

it was the money which he had begun to—well, borrow as one paper put it, from his employers at that time. Perhaps it would have come out all right at that; perhaps he would have had a chance to give it back to them if he had really meant to do so—if he hadn't taken that one ride! Oh, if someone could only have warned the poor boy beforehand! But they found him, you know! As she patted and widowed the clay in her deft fingers she suddenly burst into song. Swifter and swifter flew her fingers as her heart poured forth the "Praise to St. Patrick." When she had finished a great clapping outside made her look round. There were the "Hibernian boys" decked in green by hundreds. They were evidently collecting for a parade, and attracted by the singer, had waited patiently. Kathleen, seeing such a display of green, seized her flag and waving it out the window, cried, "Boys, I wish ye the top of the mornin'!" "Kathleen, Kathleen!" called her mother. "Whatever are you up to now?" The street resounded with cheers for St. Patrick and the singer, and then at command, the Hibernians fell into line. One of them, in full uniform, came into the house. "Pardon me, young lady, but our boys would like that hymn for their concert to-night. Could you—that is, would you—sing it for them? I am president of the Hibernian Club," giving her mother his card. "I am very sorry, Mr. Hogan, but I would rather not," as visions of Kathleen in a faded gown rose before her eyes. Kathleen's eyes were dancing. She still kept patting the clay in her hands. "How is that?" holding up a shamrock pipe. "You don't mean to say you make those ugly things by just patting them?" "There's a great deal in a Pat, Mr. Hogan!" said Kathleen, smiling up at the giant. "That depends on who gives it, I suppose." "Or who wears it, eh? See, I have two hundred shamrock pipes. I'll sell them to the boys for \$1 apiece, but to a 'Prot' for \$5."

"Allow me to be a 'Prot,' said Mr. Hogan, picking up one of the pipes and depositing a crisp five on the table. "Oh, no," cried Kathleen. But he was out and on the march. Needless to say, "all the boys" were admonished to buy a hand-made shamrock pipe, and before evening most of the two hundred were gone. At 10 o'clock Kathleen received a note from the rector of St. Patrick requesting her to sing "All Praise to St. Patrick" at the close of High Mass. The "boys," he said, were very anxious for it. Kathleen was rather excited. She had never sung anywhere except in the convent chapel at home. She looked down ruefully at her last fading shamrock. When she and her mother were starting for the church a carriage drove up to their door. A trim footman stepped down, and bowing to them, opened the carriage door. He then handed a bunch of fresh shamrocks to Kathleen. "This is some mistake," said her mother, drawing back. "No, madame; Mr. Hogan sent it for Mrs. and Miss O'Brien," bowing. As they neared the church whom should they meet but the long line of Hibernians. Hundreds of them, those who had heard her sing lifted their hats, and she bowed and smiled and gaily waved her shamrocks. At the end of the line was Mr. Hogan, but somehow, of course by accident, she did not see him; Mrs. O'Brien bowed, but somehow, he did not see her. He left his ranks, and when the carriage stopped opened the door. "I am going to the choir," whispered Kathleen, as she gave him her hand, with the air of a princess. "I will show you the way." And conducted by the giant Hibernian she found herself in an immense church. She looked down at the sea of people, momentarily increasing, and her head swam. "Oh, I never can sing here. When it is nearly over I'll run home. Yes, I'll run. I could never sing here. Why I can hardly see the priest. I wonder where all the people come from." After Communion the leader of the choir passed her a hymnal open at "All Praise to St. Patrick." Kathleen shook her head. She had no need of a book. A moment before the last Gospel, just as the congregation rose to their feet, the organ pealed forth the opening melody. The priest had just finished the gospel as her voice caught up the words, "All Praise to St. Patrick." Why he stood there he did not know; nor did he know he stood there. Out into the dim cathedral came a voice, fresh as the air that drinks in the dew from the green grass of Ireland; deep and sad like the sea, suggestive, too, of its immensity and power; true with that instinctive truthfulness; rich with the melody that stirs the heart and elevates the soul. Now rising, now falling, gathering strength as it went, burst forth triumphant. The voice of the singer seemed to sob "for that green sunny shore," and the land of her choice. How it pleaded with those Hibernians in the last verse; pleaded for virtue, loyalty and faith. The congregation fell on their knees as the priest now descended the altar steps. The Hibernians tried to wink back the tears, while the rector took out his handkerchief

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PIPES

It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning, and Kathleen, just home from early Mass tidied up the studio, and then sat down by the window to her St. Patrick Day pipes, the sale of which was intended to buy bread and butter for herself and widowed mother. As she patted and widowed the clay in her deft fingers she suddenly burst into song. Swifter and swifter flew her fingers as her heart poured forth the "Praise to St. Patrick." When she had finished a great clapping outside made her look round. There were the "Hibernian boys" decked in green by hundreds. They were evidently collecting for a parade, and attracted by the singer, had waited patiently. Kathleen, seeing such a display of green, seized her flag and waving it out the window, cried, "Boys, I wish ye the top of the mornin'!" "Kathleen, Kathleen!" called her mother. "Whatever are you up to now?" The street resounded with cheers for St. Patrick and the singer, and then at command, the Hibernians fell into line. One of them, in full uniform, came into the house. "Pardon me, young lady, but our boys would like that hymn for their concert to-night. Could you—that is, would you—sing it for them? I am president of the Hibernian Club," giving her mother his card. "I am very sorry, Mr. Hogan, but I would rather not," as visions of Kathleen in a faded gown rose before her eyes. Kathleen's eyes were dancing. She still kept patting the clay in her hands. "How is that?" holding up a shamrock pipe. "You don't mean to say you make those ugly things by just patting them?" "There's a great deal in a Pat, Mr. Hogan!" said Kathleen, smiling up at the giant. "That depends on who gives it, I suppose." "Or who wears it, eh? See, I have two hundred shamrock pipes. I'll sell them to the boys for \$1 apiece, but to a 'Prot' for \$5."

ST. PATRICK

Throughout the English speaking world there is no saint's day better known than that which the Church has set apart in honor of Ireland's Apostle. When you mention St. Patrick's Day it is not necessary to name the month or the day of the month. Catholics and Protestants alike know it. Who could tell you off hand the date assigned to commemorate the patron saints of England, of Wales, of Scotland, or of any Continental country? Not so the 17th of March. It is associated in the minds of all with him whose life history is replete with services to Christianity that have placed him in the foremost rank of Christian Apostles. It is not our purpose to enter into any lengthy details dealing with Saint Patrick's life. Coming to Ireland as a boy of sixteen, the victim of pirates who had kidnapped him and condemned him to slavery, and dying at a patriarchal age, he performed a work that left not only a deep impress upon the age in which he lived, but which has been felt in the centuries that have elapsed since his earthly labors ceased, and which will be felt to the end of time. Wherever the Irish race has erected the cross, there the effects of St. Patrick's apostolate are in evidence. The seeds of the Faith planted by him in Ireland have brought forth a great harvest that is beyond human computation. That harvest has been garnered in many lands. St. Patrick's converts, with all the ardor of the race for which they sprang, devoted themselves to the task of propagating the teachings they had received. Their descendants carried those teachings into Scotland, into England into France, into Germany, and into other Continental countries centuries before Columbus set foot on American soil. In the New World their loyalty to the faith brought to their fathers by Patrick is known of all men. It was the greatest factor in the upbuilding of the Church in this land. The spirit that made the Irish, according to the testimony of the historian Lecky, appreciate their religion "more than their land"—the passion and consolation of their lives," remained with the Irish exiles in their new homes on this side of the Atlantic, and was transmitted to their children. In the days of persecution their fathers were unwaveringly loyal to the Faith delivered by Patrick. Other people fell away, but to quote Macaulay, "alone amongst the Northern nations Ireland adhered to the ancient Faith." And so St. Patrick's work went on. We say St. Patrick's work, for it was he that was really working through successive generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen, who would have chosen death itself rather than apostatize. As one thinks of what St. Patrick accomplished during his life time, and then reflects that the results of his apostolate are still making themselves felt, one can appreciate the great role the Apostle of Ireland enacted in a certain sense, is still enacting. His figure rises up before us as that of one of the greatest personalities in all history. In honoring his memory the Church is actuated by the same motive that prompts her to honor her other canonized sons. Her saints are the great moral heroes who set us exalted examples of virtue. When they become identified with the life of a Nation, as is

BECAME A TEETOTALER

WITH THE HELP OF SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION

Many men can't help drinking even when they try—oh so hard—to stop. Not much wonder, when you consider how whisky has inflamed the membranes and nerves of the stomach, creating an awful torturing craving that is almost impossible to resist. About one man in twenty who tries can stop drinking of his own accord. The rest need help, and Samaria Prescription will not only help the man who wants to stop, but it will stop the man who wants to drink by removing that awful craving, building up the system and making drink distasteful, even nauseous. Samaria is tasteless and odorless, and can be administered with or without the patient's knowledge, in tea, coffee or food. Mrs. E.—of Vancouver saved her husband from his torturing, burning thirst which was rapidly carrying him towards disgrace and death by sending for Samaria Prescription. Read what she says: "I purchased, some three or four months back, a course of Samaria Prescription from Harrison's Drug Store, cor. Nelson & Granville Sts., of this city, which my husband was very willing and anxious to take in the hope of its aiding him to overcome the craving he had for whisky. I am thankful to say that he did not need to finish the treatment, as, with the help of Samaria and his own wish to overcome the trouble, he has quite lost the drink craving and is now a strict teetotaler." Mrs. E.— "I sang it," answered Kathleen, sadly. "You! Why, you are only a child!" "I am eighteen, Father." "And you really sang that! Why your true voice so carried me back to the dear old County of Tyrone. Again I was hunting the cuckoo's nest in the black, sodden bog. Again I lay on the bank of the Moyne and heard the lark sing for all Ireland. Again, a barfooted boy, I ran along the ditches, spying out the wren's little nest, or mimicked the corncrake in the hawthorn. Tears were in his eyes. "You have made even me young again. Will you sing it after Vespers this afternoon?" "With pleasure, Father." And all the Hibernians were there, and after Benediction Mr. Hogan drove home with Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, and on one St. Patrick's Day in the evening Kathleen became Mrs. Hogan!—M. de Paul in the Canadian Messenger of The Sacred Heart.

ST. JOSEPH

The Feast of St. Joseph, which occurs Thursday, March 19, calls up a picture of Christian manhood little to the taste of many to whom the virtues and quiet life of the Saint offer no suggestions. Apart from the immense dignity conferred upon him by Almighty God, in choosing him to be the intimate guardian and instructor in earthly ways of the Son of God, there was that in his character which bepeaks the ultimate end of Christian civilization and the type of Christian manhood. "A just man." The title is short but comprehensive. He was the foster father in the noblest and most essentially holy family that ever lived. His contact with the divine holiness of Jesus alone was sufficient guarantee of the exalted sanctity of his own life. He was a husband in the eyes of men, and as such he gives to men the example of that love loyal and true to the end which Christian marriage inspires. He was a father, and in the humble workshop of Nazareth, knelt in prayer constantly, with the divine Boy, whose hands he taught to wield the hammer or to use the implements of trade. In the family of Nazareth under his care there went on such a life as must appeal to every lover of homely peace and security. The questions which ambition, appetite or greed bring into the families of the world found no echo in that home. The disasters which wreck the hearth and send the children out upon the world into crime and misery, passed by that sacred threshold frightened no doubt, not only by the infinite sanctity of Him Who chose it as His dwelling, but even by the sound of industry, the quiet of peace and the murmur of prayer. Of the royal House of David, nevertheless the heart of the Saint was a stranger to the pride of blood or the goadings of ambition. With the Lord of Lords as his perpetual guest, yet he knew nothing of the avarice which makes wealth the

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first and last impulse in life. A calm and holy serenity marks his brow and a sinlessness that is well symbolized by the lily branch the Church attaches to his statue. He has been placed before us as the patron of a good death from the fact that his own death was such as all Christians must most desire to experience. With Jesus bending over him, and with Mary's sympathetic eyes upon him, he passed away to await in Limbo against the day of deliverance. Hence we pray to him so to watch over us that in our own final hour, we, too, may find the same Jesus with us in the holy Sacrament of His Body and Blood, and with Mary

bending over us to lift us up, to encourage us and to point the blessedness that lies beyond the dark doors of death.—The Pilgr.

NOT FAR FROM THE FOLD

An English (Protestant) archdeacon of an Anglican diocese in South Africa—Dr. Wingham—gives expression in one of his recent publications, to some remarkable thoughts on the Blessed Virgin—remarkable that is, from a non-Catholic. Here is some of what he says: "I am absolutely convinced that the neglect amongst us (Anglicans) of true teaching upon the position of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the economy of redemption has weakened our witness to the central truth of the Incarnation and has made the possible amongst us a revival of the Corinthian heresy with regard to the virgin conception and virgin birth of Our Lord. The opinions of our fathers and the councils of the Catholic Church have a claim upon our thoughtful consideration. If we never asked the Blessed Virgin and the saints in glory to pray for us, our devotions would be robbed of a richness and fervour which are naturally evoked by the thought of the golden vessels full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints offered for us. We cannot believe that we are well pleasing to Our Lord when we sever ourselves from communion with His Mother and His friends." The man who wrote this and believes as thus written cannot be far from the one fold.

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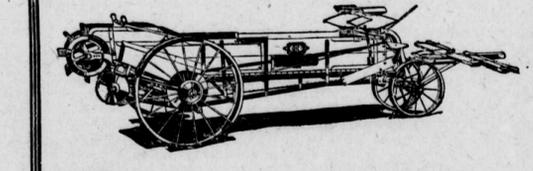
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