

OCTOBER 21, 1905.

GATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The long cool evenings have come again, when out door recreation being hard to find, everybody is seeking for ways in which to pass the leisure hours in a comfortable way.

Now is the chance of young men to improve their minds, to read, to study, to practice. Books are cheap, teachers are numerous, studies and accomplishments are many.

But some young men, whose education has been limited or whose chances to learn music have been few, may say:

"O, what can a man learn in a couple of hours of an evening?"

Practically the same question says the Catholic Columbian, was put to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago about its night classes, and thereupon he wrote out this article:

How Promotion Came.

A business man asked me the other day what evidence I had that the evening educational class was really amounting to much to the employed young man. In answer to his inquiry, I told him of several cases which came readily to mind where the evidence was conclusive. A few of the cases may interest other young men as showing them how, out of comparatively little opportunities, men get large successes.

From Machinist's Helper to Draftsman.

Hoping to enter a school of technology, Mr. X—a young man some twenty years of age, came to Chicago from the South. When he reached the city he found that he could not pass the entrance examinations, and so hunted up a position in a machine shop, to do work with which he was slightly acquainted. Not willing to give up his plans for study, he joined a class in mechanical drawing at the Y. M. C. A.

Just before the close of his first year's study the head draftsman in the large railroad shops where he was working wanted some extra drawing done, and, as his men were busy, had the question passed among the machinists as to who could do a little extra drawing. Mr. X—responded, saying that he was willing to attempt it. Although the task set him was difficult, he did the work satisfactorily, and since that time has not returned to the machine shop, but has drawn a largely increased salary in a much better position than would have been open to him had he missed the opportunity he improved in the evening class.

From Assistant Book-keeper to Private Secretary.

Mr. A—a young man just out of his teens, who was an assistant book-keeper in a railroad office, decided to improve some of his leisure time in study. He selected the subject of shorthand and attended the evening class in the Association. For two years he had no use for the shorthand he had learned. One evening after the stenographer had gone the superintendent wanted some extra letters gotten out, and asked in the office if anybody could take the letters for him. Mr. A—said he had done such work and would be willing to try. At the end of the letters slowly but satisfactorily. A couple of days afterwards he was called in again and asked to take a few more. This time he managed to get them out very well. The superintendent then asked him if he could "brush up" in stenography sufficiently to change to that kind of work in two weeks, saying that if he could the company would pay the expense of the special training and he would be given the position of private secretary. At the end of the two weeks he began his work in his new position. The class work of twenty-eight leisure evenings gave him the opportunity of his life.

From the Bench to the Teacher's Desk.

A journeyman carpenter, a young man, decided to improve some leisure evenings by preparing himself to do cabinet making. In the Association evening class he was instructed by a man who was teacher in manual training in the city high school. During the year his interest in the work increased, and as he saw the instructor as he developed a desire to become a teacher in manual training himself. In this he was encouraged by the instructor. Toward the end of the year's work he took the city examination for instructor in manual training, and before the close of the evening class season he had been appointed to an instructorship in manual training, offering \$1,000 salary.

From Stone Mason to Architect and Contractor.

A stone mason, whose early education had been quite deficient, decided to use two evenings a week in the study of architectural drawing in the Association evening class. About three weeks after the beginning of the term he had the misfortune to fall, breaking his left arm and permanently weakening it so that further work at his trade was impossible. During the rest of the winter season, with one arm in the splints and a sling, he took the course in architectural drawing, doing all his work with one hand. In the spring he ventured to draw plans and to submit a bid for the erection of a large store house. His plans and bid were accepted, and during the major portion of the following year he did very successful work in superintending the erection of the building. Since then he has continued as architect and contractor, part of his leisure evenings being devoted to study in Association evening classes.

From Itinerant Plumber to Foreman of a Machine Shop.

Mr. R—nineteen years of age, chanced one summer morning to jump off his wheel near me in the park. As we lay on the grass talking I learned that he was barely earning a living at odd jobs of plumbing. I discovered that he had some inclination to mechanical work, and advised him to take some of the evening classes in the Association mechanical drawing department. He did so, and having much leisure during the day completed two years' work of a most excellent grade in one winter season. He then sought employment in one of the large manufacturing establishments. While there he secured a position as foreman in one of the departments. Within eight months he was called to be foreman of a large

machine shop in the West, where he has a good paying position and large promise for the future.

From the Typesetter's Case to the University.

Mr. B—about twenty years of age, having worked since a boy in a printer's office, decided to better his education, which was very deficient. For three years he studied four nights a week in the Association classes working during the day and saving his money to pay his future college expenses. Although he left the public school from one of the lower grades he was able to enter without condition the junior year in the academy, his evening class study for three winters having saved him two full years of expensive study elsewhere. Having gotten a taste of the benefits of an increased education he has turned every stone to enable him to continue his study, and this fall enters the university.

From an Odd-Job Man to a Foreman Electrician.

A young man who managed part of the time to keep himself busy at odd jobs, decided to study electricity in the evening classes. After his having taken these classes for two seasons I was surprised to meet him one day on the street, in the heart of a large city, superintending the laying of an extensive system of electric conduits for one of the prominent electrical concerns. His evening class work had been the sole means of his promotion.

From Intellectual Indifference to Literary Power.

A youth of eighteen, who had had no interest in literature and no acquaintance with it, was induced by an Association friend to try the Association evening class in English literature "to see how he liked it." Under the class training his horizon broadened, his vision of the beauties of literary study became more and more clear, he began to read, and with the reading his desire for reading and study increased. Before the close of the year a noted college president, who had seen the change in the young man, said at a public gathering that if there were presented to him no other evidence of the value of the Association evening class work than the development of real literary power in Mr. B—he would be perfectly satisfied that the Association was doing an educational work of far greater import than that done by many schools much more widely known.

These cases are not extraordinary, and the advancement is nothing marvelous or unnatural in any case.

They are simply a few of the many instances which have come to my special attention, and show clearly that to the young man who will do something for himself there is furnished in the Young Men's Christian Association an encouragement and help that will enable him to cover an unfortunate past and turn a dark future into a bright promise and a sure success.

—WALTER M. WOOD.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LOUISE EMILY DORRIS.

The Nativity of our Lord.

NO ROOM.

Many of Susie's flippant speeches about the Rosary, among other devotions, returned to her mind with curious distinctness. She had often said that rubbish it was to go on repeating the same words, forgetting that the angelic choir of heaven say over and over again with ceaseless repetition the same words of praise. She had not remembered that just as to the ear of Royalty on earth the cheers of the people are an ever fresh demonstration of loyalty of which they do not weary, so much more to Our Heavenly Queen the same words spoken first by angelic lips on the supreme moment of her life are ever sweet to her, spoken as they are in confidence and love.

But that evening Susie felt how thankful she was for the simple prayer to the Mother of Mercy who could so well enter into the feelings of a child supplicating for the life of her father.

The meditation that night was what the words, "There was no room for Him in the inn."

The priest was by no means eloquent, but his words "came from the heart," and so followed their necessary sequence of "going to the heart."

And he adapted his ideas and the simple thoughts that flowed from the picture of Mary and Joseph seeking shelter to the life of the present day.

This end of the century was ever echoing that statement made so long ago, there was no room in the lives of thousands for the Christ Child. The living at high pressure and physical nerve was kept, the infinite attractions of science, art, the press, etc., all formed so many distinct and definite things which might if used with moderation add to the greater accidental glory of God, or else if an undue proportion of time were devoted to them, so occupy the mind and heart that the spiritual life and its needs were more and more forgotten. Faults were allowed to obtain ascendancy, for no means were taken to fight them beyond those furnished by natural reason, perfunctoryness replaced fervor, carelessness was substituted for regularity, indifference for zeal, and practically in these lives there was no room for Christ. He was crowded out by other interests.

Then he went on for a few moments to speak of good works, which, excellent as they were, could, if multiplied to the exclusion of personal religion, also make those words true. Of many it might be said, "They have made me the keeper in the vineyards; my vineyard I have not kept."

As Betty heard the latter words she knew that they applied to her very truly. Her own vineyard had been very badly kept indeed, though no one but herself knew to what extent that was.

When the girls returned they found matters in the same state, but by the next morning a change had taken place, and Mr. Vavasour was mending. The doctor said he would pull through, and in that house there was very great

happiness.

On Christmas morning the girls one and all went to the altar, making there an earnest Communion of thanksgiving for their father's recovery and other blessings known to each alone.

Resolutions were made that morning, and each girl realised how she would obtain strength to keep them.

The anxiety about their father, the first really great trouble they had known, had shown them how individual real religion must be. The idea of being one in a crowd is one which seems to possess some people, who imagine from a false humility that they are too insignificant how they live or what they do.

The thought that there are plenty of other people to pray and live holy lives, and so that they themselves need not trouble about their own souls, is one which often crosses the minds of many who thus try to evade their own duty.

But the lesson taught by the crib at Bethlehem is absolutely opposite to this false notion.

There in the humble manger is the Incarnate Word of God, Who took upon Himself our flesh, so that each individual might be saved. In the Incarnation He is united to the whole human race, in Holy Communion He is united to each in particular.

Five years have passed away and brought with them many and great changes at Nurbiton: external changes visible to all, and other alterations in the lives of its inmates which are less visible but none the less real.

God resolutions made under pressure of great emotions are often not kept without earnest endeavor and constant watchfulness. For when life has returned to its normal condition, and excitement has passed away, it is not always easy to live up to the heartfelt resolves which God speaking to the soul had called forth.

When Susie told her father how sorry she was that she had been so angry, and told him what she could get in church and penitence when she knew she might never have a chance again of hearing his voice, she felt as if she could never be angry again, and really for some weeks it seemed as if the evil spirit of her temper had been exorcised, and was never to reappear.

Religion seemed beautifully easy, and she found it most delightful to spend what time she could get in church and by going to Mass. She gave up her cherished idea of getting another column on her paper, and got Mr. Lewis to let Miss Jones continue it.

The latter knew to whom she owed retaining the work, and thanked Susie with tears in her eyes. When Susie heard that the girl was supporting an old blind mother, and earning a little, she felt that the sacrifice she had made was amply repaid.

However, as time wore on she found that the old temper was there as before, and she got very much disheartened. One new cause of her being often very much irritated was that she tried to get to church very often indeed while her professional work increased rather than decreased.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

Some reckon their age by years.

Some measure their life by art.

But some tell their days by the flow of their tears.

And their lives by the means of their heart.

The dial of earth may show of years.

But the length of a cross they lead.

Few or many they come, few or many they go.

But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray.

Not so do we count our many hair.

And not by the scenes that we pass on our way.

And not by the furrows the fingers of care.

On forehead and face have made.

Not so do we count our many hair.

Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade.

Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old.

Though their brows be bright and fair;

When their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold.

O'er them the spring—but winter is there.

And the old are oft times young.

When their hair is thin and white;

And they sing in song, as in youth they sung.

And they laugh for their cross was light.

But, head be head, I tell.

The rosary of my tears.

From what I know they lead; 'tis well.

And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife.

Than a century of sleep.

Give me instead of a long dream of life.

The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam.

On the billows of all the years;

But never the foam brings the lone back home.

It reaches the haven through tears.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF NOT SEARCHING INTO HIGH MATTERS

NOR INTO THE SECRET JUDGMENTS

OF GOD.

I am He who made all the Saints; I gave them grace; I have brought them to glory.

I know the merits of each of them; I prevented them by the blessings of my sweetest love.

I foreknew My beloved ones before the creation.

I chose them out of the world; they were not beforehand with Me to choose Me.

I called them by My grace and drew them by My mercy.

I led them safe through many temptations, I impared to them extraordinary comforts, I gave them perseverence, I have crowned their patience.

I know the first and the last; I embrace them all with an inestimable love.

I am to be praised in all My Saints; I am to be blessed above all things and to be honored in every one of them, whom I have thus gloriously magnified and eternally chosen without any foregoing merits of their own.

It would be most interesting for some one who can get at the facts to collate an exact list of all the Anglican ministers who have been received into the Church both in this country and in England during the last ten years. Many would be surprised by the length of the list.—The Missionary.

THE CHURCH AMONG THE CREES.

THE WORK OF THE HEROIC OBLATE FATHERS AMONG THE INDIANS OF BRITISH AMERICA—MANY PAGANS MADE CHRISTIANS.

There are to day thirty-eight Oblate Fathers laboring among the Cree Indians. The territory assigned to them covers an area of 114,000 square miles of British America.

The Crees live in huts unfit for human habitation. Their beds are the skins of wild animals. The winters are intensely cold, thermometer registering more than fifty degrees below zero.

Clad only in rags, many of them die of consumption. Their food is bannocks and what fish or wild animals they can secure. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose work is to evangelize the abandoned, are the heroic missionaries who volunteer to live among these people in a country made almost unbearable by the extremes of heat and cold.

In summer myriads of flies and of mosquitoes pursue the traveler. They seem to mark the last drop of blood.

The priests travel from camp to camp and sleep in the snow under a blanket or skin, through which the intense cold penetrates, the falling snow often covering them to a depth of three or four inches.

One priest from Regina was found frozen to death.

They have had many escapes from drowning.

Recently there died the Rev. Father Paquette, O. M. I., who had been among the Crees for thirty years. His district comprised 165 square miles. His death at the age of fifty-five years was the result of hardship and of starvation, his stomach having shrunk from want of food.

Here is only one of his experiences: Called to visit a dying Cree in a distant camp he brought with him a young man of the tribe whom he wrapped up in skins and placed in the wagon at his feet, lashing themselves with willow branches to keep from freezing, they rushed on facing a fierce north wind.

They reached the hovel, which was only a few feet square in size, as they were on the point of dropping from fatigue and cold. The father had only one pair of woollen mittens, which he loaned from time to time to the young Cree.

The priest's eyes were so swollen and burning from the wind that he could not read his breviary this reading he replaced by reciting three Rosaries.

"In that cabin," he wrote, "where there was only a little corn to eat, there reigned a peace and a love of God which repaid me for my journey. I gave the sick man the sacraments. It was pathetic but grand to see how all the people in the neighborhood came to the hovel at midnight to assist with the greatest devotion, at the holy sacrifice of the Mass the following morning."

The Oblate's life is very severe. He has to live in great poverty, to do his own housework, his cooking and washing. Often he has to go to bed hungry.

He will share his scanty food with the people who look up to him as to a father. The want of congenial companionship is one of his greatest trials, for an Oblate from the fact of his heroic self-sacrifice, is a man of a fine sensitive nature. It is no uncommon sight to see the Crees reduced to the extremity of eating the decayed flesh of a horse, prairie squirrels and cross.

They will even proffer some of it to the Oblates. The priests will accept it with thanks, rather than offend the poor people.

The Oblates have performed wonders in spreading the Catholic religion among the Crees. Where there were many pagans a few years ago, there are now pious and devoted Catholics who will travel hundreds of miles in winter to attend Mass, and to receive the sacraments. During the journey the women carry the babies on their backs, and all sleep under the snow in order to reach the mission in time. The good priest then gives them what clothing he has received from friends. When the supply which is a sadly small one, gives out, he cheers them by a promise of more when the next box arrives.

It is terribly discouraging for a priest to preach to a ragged, hungry congregation. He can speak of charity to them but he must call on the treasury of Catholic hearts to prove that there is something substantial in it.

The Bishop has an industrial school at Duck Lake in which there are 100 children, whom he feeds, clothes and teaches. His hopes lie in educating the young and in raising them above the degraded level of their parents. The boys are taught farming and useful employments and the girls housework sewing and other useful things. There is a debt of \$20,000 on this school. This is an enormous sum in the eyes of the poor Bishop.—New World.

FINAL IMPENITENCE.

The last of the six sins against the Holy Ghost to attract our consideration is that of final impenitence. Viewed in its bearing upon the soul it is, indeed, of supremest importance that we do not become one of its victims. And this because an awful eternity awaits those who die under its dreadful stain.

Those are guilty of it who die impenitent, that is without confession, on contrition for their sins. The Sacraments of baptism and penance were instituted by our Lord for the forgiveness of sin. After the reception of the first, all sins committed may be remitted by the latter. But there must be repentance, for there can be no forgiveness without it. To obtain eternal happiness we must receive pardon for our sins. But pardon without repentance is impossible. Therefore, heaven is closed against those who die impenitent.

In the words of Isaiah, chapter 28, verse 15, all such proclaim by their action: "We have entered into a league with death; and we have made a covenant with hell." And it is a covenant that will not be violated. The Holy Ghost inspires all to repentance. Final impenitence, therefore, is a sin against the Holy Ghost because



it opposes the grace of the Holy Ghost, through which all are to be saved.—Church Progress.

"The Life Was In Him."

Daniel O'Connell once unravelled a queer plot in a will case. Witness after witness swore that they saw the document duly executed. At last a constantly reiterated expression caught the lawyer's attention, "The life was in him," over and over repeated. "By the virtue of your oath, was he alive?" he asked one witness.

"By the virtue of my oath, the life was in him," he was answered. Then O'Connell turned to the man and very slowly and very solemnly said: "Now I call upon you, in the presence of your Maker, who will some day pass sentence upon you for this evidence—I solemnly ask you—and you answer for your peril—was not there a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the will?" Cornered and pale with fear, the witness confessed that this had actually happened.

SUFFERING WOMEN.

FIND HEALTH AND STRENGTH IN DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a most marvellous medicine," says Mrs. Louis Turcott, 665 Papineau street, Montreal. "They restored me to health and strength, when I was in a most hopeless condition, and almost a few years ago, when I passed through a severe illness, from which I did not regain my accustomed health and strength, though I had the very best of care and treatment. I seemed to grow weaker every day. I was pale and emaciated, had no appetite, could hardly go about, and found my life almost a burden. It seemed as though my nerves seemed completely shattered. All the time I was under medical treatment, but with no apparent benefit. One day a friend who called to see me, brought me some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked me to take them. I did so, and after a couple of weeks I found my appetite improving, and took this as a sign that the pills were helping me, and I got another supply. In a few weeks more the changes in my appearance and condition were marvellous, and friends who dropped in to see me, hardly thought I was the same person. It was not much longer until I was completely cured; in fact felt better than I have done for years before. I am, therefore, very happy to make known to all ailing women the fact that they can find new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mrs. Turcott's experience with this medicine is the same as thousands of others. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest cure for ailments due to poor blood. All the weakness of anemia; all the distress of indigestion; all pains and aches of neuralgia, sciatica and rheumatism; all the misery and ill-health that women suffer from time to time, come from bad blood. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these troubles, because they actually make new, rich, health giving blood. They don't act upon the bowels, they don't bother with more symptoms; they go right to the root of the trouble and cure it through the blood. But you must get the genuine—substitutes and imitations never cured anyone. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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