

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. THE YOUNG MAN.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES EQUAL THOSE OF OLDER MEN.

Addressing the thirty second annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, which was held recently in New York, the President, Rev. Walter J. Shanley, of Danbury, Conn., spoke as follows:

The distinction between the young man's responsibility and that of any other man is not marked, nor is the difference wide.

The young man has, however, a distinctive responsibility, which has its reason in his obligation to form, early in life, habits which will mould his character, and have a bearing on his future conduct.

Generosity, courage and energy are dispositions which ought to be brought into exercise by the young man in order to faithfully discharge his responsibility to society and to himself.

The dominant principle of Christian society is, "No man is intended to live for himself." If one has the true spirit of generosity, he will, in some measure, live for others, and live for himself in order the more effectively to live for his fellow-men.

True, sterling generosity is not for ego to courage. The young man should be a man. He is no longer a child. He should not think as a child, understand as a child, nor speak as a child.

The world admires men who are called great, who have achieved distinction by some heroic act, or exceptional success, which has subdued the popular mind and compelled applause, but who in private life are veritable slaves to passion.

The history of mankind has proved that self-control will succeed with one talent, while self-indulgence will fail with ten.

Energy is the necessary accompaniment of courage in the development of character. Man naturally dislikes exertion. His tendency is downward. He seeks the easiest way.

"Excelsior is any department," said Dr. Johnson, "can be obtained only by the labor of a life-time; it is not to be purchased at any lesser price."

Michael Angelo said of Raphael: "One of the sweetest souls that ever breathed, he owed more to his industry than to his genius."

All unconsciously, each of the two showed plainly a dominant trait in her character. One enjoyed and would appreciate to her own enjoyment and use exclusively the blossom beside the path.

The girl who makes friends where, ever she goes is delightful. She comes into a room like a sea breeze, fresh, laughing, unobtrusive, right and left with happy impartiality.

Man is inclined to try the path of least resistance, the easiest, the easiest road. There is no growth, no development without resistance and conflict.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Cardinal Gibbons to the Children.

On a recent Sunday Cardinal Gibbons preached to the children in Baltimore. We hope our boys and girls will read carefully the following beautiful extract from the discourse.

The words of St. Paul may apply to you; you are the temple of the living God, and the spirit of God dwelleth within you.

There are certain marks and certain signs by which we can ascertain with an almost infallible assurance whether or not we possess the Spirit of God.

As we know the tree by its fruit—so we know the presence of the Holy Spirit by His operation within us.

As we know the tree by its fruit—so we know the presence of the Holy Spirit by His operation within us. Now, children, the Spirit of God is first of all the spirit of prayer.

Again, children, the Spirit of God is a spirit of love. It is a sign that you have the Holy Spirit within you. You shall love God with your whole heart and soul and your neighbor as yourself.

Again, children, the Spirit of God is a spirit of courage. Remember, that the Spirit of God is the Spirit of temperance. I propose to give the pledge to the boys to-day.

Thinking of Others. A wild flower bloomed beside a woodland. Two who passed that way saw the shy, sweet blossom at the same instant.

"Oh, you little wild darling, you are mine by right of discovery," cried one. "I must have you to put on my desk and draw inspiration from you all day long," and she stooped to pluck the flower.

The other laid a quick, gently-restraining hand upon her outstretched arm. "No, please leave it where it is. We have enjoyed it; gained inspiration from it, if you will. Perhaps someone else will come this way who will enjoy it too—who needs its beauty and inspiration even more than we," she said.

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self. She does not retail gossip, though, and she does not know how to be spiteful, or sarcastic, or bitter, and she never exaggerates to produce an impression.

She knows how to be clever and funny without being unkind, or untruthful, or coarse. She likes everybody, not considering it is her duty to suspect anyone of evil until they have been proved good.

She prefers to consider the world good and honest until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along, for she has friends everywhere. Her heart is big enough to contain every body, and she never forgets her friends or is forgotten by them.—Church Progress.

On the Sunny Side. Thad and Helen were on their way downtown, and their way lay along the side of an athletic field shut in by a very high board fence.

There is a sunny side to almost everything, if we take the trouble to look for it. Don't pick your way through the damp and chill, but get into the sunshine. "Keep on the sunny side!"—Catholic News.

GOOD BOOKS.

"Circulate as much as you can" good books among your friends and acquaintances," advises the *Pastor's Calendar*. "A good book can penetrate every nook and corner of the priest's mind, and is received even by evil persons as a souvenir or present. A good book does not blush; if neglected it is not annoyed; when read it teaches truth calmly; if despised it does not complain; and at times leaves a remorse which may kindle a desire of knowing the truth it is always ready to teach."

At the recent Conference of the Catholic Truth Society in England, Father Maturin speaking on "The Reunion of Christendom" illustrated as follows the absurdity of the Anglican suggestion of an "appeal to a general council of the whole of Christendom."

ROUEN CATHEDRAL GRANDEST IN THE WORLD.

By Wm. E. Curtis in The Chicago Record Herald.

Rouen, France, Sept. 18.—The cathedral at Rouen has been declared to be the finest example in existence of pure pointed Gothic architecture. Raskin says: "It is the highest water mark of Gothic tracery." Its architecture is "frozen music," as some fanatical person has said; we might compare it to the Wagner trilogy of operas, but another church in Rouen, called St. Ouen's, is even more beautiful, more delicate and graceful, and we might compare that to a Beethoven symphony.

Like every other great temple of worship in France, the founding of this wonderful cathedral is attributed to Charlemagne when he came here in the year 769 to celebrate Easter. No doubt he assisted in its building, because he left it a legacy in his will in gratitude for the patriotism of the townspeople who repulsed him twenty-eight ships to fight his enemies.

Nor is this the only beautiful Gothic temple whose designer, in France. These were great architects in those days, and while it is not fair to say that architecture is a lost art, it is certainly true that no such piles have been raised within the last four centuries.

It is generally believed that the designs were made by a monk, and he must have been an artist of extraordinary genius. But where did he get his knowledge of engineering; where were his hands and his eyes trained to do this work? There were no schools of architecture or beaux arts in those days.

After the fall of Athens there was no place where a man could learn or acquire the technical knowledge, the refinement and the taste that were necessary to produce these jewels of architecture. It is just the same in England, however, in France. The middle ages produced the greatest soldiers, the greatest architects, the greatest theologians, the greatest poets and dramatists in the whole history of the world.

Architectural genius does not seem to have been confined to any part of Europe. The castles and palaces and cathedrals of Germany, Italy, France, Spain, England, all testify to this fact. The colleges at Oxford—the finest assemblage of Gothic architecture in the universe—are the work of medieval artists.

I am not going to describe the cathedral of Rouen. Such a thing is impossible. It is only necessary to repeat what I have already said, that it is incomparable. You would be interested in knowing that the architect was a

man of rather gross humor, whether he was a monk or a layman, a saint or sinner, for along with the statues of the apostles, figures of saints and angels, and statues of faith, charity, temperance, prudence, justice, and other virtues, he threw in many grotesque and funny characters which seem to endure longer than the religious emblems. The entire surface of the church, inside and out, is covered with the most elaborate carvings in stone, which are so finely wrought and so much in detail that it would seem as if it must have taken all the sculptors in the world all the days of their lives to chisel them.

A REMINISCENCE OF PIUS IX.

A young freethinker—he called him self a freethinker—once accompanied some Catholic friends to an audience with the beloved predecessor of the late Pius IX. Every other member of the party solicited some spiritual favor, but this youth preserved a sullen silence. Finally Pius IX. turned to him, saying:

"And you, my son—have you nothing to ask me?" "Nothing, Your Holiness."

"Are you sure? Nothing whatsoever?" "Nothing."

"Is your father still alive?" "Yes, Your Holiness."

"And your mother?" "My mother is dead."

"Well, then, my child, if you have nothing to ask me, I have something to ask of you."

The young disciple of Voltaire looked at the Sovereign Pontiff in open-eyed astonishment.

"My son," continued the Holy Father, "I beg of you to do me the favor of reciting an 'Our Father' and a 'Hail Mary' for the repose of your mother's soul."

His Holiness knelt down; so did the young man, and when he arose tears stood in his eyes. The gentleness of the kindly old Pope and the remembrance of his mother had quite overcome the freethinker's indifference; and as he left the audience chamber he was sobbing like a child.

ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

At the recent Conference of the Catholic Truth Society in England, Father Maturin speaking on "The Reunion of Christendom" illustrated as follows the absurdity of the Anglican suggestion of an "appeal to a general council of the whole of Christendom."

As soon as the Anglican Bishops entered the Council at St. Peter's the question would be asked, were they to sit in the Council or not. Not a Roman Catholic Bishop would sit with them until the question of their orders was decided, and did those who belonged to the Church of England think that the Anglican Episcopate would wait for the decision of the General Council they



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