

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

VACATION DAYS WITH A PURPOSE

Let us put vacation to good use by means of recreation for ourselves and of good example of the Christian life given to all with whom we come in contact this summer.

The vacation days of 1918 are upon us. Let us resolve this summer to get more out of them than we ever have before. Like the bee, let us gather honey from every available source and store it up for winter use. By the way, have you noticed how that determined, aggressive little fellow, whose name has become synonymous with industry, visits not only the blossom which offers its sweets to him but also those which are less hospitable and from which he wrests the honey after a struggle? Perhaps in the bee world, as well as in our own, the things that are hardest to get are best worth having.

What a contrast between the efforts of the bee and those of the butterfly! The latter dips here and there into the sweets of life, flitting from one to another, satisfying the desire of the moment and then, after this ephemeral existence, dies. Shall we be bees or butterflies?

If bees, here are some of the blossoms we may call which will yield that which is not only sweet to the taste, but which, digested and assimilated, will prove to be "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."

First, let us get a better idea of what self-surrender means. If we make that the cornerstone of our lives the rest of the building is comparatively easy. "I am come down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me," was the controlling principle of the one complete and perfect life in the history of the world.

Enthusiasm comes next. What a beautiful origin the word has! "To be inspired or possessed by a god" it means to the Greek. It is the divine impulse within which lightens every task; which makes His "yoke easy," and His "burden light." If we have this impulse within us we shall say with Him, "We must do the works of him that sent me, while it is day."

Next comes a sense of personal responsibility in the great work of extending His kingdom on earth.

Vigilance! How essential an element it is to strong Christian character! How insidiously the tempter approaches us through those same three avenues by which he has always attacked the citadel of man's soul: "The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life." Indeed, we need to say each day, "My soul, be on thy guard."

Incentive. Another word with an interesting history! Literally it means "that which sets the tune," the keynote. The keynote of His life was to do the Father's will. What shall our be?

Courage. We shall need that, too, and lots of it, for discouragements await us on every hand; but to us He says as to Joshua of old, "Be strong and of good courage," for, "I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

If we succeed in storing up these six elements essential to Christian Life, the seventh will be assured. Endurance. Not in the sense of "putting up with," but of holding steady, pressing on toward the prize running with patience the race that is set before us.

Arrange in order the initial letters of these seven elements and you will find that they spell the sum total of the purpose of each life given to Christ. What is it?—Catholic Columbian.

ON SAVING MONEY

Saving money means that you set aside so much a day, a week or a month from your regular earnings.

In other words, in order to save money, you must spend less than you make.

How you are to do this, and how much you can save, is a matter of individual choice, or individual circumstances.

We will assume that you realize the importance of saving and want to save. This naturally suggests the savings bank, the trust company or other bank, paying interest on monthly or quarterly balances as the place in which to deposit your savings.

And you select one of these banks for three reasons:

First. Because you have an incentive to save by making a regular weekly deposit.

Second. Because the bank holds your savings and you have no temptation to spend the money as you would have if you were carrying it around in your pocket, and

Third. You receive interest on your deposits.

Through custom and through advertising these banks have become the recognized places in which to place savings and surplus money.

"It is all right to put money into savings banks. But after your account shows from \$100 to \$500," says financier, "you would do well to invest it in stocks, or bonds, or other productive investments that will bring you in more than 3 or 4 per cent a year."

"Banks are all right for children and for beginners in finance; but for people who want their full share of what their money will earn, investments can be made, under skillful advice, that will bring in from 4 to 6 or more per cent."

This feature of frugality every young man can consider for himself, especially after he has accumulated several hundred dollars. Up to that

time, the savings bank or the prudently conducted building and loan society will prove to be an excellent friend.

Save to-day and let the question of investment wait until to-morrow.—Syracuse Sun.

OUR INFLUENCE

Every follower of Christ is a debtor to his fellow-Christians to do his utmost to lead a blameless life in all things. An example of fidelity to one's faith and profession of Christian discipleship is not only a thing of moral and religious beauty, but is an unending stimulus to the faith life of others. The upright man, the man of unbending integrity and purpose, the man of spiritual fervor and power, and of clean hands, chaste words, and who shuns even the appearance of evil, wields a most salutary influence over others, and makes it easier for them to do right and to hold fast that which is good.

No man liveth to himself only. Every one is either helpful to others in their Christian endeavor, purposes and desires, or becomes a stumbling block in their pathway. If the influence of one's life is not helpful, then it must be hurtful. This is just as true of negative influence as of the positive type. This fact adds to the seriousness of life itself. No one can set bounds to his influence. This is an encouraging thought when it concerns good influence, but fills one with fear and trembling at the thought of the terrible effects of the evil of men's lives. That thought alone should stimulate every one of us into studious carefulness of our words and doings. To think that something we do or say might prove a stumbling block in the way of another, or that it might turn the feet of another in an evil direction, should be sufficient to make one tremble for the seriousness of life itself.

There is no escape from the responsibility of the influence of our lives upon the lives of others. We are helpers or hinderers. There is no neutral ground. We are debtors for the help that has come to us from others, and owe all men an example of strictest fidelity to the faith which we profess.—True Voice.

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES

Some of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper, or, rather, get it; for when men are "surcharged" with temper they are said to have lost it, and you justify yourself by being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us banish all of them, and think on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and of good report.—New World.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOY'S VOCATION

Many parents are wondering these summer days about their children who have finished school. The most serious thought is in regard to the future of the boy: what to do with him, where to send him, whether to send him to work or to allow him to pursue his education further with reference to taking up a learned profession. It is a serious time for parents, so much depends upon their decision.

There is one thought that we would like to suggest to them for their reflection and their prayers. It is the thought of a possible vocation of their boy for the religious life. To many parents this is a new thought. They never trouble about the choice of a state in life for their children. They may be very much concerned about the line of business in which to start them, the possibility of advancement in material things, but it never once enters their mind that there is something of greater importance to the child than a well paying job. They give no heed to the suggestion that their boy, for instance, may have a vocation to the religious life, whether as priest or as a brother. And giving no heed to the thought, they talk the matter over with the boy himself, with the consequence that what might have flourished as a vocation was nipped in the bud by lack of interest or by downright opposition. The boy himself may be waiting for an opening; he may have strong inclination toward the religious life, yet not be sure of himself. In many cases it seems extraordinary to him,

something so far beyond his dearest hopes that he is almost afraid of the very thought. He gets no encouragement; he hears plans discussed at home as to his future advancement. No one asks him if he would like to be a priest or a brother. And as no one thinks that he has a vocation he begins to think after a while that what he believed to be a strong inclination to one was only a boyish dream, the reality of which he alone believed.

How many more priests and brothers we would have to-day in the Church if an encouraging word had been spoken in the beginning, if it had been given to a boy to understand by his parents that it is quite possible that he was destined for the service of the Church, and that if he felt so inclined every positive help would be given him to follow his ideal and no obstacles would be put in his way. And just for the want of that encouraging word, which would in so many cases be all but decisive, many a youth has reluctantly put aside his spiritual ambitions.

Parents do not say enough to their children about the religious life; neither do they pray enough that God may call their children to serve him in his special manner. Indeed, we are treated to the spectacle so often where if a boy or girl—and it is so more often in regard to the girl—gives expression to the wish to enter some religious community, this exposition of soul is met with distrust, supreme contempt and positive hindrance. It is a poor service to a child to tend to all his material wants and then to interfere in the thing that means his happiness here, and perhaps hereafter.

We need many more vocations; many priests, many nuns, many brothers to do the work of the Lord. We may well trust that God will supply the vocation; but it is a great part of the parents' duty to co-operate with the call of God, and by their prayers and their suggestions to keep the hearts of their children open to that call, and so during these days particularly the Christian mother will find plenty of food for thought in the question whether or not she has done all that she could do in helping her boy and her girl, too, to find the place in life for which God has meant them.—Boston Pilot.

SHOWED HIS FAITH

A police officer boarded the train in a small Maine town one day last week, and found a prisoner whom he was taking to the jail at the county seat. A young farmer followed them into the car and took the opposite seat. Undaunted by the officer's stern face and brass buttons, the young man engaged cheerfully in conversation.

"Nice day," he remarked.

The officer grunted, and that was all.

"I see the Giants won yesterday," went on the young man.

The policeman said "yes" and became silent.

"I'm on my way to Boston to see a couple of those games," the young fellow continued, confidentially. "I suppose that is the greatest baseball that's ever been played. I've always wanted to see some first rate baseball games; professional, you know. I'm something of a player myself, and I surely do enjoy the game."

The officer had nothing to say, and looked uninterested.

"You see, I used to go to school with one of the fellows that's catching for the Red Sox—known him all my life. He's a great player. There isn't any better man behind the bat in the country."

The young man spoke with evident pride, but the officer was unresponsive. Despairing of making any progress with baseball as a topic, the young farmer turned his attention to the prisoner and asked the policeman, "where he was going with that chap."

The officer replied that the man had committed a misdemeanor, and as he was unable to pay the fine imposed by the court, would have to serve a short term in jail.

"Honest, officer, do you mean to say that he has to go to jail just because he hasn't got \$10?" asked the young farmer. The other assured him that such was the fact.

"May I talk with him a minute?" "Yes."

After a short whispered conversation with the prisoner, the baseball enthusiast turned again to the officer.

"He says if I'll pay his fine he'll send me the money just as soon as he can earn it. He's a stranger to me, but I'm going to risk it. Can he go free now if I pay you?"

"As soon as I take him to the

recorder's office and pay over the money."

"Well, here's the \$10."

The officer and his former prisoner lost no time in leaving the train, but as they turned to leave the station the policeman was surprised to see the farmer standing near him on the station platform.

"Better go aboard if you are going to Boston; the train will start in a moment," he said. The modern Samaritan smiled cheerfully.

"I'm going back home, officer. You see, I haven't got quite enough money now to make that trip; but I guess next year will do just as well."

—The Youth's Companion.

LITTLE JOHN'S ESCORT

John Murphy, a cripple, is probably the first little boy in all the world who has been accorded the honor of having a uniformed mounted police officer specially detailed by the chief of police of one of the big cities to carry him home horseback night after night after the completion of his day's work, writes a San Francisco correspondent of the New York Times.

The story of John Murphy is quite extraordinary. John is twelve years old, and lives at 629 Victoria street, which is on top of the hill about a mile from the car line in Ocean View. John has sold gum at Fifth and Market streets for several months. He has one bad leg, and he gets around on crutches.

About the first night that John got off the car, six months ago, he saw a big mounted policeman seated on his horse looking at the people get off the car in Ocean View. This policeman was August G. Harry, and he said to little John:

"Where are you going my son?"

"To the top of the hill over there," replied John.

"What, on those crutches and up that dusty, rocky road?"

"Yes sir," answered little John, respectfully.

"I'll give you a lift," said Harry. Whereupon he swung the frail little chap to the saddle, and thus carried him horseback up the hill to his home.

Recently an order issued out of the chief's office, and this order transferred Mounted Policeman Harry to another part of the city. Therefore, when Wednesday night came and John got off the car there was no mounted officer to meet him. He was obliged to climb up the hill, and he was a very tired boy that night.

Thursday night came and Friday, and still no mounted policeman. Then little John learned that a strange mounted officer was detailed at Ocean View.

John decided he would find out why his big friend was sent away. He went first to Captain Kelly, who referred him to Chief of Police White. Yesterday little John appeared before Chief White in the latter's office in the Hall of Justice. He told Chief White all about his friend Harry.

"I cannot make any more transfers out there at the present time," said Chief White, gravely, after listening to the story of the little lame boy, "but I will have this matter attended to right away."

Then Chief White took up his desk phone and asked Central to give him the Ingleside Station. "Is this Captain Kelly?" asked the Chief, while John's eyes grew wide with attention.

"Say, captain have a mounted man to go to the View at 7 o'clock every night after this and take little John Murphy from the street car up to his home on the hill. If the boy is not there at 7 o'clock, have the officer wait for him."

"All right," said Captain Kelly.

"THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY"

Mrs. Wharton is contributing to Scribner's Magazine a serial which is exciting considerable discussion. The central figure of the story is an attractive-looking young woman whose only ambition is social success and whose sole occupation is spending money on self-indulgence. When her well-born but impecunious husband cannot provide her with the sums she has been accustomed to wheedle out of her overworked father, she accepts the attentions of a wealthy married man of her own rank, divorces her husband, and abandons her baby without regret.

After had not its coming robbed her of a year's "life"—and waits impatiently for her rich lover to secure a legal separation from his wife.

This is a faithful portrait, we are told, of a type of woman familiar in America to-day. For it is now "the custom of the country" for men to toil and scheme incessantly in order that their feminine kin may pass selfish, useless lives, spending money lavishly in the pursuit of pleasure, and it is only "the custom of the country" for these women to break

compactly any ties, however sacred, that would put just limits to this heartless self-indulgence. The picture, let us hope, is overdrawn. It must be owned, nevertheless, that there can be read in the daily papers much that seems to prove such scandalous doings are rapidly becoming "the custom of the country."

It is "the divorces, extravagances and excesses, of our best society," of course, that provide much of the "copy" for the papers. But whatever is done by the wealthy, the prominent or the fashionable is slavishly imitated, according to their "lean and low ability," by those in less exalted social circles.

Just what percentage of the 100,000 divorces granted last year in the United States took place in "high



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life "we have no means of knowing. But it is safe to say that a good proportion of the remainder would not have been sought for, had not our "best society" set the example, had not a sensational press shown in detail with what fatal readiness the marriage bond could be severed, and had not "public opinion," far from being outraged, smiled approval and thought as highly as ever of the offending parties. For in America, as all the world is aware, "every man is as good as his neighbor." Then why should not Jack and Jill, if so inclined, do whatever Mr. and Mrs. Bullion have shown to be the custom of the country?"—America.

In Canada there is an agitation amongst a small number of non-Catholics to have divorce courts established which would in due time bring about conditions somewhat similar to those now existing in the United States.—Editor RECORD.

STREET PREACHING

Remarkable scenes were witnessed in the old market town of Malton in the course of the mission which has been conducted there by Father Power, S. J., of Edinburgh. On the opening day of the mission the entire congregation, accompanied by their pastor, Father D'Hooghe, walked in procession to the market place, reciting the rosary and singing hymns. Arrived there, the missionary set forth his errand to Catholic and non-Catholic alike in a stirring address, the immediate effect of which was seen in the large attendances at the nightly services.

During the week Father Power traversed the town and outlying hamlets, inviting all to "come to the mission." On Sunday there was again a procession to the market place, where, from an improvised platform, Father Power answered the queries which had been placed in the Question Box. There followed an exposition of the Catholic Church's teaching, especially in regard to the question of infallibility, which the missionary set forth so clearly, and with such persuasive logic, that his words must have made a lasting impression upon all the thoughtful non-Catholics present—and there were many. The public renewal of baptismal vows was a striking close to a gathering memorable in many respects.—London Catholic Times.

LUCRE WINS

Notwithstanding the veto of the College of Bishops of the Methodist Church, South, on Carnegie's gift of \$1,000,000 to the Vanderbilt University, the Board of Trustees of that institution have agreed to accept the proffered sum. They virtually have closed a bargain with Carnegie which amounts to this: We are willing to sacrifice the religious interests of the Methodist Church in return for a \$1,000,000. The Nashville Christian Advocate, a Methodist organ, indirectly arraigns the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University when it says:

"There are many people in the world and some * * * in the Church who find it as difficult to justify the refusal of a dollar, especially of a \$1,000,000, as to square the circle." Evidently the people here referred to are represented on the Board of Trustees, who by their acceptance of Carnegie's money have declared that religion should give the right of way to filthy lucre. The species of disloyalty to their Church, of which these representative Methodists have been guilty, is thus described by the Nashville Christian Advocate: "She (the Methodist Church) has no apology to make for refusing that whose acceptance would not only mean the impairment, if not the destruction of what is her own, but would besmirch her honor, cripple her energies and rob her of her God-given functions."

We take it for granted that the ac-

ceptance of Carnegie's money by the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University closes an incident that teaches a lesson. It was a test of the religious strength of the dollar and of the religious sentiment of one of the Protestant sects. The dollar has carried the day. The College of Bishops of the Methodist Church, South, to their credit be it spoken, made a good fight for principle. But they have been beaten. What the Roman poet has called "the accursed thirst for gold" was too much for them. In one sense, however, they have met with a measure of success, in so far as they have focused the attention not only of Methodists but of all their Christian countrymen upon the attempt to prostitute our educational institutions to the service of Agnosticism.

That is the meaning of the victory of that \$1,000,000 flaunted in the faces of the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University. "The agnostic steel-monger," Bishop Candler's characterization of Carnegie, has had his way. He began his campaign against Christian education by establishing an old age pension fund for college professors, who are to be recipients of his bounty on condition that they have never been in the service of educational institutions under either Catholic or Protestant auspices. That was the beginning of his campaign for de-Christianizing American education. He supplemented this initial movement by planking down a \$1,000,000 as a direct bribe to the Methodist Church.

It is the first time in the history of the United States that an individual has so flagrantly affronted one of the Protestant Churches by assuming that it is in his power to induce it to abandon its principles in return for cash paid. It is a sample of what Carnegieism stands for. Carnegieism should be held up to public scorn in the interest of Christian civilization, which is so intimately bound up with Christian education.—Freeman's Journal.

EMPTY CHURCHES

A few weeks ago we had occasion to comment on the numerical weakness of American Presbyterians as shown by the thousands of empty pulpits and empty churches. The falling off in the number of adherents, it seems, is not confined to America. The recent report on statistics submitted to the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland disclosed for the first time in living memory an actual decrease in church membership. What is still more ominous, perhaps, is the steady fall in the number of theological students at the United Free Church Colleges.

The London Universe calls attention to an equally menacing condition of the dissenting bodies in Great Britain, where, if the present rate of decline continues, Nonconformity will be only a memory in 1950. In 1907 the aggregate membership of the Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist and Wesleyan Methodist denominations in England and Wales (as given by a Nonconformist in a recent issue of the Morning Post) was 1,713,674. In 1912 this total had declined by 51,205, an average yearly loss of more than 10,000. In the same period the decline in Sunday school attendance was 98,788.

A curious state of affairs is shown in the returns of the Primitive Methodists. In 1900 they had 606,477 "hearers" in 4,250 chapels, and in 1912, though adding 650 to their number of chapels, the increase in

their number of hearers was only 213. The explanation of this anomaly is simple enough. While there is plenty of money for the building of churches and chapels, there is a woeful desideratum of the timber needed to construct and strengthen spiritual edifices, without which the material edifice is but a hollow mockery. No less than 2,500 new churches were built by Nonconformists during the first decade of the century, providing 1,000,000 additional sittings at a total expenditure of about \$50,000,000 yet side by side with this remarkable material expansion, the record of church membership shows a rapid and persistent spiritual decline. "Indifferentism and irreligion," says the Universe, "are creeping over the nation like a blight. The Church has no greater enemies. Every recruit to this vast army but hastens the day when all who profess definite Christianity will be within the fold of the Catholic Church."—America.

THE CHURCH AND THE CROSS

The Catholic Church has always been true to the Cross of Christ. She uses that Sacred Sign over and over again in her ceremonies. Inside and outside her temples of worship, her places of education, her convents, monasteries and hospitals, the Cross of Christ is ever seen. Even before her children are able to reason they are taught to make upon themselves the Sign of the Cross. It is her constant affirmation of belief in the Trinity and in man's salvation by means of Christ's suffering and death. Some members of the Protestant churches are now regretting that their fathers, out of opposition to Catholics, gave up their reverence for the cross. The Northwest Christian Advocate regrets, in a recent editorial, that Protestantism has so measurably relinquished the Cross. "Upon the few spires left in Protestantism to-day," says this Methodist paper, "there seems to be a studied attempt to eschew that symbol in favor of the weathervane."

But is not the fickle weathervane a more appropriate symbol than the steadfast and unchanging cross for churches which change their creed at every shifting wind of doctrine? The Catholic Church in its fundamental beliefs is unchanged and unchangeable. She has the same belief now in Christ and His Cross that she had in the beginning. She does not attempt to whittle down the faith delivered to the saints. She is not and never has been ashamed of the Cross. Through all the past ages of her career it has been her well-beloved standard, and she will bear it proudly until the end of time.—Sacred Heart Review.

Oh, that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this?—Cardinal Newman.

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