

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Fun is a Necessity. Most people have the impression that fun and humor are life incidentals, not necessities; that they are luxuries and have no great bearing upon one's career.

Many think of fun as frivolous, indicating a lack of serious purpose in life. There are parents who want their children because they want to have fun and go in for a good time. These parents have yet to learn the great part which fun and humor play in the physical economy, and their influence on the life.

What a complete revolution in your whole physical and mental being comes after seeing a really funny play! You wear to the play tired, jaded, wornout, discouraged. All your mental faculties were clogged with brain ash; you could not think clearly. When you come home you were a new being.

A business man, on returning home after a perplexing, exhausting, exasperating day's work, experiences the same thing. Kneading and playing with the children, spending a jolly evening with his family or friends, telling stories and cracking jokes, rest his jaded nerves and restore him to his normal condition.

I have been as much refreshed by a good, hearty laugh, by listening to good, wholesome fun, stories, jokes—or by spending an evening with friends as having a good time, as by a long, sound night's sleep; and I look back upon such experiences as little vacations.

Anything that will make a man new, that will clear the cobwebs of discouragement from his brain, and drive away fear, care and worry is of practical value. It is the shrewdest kind of business policy to do what will recreate, refresh and rejuvenate one for the next day's work.

We should not look upon fun and humor as transitory things, but as solid, lasting, permanent influences on the whole character.

Why should not having a good time form a part of our life program? Why should this not enter into our great life plan? Why should we be serious and gloomy because we have to work for a living? Why not do it with joy and gladness? Why not sing at our work, as the sailors do?

Laughter is a good health-builder. Give me an employee who loves to laugh, who enjoys a joke, who always sees the ludicrous side of things! Laughter is a token of sanity. Abnormal people seldom laugh. It is as natural to want to laugh as it is a good time as it is to breathe. There is something wrong about a person who seldom laughs.

I know a man who rarely smiles; who looks disgusted when he sees any one convulsed with laughter. He is cold-blooded and selfish; he lacks tenderness, sensitiveness, delicacy and is very unpopular.

There is a moral influence in things which amuse and makes us enjoy life. None is ever spoiled by good humor; but tens of thousands have been made better by it. Fun is a food as necessary as bread.

Who can estimate the good men like Mark Twain have done the world, in helping to drive away care and sorrow, to lighten burdens, to take drudgery out of dreary occupations; to cheer the homeless and the lonely?

Any one who has brought relief to distressed souls, who has lifted the burden from saddened, sorrowing hearts has done as much as any one of those who have been civilization builders.

Does a Vacation Pay? What a difference there is in what two people bring home from a vacation! One comes back tired, disgusted, bored. He has spent his money and doesn't feel that he has much of anything in return. Another comes back all radiant with the riches which he has drunk in and absorbed during every moment of his vacation. He comes back rejuvenated, refreshed, inspired, a new creature with a new grip upon life.

The cobwebs, the brain ashes have been swept away from his jaded brain. He has been made over again. Life means more than ever before. His dimmed ideals have been brightened and sharpened, his ambition renewed. Ask him if a vacation pays, and he will ask you, in turn if it pays the grub to throw off its ugly shape and blossom out into a butterfly; if it pays a rosebud to open up its petals and fling out its fragrance and beauty to the world.

When you go into the country, make up your mind that you are going into God's great gallery of charm and beauty to enjoy yourself and to see what you can get out of it. Resolve that you will come home laden with riches that no money can buy; that you are going to extract from the landscape—from the mountains, the valleys, the fields, and the meadows—a wealth which does not inhere in the dollar.

Learn to drink in beauty and health at every pore? Try to realize that the flowers, the grass, the trees, the brooks, the hills—the charm and beauty everywhere—are God's smiles; that they are for him only who can appreciate them, who can respond to them, who can appropriate their messages. They can not be bought, they belong only to him who can enjoy them.

Many of our business men are beginning to see that frequent vacations are the best investments they can make; that nothing else pays them so well as keeping in tune, keeping fit for work. As a rule, the men who rarely take vacations—who think they can not be spared a few days, a month, or a year if necessary, from their offices, who think that everything would go to pieces if they should go on a long vacation or take a trip abroad, do not accomplish as much and do not keep in as good physical trim as those who combine play with their work, who work hard when they work and play hard when they play.

The men who are everlastingly grinding at their work, and who play very little, not only age much faster but also as a rule accomplish much less than those who take time for recreation, for rejuvenation.

The monotony and the strain of perpetual grinding tend to unbalance men. They become hidebound and rutty. Their mentally shrivels. They touch life at so low points that they become very narrow and uninteresting. All work and no play inevitably tends to make a man one-sided.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Honor Thy Father And Thy Mother. There is a touching story told of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Oxteter, and sell them from a stall in the market place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard-tolling father; so when he visited Oxteter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market place, at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Doctor Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it, in marble, on the doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their grave.

Dr. John Todd of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never forgot how, when his father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie, that "the druggist had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and he said to him: "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine." Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father on his return was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy: "Love God, and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

"Through all his after life, Doctor Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," means four things; all ways toward the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew of a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents that turned out well. God never blesses a willful boy.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and become a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his negro servant: "Bring back my trunk, I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterwards a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on that simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Little Acts of Kindness. A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl named Jeannette witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the Emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeannette was seated on the stand she saw a feeble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself:

"It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor my old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old."

Then she gave up her seat to the old woman and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courier of the Emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, and said:

"Little girl, His Majesty would be glad to see you in the royal box."

When the abashed child stood before the Emperor, he graciously said: "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side."

So God honors those who honor his servants, especially those who honor those who are aged and seemingly helpless disciples, whose earthly pilgrimages are nearly ended.

Between Ourselves. The girls who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-righteousness and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the best nature of others.

Most of us know girls who have appealed to us in this way. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the girl who perhaps never

makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency. And if there came a time of real stress when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should choose above all to go to this sweet girl, certain that we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position and difficulties and readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take.

Beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face and form and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unalloyed human goodness and sympathy.—True Voice.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

FEAST OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

It is with joy of fruition and of hope that Holy Mother Church celebrates the Feast of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. With all the love of her being, bowed in deep adoration before the tabernacle, she sends forth loud anthems of praise and thanksgiving. The Precious Blood of Jesus Christ!—Ah! who can fathom the true meaning of those sacred words? In them is contained the price of our redemption, and the cause and instrument of our salvation. In them is summed up all the love of God toward His children. Through their divine efficacy the shadows of death have been dispelled, and ignorance and sin have given way to light and justice. Poor fallen man, bound to earth by the chains of slavery and sin, through them has become the friend of God and the heir of eternal life. Truly indeed has the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ been our salvation. It has given efficacy to the Sacraments, those chosen gifts of God which purify our souls and make us worthy of eternal happiness. It is the brightness of the saints and the glory of heaven.

The eternal Father, angered by our many sins, through the saving power of our Lord's Precious Blood has commanded His grace to us and made us participators in His glory. The Precious Blood has conquered the world and sin, and we have been made the inheritors of the victory. In every act of Jesus' life the Precious Blood was shed for sin. First as the Divine Infant, He offered it for us to His Father. He bled the ground of Gethsemani on the night of His agony. It crimsoned the lashes, the pillar, the garments of the soldiers, and flowed on the pavement of the courtyard at the scourging. It marked every step of the way from Pilate's tribunal to Calvary. But most of all from the gibbet of the cross it emptied itself to the last drop from the lance-pierced side of the crucified Savior.

But how have we received this precious gift? Do we desire and long to share in its might, strength, and life? We love and honor the soldier, who goes to battle and sheds his blood for the preservation of his country, we transcribe his name on monuments of enduring brass and revere his memory on every suitable occasion. But the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed to preserve us from eternal death and to liberate us from the snare of sin, for it perhaps we have no love, no remembrance; alas! some have nothing but insult, blasphemy, and contradiction.

Christian soul, beware how you treat this Precious Blood! It was shed for you. It was your sins that caused it to gush from the wounds of Jesus. Without it you would have been consigned to an eternal doom. For, as says the Apostle, "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Just as our Lord did not consider the Divine justice satisfied until He had shed the last drop of His Precious Blood, so will He consider your participation and gratitude incomplete until you have been sanctified by frequent reception of it.

Jesus shed His Precious Blood because He loved us; and so great was that love that He wished to make it a daily act, hence He instituted the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass, in which His Precious Blood continually ascends to the Father in expiation of our sins. Let us then, dear brethren, become worthy of so great a prodigal a love. Let us adore His Precious Blood on this the day set apart for its honor and praise. Let us become more intimate with it by worthily receiving it frequently in the Blessed Eucharist. It is our only hope, our true friend. If we love and revere it now, our eternal welfare is assured. If we reject it, all is lost, and that blood, as for the first, "will fall upon us" but for our condemnation.

SCHISM THAT FAILED. VILLATTE'S ASSISTANT HAS MADE HIS PEACE WITH ROME. The Holy Office has just week published an official announcement that the priest, (Father Roussin) who for a few stormy weeks assisted "Archbishop" Villatte in the attempt to organize a schismatic conventicle in Paris has been received back into the Church after making due reparation. One almost forgets now that a French schism was ever attempted, so utter has been its failure.

And yet it is less than two years since the French anti-clerical newspapers were full of the impending movement which was to detach from Rome thousands of French priests and millions of French Catholics; since mysterious circulars were being sent to priests all over the country, papers were being subsidized by Briand and Clemenceau to foster the revolt and hints of possible defections even among the hierarchy were sedulously circulated, and even a few abortive associations outlines were formed in de-

Anyone who thinks of buying a piano should first see and hear a Gourelly piano. It may cost a little more than the one you had in mind, but it is very little to pay for such superiority as is evidenced in the Gourelly. Besides, the artistic sacrifice in buying a lower priced piano may be tremendous.

CANADA, FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

In the year 1608 the city of Quebec was founded by the Christian hero, Samuel de Champlain. In 1708, the first Bishop of Quebec, Francois de Montmorency Laval, passed to his reward. These two events are to be commemorated during the coming summer. The Casket of Antiquarian, N. S., tells us that it was the original intention to have the celebration, in its main features at least, French Canadian and Catholic. It was, doubtless, in this charac that the Archbishop of Quebec explained it to the Pope. For the letter which the Holy Father addressed to the Bishops of Canada on the subject, views the celebration entirely in this light. He wishes his voice to be heard in the general rejoicing, because the Church enjoys in Canada a greater liberty, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world—a liberty due to the courage and perseverance of its Catholic citizens on the one hand, and the justice of public policy or other. Moreover, Canada has shown a special loyalty to the person of the Vicar of Christ, notably when the French Canadian youth hastened to the defense of the Papal States.

Such was to be the character of the celebration as understood by Pius X. But the vicar General of Canada, inspired by motives of public policy or by a desire to make his administration in some way notable, proposed that the Quebec celebration should become an imperial affair and should commemorate not only the founding of the ancient capital and the death of Bishop Laval, but also the conquest of Canada by England.

This is rather an incongruous addition, and many Canadian papers have criticized it. The Casket, referring to this, says, however:

But, looking at the matter from a Catholic point of view, there is a congruity of the highest sort between the two elements of the celebration. To the English conquest of Canada we owe it that Quebec is not to day a city of the aboriginal French Republic with the work begun by Champlain and Laval unapproved as far as legislation could be the Union Jack floated from the citadel, we should see our religious turned out of the hospital and school to starve upon the streets or find a home in some foreign land, the name of God erased from our churches and our school books, our churches seized by the State and our use of them merely tolerated because there is yet no other use to which they can be put, the bells which called the faithful to the Holy Sacrifice melted down and cast into statuary to commemorate those who have most distinguished themselves by the blasphemy and obscenity of their writings. In a word, we owe it, in the Providence of God, to the English conquest of Canada that the work begun by Champlain and Laval goes on flourishing and prospering. And, therefore, there is for the Canadian Catholic the strongest possible link connecting the two elements of the coming celebration.

This is the note which Catholic writers and speakers should sound with trumpet tones on every possible occasion during the approaching festivities. Perhaps we shall be told that such a note will offend the ears of the representative of official France.

Let us only seek to show that official France should not be represented at Quebec. The men who boast that they have given Jesus Christ from every public institution in France do not represent the nation which sent Champlain and Laval to spread Christ's Kingdom beyond the Atlantic. The nation which sends spies upon the officers of the army, and refuses them their due promotion if they dare to go to Mass; the nation which denies its soldiers the sacraments of the dying in the military hospitals and Christian burial on the battlefield, is not the nation for which Montcalm and De La Rivé and their brave comrades fought and died on the Plains of Abraham and at Ste. Foye. The France of Champlain and Laval, of Montcalm and De La Rivé would be fittingly represented by the Archbishop of Rouen or Count Albert de Mun. But if Fathers or Clergymen or any of their plebeian crew should have the audacity to set foot on the soil we are halloved by the associations we are recalling we hope they will hear from eloquent French-Canadian lips and read from vigorous French Canadian pens such words as will make their ears tingle and their cheeks burn with shame, if such a thing be possible.—Sacred Heart Review.

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ANCE of the instructions of the Pope. To day the schism has absolutely collapsed, nobody knows or cares what has become of Villatte, people have forgotten even who Des Haux may be. The French churches are better attended by the Catholic faithful than they were two years ago, the people are beginning to contribute to the support of religion in a satisfactory way in a great many dioceses and the French hierarchy stands before the world as a magnificent example of Catholic unity and loyalty.—Church Progress.

IS THIS MEANT FOR ME? A story was told that at the Fourth Ecumenical Congress of the United States last October, by Father Elliott, O. S. P., a simple story with a moral that stings one, like a spear thrust into the question: "Is this meant for me?" This is the brief narrative:

It happened that a Catholic of education and prominence had a pious non-Catholic friend of a high Anglican church. After a good many years of close acquaintance, the Catholic, about to remove his residence, took leave of the Protestant, and, as if suddenly inspired by a bright idea, he exclaimed: "My dear fellow, why don't you join the Catholic Church?" After a painful pause, and looking his Catholic questioner full in the eyes, the Protestant answered: "Because you have never told me to."

Inside of a few months he was received into the Church. Because nobody tells them about Catholicity, and especially about its dearest treasure of both love and truth, Jesus in Mass and Communion, vast numbers of souls in America are living and dying deprived of the aids of salvation.—Sacred Heart Review.

A Methodist Missionary in Japan writes regarding his Gourelly piano: "It has now passed through all the changes of climate in Japan and is in fine order. You are to be congratulated on producing an instrument that will stand this climate. Others brought from America are terribly damaged and cracked by the climate."

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