

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

Bon voyage through the year, Through bright days and through dark— Courage and skill and strength of will, And a stout, wave-breasting barque. Bon voyage through all years— And may each new year be Beyond all range of chance or change, A laureled victory.

God's winds to waft you on, His sunlight on your eyes, And the voyage done, at set o' sun A port in His shining skies.

—ELEANOR ROGERS COX

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

It is a time-honored custom on New Year's Eve for friends to get together and ring out the Old Year whilst welcoming the New. The spell of the moment cannot be withstood by any one, except perhaps by those few who think that true enjoyment consists in wild carousal. Sober-minded men who realize that life is a serious business take pause at solemn and critical moments to consider the dangers and difficulties that lie in the road stretching out before them. "Making good resolutions" for the New Year has become an accepted phrase in our language, and a general practice on New Year's Day. It has, in fact, worked itself so intimately into our lives that we are frequently in danger of not making our resolutions seriously enough. They are only too often made in off-hand fashion, to be broken with little compunction.

To make the most of life should be for every one a sufficient spur and ideal. To make our lives noble is the last word of human philosophy. To make our lives holy, is the last word of Christianity. "Be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," expresses Christ's mission on earth better, perhaps, than any other phrase of His Will. And this injunction of the Master has been the most feared and most spiritual striving that has ever been planted in the heart of man. For the saints who have been used to the Church's altar were nothing else than men and women who tried to realize in their own lives the loftiest principles of moral living.

And saints are made, not born. It is because the saints while on earth wrestled with themselves and bowed down the barriers that the devil and the world threw in their way that we venerate them. We love them because they are heroes. We look up to them because they have shown by their own lives that the truths and moral principles of Christianity are realizable under all manner of conditions. They prove to us that real success in life—spiritual success—consists not in what we do but in the manner of our doing it. They prove to us that persistent grinding at the rough edges and corners of the human heart will finally make it a vessel of election fit to find repose in the home of Our Father in heaven.

If Christian heroism consists in unintermittent effort, then prudent, careful, cautious planning, or taking of good resolutions and living up to them, is of the highest importance. Sanctity is not haphazard striving. It is not a leap in the dark. It is not a hasty temporizing attitude toward "things that turn up." It consists in a careful examination of our weakness, an implicit trust in God's willingness to help us, and an iron determination to eradicate the flaws in our character and the weaknesses of our heart by the application of the moral principles of the Gospel Law.

Every man can be a saint, because God showers His graces upon all. But God does not wish us to squander them, or misapply them, or trifle with them. He expects us to make the best use of them, and we cannot use them without the play of our will. And the will must be set in motion by the making of good resolutions.

One or two—or, perhaps, three—very specific New Year's resolutions, sensible, realizable, that strike at the gravest flaws in our character, will be sufficient for any man during this year of grace, 1918. To keep two resolutions consistently for one year will make a hero of the weakest amongst us.—Rosary Magazine.

MAKE FRIENDS

Money is not everything. Love is the wine of life. The man who has the affection of many friends, is rich, even though he has little money. He is richer than those among the wealthy whose cold, repulsive natures drive hearts away from them. The ability to make people like us, is a wonderful gift. Some men possess it in a marvelous degree; they make friends without effort. But although comparatively few are thus gifted, it is possible for every one to develop the power in greater or less degree.

In balancing our accounts for the old year, and taking stock for the year ahead of us, let us not forget our friendship account. How does it stand? Is it a credit or a debit account?

The New Year is a good time to renew old friendships, to renew our vows of loyalty; to resolve not to gamble with our friendships, to take no chances of losing them, either through neglect or indifference, through misunderstandings, anger or a bad temper.

Not long ago a business man told

me he had not been back to his Alma Mater for more than a quarter of a century, and that he had no desire to go. Of course he hadn't, because he had become so absorbed in the great commercial game that he had no time to cultivate his friendships. He had lost his college spirit, and with it most of his old college friends. The most ardent and sacred friendships will soon die if not nourished by contact and association. They need these as flowers need sun and rain.

There is no compensation in the accumulation of money, or even in the making of fame for yourself, which will compensate you for sacrificing your friends, as so many do after they leave school.

How cold and unsympathetic is the life of the man who has managed to scrape together a great fortune, but who has lost his friends in the process. Of what use is a lot of money if you have sacrificed your friends in getting it? Does it pay to become a millionaire? Is there anything that enriches more, than a man's noble friendships? "When we let new friends into our lives," says David Grayson, "we become permanently enlarged, and marvel that we ever could have lived in a smaller world."

The chief ornaments of a home, after the spirit of faith and the spirit of love among its inmates, are the friends who frequent it.

Make friends. Make friends of the noble and the good. Make friends of those whose friendships will raise you in manhood, nobility, kindness, service and good will. Make friends of men of principle, of piety, of virile character, and from them draw some of the strong qualities that have won your admiration. Make friends of the right sort and rich. Be without friends worth having, and you will be poor though you had all the wealth in the world.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 25. — THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST, OR CHRISTMAS DAY

The world had subsisted about four thousand years when Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, having taken human flesh in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and being made man, was born of her, for the redemption of mankind, at Bethlehem of Judaea. Joseph and Mary had come up to Bethlehem to be enrolled, and unable to find shelter elsewhere, they took refuge in a stable, and, in this lowly place Christ Jesus was born. The Blessed Virgin wrapped the divine Infant in swaddling-clothes, and laid Him in the manger. While the sensual and the proud were asleep, an angel appeared to some poor shepherds. They were seized with great fear, but the heavenly messenger said to them: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of exceeding great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign to you: you shall find the Child wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger." After the departure of the angel the wondering shepherds said to one another: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see the word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath shown to us." They immediately hastened thither, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. Bowing down they adored Him, and then returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God.

DECEMBER 26.—ST. STEPHEN, FIRST MARTYR

There is good reason to believe that St. Stephen was one of the seventy-two disciples of our Blessed Lord. After the Ascension he was chosen one of the seven deacons. The ministry of the seven was very fruitful; but Stephen especially "full of grace and fortitude, did great wonders and signs among the people." Many adversaries rose up to dispute with him, but "they were not able to withstand the wisdom and the spirit that spoke." At length he was brought before the Sanhedrin, charged, like his divine Master, with blasphemy against Moses and against God. He boldly upbraided the chief priests with their hard-hearted resistance to the Holy Ghost and with the murder of the "Just One." They were stung with anger, and gnashed their teeth against him. But when, "filled with the Holy Ghost and looking up to heaven, he cried out, 'Behold I see the heavens opened and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God,' they rushed upon him, and dragging him forth without the city, they stoned him to death."

DECEMBER 27.—ST. JOHN, EVANGELIST

St. John, the youngest of the apostles in age, was called to follow Christ on the banks of the Jordan during the first days of our Lord's ministry. He was one of the privileged few present at the Transfiguration and the Agony in the garden. At the bosom of Jesus, and in the hours of the Passion, when others fled or denied their Master, St. John kept his place by the side of Jesus, and at the last stood by the cross with Mary. From the cross the dying Saviour bequeathed His Mother to the care of the faithful apostle, who "from that hour took her to his own"; thus fulfil, as St. Austin says, "to a virgin

was the Virgin entrusted.' After Ascension, St. John lived first at Jerusalem, and then at Ephesus. He was thrown by Domitian into a caldron of boiling oil, and miraculously preserved from hurt. Afterwards he was banished to the island of Patmos, where he received the heavenly visions described in the Apocalypse. He died at a great age, in peace, at Ephesus, in the year 100.

DECEMBER 28.—THE HOLY INNOCENTS

Herod, who was reigning in Judea at the time of the birth of Our Saviour, having heard that the Wise Men had come from the East to Jerusalem in search of the King of the Jews, was troubled. He called together the chief priests, and learning that Christ was to be born in Bethlehem, he told the Wise Men: "When you have found Him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore Him." But God having warned them in a dream not to return, they went back to their homes another way. St. Joseph too, was ordered in his sleep to "take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt." When Herod found that the Wise Men did not return, he was furious, and ordered that every male child in Bethlehem and its vicinity of the age of two or under should be slain. These innocent victims were the flowers and the first fruits of His martyrs, and triumphed over the world, without having ever known it or experienced its dangers.

DECEMBER 29.—ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

St. Thomas, son of Gilbert Becket, was born in Southwark, England, A. D. 1117. When a youth he was attached to the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent him to Paris and Bologna to study law. He became Archdeacon of Canterbury, then Lord High Chancellor of England; and in 1160 when Archbishop Theobald died, the king insisted on the consecration of St. Thomas in his stead. St. Thomas refused, warning the king that from that hour their friendship would be broken. In the end he yielded, and was consecrated. The conflict at once broke out. St. Thomas resisted the royal customs, which violated the liberties of the Church and the laws of the realm. After six years of contention, partly spent in exile, St. Thomas, with full foresight of martyrdom before him, returned as a good shepherd to his Church. On the 29th of December, 1170, just as veepers were beginning, four knights broke into the cathedral, crying: "Where is the archbishop? Where is the traitor?" The monks fled, and St. Thomas might easily have escaped. But he advanced, saying: "Here I am — no traitor, but archbishop. What seek you?" "Your life," they cried. "Gladly do I give it," was the reply; and bowing his head, the invincible martyr was hacked and hewn till his soul went to God. Six months later Henry II. submitted to be publicly scourged at the Saint's shrine, and restored to the Church her full rights.

DECEMBER 30.—ST. SABINUS, BISHOP, AND HIS COMPANIONS, MARTYRS

The cruel edicts of Diocletian and Maximian against the Christians being published in the year 308, Sabinus, Bishop of Assisium, and several of his clergy, were apprehended and kept in custody till Venustianus, the Governor of Etruria and Umbria came thither. Upon his arrival in that city he caused the hands of Sabinus, who had made a glorious confession of his Faith before him, to be cut off; and his two deacons, Marcellus and Exuperantius to be scourged, beaten with clubs and torn with iron nails, under which torments they both expired. Sabinus is said to have cured a blind boy and a weakness in the eyes of Venustianus himself, who was thereupon converted, and afterward beheaded for the Faith. Lucius, his successor, commanded Sabinus to be beaten to death with clubs at Spoleto. The martyr was buried a mile from that city, but his relics have been since translated to Faenza.

BEYOND THE REALM OF SENSE

Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in America

A few years ago, just after the scientific hysteria of the "silly seventies" it seems to have been philosophical bad form for a person to call his soul his own. Souls were carefully card-indexed for the information of antiquarians, and in their place the world was given the omnipotent and all-explaining cell, the complex association of nerve-fibers, or the brain that secreted thought as the glands secrete saliva. It was all so very simple that there was no further need for a soul. Did not the cell explain life, and did not the complexity of the brain fibers explain thought? A number of persons retorted very abruptly: "No, they did not!" But the human voice with difficulty makes itself heard amidst a riot of applause, and applause was showered freely upon the scientists in the limelight.

So those who believed that a fact is not disproved by screaming violently against it or calling it names, those, in fine, who liked to fancy that they had a spiritual soul to distinguish them from their pet parrot or fox terrier, decided to possess themselves in patience for a time. Now it is becoming recognized that anyone who tucked away his soul in intellectual moth-balls

was very fortunate. Souls are getting to be the fashion once more. In fact, they are quite the vogue.

By a soul man have understood a vital principle distinct from matter yet so united to it that soul and body make up but one person. This soul they have regarded as the thinking-principle and the principle from which flows those actions which we call free. Those who deny souls maintain that besides matter there is just nothing. The brain alone thinks; and as for free will,—well, if they are honest in their materialism, they pass it over with a flippancy reference to popular delusions; their only other alternative is to ignore what they cannot begin to explain.

All men stand in wonder before the tremendous capacity of the human intellect. There is something almost overwhelming in the intellectual attainments of men like the giants of the Renaissance. When Da Vinci wrote to the Duke of Milan the list of his abilities, he was not merely eulogizing his own mental powers, he was uttering a panegyric of the human mind. Socrates, who by his own unaided intellect leaped to the idea of supreme deity, Aristotle and St. Thomas stripping of the individualizing qualities in things to reach deep into their essences, Newton when he arrived at the universal principle of gravitation, not less than the astronomer who from abstract mathematics attained to a knowledge of stars he never saw, gave instances of the magnificent power of the human intellect.

Are such intellects merely the complex association of nerve-fibers? Do they differ only in their degree of intensity from the faculty of cognition in horses and oxen? That is precisely the point in this essay in arm-chair philosophy. It has always been the claim of the best philosophy that the brain alone does not think; that our intellectual life is such that it cannot proceed from mere matter. For an explanation of thought one needs a spiritual soul, that is, a soul distinct from the material body.

It is quite obvious that all our knowledge begins with what we learn through the senses. But the human intellect does not stop with the bare facts as reported by the senses. On the contrary, it is never satisfied with the information thus gained. The intellect knows, for example, not merely that two Pekingese dogs plus their two expensive pups make a kennel of four fine dogs, but it knows that if no such thing as Pekingese pups existed, or, for that matter, if the person thinking were the only material object in the world, two and two would still make four. The intellect has jumped from the concrete puppies to the essential nature of two and two.

As I walk down the avenue a chauffeur in a fine touring car stops a few feet ahead of me and picks up two very ragged and very delicate children. This individual act of a kindly man impresses me so much that I murmur to myself, "Courtesy is surely oil on the wheels of progress." My mind, not content with the individual case reported by my senses, has leaped to a generalization: I saw a single act of a kindly man; I think about that highly abstract, that intangible quality of courtesy, which no longer is merely the individual case but all cases where a tender heart prompts men to deeds of unselfish gentleness.

Two litigants fight over a title deed to a piece of uptown property. There is an exchange of words, then of lawyer's visits, a morning with a modern Solomon in check suit and tortoise-shell glasses, and after learned arguments by the lawyers, an interrogation of the witnesses, the aforesaid Solomon pronounces that Litigant A has the right to the property. The judge sees the word "right" usually, believing that everyone in the courtroom understands him; and though not a man present, from his Honor to the tramps who dropped in to get warm, over saw or heard or tasted anybody's right to anything, Litigant B bows in submission and goes forth to drown his sorrow in the flowing bowl and his attorney's flow of explanation.

Abbot Mendel gathers together the last batch of his hybrid peas from his monastery garden and sits down to put into writing his revolutionary theory of heredity. After all, the number of pea plants he has investigated is relatively small, yet he dares to lay down a law applicable not only to pea plants in his garden but to the pea plants in Asia and Africa, that furnished the tables of Confucius or Rameses II., or to plants that shall bloom in the year of grace 2000. And other scientists seizing on this newly discovered law apply it to cocks and dogs and blooded sheep!

The instances used are by no means extraordinary. The mind is constantly employed in acts of just such a character. One sees a mother fondling her first born and sits down to write a poem on maternal love. The senses are simply incapable of seeing, are the subject of our incessant thought and of tremendous import in our ordinary lives. Science would be out of the question were the human mind not capable of passing from the individual specimen under the microscope to the universal law that lies behind.

Thorn bushes will be producing in the normal course of nature a large harvest of grapes long before the senses will be able to produce such intellectual thoughts. The mere matter that composes the brain and the senses in the philosophy of the materialists cannot explain the simplest abstract concept. Does the

eye ever see the abstract quality of courtesy or of maternal love? The answer to that is simply that there is no such thing existing in matter as abstract courtesy or maternal love. Courteous chauffeurs exist, but courtesy does not; mothers who love their children are, thank Heaven, still brightening the earth, but maternal love is an abstract quality and as such is not found in material creation. The senses, as we know from constant experience, report only the concrete, individual type. There must be another faculty in us which reaches thus to the quality which is found not merely in one particular case, but in all cases of a like nature.

It is simply ridiculous to maintain that our senses can grasp a universal law of nature. Did anyone ever see the law of gravitation, or touch it, or taste it, or hear it? Men have seen apples falling to earth and the scuttled ship sink in the waves, but the law that lies back of these facts they have never subjected to touch or sight or hearing.

As for those tremendous moral facts of truth and honor and duty and civil right which are absolutely essential to the life of man, they have no material essence whatsoever. Fancy asking a policeman to show you his right to regulate traffic! Imagine asking the rulers of a warring European nation to let you see the wound in its national honor! Yet for its honor that nation has plunged itself into a devastating war. For truth a martyr will lay down his life. The right of the traffic policeman will stop the most reckless driver. Here certainly are facts that move the world; and yet not one of them has ever been touched by our senses.

If matter alone existed in man, no amount of nerve-action could ever know anything about them. Matter can only attain to a knowledge of the material; sense can know only the sensible.

History is a long record of that something within man that persistently refuses to be satisfied with mere matter or with bodies. The very fact that man is constantly arguing over the question of souls is enough to show that his intellect will not rest with the material. If merely our brains think, then the idea of a soul, which is a substance without extension or any of the attributes of matter, would never occur to it. It could only imagine the things it has perceived or things like them, and it has never perceived anything save extended, tangible matter.

And that something within man which will not rest content with matter has throughout the history of all races been rising to a Being far transcending the realms of sensitive experience: God. Men have never seen nor heard God with their senses, yet men's intellects have been either admitting Him or disputing about Him from the least known days of old. The very intellect who denies God's existence knows what is contained in the idea of deity. To rise to such an ultra-sensitive idea something more than mere matter is required. Without a soul the thought of God is simply inexplicable.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY

PRACTICE OF THESE VIRTUES WILL BRING UNITY

We live by certainty of principle; and the principle that must permeate the world and regenerate mankind ere oppressed humanity can be relieved is the Godlike principle of justice, of Christian charity—of the love for one another that Christ, our Master, commands to every man, says Cardinal O'Connell.

Fill the public places with theorists and visionaries, fill the air with clamorous speeches and the mountains and the valleys with the eloquent sound of sonorous periods and balanced sentences and then wait; the echo dies and the world is just as it was before. But let one spark of Christian charity, of Godlike, brotherly love light up for an instant the souls of men, and behold the transformation.

The son of ice melts and flows in sparkling rivulets, free, limpid, unimpeded, mingling in holy harmony and peaceful unity. When man has learned that divine law of love of neighbor as himself; when he has not only learned by heart but practices the teachings of our Holy Church; when the rich become honest and the laborer both use the goods of nature and of art as trusty stewards; when squandering shall be recognized as a crime and sharp trading as dishonesty, then will the elements of society fall into proper place, then will unity spring from disorder, then will the different classes, like the objects in the kaleidoscope form one beautiful picture, pleasant to look upon, beautiful to the eye of God and man.—Sacred Heart Review.

PRIDE IS DANGEROUS

The grave is the school where we learn humility, says Saint John Chrysostom. Let no man, therefore, pride himself on his riches; he may lose them in a single night; he must lose them at death. Let no man pride himself on his physical beauty, for he may be disfigured by disease, and after death will be a prey of worms. Let no man pride himself upon his knowledge; how soon he forgets what he has learned, and how immeasurable is the amount of what he does not know!

Capital Trust Corporation Limited
Authorized Capital \$2,000,000
'A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY'

IN THE BEST CONDITION A MAN CAN BE IN when making his Will, but no condition of mind or body can excuse a man for delay in making a proper provision for those dependent on him. Name this Company your Executor and your wishes will be carefully fulfilled.
WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET
"The Will That Really Provides"
OFFICES:
10 Metcalfe St. Ottawa, Ont.

Board of Directors
PRESIDENT
M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew
VICE PRESIDENTS
Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa
J. J. Lyons, Ottawa
R. P. Gough, Toronto
A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa
A. E. Provost, Ottawa
Hon. B. G. Beasley, Halifax
J. F. Brown, Toronto
E. F. Brown, Toronto
Hugh Dobson, Montreal
E. W. Todd, M. P., Bromptonville
Arthur Ferland, Haliburton
J. B. Doron, Ottawa
Edward Case, Winnipeg
T. P. Phelan, Toronto
W. H. McAllister, Ottawa
Gordon Grant, C. B., Ottawa
Michael Connolly, Montreal
W. J. Pangor, ex-M. P., Montreal
Lieut.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa
P. V. Byrnes, Hamilton
Assistant Manager:
B. G. Connolly
E. T. B. Pennefather

You can always rely on the superior quality of Old Dutch



It cleans thoroughly, safely, hygienically—it's economical to use because a little goes a long way—and it cannot harm the surfaces cleaned or hurt your hands.

We want, and will pay highest prices for all kinds of RAW FURS

Ship your skins to us at once. We pay Express Charges, or Postage. P.rice list and shipping tags sent on request.

Revillon Freres 134 McGill St. MONTREAL, P.Q. 3

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



In "Perfect Seal" Quart Jars
These are the finest preserving jars made; and hold 3 pounds of "Crown Syrup".
Your grocer also has "Crown Syrup" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.
Write for free Cook Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

St. Thomas College Chatham, N. B.
Boarding and Day School Conducted by the Basilian Fathers
COLLEGE, HIGH SCHOOL, COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, PREPARATORY SCHOOL
The College is beautifully situated near the Miramichi River. Fine Athletic Field. Magnificent Skating Rink.
WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS



B. LEONARD
QUEBEC : P. Q.
We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows