

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A FATHER'S WARNING

It's just because they remember their own youth that prudent fathers urge their sons to take no unnecessary moral risks. They may not have fallen, but they recall how fierce their temptations were, and they can also remember young men of their acquaintance who yielded themselves up to evil. So they warn their own boys to walk the road that is straight.

"My father either never was young, or else he has forgotten how it feels to be young!" said a young fellow in a confidential talk with his employer. "Why, he expects me to act and feel like a man of forty, when I'm only half that. It isn't fair for people to forget their youth."

Then the father in business man kindly explained to the young man that the father had not forgotten at all, but had remembered perfectly the thoughts and emotions of youth. If he had not remembered, he would have been indifferent to his own boy's career.

"It is because he does remember that he wants to keep you from the pitfalls and snares, my boy," said the business man kindly. "Take the matter of your associates, for example. Your father is quite right in warning you to keep away from the young men with whom you now mingle. As you say, they are not vicious or profane, but they are idle, content to allow their fathers to support them, and so they are dangerous friends. The next step may lead them into dissipation, for idleness brings a train of evils with it. At any rate it is because your father knows of these dangers that he is so concerned for your welfare."

Then because the man saw in the face of his young helper something which made him know that the young fellow thought he was merely moralizing, he added: "I'll tell you something else, Morgan. I notified your father that I would have to let you go, if you kept on with these associates. He and I have been working together to bring you to your senses."

With that he dismissed the young man, and sent him home to think over what he had just heard. Fortunately, the young fellow had sense enough to know what to do, and he did it. It was not long before he had begged his father's pardon for causing him anxiety, and had thanked the business man for his warning.

It always is hard for young men to believe that fathers can enter into the feelings and thoughts of youth, but they may be certain that youth is not so far in the past that the people reaching middle age have forgotten it. It is the keen remembrance of youth that makes parents so vigilant and so anxious that their sons shall keep their feet in right paths.

"I am glad I spent so much time reading good books in my teens, for now I never have a moment to read anything but the daily paper," said a busy business man recently. "I used to think it a hardship when mother wanted me to read her favorite books over and over to her, and to myself I sent just her name and never been young. But now I can see that she was crafty enough to train my mind in that way. Many of the chapters of the Bible I read so often that I committed them to memory, and you may be sure that I do not regret it now. I am trying the same plan with my son, but it is uphill work. He feels sure that I never was a boy, or at least have forgotten how boys feel."

Until the end of time, it is quite probable that the impatience of youth will seek to ignore the counsel of middle age; but youth never should accuse middle age of forgetting. There are men who after a lapse of twenty or thirty years, look back upon little follies with a deep sense of shame. If some one had kept them from these follies, how much sweeter now would be the remembrance of their youth! But alas! Then as now youth was impatient of advice, sure that it alone was right; so the bitter experience had to teach the lesson. It is not forgetfulness of youth but keen remembrance which is at the bottom of all the anxiety of fathers that their sons shall sow no "wild oats," enter into no "shady" financial transactions or otherwise depart from what is strictly right.—Catholic Columbian

DON'T WASTE MINUTES How much time we all waste, time which might have been put to good use if we had only cared to employ it so. Each one of us in his daily routine throws away many, many minutes in doing nothing. In fact, if at the end of the year we could collect our wasted moments into one stretch of time it would probably cover a period of a couple of weeks or more. Think of it! How much might have been accomplished!

You will find, in reading through the lives of great men, whose names are blazoned in the halls of fame that not one of them wasted moments? Now what are "wasted moments"? Time spent in sleep is not wasted, for it is resting mind and body. Time spent in the companionship of those near and dear to us is not wasted, for it not only brightens us and so fits us for better accomplishments, but it brings pleasure to them.

For example, so much time is thrown away in transportation. To be sure, we are being carried from one place to another, but during the act of transportation both mind and body are idle. Hundreds and thousands of workers are daily brought in to offices from out of town or from uptown by the subway, tube and elevated trains, and of these thousands there are probably not over a hundred who are making use of that period of time for their self-advancement.

The well-known naturalist, Cuvier, always carried something edifying to read when he rode from place to place, and one can easily detect the results of these odd moments' study in his writings.

All through the histories of famous men one reads instance after instance where economy of time has helped them up the ladder of achievement. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith who learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects while working at his trade. He worked fourteen hours a day in his shop and yet found time for the acquisition of this unusual number of languages. He would fit the grammar he was studying into the crown of his hat, and while he was waiting for the metals to fuse he would pull out his book and memorize a verb or two.

Goethe, the distinguished German poet, tells us not to wait for extraordinary opportunities, but to make use of common situations. There is always room for workers in this world, and the will to advance will certainly find the way. Those who neglect the minutes will soon find that the hours for accomplishment have fled, but if they are careful of the minutes the hours will look out for themselves.

We read of Benjamin Franklin stealing time from his hours for sleep and eating in order to study. We hear of Napoleon mapping out the government of the countries he had conquered while he was riding all over Europe on horseback or in his camp carriage. Hundreds of such cases are to be read in history, and certainly we sluggards should blush with shame in the reading.

When life is so short, every moment counts. If we neglect the minutes we will soon find that life itself has passed without our having accomplished anything. To waste time is infinitely more extravagant than to waste money, for money lost can be regained if the proper steps are taken, but time lost can never be recalled. Minutes are almost as valuable in the path of achievement as hours. So be economical with your time if you wish to accomplish anything in this life.—Catholic Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SISTER GERTRUDE'S STORY

Of course you have seen the beautiful picture of our Lady seated in a chair with the Child Jesus in her arms. Well that was the picture that Sister Mary Gertrude's class hung over the mantel the day of the May party. It had been a lovely party, and perhaps the best part of all came at the end when the children presented the picture to their teacher, and Mary Agnes Burke said such nice things in her speech that every body cried—just a little. "Glad crying," Bernice Moran called it, and Bernice was right, as grown folks could tell her.

Sister Mary Gertrude made a pretty speech too, and then the children closed round her for a story. "The story of the picture, Sister, please," begged little Teresa—the baby of the class.

So without any ado, Sister told this story—she was always ready and "knew everything about everything," declared bustling, noisy Mollie Graham.

"Once upon a time," said Sister, "there lived in a forest in Italy a holy man who was a hundred years old. He had built a hut in the shade of a great oak tree, and there the country people came to ask his advice—for he was as wise as he was holy. Among his best friends were the owners of a vineyard near by and his family. Little Mary loved to visit the hermit, and hear him talk of God and our Lady. She helped him to feed the birds in the winter, and to bring water for the roots of the big oak in summer, and always the old man was pleased to have the dear child with him.

bread into little pieces that he swallowed feebly. When he was stronger she ran home to bring her father, and the hermit was carried to the village and made his home at Mary's house until the people built him a new hut.

All the villagers accompanied him to his hut, and as they walked they sang hymns. Once more in his cell, the old man raised his eyes to heaven and asked God to bless the kind people and little Mary and the great oak. "May the charity you all have shown me become known among men," he said, "and may the memory of this deed be preserved among men."

"In due time our dear Lord called the hermit to his heavenly home. The great oak was cut down, and Mary's father bought the wood, to make vats for the juice of his grapes. Mary grew into a beautiful girl and married a brave youth her father's partner in the vineyard. One day she was sitting in the garden, with her baby in her arms, and her brother holding on to her dress, when down the road came a young man with a velvet cap on his head, and long curls flowing from under it. He had been thinking of making a picture of the Blessed Mother and the Child Jesus—and here were his models. Surely he had been led to this quiet spot. No more beautiful group could artist desire. He must make the sketch quickly. So he drew on the head of a win-at (one of those made from the old oak) the picture before him. Taking the sketch home, he finished the picture that is known all over the world today as the 'Madonna della Sedia,'—the 'Madonna of the Chair.' Who can tell the artist's name?"

"Raphael!" said quiet Teresa.

"Yes, Raphael. All this happened more than three hundred years ago, but you see, dear children, the holy hermit's prayer was granted. Mary's deed of charity is kept before the world, and the story of the oak whose branches sheltered him in his distress. God loves kind hearts, and blesses those who help the poor and needy."

"I'm glad we got the picture," said Mollie. "Let's put white violets in front of it through May, in honor of our Lady. I know where there's a big patch of them."

And, perhaps, said Sister, gently, "if little girls remember, when they look at the picture, to be kind and loving like little Mary, and grateful to God, like the holy hermit, our Lady will be still more pleased. And now I must go, dear children. Five o'clock; Mother will be wondering if the party is over."—Sacred Heart Review.

RUSKIN'S ESTIMATE

VERSUS THAT OF FLIPPANT CRITICS

Professor John Ruskin, author of 'Modern Painters,' and many other admirable books, published his latest work, 'Fors Clavigera,' in such costly instalments, month by month, stretching over so many years, and offered them to the public in so novel and capricious a manner, that the series is known only to a very limited circle of readers. The following tribute to the dignity and influence of the Immaculate Mother will probably be unknown to most of our readers:

"Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentlemen from the churl, the first is that reverence for womanhood, which, even through all the cruelties of the Middle Ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age."

"To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are opened to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or fallacy of the idea; I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of, the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies, we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature; and that it is neither Madonna worship nor saint-worship, but the evangelical self-worship and self-worship—gloating, with an imagination as unfounded as it is foul, over the torments of the damned, instead of the glories of the blest,—which have in reality degraded the languid powers of Christianity to their present state of shame and reproach. There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfillment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden, 'He that is mighty

hath magnified me, and holy is His Name."

CORPUS CHRISTI

Henry C. Watts, in America

The difference between Corpus Christi and all the other feasts of the liturgical year surely must be that in this festival heaven has come down to us, and we think of God not as dwelling afar off, or invisible to us, but as abiding with us; the Heavenly King throne day and night in the tabernacle; the Friend, the intimate, ever-waiting near: "My delight is to be with the sons of men." This must be the predominant thought of Corpus Christi, a thought that moves the faithful in some parts of Ireland to sing during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament the Christmas hymn "Adeste, Fideles." "Come and behold Him," for the veil that hides the reality is but a slight thing.

Faith our outward sense befriending Makes the inward vision clear.

This divine condescension as of another Christmas is a note that is sounded throughout the whole solemnity of Corpus Christi, and gives to the hymn at the canonical hours the tone of that tabernaculating at Bethlehem.

All honor, land and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin born, to thee: All glory, as is ever meet, To Father and to Paraclete.

If the Purification is the festival of the poor and aged, Corpus Christi is no less the festival of the children of the family. Nowhere is this more strikingly or more beautifully shown than in the antiphon to the Magnificat at First Vespers, a prayer which is unsurpassed in the profundity of its devotion and its childlike simplicity:

O how sweet, Lord, is Thy Spirit; for that Thou mightest show forth the tenderness Thou bearest for Thy children, Thou, with the most sweet Bread given from heaven, fillest the hungry with good things, and the rich, proud in the imagination of their hearts, thou sendest empty away.

So are gathered together the children of the Church around the Table of the Lord, sicut novelle olivarum, "like the young olive trees;" so is heaven set down in the midst of a land of exile and a place of pilgrimage, from which there goes up daily, throughout the Pentecost season, the cry to Mary:

Lo, through a vale of tears we roam, Sighing, we weep, oft-times we moan, Eve's children exiled from their home.

The office of Matins, which is celebrated publicly only in collegiate and conventual churches, is one of the incomparable gems of the Roman Liturgy. The Invitatory is, so to speak, the motif of the feast. "Let us adore Christ, the King, Who ruleth the nations: Who giveth fatness of spirit to them which eat of Him." In the hymn that follows, which is ascribed to St. Thomas, is a song of triumph.

Let this our solemn feast With holy joys be crowned, And from each loving breast The voice of gladness sound; Let ancient things depart, And all be new adorned, In every act and voice and heart.

The antiphons, the psalms and the lessons which follow are chosen to show the harmony between the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, regarding the mystery of the Eucharist, and in the sermon of the Angelical Doctor is summed up in one short sentence the thought of the whole Catholic world on this festival. "There is not, and never was, so great a nation which had its gods drawing so near to it, as our God is to us." The whole office of Lauds is one song of praise, an exquisite blending of ancient psalmody with the poetry of the Catholic Church, extolling that Wisdom which came forth from the Most High. Sapientia edificavit sibi domum: "Wisdom hath builded herself an house, she hath mingled her wine, and hath furnished forth her table, alleluia."

But it is in the Mass that the wondrous imagery and skill with which the Church has fashioned her liturgy are most striking. In the Mass the sacred chant combines with the liturgical words of praise to make a complete and perfect of worship unknown before or since in the history of the world. As silver trumpets piercing to the limits of the universe there rings out the Introit: "He fed them with the fat of wheat, alleluia; and filled them with honey out of the stony rock, alleluia, alleluia." And the choir takes up the refrain, as ripple after ripple spreads over the surface of a pool: "Rejoice unto God, our helper: sing joyfully unto the God of Jacob." In the Gradual and Alleluia-Verses there is again seen the parallel between the Old and New Testaments:

The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord and Thou givest them food in due season. Thou openest Thy hand, and fillest with Thy blessing every living creature. Alleluia, alleluia. My flesh is truly meat and My blood is truly drink: he that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him. The Sequence, composed by St. Thomas Aquinas himself is one of the noblest poems in the Church's treasury of sacred Latin verse:

THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Owe Health And Strength To "Fruit-a-tives"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES," the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices—has relieved more cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-tives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Praise, O Sion, praise Thy Pastor, Praise Thy Saviour and Thy Master, High the choral anthems raise: All thy utmost might it needeth, For He all thy praise exceedeth, Thou canst ne'er express His praise.

Loud and solemn be our chanting, Nor let joy nor grace be wanting. In the gladness of the breast; His solemn chant be raised, While the Mystery is praised Of the Holy Eucharist.

Here beneath these signs are hidden Priceless Things to sense forbidden Signs, not Things, are all we see; Blood is poured and Flesh is broken, Yet in either wondrous token Christ entire we know to be.

Shepherd Good, true Bread and living, Jesu, be to us forgiving; Thou protecting, Thou relieving. In the land of all the living Cause Thou us all good to see; Thou all ruling, all-espying, Feed us here till hour of dying; There upon Thy Bosom lying, We with all the saints are sighing, Fellow-heirs and friends to be.

The procession of the Blessed Sacrament is the crowning act in this solemn homage offered to Eternal Reality veiled beneath the accidents of bread and wine. There is much of unbelief and materialism in the world, and if the Procession is to every Catholic an act of love, it is also a marching forth in battle array against every power of evil that lifts its ugly head against the ancient Catholic Faith. It is a sublime act of faith made in the face of a world that scoffs against every form of a belief in that which can not be evolved from the human consciousness. As an army with banners and spears, so this Christian Army gathers itself about the altar. The King rides out beneath his canopy; the spearman cluster round, while the way of the progress is strewn with scattered flowers. The clinking of the censers is faintly heard and the clouds of smoking incense arise as the chanters give their battle cry: Pange, lingua, gloriosi Corporis mysterium.

Of the glorious Body telling, O my tongue, its mysteries sing; And the Blood, all price excelling, Which for this world's ransoming In a generous womb once dwelling, He shed forth, the Gentle's King.

And as this triumphant act of faith passes along on its solemn way the heart of the born Catholic is renewed again in loving memories, and to the convert comes an hour of proud service as of one called to the colors—for he has passed over from the hosts of error into the army of truth; it is a moment for which to live—and one for which to die. "Lauda Sion," "Te Deum," "Benedictus," "Magnificat," and many another are the songs that are poured out from grateful hearts on this day when God rides out borne in the arms of the priest. And when the Progress is finished and the King of High Heaven has blessed the children of His kingdom, there remains one last prayer, breathed in company with the great Doctor of the Blessed Sacrament:

Jesu, whom thus veiled I must see below, When shall that be given, which I long for so, That, at last beholding thy uncover'd Face, Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest grace!

You will see in life just what you are looking for. It depends upon the lenses of your mental vision. If they are black and smoky, you will see the shadows, the gloom; if they are clear and crystalline, you will see the rainbow of beauty.

All may not gain the world's recognition of greatness. Brilliant actions shine out only in rare and sudden flashes, now startling us by their power, now calling forth our warmest admiration by their nobility, now awakening our wonder at their depth of intellectual strength and beauty. But true greatness is the rightful heritage of all. Deny to anyone the power of attaining it and you deny to him the possession of his real self—his soul.

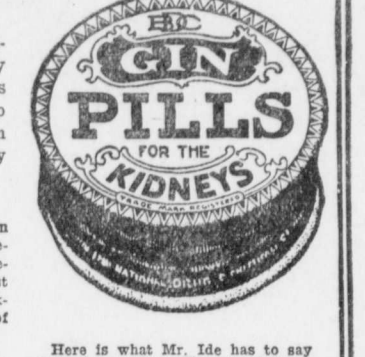
CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 LIMITED BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa. A. E. Provost, Ottawa. Hon. R. G. Beazley, Halifax. F. E. McKenna, Montreal. E. Fabre Sarreyer, K. C., Montreal. Hugh Eohney, Montreal. E. W. Tobie, M.P., Bromontville. Arthur Ferland, Hullaby. J. B. Dalton, Ottawa. Edward Cass, Winnipeg. T. P. Phelps, Toronto. J. J. Lyons, Ottawa. Gordon Grant, C. E., Ottawa. Hon. G. P. Haultain, K. C., Montreal. Michael Connolly, Montreal. W. J. Poppo, ex-M.P., Montreal. Lieut.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa. Managing Director: B. G. Connolly. Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather. OFFICES: 10 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

NO MAN CAN FORSEE ACCIDENTS, which may occur to any one of us. If you appoint the Capital Trust Corporation the executor of your will, you provide for the efficient administration of your estate and guard against a change of executors through death, accident or sickness. Our Booklet entitled "THE WILL THAT REALLY PROVIDES," is instructive. Write for a copy.

Railroad Men Swear By Gin Pills

RAILROAD men are especially subject to kidney disease—in fact, no class of workers has more reason to be thankful for Gin Pills than those men who are constantly "on the road."



Kidney disease often results in Diabetes and in obesity, and brake-men, conductors, engineers and fire-men know they must guard against these most serious ailments by taking Gin Pills at the first sign of kidney trouble.

Mr. Frank Ide, a Buffalo Pullman conductor suffered intensely from pains in the groin, sore back, and very severely from gravel and sediment. A friend whose life was despaired of before he had been relieved by Gin Pills, recommended the remedy to Frank Ide, and the advice was accepted and acted upon.

All good dealers sell Gin Pills at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free upon request.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS

B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.

We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows



FIRE-RESISTING NEPONSET ECONOMICAL! DURABLE!

CAN you imagine a more handsome roofing than this? Neponset Twin Shingles have the look of well-laid, substantial slates, and by actual tests in comparison with wooden shingles, tin, asbestos tiles, and slate, Neponset Twin Shingles offer the greatest protection when a fire is in the neighbourhood. Made of the same materials as the famous Paroid Roofing.



LOOKS The colors, form, size and slate surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make the ideal roof—a roof that commands admiration. FIRE-RESISTANCE On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Approved by the Board of Fire Underwriters. You will see in life just what you are looking for. It depends upon the lenses of your mental vision. If they are black and smoky, you will see the shadows, the gloom; if they are clear and crystalline, you will see the rainbow of beauty. All may not gain the world's recognition of greatness. Brilliant actions shine out only in rare and sudden flashes, now startling us by their power, now calling forth our warmest admiration by their nobility, now awakening our wonder at their depth of intellectual strength and beauty. But true greatness is the rightful heritage of all. Deny to anyone the power of attaining it and you deny to him the possession of his real self—his soul. BIRD & SON, Dept. L. C. Hamilton, Ont. The Largest Manufacturers of Roofings, Wall Board and Roofing Felts in Canada. Warehouses—Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John.