

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Going to be Generous.

It would be impossible to persuade most people that they deceive themselves, but it is a fact that we are all, in greater or less degree, the victims of self-deception. We are constantly deceiving ourselves as to what we are going to do in the future. We draw wonderful pictures of the great things we shall do when we are able to. We feel sure that we will erect and endow a library to our native town; that we will send poor boys and girls to school and college; that we will be wonderfully public-spirited in every way. We pity the close-fisted, narrow, indifferent men in our community who are perfectly able to do the things now that we are going to do later. We are not understanding why they are so stingy and so blind to their opportunity for embellishing themselves in the hearts of their fellow men. We do not understand why they should be so shortsighted.

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that you are going to do great things in any direction when you get a lot of money, if you are not doing the little things with a little money. I never knew a man to do great things with a lot of money who did not try to do little things with a little money. Nothing is more deceptive than the belief that we are going to be very generous when we accumulate a fortune, for selfishness fattens upon money, until it becomes a voracious, greedy animal. Somehow, when our income begins to increase, our wants, which we felt sure would always remain so simple, grow faster than the income, and, strange to say, we can look upon those in want about us without being much disturbed. Pitiable cases of suffering, such as we used to make our hearts bleed when we were poor ourselves, no longer arouse our sympathies. We become more and more hardened, until finally we are not only not disturbed because we do not assist struggling merit, but we can even enjoy our luxuries while those within a few minutes' walk of us are hungry and in rags.

We are like the cholera victim. When he first hears that cholera is epidemic in his neighborhood he is terrified with fear; but when the dread disease has once fastened itself upon him he looks without emotion at the weeping relatives at his bedside, because one of the characteristics of the disease is the utter indifference of the victim. He cannot understand the anxiety of those about him, and even when the chill of death is upon him, and his flesh is as cold as marble, he will tell you that he feels perfectly warm.

The possession of wealth seems to dull our finer sensibilities so that we are indifferent to the needs and the sufferings of others. It takes a very strong character to remain unselfish as his wealth increases. If you are really anxious to do good, begin now. You can do a great deal with a little money, and if you have no money, you can give kindly, helpful thoughts. You can give encouragement. The desire and the inclinations are the main things.

A Smile From a Stranger.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts, and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value!

Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine, and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating cheer, hope and courage.

Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them!

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpse but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.

Who Gives Himself for Principle.

Lowell says: "The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle."

The fact that a man sends his cheek to help along a charitable enterprise may mean a great deal, or it may mean very little; he may have some axe to grind, some ulterior purpose back of it all; but when a man gives himself for his principle, we may know that he is honest.

When a man is willing to make a sacrifice of his personal comfort, of his time, his energy for a cause, it is pretty good evidence that he is sincere.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE.

"Did I ever see the likes of that child? Whiles my back is turned and I washing the carriage, and that stiff with rheumatism that I'm not turning round after on business, along comes she ax to her wheel, goin' for all the world like a race horse. She jigs catches sight of the blanket fallen off your master's horse that he's brought in, boy fashion, all in a sweat, and in eye's twinklin', if you'll believe it, she's put the blanket on and jumped off the machine and wrapped the beanie up snug as a cat in a chimney corner. See, jes' now she's hugging Doc. I never saw the beat of that child for lovin' kindness."

Uncle Sol, Mr. Ray's man-of-all-work, had a fashion of talking to himself, and rarely to others.

"It's safest," he would say, shaking his gray head very earnestly, "it's safest for a man to have his self for his oftent companion, then, if there's any trouble he can easy settle who's made it."

Uncle Sol was not the only one who thought thus of Amy Gray, for long ago the people of Saybrook had given her the name of Little Miss Sunshine, and well she deserved it.

She it was who, on the school playground was the usual umpire to settle all sorts of vexed questions between the

scholars—all animals recognized her as their friend. Ducks would waddle yards out of their way to quack out to her the story of injuries received from small boys, and innumerable dogs had a way of limping into the Gray's yard, sure of sympathy, or if it proved a case of broken bones, she would tenderly carry them over to her staunch friend, Dr. Seymour and make over the case to him, repaying his care by one of her own bright smiles.

One day when Amy was suffering from a very painful sore throat, uncomplaining as usual, the doctor said:

"Oh, Amy, how I wish you could send your recipe for bearing pain and trouble so bravely to some of my patients, with very little the matter with them and surrounded with all the comforts money can procure, who are always bemoaning the hardships of suffering."

But little Sunshine had not been always blue and cloudless. Two years ago she had a devoted father and pretty horse, but one sad day, as she came from school, she met her mother at the gate with a white, drawn face, saying:

"Amy, dear, get on your pony as quickly as possible and go over for the doctor, for your father is, I fear, very ill."

Little Sunshine will never forget that ride, nor the cold chill that struck her when she learned Dr. Seymour had just left for a five-mile drive to Farmer Reeve's place.

Oh, if she might only overtake him! For once she thought nothing of overtaking her beloved pony's strength as she urged him on at full gallop. Through the long shady village street out on the turnpike they hurried, but never a trace of the familiar chaise was visible. When at last the Reeve's farm had been reached, right glad was the exhausted child to see Dr. Seymour and the farmer standing talking on the porch. Their smiles of greeting were arrested by seeing that all the sunshine had vanished from the child's face as, breaking into tears, she told her story.

In another moment, leaving the panting pony to the kind farmer's care, Amy found herself seated by her friend's side gaining courage with every mile.

But loving care and medical skill cannot hold back those the dear Lord call to the rest of Paradise; and with the father's death, Amy was obliged to bear the grief of leaving her pretty home, for a tiny cottage on a lonely country road.

One day shortly after the funeral, Dr. Seymour drove up to the cottage and asked for Amy.

She came out, looking white and pale in her black dress, but greeted him with her usual smile, and the doctor felt very loth to tell her his errand.

"Little Sunshine," he said, "you have been so brave, it breaks my heart to have to tell you your pretty pony is dead. It had very tender care, but the strain of that hard ride proved too much for the poor little fellow."

"Oh, doctor, was it my fault?" sobbed the child.

"No, dear; don't blame yourself. You did it all for the best and saved your father some hours of suffering."

"Then dear doctor, when I miss my dear pony, I will think he died for his master's sake who was so kind to him, and he will be my martyr-pony."

That night the good physician told the story of Little Sunshine's self-control by the bedside of a rich patient, and during the sleepless hours, she thought how she, too, might brighten other lives by more patiently enduring her pain and devising means of giving others pleasure.

Two mornings after this Adam's large press left at the Gray cottage a box case directed to "Miss Amy Gray," and when, with awkward fingers, quite unused to tools, she accomplished the task of opening the case, Amy found a wonderful wheel, one of the most approved sort, its nickel plating shining brilliantly, and attached to the saddle was a card with the words:

"For Little Sunshine, from one who has learned, she hopes, from her life, a lesson of self-control and thought for others." — Emilie Foster in Our Young People.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

The Irish author, Henry Giles, thus gives us a pen picture of Sir Thomas More, one of the most interesting figures during the reign of Henry VIII. of England: "A just man is always simple. He is a man of purest aims and purposes; there is no complexity in his motives, and thence, there is no jarring or discordance in his character. . . Fidelity and truth. . . throb in the last recesses of his moral being; they are embedded in the life of his life."

Place him in the legislative assembly, he maintains inviolate the trust given to him. Place him in the council of the executive magistrate, and no favor can win him and no danger appal; indifferent to office and fearless of power, he will assert the highest right, and he will stand by it, whatever the cost. Place him on the bench of justice, no prejudice can approach him, no passion can move him. Place him in the presence of a tyrant, call upon him for his opinion, let life or death hang on the result, he will not speak rashly, but he will not speak falsely.

Place him in the dungeon, shut him in the fair earth and the open sky; . . call him from the dungeon to his doom, he goes rejoicing to the scaffold; he looks cheerfully on the axe; he faces death almost with gaiety; he forgives his enemies; he pitilessly destroys, he wishes good to all men; he gives a moment to silent prayer; he meekly lays his head upon the block—then, there is the echo of a blow that sends a soul to heaven. This character is not imaginary; it is real, it is practicable. The original is Sir Thomas More, of England.

When Sir Thomas More heard that the saintly Bishop Fisher was executed by Henry VIII. for his refusal to traffic in the garments of our Lord and make an impious pretence of recognizing the guilty guide, the Lord Chancellor of England cried out:

"Oh, Lord, I am unworthy of such glory, but I hope Thou wilt render me worthy!" He did not have long to

wait, for a similar fate awaited him on July 6th, 1535. Sir Thomas More was one of the most eminent men in England and Henry had awarded to him many honors. His sound wisdom and unspotted integrity were recognized everywhere, and he was noted for gentle and courteous manners.

It is said of him that when a lady sought to influence him by a present of a valuable cup, he ordered her butler to fill it with wine, and having drunk her health returned it; and at another time when he was presented with a pair of gloves filled with gold, he accepted the gift but returned the money, saying that he preferred his gloves without lining. His offense was similar to that for which Bishop Fisher was condemned to the block.

He resigned his position as Chancellor when Henry defied the Pope's decree and married Anne Boleyn. He was committed to the Tower, and after many attempts made in vain to change him or make him disavow his deep convictions, Henry finally ordered him to be beheaded. His devoted wife, seeking to save his life, came to the prison and begged him to accede to the King's wishes, but he refused. When about to mount the scaffold he asked a man near by to assist him in climbing the steps, saying with his gracious smile: "When I am come down, my friend, I will ask no one to assist me." On the scaffold he proclaimed that he died for the Catholic faith. He devoutly recited the "Miserere," and then calmly laid his head upon the block.

His head was stuck on a pole and placed on London Bridge, where it remained for two weeks. His daughter, Margaret Roper, secured possession of it in a remarkable manner. It is said that one day as she was passing under the Bridge in a boat, as was her daily habit, looking on her father's head, she exclaimed, "That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!" Her prayer was answered, and it did fall into her lap. It was shrewdly suspected that the bridge-keeper had managed to lower the treasured head of the martyr to his faithful daughter. She was imprisoned for a time for having taken it, but liberated and permitted to keep it. It is preserved in a niche in St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury.—Derry Journal.

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER TABB.

SECTULAR PAPER TAKES OF HIM AS SOLDIER, POET, PRIEST, TEACHER AND CONVERT.

The Baltimore Sun, in a sympathetic article on the affliction of Father Tabb, says:

"Rev. John B. Tabb, A. M., soldier, poet, divine and for many years instructor in English at St. Charles College, Howard county, has for a long time past been an increasing sufferer from failing sight until at the present time his active duties as one of the faculty of St. Charles' have had to be abandoned."

His fame abroad.

"In the literary world there is no name associated with St. Charles' College that has reflected greater glory to the institution than that of Father Tabb, whose rare gifts as a poet are recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. A prominent British literary critic some years ago placed him in the front ranks of living American poets, and a writer in the London Spectator some twelve years since did not hesitate to say he is one of the greatest living poets in the English language.

Father Tabb has published several small volumes of exquisite verse—poems lyrics, quatrains— that combine the beauty of Keats, the imagination and spirituality of Shelley and the love of nature that is the distinguishing charm of Wordsworth. The poems are characterized by a delicate fancy unexcelled in any poetry of our language and a depth of tenderness as rare as it is beautiful.

"By birth Father Tabb is a Virginian. He was before taking holy orders a Confederate soldier and, as he sometimes styles himself, 'an unreconstructed rebel.' He was a fellow-prisoner of the poet Sidney Lanier at Point Lookout during the Civil War. Mr. Edwin Litchfield Turnbull not long since harmonized a theme entitled 'A Melody From Sidney Lanier's Flute,' which was given Mr. Turnbull by Father Tabb himself, for the gifted priest was born a musician as well as a poet, and those who know him intimately as a poet lecturer to good music know also that he plays the piano with much skill. Students leaving St. Charles' College tell many stories of creeping near the music room at twilight to hear the poet priest, forgetful of the world drawing sweet melodies from his favorite musical instrument.

FROM EPISCOPAL TO CATHOLIC.

"After the close of the Civil War Father Tabb was received into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for a while labored in the Diocese of Maryland. Here he formed a friendship with the late Bishop Alfred A. Curtis, who, like himself, afterward entered the Roman Catholic Church.

"In appearance Father Tabb is slightly above average height, slender of figure and quick in his movements. In the class room his original methods of instructing and his wonderful ability of fixing important facts in the minds of

others made him an especially interesting teacher. Gifted with pencil as well as pen, he not infrequently illustrated his meaning by a drawing on the blackboard of the class room, and he cared not how humble or humorous his illustrations might be so that it emphasized the point which he desired to be remembered.

About Ellicott City Father Tabb is warmly beloved by all who know him, and especially by the boys of the town and of the several colleges. With him they find infinite interest in instruction in a walk through the woods or a ride about the lanes.

PUBLISHED WORKS.

"Among the poet's published works are the following volumes: 'Poems, Lyrics,' 'An Ode to Mary,' 'Rules of English Grammar,' 'Poems Grave and Gay' (for children), 'Two Lyrics,' 'The Rosary in Rhyme,' besides numerous contributions to American and English magazines.

"One of the most beautiful verses by Father Tabb is the following, called 'Evolution,'"

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the least a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes
Life again.

CURES AT LOURDES.

SEVERAL RECOVERIES DUE TO INTERSESSION OF OUR LADY.

So keenly do Americans follow the progress of the different movements, old and new, to improve physical conditions by means of religion or by means of religion and medicine combined, that a reference to the report of the Lourdes commission appointed by the late Cardinal Richard, of Paris, is timely and important.

The committee was made up of prominent clergymen. Among them were the canon of Notre Dame and one of the professors at the Catholic Institute in Paris. Five cases are cited, all of them concerning women, and in each case the evidence collected, "both medical and general," tends to show that a serious organic disease was cured instantaneously, radically, and, according to all appearances, permanently. The names of the five women are given. They are all living; one of them being a nun.

The most interesting case is that of

Marie Lemarchand, now Mme. Authier, who is referred to in Zola's "Lourdes" as Elise Roquet. She was cured at Lourdes August 21, 1892, at the age of eighteen. The doctor's certificate says that she had been suffering from a painful form of tuberculosis. When she returned from Lourdes, after an absence of ten days, the doctor scarcely knew her. "It was a graceful young girl who advanced toward me," he writes, "instead of the human wreck, and so forth, adding: 'The tuberculosis had disappeared.' A crowd in which Zola was standing witnessed her transformation. The other cases are detailed in a similar manner.

The conclusion drawn by the late cardinal archbishop is that these five cases are typical Lourdes miracles. He avers that they cannot be explained away through medicine or psychology. The cure in each instance was too sudden, too radical, especially considering the serious nature of the disease, to be accounted for under any known law; nor, the report goes on to say, can any hidden law be urged in explanation, since it is contrary to reason to suppose that nature contradicts and makes war upon itself and by exercising some unknown force suddenly repairs the damage inflicted upon the human body.

"That is the canonical judgement," on several recoveries due to the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes."—Editorial in Washington Times.

The Altar Boy.

It is only by privilege that boys not in minor orders may serve in the sacred functions at the altar. This office was originally reserved to those only who had been ordained acolytes. The order of acolyte is the highest of the minor orders, and next to the sub-deaconate. In the early ages of the Church the dignity and functions of the acolyte were so highly prized that only the most fervent were deemed worthy of it. To be an altar boy is, then, a very great privilege—in fact, next to the dignity of the priesthood itself. What greater privilege can we imagine than to be numbered among the chosen ones, who day after day minister close to the altar where the wondrous sacrifice of Calvary is once more being offered up, though in an unbloody manner, to appease the divine wrath?



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