

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Lost Everything but Cheerfulness. No matter what else you may accomplish in life, or however rich you may become, if you do not keep sweet, if you allow yourself to sour, to become a pessimist, your life will be unproductive, and you will be a comparative failure.

Everywhere we see pessimistic, doleful people going through the world—people who have ruined their capacity for enjoyment because they allowed their losses, their sorrows, their fears, their failures, to take all the sweetness out of their lives.

It does not matter so very much, after all, whether you make a fortune or not; but it does matter very much whether or not you keep sweet, have a clear record, and live a balanced life. Some of the greatest men in all his time were total failures as money makers, but they were notable successes in nobility and balance of character, cleanliness of life, mental poise, stability of purpose, and sweetness of disposition.

I know a man whose life has been filled with disappointments and failures, losses and sorrows unnumbered, yet he is one of the sweetest, serene, most helpful souls I have ever met. His troubles and sorrows seem to have ripened and beautified his character. His sufferings have been the fire which has burned out all the dross and left only the pure gold.

He is now an old man, with practically nothing of this world's goods left; but he has a monument of love and admiration in the hearts of all who know him. He has never parted with that cheerful smile, nor that sweet-tempered, serene expression which bids defiance to trouble. He has never lost his beautiful mental poise, which has steadied him through all his years of suffering and loss.

After a long life of hard work and desperate struggle, he has no home of his own. His family are all gone, his prosperity gone, his property gone, but he never has a complaint or a tale of woe. On the contrary, he always has a kindly word and smile, and a warm, sympathetic hand to grasp for every one he knows. He seldom refers to his troubles, and always sees the silver lining to every cloud. No bitterness rankles in his soul, for he early learned the secret of the salient power of love and sympathy. He early resolved that, whatever came to him in life, he would not allow himself to get sour, dependent, or discouraged.

What a rebuke is this man's optimistic view of life to those who are always finding fault and complaining of their lot! He has lost all his property; he cannot get a permanent position on account of his age, and if he were taken sick would likely be obliged to go to the poorhouse, yet he is going around cheering everybody up, encouraging people who are infinitely better off than he is.

Life is too short, time too precious, to go about with a vinegary countenance peddling pessimism and discontent. People who do this are not producers. They are not creators of values. Pessimism is always a destroyer, a handicap; never a creator. Scatter your encouragement, your good cheer, your smiles, your flowers as you go along. You will never go over the same road again. You cannot afford to leave stumbling blocks and discouragements to hinder others' progress.

The Cruelty of Thoughtlessness. Most of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher. Most of the great heart wounds are inflicted by thoughtless thrusts, flung out often in a moment of anger, when, perhaps, we were too proud to apologize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made.

Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds? No life is just the same after you have once touched it; it will leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life every day; will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel, or an unkind word or thought.

The gloom eater, the shadow thrower, the fault finder, the sarcastic man, the man who is always giving you a thrust somewhere, does a vast amount of harm in a community. Men who throw gloomy shadows wherever they go, who depress everybody, who are always looking on the dark side of everything, who see little good or beauty in life, are bad neighbors, and, as a rule, are unsuccessful, unpopular, and little mourned when they die.

It is the inspirer, the man who cheers and gives you hope and encouragement, the sunshine bearer, the man who always has a kind word for you, who is ever ready to give you his hand and his help, that is loved during life and missed after death.—Success.

One Week at a Time. This is for every man who is working for a salary. Do you know what it means when you get your money for a week or for a month? It means that you have sold a piece of your life, that you have in your pocket the price paid for it. Working for weekly or monthly wages, we deceive ourselves about the present and the future. We look forward to that "some day" when we are going to do better, when we are going to work for ourselves, when this temporary salary business will be ended.

But that "some day" doesn't come for many of us. It comes for very few.

And old age comes for all of us unless death comes first. If you don't realize it now, men on salaries, you will realize with old age the fact that the man who is selling his life piece by piece ought to think pretty seriously about it. Don't deceive yourself about reality of life. Don't forget that your existence, your future happiness, the possibility of many independence, depend upon the earnestness with which you work and save and accumulate, and upon your realization of the truth that you are selling your life piece by piece.

But you ask, can salaried men help themselves? Of course they can, by working for themselves earnestly as well as for the man who hires them.

Every day has its possibilities of adding to your knowledge, efficiency and value as a human being. You work this week and a man pays you \$10. Work for yourself as well as for him. Work to make yourself more competent, more concentrated. Work for yourself. Save money. Concentrate your mind on your task. Sleep and rest regularly at night so that you can do energetic work while self-indulgent fools are dawdling. It isn't very hard to succeed, if you only know it. Ninety-nine out of a hundred successful men are successful, simply because there's so little competition in the field of hard work. Enter that field.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Story of the South. Here is to this department, and is as sweet an offering as was ever laid by youthful hearts at the feet of the loving Master, says the New Orleans Morning Star.

Two of our good Catholic young ladies, who are always planning in a quiet way to bring some sunshine into the lives of the young ladies who are excellent musicians, and several Sunday evenings ago paid their usual visit to the institution. As they passed from the dim and saddened home of suffering into the broad Henry Clay avenue, the evening sun was setting and the glorious tints of purple and gold and crimson threw a glow over earth and sky.

"We are so near the river," said one of the girls, "let us go out to the bank and see the sun set over the waters."

And so they lingered on in the beautiful evening, singing snatches of songs as they walked. It was very far up, and as there was no one around, so they let their hearts speak their joyous and peaceful accord with nature. Presently they encountered a solitary individual, a poor, old crippled negro man, leaning on a crutch near the river bank.

"Land-a-mussy, my young misses," he said, "wuz dat you singing dem pretty songs? Dose am de same songs my young missus used to sing 'fo' de war. I've been listening here, and I sez to God I thought dat wuz her angel choir, come to sing to poor old Ben, caze she knowed he wuz so lonesome and heartbroken all by hisself in dis world. Won't you please, missus, sing and play something for me like she used to do? Won't you please sing 'Way down de Swanee River,' for poor old Ben? I always lubbed dat song."

"Why, of course we will," said the lovely girls, and they tuned their instruments and sang one old plantation melody after another, as the aged darkey requested, while the tears trickled down his cheeks in the evening shadows.

"Now we must go," said one of the girls kindly.

"O' Missus, do sing just one song more," said the old man. "Do honey, my young missus would do it if I had axed her. Does you know dat old hymn, 'Sweet Star ob de Sea'? My young missus used to sing dat, an' I ain't bin heard it since she's bin gone to heaven."

"What are you a Catholic?" he exclaimed the girls.

"Dat I is," said the old man proudly drawing from his pocket a medal of the Blessed Virgin. "My young missus gave me dat and she tole me dat our Blessed Mudder wuz de star ob de sea. Now do sing dat hymn, honey," he pleaded.

The girls sang softly the beautiful strains of the "Ave Maria Stella," and the old negro bowed his head in reverence. When they finished the elder girl said, "Did that song do you any good, uncle?"

"It shoredly did. It made me tink of heben, whar my missus tole me I would go if I would be always a good Catholic. I never forgot dem words. I goes to my Mass every Sunday, an' I receives my Lord when I can." He added reverently, bowing his head.

ward, carrying their message in his heart. This is a true story, with the true ring, and is as beautiful an etching as was ever wrought from the pure white lilies that should always bloom in a young girl's heart.

Sharing Father's Burden. Of course I don't pay any board at home, and father buys a good many of my clothes so that leaves my money for any little thing I happen to want."

It was plain that the pretty speaker had "happened to want" considerably in the way of finery. She was well dressed—too well dressed, people would have thought, for a young girl in a business office. Her gloves were immaculate, her tailor-made suit of the latest design. A handsome bracelet circled her round arm and a dainty pearl stick pin fastened her silk shirt waist. Altogether she looked like a young society lady on her way to an afternoon tea.

"You have a good father," said the other girl, but there was no envy in her blue eyes. She herself was dressed very plainly. Her suit had been bought in a marked down sale and her gloves were mended, yet the two earned the same salary.

When girl No. 2 started out as a wage earner, she had insisted on paying her board at home. At first her father had protested. He was almost hurt by the suggestion. But little by little she brought him around to her way of thinking. There were a number of younger children and the bills were large. The baby was delicate, and the doctor had made many visits within the year. The older daughter wanted to help. And that is why she did not envy her well dressed companion. For in supplying her own needs, in adding her mite to the family income, in feeling that she was sharing the burden that lay so heavily on her father's shoulders, she had a satisfaction the other knew nothing of—the happiness of helpfulness.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Good Advice. A boy was leaving home for the first time at college. "There are just two things I want you to remember," said the father, at parting. "First of all, do not be afraid to be yourself, your best self, and to stand up for your sacred convictions, no matter what the standard of your fellows may be. Be a digit, and not a cipher. Then don't hold yourself too cheap. Be chary about every man that beckons to you. Do not give yourself to the first comers that bids for your society. Reserve your friendship for those who are really worthy of it. You are in the serious business of making a life; do not lightly undertake experiments."

THE NEW "OXFORD MOVEMENT."

It is difficult at this time to measure the depth and volume of the flood that is now breaking down the thin barriers of separation between the Episcopalian denomination and the Catholic Church. It has already carried at least a score of the leading ministers of the High Church party and a large number of laymen into the Church, and the streams have only begun to flow. They are bearing along with accelerating current a host of others. Significant of the strength of the movement is the following fact: A proposition was presented recently to one of the Archbishops looking towards the reception of an entire community of Episcopalian nuns in the Church. They desire to come in a body for many reasons, not the least of which is the question of holding the property that they now possess. We may expect to record within the near future the reception of more ministers who are facing towards Rome and are now trying to disentangle themselves from the associations of their place and environment.

Of course it is the policy of the Episcopals to discredit the significance of the movement. They say that there is no crisis, that the number of the disaffected ones is small, that the disaffection exists only in spots. Bishop Co-sejator Mackay-Smith, of Philadelphia, is quoted as saying: "Outsiders get the impression that the whole Church is convulsed by this movement. In point of fact we hear very little about it, and the vast mass of church members really don't know that it exists." Still every issue of the leading Episcopalian papers is full of comment on the situation, and therein are printed many letters from the laity dissenting from the significance of it.

The basic reason for the breaking away from the Episcopalian Church was the policy of the "open pulpit" adopted by an unanimous vote at the recent Triennial Convention at Richmond. The amendment to Canon 19 throws open the teaching authority in the Episcopalian Church to any accredited Protestant minister. It is the announcement that there is no positive and definite Church teaching. Anything will do. It is the announcement that there are no authorized teachers. Any one may preach. It is the announcement that a consecrated body of men with priestly powers, segregated by special orders, is a myth. Any one who imagines he is led by the Spirit may assume the function, and he may exercise it according to his imaginings.

It is the death-blow to the High Church party and their claims of identity with Catholic doctrine. It is a renunciation of the essential principles of Protestantism. In fact, Bishop Doane is quoted as holding out to the Protestant world the assurance that the Episcopalian Church is only at the beginning of the work of adapting herself to the Protestant bodies about her, and that she is prepared to make other and greater concessions for the sake of winning the fellowship of the Protestant churches.

A writer, presumably Dr. McGarvey himself, says: "It is useless for us to close our eyes to facts. The open-pulpit canon is the clear and unmistakable answer of the Episcopalian Church to the Catholic Movement. And it is an answer given in the most effective way possible, for it is a piece of enabling legislation which authorizes a practice which is the most complete rejection of all the theories of High Churchmen and of the root principle of Catholicism that could well be conceived. Heretofore the legislation directed against the Catholic party, for example, the Ritual Canon of 1871, has been negative. It forbade this and that. The High Churchmen met this legislation by declaring that it was unconstitutional, and then paid no further heed to it, and so they succeeded in nullifying it."

"But the amendment to Canon 19 is of a totally different character. It lays no prohibition of any kind upon High Churchmen. It simply introduces a principle of death, by enabling those who are opposed to the Catholic movement to use measures which are the complete justification of that movement, and which in the end must result in blighting and rooting it up altogether and in rendering the soil of the Episcopalian Church forever incapable of giving nurture to any such movement in the future. High Churchmen may cry out that the canon is unconstitutional; they may try to minimize it and explain it away, but they can not lift a finger to restrain its destructive operations. And, say what they will, they can not hide its significance from the world."

"The Episcopal Church in moving towards the other Protestant Churches," it says in conclusion, "is but instinctively surrendering herself to the logical current of her own real life. That life has long been pent up behind the dykes of High Church theories. But these theories are a viny way one, by one before the pressure of an enemy impatient to be free. And before very long Anglicanism will be rushing onward to the end to which its origin predestinated, and from which no power can any longer hold it back."

ment that a consecrated body of men with priestly powers, segregated by special orders, is a myth. Any one who imagines he is led by the Spirit may assume the function, and he may exercise it according to his imaginings.

It is the death-blow to the High Church party and their claims of identity with Catholic doctrine. It is a renunciation of the essential principles of Protestantism. In fact, Bishop Doane is quoted as holding out to the Protestant world the assurance that the Episcopalian Church is only at the beginning of the work of adapting herself to the Protestant bodies about her, and that she is prepared to make other and greater concessions for the sake of winning the fellowship of the Protestant churches.

A writer, presumably Dr. McGarvey himself, says: "It is useless for us to close our eyes to facts. The open-pulpit canon is the clear and unmistakable answer of the Episcopalian Church to the Catholic Movement. And it is an answer given in the most effective way possible, for it is a piece of enabling legislation which authorizes a practice which is the most complete rejection of all the theories of High Churchmen and of the root principle of Catholicism that could well be conceived. Heretofore the legislation directed against the Catholic party, for example, the Ritual Canon of 1871, has been negative. It forbade this and that. The High Churchmen met this legislation by declaring that it was unconstitutional, and then paid no further heed to it, and so they succeeded in nullifying it."

"But the amendment to Canon 19 is of a totally different character. It lays no prohibition of any kind upon High Churchmen. It simply introduces a principle of death, by enabling those who are opposed to the Catholic movement to use measures which are the complete justification of that movement, and which in the end must result in blighting and rooting it up altogether and in rendering the soil of the Episcopalian Church forever incapable of giving nurture to any such movement in the future. High Churchmen may cry out that the canon is unconstitutional; they may try to minimize it and explain it away, but they can not lift a finger to restrain its destructive operations. And, say what they will, they can not hide its significance from the world."

"The Episcopal Church in moving towards the other Protestant Churches," it says in conclusion, "is but instinctively surrendering herself to the logical current of her own real life. That life has long been pent up behind the dykes of High Church theories. But these theories are a viny way one, by one before the pressure of an enemy impatient to be free. And before very long Anglicanism will be rushing onward to the end to which its origin predestinated, and from which no power can any longer hold it back."

It is the High Church party that has introduced into Episcopalianism whatever religion it possesses. It embraces the large majority of the earnest religious souls the Episcopalian Church lays claim to, and when this host of devout souls begin to realize the significance of these efforts to Protestantize the Church they will be compelled to take the one course open to them, and that is to return to the Faith of their Fathers. The movement to return is just beginning.—The Missionary.

METHODIST CATHOLICS.

At the Methodist Conference recently held in Baltimore, memorials were presented asking that the word "Catholic" be stricken out of the Apostles' Creed, making the statement "I believe in the holy church." Dr. William A. Shanklin opposed the change. He said: "All I will say on the subject is that I for one am not willing to concede this to the Roman Catholic Church. All churches help to form the Catholic Church; we are the Methodist Catholic Church and the so-called Catholics are the Roman Catholic Church. If we eliminate this word there will be Masses for just every Catholic Church in the world to-morrow night."

Dr. Shanklin vastly over-estimates Catholics concern over what Methodists do. Certainly, in our delirium of joy at their elimination of the word Catholic from their version of the Apostles' Creed we would not celebrate even one Mass at night. But, indeed, we do not want them to mutilate that creed, even for their own use. It is true that the Apostles would not tolerate heresies or schisms. It is also true that the Apostles would not believe that the universal Church of Christ, instead of being one, as He prayed that it should be, should be composed of a number of mutually contradictory denominations. That is unreasonable. There is only one true Church of Christ, and that Church teaches the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It comes down in an unbroken line from the Apostles. It has their holy orders and perpetuates their mission.

Meanwhile, until that truth is generally accepted there may be appreciation of the immense progress towards Christian reunion concealed under Brother Shanklin's claim that his society is the Methodist Catholic Church. It is a philosophical contradiction to limit a universal with a particular.

Twenty seven hundred Gourelay pianos are in use in Canada, United States, Great Britain, South Africa, China and Japan. The completely satisfactory way in which the pianos have stood the extreme climatic changes of each country has been the very best test of its durability and thorough workmanship.

Introduction by Rev. FRANCIS CASSELLY, S. J. Price, 25 Cents

Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland. By DOM. ODO. BLUNDELL, O. S. B. Introduction by Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT, of Abbotford. Price \$1.25

The Lord of the World. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON Price \$1.50

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

MENEELY & CO. WATERVILLE, (West Troy), N. Y. The Old Reliable Church, CHIMEI, SCHOOL BELL'S

Galt Steel Siding. THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE. Owners of frame buildings, with an eye to cutting down insurance rates, and who recognize the wisdom of making their buildings fire and weather proof, are increasing the demand for Galt Steel Siding by leaps and bounds. Galt Steel Siding, you know, is fire, water, wind, and frost proof. Original cost is not more than wood and far less than stone or brick. Easily and quickly applied. Will last a life time. Our designs are original—very clever and handsome imitations of brick and stone. Catalogue and complete information on request. The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

PROFESSIONAL. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home, 573; Factory, 543.

D. A. STEWART. Successor to John T. Stephenson. Funeral Director and Embalmer. Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459. Geo. E. Logan, Asst. Manager.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA. Books. Prayer Books. Beads. Pictures. Scapulars. Crucifixes. Write For Catalogue. NEW BOOKS. Modernism—What it is and why it is condemned. By C. S. B. Price, 15 Cents. Saint Patrick—A Monograph in paragraphs. By HUBERT M. SKINNER, Ph. D. Introduction by Rev. FRANCIS CASSELLY, S. J. Price, 25 Cents. Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland. By DOM. ODO. BLUNDELL, O. S. B. Introduction by Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT, of Abbotford. Price \$1.25. The Lord of the World. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON Price \$1.50. The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA. MENEELY & CO. WATERVILLE, (West Troy), N. Y. The Old Reliable Church, CHIMEI, SCHOOL BELL'S

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any harmful. E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

The Roman Missal. Translated into the English language for the use of the Laity. A new and revised edition with the Imprimatur of Most Rev. John M. Farley, D. D. 5 1/2 x 3 1/2—782 pages—only 1/2 of an inch thick. No. 12—Black silk cloth 80 cents. No. 13—French Morocco, limp, gold title and monogram, round corners, gold edges..... \$1 00. No. 14—Alaska seal, limp, gold title and monogram, round corners, red under gold edges..... \$1 50. No. 19—Turkey Morocco, limp, gold title and monogram on side, gold roll inside, round corners, red under gold edges.....\$2 75. The Catholic Record, London, Canada

PAGE WHITE FENCES. Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet. THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED. Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada. WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN. 230