

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and
spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives for ever
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless thoughts
endeavor
I would go where the children
play.

For a dreamer lives for ever
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands that toil,
And the child-mind choked with
weeds;
The daughter's heart grown
wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude
bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadows kindly past,
Let me dream as of old by the
river,
And he loved for the dream away;
For a dreamer lives for ever
And a thinker dies in a day.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

WORDS

Soft words soften the soul.
Angry words add fuel to the
wrath, and make it blaze more
fiercely. Cold words freeze people
and hot words scorch them. Bitter
words make them bitter, and
wasteful words make them wasteful.
There is such a tremendous rush
of words in our day that it is
especially desirable for each one of
us to see to it that kind words have
their chance among others. These
are vain words and idle words,
hasty words and spiteful words,
silly words and warlike words.
Don't forget the kinds words.
They produce their own image in
men's souls, and a beautiful image
it is, to be sure. They soothe and
quiet and comfort the hearer.
Why not let them have a larger
share in all our lives?—The
Monitor.

THE DESIRE TO KNOW

Marcus Aurelius, discussing of
the danger of indulging in useless or
idle thoughts, says succinctly:
"We ought to check in the series of
our thoughts everything that is
without a purpose and useless, but
most of all the over-curious feeling
and the malignant, and a man
should think of those things only
about which, if one should suddenly
ask: What has this now in thy
thoughts? with perfect openness
thou mightest immediately answer:
This or that, so that from thy words
it should be plain that there is
nothing in thee for which thou
shouldst blush."

The appetite for knowledge is a
craving with most men. They de-
sire to know everything, to probe all
mysteries, to explore every path that
lies open, no matter how perilous or
dubious it may appear.
This curiosity which is a danger-
ous and harmful, is particularly
true in regard to popular books.
Does a best-seller by some well-
advertised writer appear, immedi-
ately the whole world is talking
about it. Those who have read it
may frankly avow that it has
shocked them. But they never
dreamed of putting it down when
they awoke to the realization of the
poison which it contained.

The desire to know more, to see,
to probe for themselves into this
filthy ulcer has carried them beyond
the bounds of conscience. They de-
clare that they are scandalized, but
they never acknowledge that they
have committed a grave transgres-
sion in reading this bad book from
cover to cover.

They pass their opinion on to
others who immediately rush to
procure the book, anxious to find out
all about it. Thus a market is
created which grows ever wider and
wider. The call for new editions
taxes the presses to the utmost.
And the book takes its place in the
world as something which is a part
of it and which cannot be crowded
out.

It would be well if all were to
bear in mind the wise counsels of
the old pagan philosopher, Marcus
Aurelius, when they find a doubtful
book in their hands: "What hast
thou now in thy thoughts? Is there
nothing for which thou shouldst
blush?"

If, upon opening the pages of a
book, we find that the author,
either personally or through his
character, makes little or nothing of
things which we hold to be sacred—
then it is not for us to read, and we
should lay it down immediately as
something tainted.
If we find ourselves reading half
fearfully, with qualms of conscience
which we are trying to stifle, if we
find ourselves striving to justify
the book for ourselves, then it is not
fit for us to read. For things that
are fit need no justification. They
stand by themselves, without need
of apology.
If, moreover, we would be unwilling
to meet with a sudden death
holding this book before our eyes,

then the book should be cast into
the fire, or returned whence it came
with a protest as to its character.

The surprising facility with which
persons have in excusing themselves
from conforming to the general
laws which bind all in the Christian
life, makes it imperative from time
to time to reiterate the warning of
the old Roman: "What hast thou in
thy thoughts? Is there nothing for
which thou shouldst blush?"

A book, to be good, to be per-
mitted, should be such that it would
not bring a flush of shame to our
foreheads should our parents, con-
fessor or other revered friend dis-
cover it in our hands.

In a word it should be such that
it should give us no cause for pain
or alarm, should we suddenly lift
by eyes from the printed pages to
find ourselves looking into the most
pure countenance of Christ.—The
Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE "GOLDEN HOUR"

There are joys in the "Golden
Hour."
That banish the clouds of care
From the heart of the weary pilgrim
Who kneels in the silence there.
With the Captive Love of the Altar;
There are joys that lighten the
way—
The pathway leading for ever
To the dawn of a deathless day.

There is peace in the "Golden
Hour."
A happy and soothing peace,
That breathes of the joy eternal
When the battle of life shall cease,
That speaks of untroubled moments
When the sorrows of earth are past,
And the barque of the lonely exile
Is journeying home at last.

There is light in the "Golden Hour"
To gladden the darkest day.
When, worn and travel-weary,
We fall on the toilsome way,
It shines on the pathway lonely,
And leads our souls aright
Through the calm of the restful
hours
And the stress of the bitter fight.

There is solace and hope and cour-
age,
And strength for the weary soul
When the battle with sin is raging
And billows of sorrow roll;
There's joy from the world eternal,
The earth and the stars above
In the beautiful "Golden Hour."
With the Sacred Heart of Love.
—Irish Catholic

A CHILD'S TRUST REWARDED

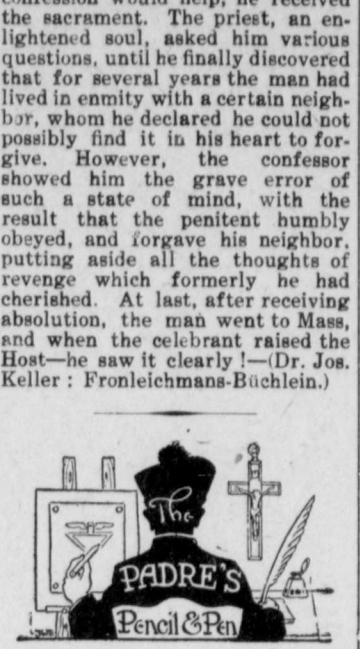
Most of us have seen the picture
of a little child kneeling upon the
altar, and knocking upon the taber-
nacle door. It occurred in the year
1877, in a boarding school conducted
by nuns in Ireland. The child in
question excelled in piety and devo-
tion, and it worried her greatly
that her father was but a lukewarm
Catholic, who seldom received the
sacraments, or followed the tenets
of his religion. But she knew who
best could help, and so had recourse
to prayer, but feeling that she must
impress her earnest desire in some
way upon her dear Lord's mind, she
conceived the idea of creeping out
of her bed one night, when all her
fellow-boarders lay asleep about her
in the dormitory, and going to the
chapel. There she knelt and prayed
with all the force of her young soul
before the tabernacle. Suddenly,
by some particular intuition, she
took off her shoes, and climbed upon
the altar. Then knocking upon the
tabernacle door, she asked softly:
"Jesus are you there?" Pressing
her ear against the little door, she
breathlessly awaited the answer
from within. But all around her a
deathly silence reigned. Again she
knocked, and put her question, and
again listened. Silence. Undaunted,
she knocked a third time and asked,
"Jesus, dear, are you there?" And
lo! From within the tabernacle
came the sound of a voice: "I am
here, dear child; what is it you
wish?" She replied: "That my
father might return to Thee, and
love Thee as much as my mamma
and I do."

Then, satisfied that she had been
heard, she climbed down and softly
returned to the dormitory, where
she lay down among her sleeping
companions and was soon dead to
sleep by her good angel. But her
father was suddenly awakened in
the middle of the night and stricken
with the fear of death. Before his
eyes he saw, as in a moving picture,
his own death, the dread judgment
he must undergo, and subsequent
punishment, realizing all the horrors
of hell. He lost no time after that
dread vision in relieving his soul of
its burden in confession, and there-
after found his chief good and
greatest sweetness in the most Holy
Sacrament of the Altar.—(Dr. Jos.
Keller; Fronleichmans-Buchlein.)

WHY HE COULD NOT SEE THE BLESSSED SACRAMENT

St. Thomas à Kempis relates the
following: A certain man went to
Mass faithfully, yet, he wondered
why it was he could never see the
Sacred Host in the hands of the
priest. Thinking he was too far
away, or that his eyes were growing
weak, he moved further to the front;
still, he was unable to see, so he
went as near the altar as possible,
and strained his eyes, to prove to
himself whether his sight were fail-
ing him or not. But, strange to
say, he saw every other object
clearly, all except the Host, which
was always invisible to him. This
lasted about a year, when at last
he reasoned to himself that there
must be some cause for this queer
phenomenon. Searching his con-

science, therefore, he cast about for
the reason, and thinking a good
confession would help, he received
the sacrament. The priest, an en-
lightened soul, asked him various
questions, until he finally discovered
that for several years the man had
lived in enmity with a certain neigh-
bor, whom he declared he could not
possibly find it in his heart to for-
give. However, the confessor
showed him the grave error of
such a state of mind, with the
result that the penitent humbly
obeyed, and forgave his neighbor,
putting aside all the thoughts of
revenge which formerly he had
cherished. At last, after receiving
absolution, the man went to Mass,
and when the celebrant raised the
Host—he saw it clearly!—(Dr. Jos.
Keller; Fronleichmans-Buchlein.)



Answer to last week's Puzzle
picture: At the right, the Good
Samaritan (Gospel 12th Sunday
after Pentecost.) At the left,
healing of the Ten Lepers (Gospel
13th Sunday after Pentecost.)



Here is Noe's Ark in heavy
weather. If you arrange the
words shown on the picture in a
certain way you can spell a feast of
Our Lady occurring this week.
How do these words suggest the
date of this feast?
Below in home-made shorthand is a
remark one of Noe's sons might have
passed to his wife as two of the
other passengers came on board via
the air line:

go
ICBBR2—2.
seas
Answers next week.

MOTORITIS

The Catholic Observer quotes a
Pittsburgh priest as saying that a
disease has broken out among Pitts-
burgh Catholics which affects very
adversely the sanctification of the
Sunday.
He calls the disease "motoritis"
and distinguishes three stages in
its development.
In its incipient stage motoritis
does not prevent the patient from
attending Mass. Later on, however,
it becomes so acute that attendance
at Mass is contingent upon the
possibility of reaching a neighboring
or an outlying church before the
hour of divine service. At this
stage of the disease attendance at
Mass is secondary, the first thought
being the arrangement of the trip.
If the patient gets to the church in
time, he will attend Mass; if not, he
will miss Mass without scruple.
In the last stage the Sunday duty
is altogether ignored. In arrang-
ing the usual Sunday automobile
trip, Holy Mass is never thought of
much less mentioned.
The evil effects of this widely
prevalent ailment may be gauged
by the fact that there is nothing
that so tends to weaken and destroy
the faith of a Catholic as habitual
neglect to participate in the Holy
Sacrament of the Mass, which is the
centre and substance of Christian
worship.

So much for the new disease
motoritis, which unfortunately
ravages many other cities besides
Pittsburgh.
It may be timely, in view of the
conduct of many motorists and
others to call attention to the teach-
ing of moral theologians with regard
to the manner in which Mass should
be heard.

Two qualities are required,
namely, a right intention and due
attention.
One need not, indeed, have the
informal or expressed intention of
complying with the precept of the
Church. It is sufficient to attend
religiously, i. e., with a view to
worship. Therefore, one who would
go to church merely to hear the
singing, would not comply with his
obligation, whereas a boy who went
to Mass because he was commanded
to go by his parents, would satisfy
the ecclesiastical precept.

Attention is internal or external,
according as it excludes distraction
from within or from without.
External attention negatively con-
sists in avoiding every outward
activity incompatible with internal
attention; positively, in a certain
vague consciousness that one is
assisting at the Holy Sacrifice.
External attention is necessary to
hear Mass, because without it the
act would be neither rational and
free nor religious. Therefore one
does not satisfy his obligation if he
reads profane books or attentively
studies paintings or inscriptions
while assisting at Mass.

Delicious!

"SALADA"

TEA

Pure, Fresh and Satisfying.
Sold in aluminum packets. — Try it.

In addition, the moral law of
nature and the virtue of religion
require that the reverence man
owes to God.—The Echo.

Great evenness of temper, contin-
ual gentleness and suavity of heart,
are more rare than perfect chastity,
yet very desirable.

A return to God can never be too
late to be accepted. He is a father,
and loves His children as long as
His love can reach them.

If all of us would bear in mind
that happiness is from within and
not from without, there would be
a well-spring of joy in every heart,
and the sun would shine forever.

WILSON'S

FLY PADS

Kill them all, and the
germs too. 10c a packet
at Druggists, Grocers
and General Stores.

Something of the taskmaster, the
general and the diplomat, and a lot of
the doctor must be hidden away in the
man who would be the coach of a suc-
cessful football or track team.
Emergencies of all kinds are his daily
routine. A thorough knowledge of first
aid is as essential as a knowledge of the
game played by his men.
Bumps, bruises, strained ligaments
and muscles are every day happenings,
but the coach never becomes contemptu-
ous of them. He knows that if neg-
lected, they may result in anything.
Trainers everywhere keep Absorbine
Jr. in their lockers. They use it not
only for sprains, cuts and bruises, but
for the skin and blood protection of
its disinfecting properties. In one con-
venient container it combines the
functions of a number of preparations.
It is the first of all the First Aid
requisites in use in all of the leading
athletic clubs.
And there are just as many everyday
uses for Absorbine Jr. in the homes of
Canada as there are in the training
camps. Always keep it in the home
where you can "jump to it" in case of
emergency. \$1.25 at your druggist.

Stained Glass Windows

For Commemorating
Lives and Events are
Most Satisfactory...

Special Designs
Sent on Request
Estimates cheerfully given

The Hobbs Manufacturing Co.
MONTREAL TORONTO
LONDON WINNIPEG

For use
in a Washing
Machine there are
few soaps that can
be compared with
Sunlight. Its natural
cleansing oils make
your clothes spotlessly
clean, giving every
thread of the fabrics
new life and beauty.

Sunlight is all soap
—its purity means
economy.

S-923
Lever Brothers
Limited, Toronto

27 acres of Ruberoid Roofing

were used to cover the buildings at
British Empire Exhibition, Wembley.

The Ruberoid Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

DIRECT FROM COBH (Queenstown) TO CANADA

The Irish Free State now has its own direct sailings
to Canada. Splendid White Star-Dominion Ships—
Doric, Celtic and Cedric—are now maintaining a
regular service for Irish people. These are three
of the most favorably known ships on the Atlantic.

If any of your friends in Ireland contemplate com-
ing to Canada you will be especially interested in
White Star-Dominion Line prepaid passages.
Further information, rates and sailing dates from

211 McGill St., Montreal
288 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.
98 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.
41 King St. E., Toronto
Land Building, Calgary
108 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N.B.
or Local Railway and S. S. Agents

WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE

Cooksville Brick

Is made in Pressed, Rough-Textured and Wire-Cut
in Red or Full Range of Colors

Samples and Prices gladly forwarded.

Cooksville Shale Brick Company

GENERAL and SALES OFFICES: LIMITED
26 Queen Street East Toronto, Ontario

Silverwoods

"Smoother than Velvet"

Ice Cream

ENJOYED BY EVERYONE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
FOR SERVICE PHONE 6100

SILVERWOODS LIMITED

LONDON ONTARIO

Branches—Chatham, Windsor, St. Catharines, Brantford, Sarnia, Luoknow

Absolute Protection Whatever May Come ~

Come what may, fire, snow, wind or rain,
your home will stand secure IF it is roofed with
ASBESTOSLATE—Rigid Asbestos Shingles.

ASBESTOSLATE—made from nature's two most
indestructible materials—Asbestos and Portland
Cement, bonded together under immense hydraulic
pressure, will protect your home from all danger and
from the usual yearly repair bill.

You'll find ASBESTOSLATE Rigid Shingles a
most profitable investment: they are everlasting; and
they never require paint or repairs. Your insurance
rate will be lowered, too. Once laid—on forever.

And the beauty of these Shingles cannot be denied!
They're made in a variety of shades, styles and sizes
suitable for every type of building, both city and farm.

Use LINABESTOS—the fireproof wall
board—for interiors. Samples of both
and descriptive matter on request.

Sole Canadian Manufacturers
ASBESTOS MANUFACTURING CO.
LIMITED
18 VICTORIA SQUARE MONTREAL