

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DO YOUR WORK

This world wants its work done and does not want excuses to explain why it is not done...

So also if you come to me and hire me to do a job of writing for the fifteenth of the month, you do not want me to show up on that day with a story describing how I could not do what I was paid for...

Learn that word by heart. Get to saying it in your sleep.

Of all the joys on this terrestrial sphere there is none quite so soul-satisfying as making good.

Do your work a little better than any one else could do it. That is the margin of success.

Make good needs no foot notes. Failure requires forty-two words.

CHARACTER The building up of a good character may be counted real success.

Our young men should strive for success but it should be the genuine article and not the sham that the world is apt to label "Success."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER A man who could read, write and speak ten different languages was arrested recently in a town in New Jersey for begging.

Now, the chances are that although this man was proficient in ten languages he was not really educated, that is, he was not trained in a practical way.

Knowing a lot of things is not education. Merely learning more and more facts, piling up knowledge, making the brain a great cluttered memory chamber, doesn't necessarily make one an educated man or woman.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE GUARDIAN ANGEL A TRUE STORY Truth is stranger than fiction. Yet, when truth touches on the spiritual, the supernatural, this generation—ever seeking strange things, strange gods—passes it by, as it does the lovely legends and old fairy tales that used to bring truth to men's minds when the world was young.

So the Holy Scriptures have been cast aside with the old fairy tales;

and the daily newspapers have taken their place. A thoughtless public that doubts the word of God and facts in the lives of His saints readily accepts any inventions the daily journals print...

Well, this is not a newspaper story although it was published in France, when the event happened there. It is only a poor attempt to show, by an actual occurrence, how well God's angels guard the creatures He has given into their charge.

The great forest was shadowy with the twilight of centuries; and, like all things on which age lays its heavy hand, the forest was still.

It was one of the old forests of the Old World: full of science, of secrets, of allurements, of fear, but also full of peace.

The great trunks of the walnut trees were grey; the moss covering their mighty roots was ancient. Majestic was the forest terrible in its hidden strength.

Even the audacious summer breezes grew timid when they found themselves within its still borders, and scarcely stirred. Like some impregnable fortress, for untold generations, it had withstood the attacks of time.

The steady siege of ever-changing seasons, the fierce assaults of sudden storms, the tempests that broke upon it, raged and rolled away and left it as before.

In the open country, near the edge of the forest, stood a large comfortable house. Everything about it bore the impress of good management and simple means.

The broad fields were well cultivated, the orchards flourishing, the vineyards full. The children were so tenderly cared for, so lovingly protected, they did not know anything of evil or sadness, and their parents were blessed in them.

When the youngest child was in his third year, an unexpected blow shattered the happiness of the household, with the appalling suddenness of a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

The day that was to end darkly in grief began brightly, and as she had done on many other days, the nurse took the children to the edge of the forest to play.

There, in its cool shade, she found a variety of amusement, while she sewed or knitted undisturbed. When the hour came for returning home, and she called her charges, Paul, the baby, who was always the first to come to her running and laughing, neither came nor answered; so, she supposed he was asleep behind one of the giant oaks.

When she did not find him she grew anxious, and made the other children join in her hunt for him. With shouts and cries they looked behind the great trees, among their mighty roots, in their hollow places, under the bushes, anywhere the little one could have hidden.

But nowhere could they find their baby brother. When they realized it, the tired children clung to the nurse sobbing and begging to go home.

Dusk was creeping into the forest with stealthy swiftness bringing deeper mystery and awe; and the distracted girl, dazed and unstrung, gave up her vain search and took her frightened, hungry charges to the house.

As soon as she had told her tale, the father, with men and lanterns, was ready to follow her to find his little son, knowing full well the quest would be no easy one, even though the child of three years could not wander far.

For numberless paths traversed the ancient forest, and expert indeed that woodsman needs be who could find his way among them.

The search party lit a fire, where the children had played that afternoon, and began with order and thoroughness to look for the lost baby. And his mother prayed. All night long they searched in vain; all night long she prayed. Even if death had not taken her loveliest and best loved child, it was agony to think of him cold and hungry and in terror, out there alone in the great black forest.

And from her tortured heart, she begged God, who had given the angels charge over the children of men, to remember her helpless baby.

For two anxious days, and through the long dark hours of three weary nights, they sought for the lost one; but neither the mother's untiring love, nor the father's resolute will, nor the patient, persevering devotion of friends and servants availed. They knew now, without doubt, that he was dead, and their best hope was to rescue his little body. For a ghastly, unspoken fear stalked beside them through the shadows.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, the strange thing happened. Some of the sad searchers, with the grief-stricken mother, were wearily making their way through the gloom and silence of the forest when, suddenly, they stopped, amazed and awed. There, before their incredulous eyes, between the great roots of a mighty oak, on a bed of deep soft moss, lay little Paul, not pinched and white and stiff in death, as their last forlorn hope had pictured him, but dimpled and rosy, and smiling in happy slumber.

In this immense tract of ancient woodland wild beasts roamed, and terrible tales were told of them. But there, unharmed, with glowing cheeks, he lay, curled up in his mossy nest sleeping as peacefully as in his mother's arms.

When he saw them, he was neither surprised nor overjoyed. And they wondered at it. His eyes were as unafraid as ever, and his strong,



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straight body as plump, his laugh as merry as if he had not been out of his father's house. They asked him if he was not hungry, but he said "No." They asked if he had not been frightened, but he said, "No." They asked why he was not hungry, had he had food, and he said "Yes." They asked him if he had not been cold and afraid to be alone in the dark forest. He said: "It was not cold; it was not dark; I was not alone."

His mother asked: "Who was with you? Who kept you warm and fed you, and took care of you, and played with you?" And the child answered: "A big beautiful lady with wings. A kind lady—like my mamma—but big—oh, so big! And all white and shining, with great big wings, nice, soft, warm wings! Such a beautiful lady, with such beautiful wings, all white and shining!"

The mother knew that God had heard her prayers, and her baby had seen his Guardian Angel—V. B. Wallis, in American Messenger.

FUNERAL PAGANISM A writer in The Churchman (Episcopalian) finds fault with the paganism of the modern funeral. "The modern conventional idea of death," he says, "is saturated with Paganism, and mixed with non-Christian ingredients. This has so entrenched itself in our Christian civilization, permeated our Christian ideas, crept into our customs, manners, symbols and habits of thought, that what we often label Christian is nothing but a masquerade of paganism."

"Paganism, as practiced by commercialism, has continued in our midst and perpetuated in our cemeteries the pagan symbols of death—the scythe, the broken column, the broken wheel, the inverted torch, the empty vase, the hourglass—all non-Christian in every sense. You can walk to-day in the pagan catacombs of Rome or along the roads that enter Rome or Athens, and behold on the funeral tablets and monuments which mark the graves of an age that knew not Christ precisely these same symbols of death. Have we advanced no further in our conception of death than that of Socrates and Seneca?"

One will note that there is some exaggeration in this writer's statement of the case. The use of such symbols, which may be called classic, do not quite express the sentiment of our Christian people in regard to death. They hardly avert to the meaning of these pagan symbols of death. The Catholic at any rate has not allowed paganism to color his views of death. One needs only to know the Requiem Mass, the continual insistence of the Church that prayers should be said for the faithful departed to see that death does not signify a mere sleep.

Actress Tells Secret A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home Made Mixture

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orles Compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

ing, but means happiness eternal for the soul or misery everlasting. Paganism there is in plenty about the ordinary Protestant funeral, where there are words of sweetness to the living but not a prayer for the dead. And how that pagan notion of death has spread we say a short time ago, when all the sentimentalists of the country quoted day after day the last words of the late Mr. Frohman: "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life." The stoic could say that: not the man who realizes his sturdiness and who knows what awful possibilities death has in its keeping.

It is all very well to protest against the use of pagan symbols at funerals, but it is not the symbols that are to be blamed; it is the false theology of which this paganism is the expression. — Boston Pilot.

RELIGION IN FRENCH ARMY Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, has made a statement of the facilities afforded to the soldiers of France for their religious duties and the manner in which they avail themselves of these facilities. Each army division has its official chaplain, assisted by many temporary chaplains.

Holy Mass is celebrated wherever there are priests, officially acting in their sacerdotal capacity, or soldiers in the rank and file, combatants, stretcher bearers and infirmarians, so that in the trenches themselves there is always going up. The soldiers wear the badge of the Sacred Heart and the miraculous medal of Our Lady, and they join the liturgical chants or recite the rosary in common. In every hospital there is a chapel where the soldiers can attend, and throughout the army there has been a wonderful religious awakening. — Church Progress.

HAPPY IN NEW FAITH CONVERTS NOT DISAPPOINTED BUT FIND PEACE OF SOUL IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH We are so used to being told that converts to the Catholic Faith are very soon disappointed with their new surroundings, that we are not surprised to hear the old story being repeated in the Anglican references to the death of Father Maturin. He is spoken of as a restless spirit who found no peace, not even in that Church which he entered at so great a cost. To this criticism of his life, which has been continuously made for the past twenty years, his own book, "The Price of Unity," ought to be a sufficient reply. But many people will never read it, and even those who do so will be ready to misinterpret the kind spirit in which it was written, writes E. H. in The Lamp.

It is only natural that those who never ceased to love and respect him, should try to find some way of explaining why they themselves could not take the step that he had taken. It is practically imperative that they should insist that all converts to the Roman Church are misguided, and that if they are honest men, then a day must come when they will realize that they have made a great mistake. An attempt will also be made to classify these converts, just as we try to classify those who decide to remain where they are. For each class there will be a different explanation to account for the way in which it is supposed that they think and act.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST PROOFS OF THE DOCTRINE As the doctrine of the Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the Eucharist is a difficult one, there have been many who have at different times opposed and impugned it. Our reason for believing it is because the Church, which cannot err in her teaching, declares its truth. But it may be of some use to consider the proofs of it that are given in Holy Scripture. When our Lord was on earth He worked two or three miracles with this that is done in the Holy Eucharist. His first miracle was the changing of the water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana. On more than one occasion He fed great multitudes of people by multiplying loaves of bread and fishes. And after working the first of these miracles, He discoursed to His disciples on "the food which the Son of Man will give you." Upon this some of them asked Him for a sign, i. e. a miracle from heaven, that they might see and believe in Him. "What do you want for a sign?" Our fathers did eat manna in the desert, as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat." Our Lord answered them "Moses gave you not bread from heaven but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven; for the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world." "I am the Bread of Life. Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, and they died. This is the Bread descending down from heaven, that if any one eat of it he may not die. I am the Living Bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever, and the bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world." The Jews did not understand Him to be speaking in any mystical or figurative sense, for they said among themselves, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" But our Lord instead of explaining the words and showing (as the Jews thought he should) that they were to be taken literally, reasserted them. "Amen, I say to you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you." We have them, very clear proof of this doctrine. (1) Because our Lord prepared His disciples beforehand by miracles of a similar kind, and because He Himself led His disciples from the consideration of one of these miracles to the greater miracle of "the bread from heaven which the Father giveth you." (2) Our Lord referred to the manna as a type of the true bread from heaven. (3) He asserted repeatedly to His disciples and the Jews that the bread that He would give for the life of the world was His Flesh. (4) Before a year had passed He solemnly instituted the Holy Eucharist, blessing bread and saying, "This is My Body," and telling His Apostles at the same time to continue to do what He was then doing, in commemoration of Him. St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem in the fourth century, says: "As Christ Himself declared and said: 'This is My Body,' who would dare to doubt it? As He openly protested, saying, 'This is My Blood,' who would hesitate and say that it is not His Blood?"

What is hardest to believe in this doctrine is not that God, Who is Almighty, to Whom nothing is impossible or difficult, should change one thing into another, but that the Lord of all glory is under the appearance of corporal food. But it is not more wonderful than that He should be born as a helpless infant at Bethlehem; that He should in obscurity for nearly thirty years at Nazareth; and that He should humble Himself to die, under the appearance of a

criminal, on the Cross. God, Who is infinitely great, does not demean or degrade Himself, as earthly sovereigns might do, by such an act. He is great and high, but He is also, as we should say in speaking of a man, humble and simple, and without the pride of human greatness. And He does not think it beneath Him to come down to the simple notions, and capacities and wants of the creatures whom He has made and loves so much. To give Himself to us as our food is of a piece with the other things He has done for us. It is a miracle that tries the faith of irreligious men, but it is the inward support and consolation of the servants of God. — Sacred Heart Review.

ANGELICAN CHURCH IN UNITED STATES He then fell to talking of St. Clement's and the many old friends there. He spoke of his despair for the Anglican Church in the United States.

I have always had very strong doubts about the position of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Things were tolerable in England, where there was a semblance of a traditional status, but in America the situation was extraordinary to say the least. What possible justification could there be for building up an Anglo-Catholic Church there? American Episcopalianism was a sore trial to me at all times. I never could reconcile myself to it.

It was characteristic of Father Maturin that he disliked to speak of himself. He made no attempt whatever to defend anything he had ever done. He was a Catholic. That was enough. No one can be a Catholic without the conviction that the faith needs no justification. He asked the writer to look in his face and that was sufficient. — Boston Pilot.

EAST PRUSSIA GETS AID FROM VATICAN The Holy Father in his capacity as benefactor of all the afflicted, has sent through the Papal Nuncio at Munich a sum of 10,000 marks to the Bishop of Frauenberg, to be distributed for the relief of the sufferers in East Prussia. The Papal Secretary of State in sending the amount says:

The writer will remember meeting Father Maturin in London in the summer of 1909. He was the bearer of a letter from an old friend, who belonged to the Catholic movement in Philadelphia when St. Clement's Church was the centre of ecclesiastical attraction.

The priest had just finished his breakfast; and on reading the missive, at once sent for the bearer, who was ushered into the study. The warmth of the reception was a surprise, for so much had been said by Anglicans about the disappointments that his conversion had brought, and the writer expected to see an aged and broken man. Instead of this, one full of vigor and solidly bearing was discovered, upon whose face and figure the ravages of time had left few marks. He looked almost the same as he had years before when he was seen in the pulpit of the Anglican Church where his caller used to worship.

I am so glad to meet you because you have come from one of my oldest friends, but, especially, because you come from dear Philadelphia. You will be able to tell me a great deal about those I know there. Sit down at that chair and talk as fast as you can about everyone.

DELIGHTFUL CHAT WITH PIPES The writer was forced into an arm-chair and supplied with an orthodox English "brier." Father Maturin filled his pipe also, and the air was

soon blue with tobacco smoke. The clock on the mantelpiece struck the quarter hours in a seeming continuous succession, as everything was related about the old friends in the Anglican ministry with whom Father Maturin was once associated. He listened intently, now and then interpolating a pointed question, and at the time looking straight ahead of him, with most intense interest. At last the subject was exhausted. The priest laid his pipe on the table, bent forward in his chair and said: "Tell me what these men think of me now. Tell me the honest truth."

"They think that you are very much disappointed with your change of faith. Those who have seen you say that you have altered very much, in every way—and altered for the worse!"

"I know it—I have been told this before—and I cannot understand it. Look at me. Do I look like a disappointed man?"

His face was rippling with smiles. No one could look into those honest, fearless eyes and believe that his soul was not at peace. Determined conviction was stamped on every line of his countenance. It was the face of a soldier who was willing to die for a cause that he passionately loved. He broke the silence.

"Why do they say these things? I am so glad when they come to say me that I never suspect that they will misunderstand my motives. When you go back to America tell them that what is being said is absolutely untrue."

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED It is a disease—not a habit "Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in his grip. Friends, business, family, were slipping from me. Ruin stared me in the face. But one friend remained, a physician. Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it. It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of aid, and determined me, if possible, to offer Samaria Prescription to the world. The treatment is absolutely different from others. It can be given without the patient's knowledge if desired. Thousands of wives, mothers, daughters and sisters have saved their men-folk from the curse of alcohol through it.

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