CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Most young men are ambitious enough and sensible enough to want to have some money laid by for emergencies, but a great many of them find the saving of small sums so tedious and discouraging that they either never begin to save, or havirg begun, do not keep it up for any length of time. They would like to be rich, but they want to get rich quick. Nobody wants to transform our young men into money grabbing misers whose thoughts never rise above scraping and saving. The miser is about the unloveliest specimen of human kind it is possible to imagine. But there is a golden mean be tween the miser and the spendthrift, and young people should try to attain it. Here is some excellent advice in this connection, from the Savings Journal:

"No matter how little it may be, make a start to save. Begin to live on less than you make; begin to put by capital which will one day mean free-

m and opportunity.
"We do not advise the saving of money merely for the selfsh gratifica-tion of spending it. That would not be worth while. We urge you to save now that you may be spared the hu miliation of slavish dependence later on. We advise you to save, above all, that you may be able to seize an oppor-tunity should one present itself.

"Many of the world's brightest men are wasted because they lack the little ready money that would let them carry out their ideas.
"Great inventions have been lost to

the world for lack of a very little money. Some of the world's greatest spirits have lived miserably and died in despair because they could never learn to keep the money that came to

them.

"When you do get a little money together, put it in the bank. Don't be led into schemes. Don't buy anybody's watered stock. Let no trust mining scheme or other large hearted swindle lure you. If those things ever pay, they shake out the little men first. Get enough money to free you from "Get enough money to free you from worry, and don't let anybody get it away from you. Don't put it into any scheme. Let it simply enable you to change your employment. If you are change your employment, if you see a better chance. Let it make you secure

against poverty in old age.

"Don't give up your little certainty. It comes very slowly; let it go out even more slowly. Begin now to save. Be one of those that are free, that have something.

"You will never know what real independence is until you are independent of any man's pocket book save your

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We are exhorted by Christ to lay up cur treasures in heaven, and if we fail to do this, the most important duty of all—all our saving, all our scheming and planning, all our possessions of earthly riches, are of no avail. But our nature is two-fold. Our life on carth has two sides, and the laying up of treasures in heaven does not preclude the wise forethought and thrift which bids us lay up some of this world's treasure for a rainy day. To occupied altogether with worldly interests and affairs, to have one's thoughts continually on the dollar or the dime or the nickel—all this is dis the dime or the nickel—all this is dis-astrous to our higher nature and our eternal welfare. But we owe a duty to ourselves and our neighbors in the matter of saving our money. It should be the desire of each and every one of us to be so situated that we may not, when misfortune comes, be a burden on anyone. And the only way for the most of us to accomplish this is to get into the habit of saving a little when we are young. This means self-denial, of course. It means the loss of a repu tation for being a good fellow. But it means a help toward the building up of a reliable character. It means being in a position, later on in life, to help

The spendthrift is no good to himself or any one else when the hour of trouble comes. He can neither help himself out of a hard place, nor have the satisfaction of helping another who may happen to be in straitened circumstances. He must look helplessly or when someone whom he loves very much, perhaps, and whom he would like , is in sore need of assistance. compelled to see his children take inferior positions in the world be cause he has never had the ambition or the strength of character to save his money for their sakes.

All this is very hard and humiliating to a man of generous impulses, and all this waits in the future for almost every spendthrift, and can be avoided by the oung people of to-day only by acquir-ing the habit of saving their money. acred Heart Review.

The Glory of Life. The human race is still in its infancy. Up to the present moment, with a few grand exceptions, man has lived mostly an animal existence. The brute is only partially educated out of him. He has not yet evolved that superb character, that diviner man, foreshadowed in the

How few people ever get anything more than a mere glimpse of the true glory of life! Few of us see any real sentiment in life or anything a real animal pleasures. Most of us look upon our occupatiou as a disagreeable necessity that somehow or other ought to have been, and might have been

The trouble with many of us is that we think too meanly of ourselves. Our sordid aims, and material, selfish ambitions have bitions, have so lowered our standards

bitions, have so lowered our standards that we think downwards instead of soaring.

Our lives are materialistic, selfsh, greedy, because we live in the base of our brains, down among the brute faculties. We have never explored to any great extent the upper regions of our brain, never developed our higher intelligence.

Many people cannot understand why an all powerful Creator did not start the world with a highly developed civilization—why we could not just as well have been provided with all of the

facilities and improvements which we now have, without the struggling with poverty, and the straining to overcome our ignorance, without paying all the penalties of our lack of knowledge. They cannot understand why an allioving and all powerful Croator could not have spared us all this dreary drudgery, saved us the necessity of spending the most of our lives in doing disagreeable work, in preparing to live. But getting a living was intended to be a mere incident, instead of the principal occupation of our lives. There are numberless indications in our make up that we were intended for a much finer, diviner purpose than the most of us appreciate. There is every indication in our constitution that we were intended for something infinitely superior to anything which human beings have yet attained.

Our very possession of the sense of nobility our actions of our lives.

Our very possession of the sense of nobility, our aspiring, reaching up intinet, our unlimited capacity for everything beautiful and grand, are indica tions that there was a superb purpose, a divine plan in the Creator's human design, -Success

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A PRAYER ANSWERED.

It was a beautiful day. The lucent sun was slowly rising over the distant hills, shedding its rays, like so many little golden arrows, kissing the dew dropped flowers. The brook rehearsed, in gentle murmurs, a new song, as it dashed over pebbles and stones, and reflected on its clear placid surfac; the slowly sailing clouds above it. The birds in the tree-tops were lifting their melodious voices, that trembled, like intaugible sun flecks, upon the clear

summer atmosphere.
Indeed, all the world seemed to be happy on this trancendental summer day, but alas! it was not so. For barred from all nature's beauties and wonders lay a mother's girl, writhing in bitter agony under the pangs and torments of the demon "Typhoid." What bitter pathos must that send

in o the igmost recesses of the human heart. To see a rose blighted by death, to see a girl beautiful to look upon, en dowed with intellectual talents. with a soul that was as pure as a lily, struck down by death, causes these sad words to rise in the mind :

Taere is a reaper whose name is Death, And with his sickie keen. He reaps the beaded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between.

Was God, the omnipotent to stand by, with His almighty arms outstretched and see a dear old mother's heart brok en by the death of one, whom she had watched and guided with matronly love, even from the time she had sung the Iuliabye to a sleeping babe in its cradle until now, beautiful in all her adolescences, a full blooming rose re-plate with love of God, chastity, and

virtue. The maiden had steadily grown worse The maiden had steadily grown worse, until now the crisis seemed to be at hand, the long dreaded moment, when the Angel of Death should pluck this pure white lily from this humble earth of ours, had come. But as the sickness had increased so had a little sister's devotion grown more zealous, more arrest, and more ferrent. She had earnest, and more forvent. She had mournfully traveled the long dreary path to the Church of God, every morn-ing and there amidst all the sacred solemnity of the holy Mass, she had uplifted her little soul, and drawn back

spined her ittle such, and drawn back the curtains of her heart, that the Sacred Heart might abide therein. She had done this for many mornings, and now when the crisis was at hand, she wept and thought and deeply contemplated within herself, why the Sacred Heart remained so inexorable, for has not Christ said: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you?" (Matt. 7, 7)

Had she not knocked and it had not

been opened unto her, and, now, as she knelt there before the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, brightly illumin ated with waxen candles and decked with sweet smelling roses, that freighted the air with their rich perfume, she thought, perhaps, the Sacred Heart wished her to make some offering to Him, and she thought and wondered how she had been so careless and so now see had been so careless and so seelfish to have forgotten it. Bit what could she give, she could pluck no flowers that would in any way compare with those He already had, and she looked upon the beautiful features of Him Who had worked multitudes of miracles, and seemed not to work one for her, and they seemed to relax into a pitying smile at the idea of such a thing. But then as by inspiration, her face was lit up into a radiant smile, and the effulgent sun came out stronger and more cheerful, shining in the old church, on the old walls t at had stood the test of time, and between which had resounded many eloquent sermons of many priests, long since laid in the silent "City of Death," and now she

too was happy.
"Yes, I will do it and I know she will
get well," she was muttering to herself
when she had bid her last fond adieu to

when she had bid her last fond adien to the Sacred Heart that evening. Happy, she retraced her footsteps to her humble home for far down in the inmost depths of her heart, she knew for the Sacred Heart had whispered it

for the Sacred Heart had whispered it to her—that her sister would get well. The birds seemed to sing more merrily, as they lifted their melodious voices on the light summer breeze; the flowers smelt sweeter, and all the world

was more cheerful.

When she reached her home a pleas-

so suddenly? Why was it, that the Sacred Heart had remained still so long? What was it she had promised Him? Something very simple. Nothing but what any one could do, nothing more than the simple promise to Him Who had wrought thousands upon thousands of miracles—that if He would remove her loving sites from the grant remove her loving sister from the grasp of death, she would in return let the world know of His wonder? And thus I am but adding one more deed upon the already long flawing list of wonders that have been wrought by the Sacred Heart, and I repeat more firmly: "Ask. and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." (Matt. 7, 7.)—The Christian Family.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

THE SADDEST PHASE OF MODERN IRISH LIFE. By Victor T. Noonan.

One of the saddest phases of modern One of the saddest phases of modern Irish life is the continued depopulation of the little green isle. In recent times about 49,000 people annually have left the Irish shores for foreign lands. The majority of these emigrants are young men and women. This is a serious state of affairs. Emigration from Ireland today is nothing less than serious state of affairs. Enigration from Ireland today is nothing less than a loss of the very life blood of the country, her young manhood and womanhood. There are now only a little over 4 000 000 of people in Ire land. Take from this the aged, infirm and feeble, the poor, and the children, and what are left? Not enough of atrong vanne men and women so neces. strong young men and women so necessary to the existence of Ireland as a

Heroic efforts are being made in Ire land to stop the drain of enigration, the best work being done by the Gaelic best work being done by the Gaelle League, which has now done so much during the past ten years to uplift Ire land. The Bishops and clergy are also using their powerful influence towards the same end. Yet every ship that leaves the frish harbors for other countries carries away a band of young men and women who have caught the fever of emigration. This feverish longing to leave their own romantic and beau-tiful homeland has found its way into the very heart of the Irish people. Go into any school in Ireland, approach a class of bright looking bojs and girls, and ask them, "What are you boys and girls going to do when you grow up?" The usual answer will be, "We're going to America, sir." America with the statement of the sta ica! That great unknown world beyond the seas, unknown nocent Irish lives. unknown to these young, in

It is, however, the future to which the young people of Ireland are looking forward to. They count the days and months and years until they can leave their sweet, little Irish homes and vil lages, and board the great big liners at Queenstown for New York or Boston. What patho; is there not in this pass ing out of the Gael. Who can tell of the disappointed hearts that look back with yearning from foreign shores to the peaceful villages and happy homes, where Irish mothers and Irish fathers pine and pray for the absent boy or the absent girl. Every home in Ireland has a vacant corner. The your g people are gone and nobody in Ireland knows what they are doing, what battles they what they are doing, what battles they are are fighting, what struggles they are enduring, or what may be their lonely longings. Only a letter now and again comes to those deserted Irish homes, bearing a strange, foreign stamp, with word of comfort for anxious hearts at me, and perhaps a little gift of hard parned money.

The lamented Ethna Carbery has well described the passing of the Gael in the following tender lines:

"They are going, going, going from the val-ieys, and the bills.

They are leaving far bishind them heathery moor and mountain rills.

All the wealth of hawthorn hedges, where the brown rush sways and trills.

They are going, shy-eyed colleens, and lads so straight and tall.

From the burple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Imael. From the greening plains of Mayo, and the glens of Donegal.

So some must wander to the East, and some must wander West. Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern nest. Yet never shall thy sleep so sweet as on your mother's breast.

Within the city streets, hot, hurried, full of care,
A sudden dream shall bring them a whist of
Lish air—
A cool air faintly scented, blown soft from
otherwhere.

were golden too,

And no foreign skies hold beauty like the
rainy skies they knew,

Nor any night wind cool the brow as did the
foggy dew." They may win a golden store sure the whims

Ireland has had very sad and dark days in her history. The pathos and tragedy of her story has oft been told. But emigration beginning with the terrible famine of 1847 is the worst ef terrible famine of 1847 is the worst effect of centuries of robbery and persecution which England has yet to atone for. The going out of the Irish people from their native land has taken across the seas a vast tearful and brokenhearted multitude, so large in numbers that it stretches back for almost a century, wide and deep in one long, unbroken procession. The going of the broken procession. The going of the Paritans from England and their land ing on Plymouth Rock has oft been celebrated, and made still more famous by that great master of oratory, Web ster. But the story of the brave, per-secuted, exiled people who went to America's shores since the early days America's snores since the early days of the last century, who went with broken hearts, young and old, strong and weak, in poverty, in hunger, and in suffering, and became pioneers in the making and building up of the great republic, has yet to be pictured and narrated.

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BOVRIL



FRENCH FAITH MANIFEST DUR-ING HOLY WEFK.

French papers at hand contain references to the extraordinary devotion shown by French Catholics during Holy Week, which indicates that the spirit of Catholicity is by no means dead in France. A writer in Figaro

We have only to stroll about, in Paris, a little, to be struck by the multitude of people who crowd into the churches. Never have the touch ing cerements of Holy Week brought together a more com-pact or more fervent throng. One would like to know what M. Combes would like to know what M. Combes thinks of it, he who has so seriously announced in an Austrian journal the progressive disappearance of the Faith and the impending ruin of Catholicism in France.

It is a strange illusion to believe in the action of anti-religious laws on the the action of anti-religious laws on the souls. Nothing is easier than to push an anti-religious measure through the Chambers; nothing more simple than to oppress the priests and the faithful But nothing is more facile! And the religious sentiment, which has such deep roots in the mystery of souls, resists all hyperalicies and payer visids to sists all brutalities and never yields to force. Very much to the contrary, per secution only results in increasing the energy of religion, just as a violent wind lights up the firs that seemed to be dead. . Under the Revolution the churches were disaffected in a body, and the priests were hunted, banished, guillotined. This great en deavor of free thought ended not only in a religious renaissance, to which the "Genius of Christianity" bears a splendid testimony in literary history; but it led also to the signing of the Con-cordat, which was one of the most im-portant acts of the First Consul. See, now, what a religious persecution suc ceeded in accomplishing: it inspired masterpieces in writers like Chateaubriand, and it raised up a Bonaparte. Who is the man who will give to us a new Concordat?

Another writer in the same paper

Bays:

Decidedly, the lights that a State cfli rial who was a little too ambitious, flattered himself on having exting uished in heaven, are more resplendent than ever. . . We are a nation charmed, above all things else, with liberty; even the appearance of wishing to attack one's beliefs is enough to make people who are reprelled. to make people who are usually not the most practical of believers mani fest their religious sentiments. There was, then, in the solenn glory that surrounded the ceremonies of Holy Veek, this year, a very direct relation to the events of our times; it answer-d to a need of affirming that the Law Saparation had only made the duties of Christians towards the Church more

Christmas and Easter are the mo popular feasts of the Church; and it is in days like these that one perceives the foolishness of a war, and especially a petty war, against beliefs that are most anciently and most solidly anchored. Not by decrees or legal proceedings can be destroyed feelings which take their rise in the human conscience, and which have survived and will survive all State ministries yes, and all Governmental regimes. Sacred Heart Review.

LOSS OF RELIGION MEANS RACIAL DECAY"-VAUGHAN.

It is impossible, on reading Father Vaughan's "Sins of Society," not to see that his animadversions upon what s termed in London The Smart Set. pplies just as well to the correspondent ng coteries in other capitals of the corld, and as much to New York as to any other. The first and worst evil to be noted, says the English Jesuit, is the steadily-decreasing birth rate.

History has ever proved that a dwindling birth-rate is a symptom of national decrepitude, and a high infant mortality is a prodigious waste of pational reconstant.

astional resources.

The Roman Empire perished for want of men, and all nations whose inhabitants persist for a large part in profaining the sanctity of wedded life by refusing to do their duty to God and yountry, must follow the same course. Yet seldom, says the Jesuit, do we and a nation that has once taken to

his vicious habit, come to repent of it. On the contrary, all sorts of ere sought for in order to justify and

are sought for in order to justify and defend its course.

Another symptom of national decadence is the greed for gold. Make haste to get rich is the cry all along the line. Hence the rush for quick returns, for dividends, for ready money. Nobody wants to "labor and to wait." All want to cry off work and get to play. And this is due to the crass materialism that sways the age we live in.

The churches have lost their hold apon the educated classes. The mod-ern men and women do not believe in

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vironment, or with the social functions in which they happen to find them-selves. Christianity has become to them nothing more than a name, mere badge of respectability. It ceased to be an influence; it bores them. Modern thought has robbed men of their religion, and given them

acthing in exchange.

A word for those Catholics who have allowed themselves to be infected by the prevailing worldliness, who have forgotten "what they have heard with their ears and what their fathers told them, the wonderful works of God in their days and in the days of old."

How wanting do many Catholics ap pear in character, and how careless of their grand inheritance? Who can be lieve that they are the sons and daughters of men and women who felt there was nothing to be proud of but their religion, who would part with anything or everything but their religion, who for their religion suffered and bled and

died?
We are too much in the world; we want nobody to realize that we are Catholics; in a word, we have ceased to be proud of our religion; we are half-ashamed of it.

As for us Catholics, our duty is clear. We belong to the old tradition; we know that we are as intimately under the guiding hand of God to-day as the Church was in the Apistolic age; that Pope Pius X. is our actual Infallible Teacher in matters of faith and morals, and that so long as we are trying to bring our practice up to the level of bring our practice up to the level of our belief, we, too, are making the very best of ourselves both for God and the Nation

Finally Father Vaughan reminds all who claim to be followers of Christ to who claim to be followers of Christ to bear in mind that among a practical people which tests the worth of a religion by its action on daily life, they will do far more for the regeneration and reformation of society by living the life of the Gospel than by distributing copies of it; that by becoming themselves less frivious and more industrious, less philosophical and more distributions. destrious, less philosophical and more religious, less controversial and more prayerful, they will be rendering the highest services to God and the nation .- New York Freeman's Journal.

If you possess a Gourlay piano, there's no need to send for a tuner whenever you expect company, nor for you to apologize for the piano's shortcomings when a friend sits down to play. A Gourlay piano can always be depended on for it never falls to please.

We ought to be very considerate of the feelings of others, and think far more of their rights than of our own. Let us speak of the absent as agreeably as though they were actually present and let us hold ourselves as the least and lowliest of all. as the least and lowliest of all.

It is sweet to die when we have worked for God alone. Let us try to do good to all, not for the praise we may gain thereby, but solely for the love and glory of our dear Lord.

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under gold edges.....\$2 75 God, or in Heaven, or in hell. The articles of their creed, like their articles of dress, change with their en-