

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Little Sermon on Saving. 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 having begun, do not keep it up for any length of time.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A PRAYER ANSWERED.

It was a beautiful day. The innocent 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 surface the slowly sailing clouds above it.

facilities and improvements which we now have, without the struggling with poverty, 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 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 flaming 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 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 a drain of the very life blood of the country.

Heroic efforts are being made in Ireland to stop the drain of emigration, the best work being done by the Gaelic League, which has now done so much during the past ten years to uplift Ireland. The Bishops and clergy are also using their powerful influence towards the same end.

There is a reader whose name is Death. He roams the wooded 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 broken by the death of one, whom she had watched and guided with maternal love, even from the time she had sung the lullaby to a sleeping babe in its cradle, until the beautiful in all her adolescence, a full blushing rose in plate with love of God, chastity, and virtue.

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 earnest, and more fervent. She had mournfully traveled the long dreary path to the Church of God, every morning and there amidst all the sacred solemnity of the holy Mass, she had uplifted her little soul, 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 illumined 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 selfish to have forgotten it. But 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 that had stood the test of time, and become 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 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 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 pleasant surprise was in store for her. The sickle goddess of slumber had wrapped her sister in her gentle embrace, and so she remained until long after the sun had sunk, like a massive ruby, behind the distant hills amid glorious tints of purple and gold.

When she awoke, she was indeed, much better, the feverish flush that had glowed so vividly on her cheeks faded fast, and, in fact her entire body seemed to be re-created.

But tarry, gentle reader, what was it that had renewed the girl's whole being

so suddenly? Why was it, that the Sacred Heart had promised still to her? 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 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 flaming 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 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 a drain of the very life blood of the country.

Heroic efforts are being made in Ireland to stop the drain of emigration, the best work being done by the Gaelic League, which has now done so much during the past ten years to uplift Ireland. The Bishops and clergy are also using their powerful influence towards the same end.

There is a reader whose name is Death. He roams the wooded 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 broken by the death of one, whom she had watched and guided with maternal love, even from the time she had sung the lullaby to a sleeping babe in its cradle, until the beautiful in all her adolescence, a full blushing rose in plate with love of God, chastity, and virtue.

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 earnest, and more fervent. She had mournfully traveled the long dreary path to the Church of God, every morning and there amidst all the sacred solemnity of the holy Mass, she had uplifted her little soul, 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 illumined 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 selfish to have forgotten it. But 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 that had stood the test of time, and become which had resounded many eloquent sermons of many priests, long since laid in the silent "City of Death," and now she too was happy.

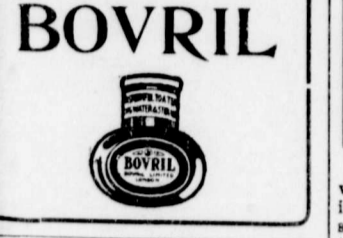
"Yes, I will do it and I know she will get well," she was muttering to herself when she had bid her last fond adieu to the Sacred Heart that evening. Happy she retraced her footsteps to her humble home for far down in the inmost depths of her heart, she knew—for the Sacred Heart had whispered it to her—that 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 pleasant surprise was in store for her. The sickle goddess of slumber had wrapped her sister in her gentle embrace, and so she remained until long after the sun had sunk, like a massive ruby, behind the distant hills amid glorious tints of purple and gold.

When she awoke, she was indeed, much better, the feverish flush that had glowed so vividly on her cheeks faded fast, and, in fact her entire body seemed to be re-created.

But tarry, gentle reader, what was it that had renewed the girl's whole being

Feed the brain and nerves. A properly balanced diet facilitates all mental work. BOVRIL retains the whole of the valuable properties of beef and it is particularly rich in those elements which go to produce blood and nervous energy. Taken once a day either as a Bouillon, or in Sandwiches, it will give alertness and clearness to the brain and the necessary nervous energy for hard work.



FRENCH FAITH MANIFEST DURING HOLY WEEK.

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 says: "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 touching ceremonies of Holy Week brought together a more compact or more fervent throng. One 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 souls. Nothing is easier than to push an anti-religious measure through the members; nothing more simple than to oppress the priests and the faithful. But nothing is more futile! And the religious sentiment, which has such deep roots in the mystery of souls, resists all brutalities and never yields to force. Very much to the contrary, persecution only results in increasing the energy of religion, just as a violent wind lights up the fire that seemed to be dead. Under the Revolution the churches were disaffected in a body, and the priests were hunted, banished, guillotined. This great endeavor 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 Concordat, which was one of the most important acts of the First Consul. See, now, what a religious persecution succeeded 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 says: "Decidedly, the lights that a State official who was a little too ambitious, flattered himself on having extinguished in heaven, are more resplendent than ever. We are a nation, however, above all things else, with liberty; even the appearance of wishing to attack one's beliefs is enough to make people who are usually not the most practical of believers manifest their religious sentiments. There was, then, in the golden glory that surrounded the ceremonies of Holy Week, this year, a very direct relation to the events of our times; it answered to a need of affirming that the Law of Separation had only made the duties of Christians towards the Church more sacred."

Christmas and Easter are the most 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 is termed in London The Smart Set, applies just as well to the corresponding coteries in other capitals of the world, 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 national resources.

The Roman Empire perished for want of men, and all nations whose inhabitants persist for a large part in profaning the sanctity of wedded life by refusing to do their duty to God and country, must follow the same course. Yet seldom, says the Jesuit, do we find a nation that has once taken to this vicious habit, come to repent of it. On the contrary, all sorts of arguments 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 upon the educated classes. The modern men and women do not believe in God, or in Heaven, or in hell. The articles of their creed, like their articles of dress, change with their environment, or with the social fancies in which they happen to find themselves. Christianity has become to them nothing more than a name, a mere badge of respectability. It has ceased to be an influence; it bores them. Modern thought has robbed men of their religion, and given them nothing in exchange.

A word for those Catholics who have allowed themselves to be infected by the prevailing worldliness, who have forgotten what their fathers told them, the wonderful works of God in their days and in the days of old. How wanting do many Catholics appear in character, and how careless of their grand inheritance? Who can believe 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.

BUT YOU CAN'T GET AHEAD OF EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Because Pails, Tubs, etc., made of Eddy's Fibreware are of BETTER QUALITY, and LAST LONGER than any other, and they COST LESS MONEY. Your Grocer has 'em --- and Eddy's Matches. DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond Street, LONDON

DR. STEVENSON, 301 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, Specialty—Surgery and X-Ray Work. Phone 610. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 543. W. J. SMITH & SON, UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS, 113 Dundas Street. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Phone 555.

D. A. STEWART, Successor to John T. Stephenson, General 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. 30th Thousand.

The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament Of Penance.

By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid. The Catholic Record, London, Canada.

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 CASSILLY, S. J. Price, 25 Cents.

Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland. By DOM. ODO. BLUNDELL, O. S. B. Introduction by Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT, of Abbotsford. Price \$1.25. The Lord of the World. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. Price \$1.50.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA.

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. 54 x 34—782 pages—only 1/4 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

LONDON, CANADA.