

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

As the year comes to a close, the above expression is frequently heard from many lips. The reference is, not merely to the end of one year in a man's life and the beginning of another, but also with the implied inference that, judged as a whole at the end, it has been found wanting; imperfect, faulty, unproductive of good. The turning over of a new leaf means the new beginning, the purposeful endeavor to begin a new life. The mistake that most men make, however, is that, having turned over a new leaf, they do not take care to see that it stays "turned." Perhaps so much enthusiasm was given to the effort of "turning" as to form a sort of moral inertia, which as a force, as we know from physics, tends to keep a moved object in motion. The leaf that was turned the first of January is, in many cases, turning still. It was started too impetuously.

Medus est in rebus: There is moderation in all things. Therefore also in our reforms. When viewed through the inspiration of the intervening days, Reform in the future with a big R looks beautiful. Discouragement and the solitary loss of self-confidence will be the handmaidens of failure. But the failure will be occasioned, not because the reform was instituted, but because it got a false start.

Of course, if there be a question of mortal sins there can be no moderation. There are no mortal sins in this. To be guilty of one is to be guilty of the rest; also, we overcome sins by overcoming sin. The acceptance of the code is left to no man's choice; it is simply a matter of duty. To the Catholic, whose conscience reproaches him with serious sin, the turning over a new leaf means first of all a participation in the Sacrament of Penance. But the establishment in grace, by means of the Sacrament, is only a part of what is involved in its resolution. The new leaf is really a perseverance in grace. It is here that the moderation spoken of will hold good.

Severe penance and mortifications are impossible to the average man, who has just begun to walk in the light. Even devotions, which to others appear as quite ordinary, such as attendance at Mass, or the daily recitation of the rosary, may be to him the joke which galls, and his sun will thereby suffer an eclipse. But the morning and night prayers and the Sunday Mass may be to him the inspiration to grow in holiness. What though he be the most neglected boy, a resolution looking to their observance is anything but trivial because invested with the magnitude of the unaccustomed.

Discouragement from others in the forming of a man's New Year resolutions means a great deal. But to the one who encourages, the same maxim holds good: Be moderate. Don't advise too much; and one good resolution having been made, be not insistent in urging further. Extremes meet. The result may be the same as if you had advised too little. Better to turn a little leaf and keep it turned, than to attempt too much and accomplish nothing.—The Tablet.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

Go after truth? You may never get it all. Possibly it is best that you should not; but you will get a great many golden nuggets. The Saturday Evening Post tells of a boy asking his professor whether he could cut his course in two. "It depends upon what you want to make of yourself," was the reply. "When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, when he wants to turn out a squash or a pumpkin he takes a hundred days." For a long time, it has been said, and abroad, that superficiality is the striking characteristic of American education. Even our greatest educators admit this. Indeed there are those who proclaim it. If not from house-tops from under the porticoes and from the porches of our biggest and best schools. This shows two things; first, that they who speak, think, and observe, and second, that they are brave. They not only have the courage of their convictions, they have convictions.

One hears of avenues closing to opportunities. Why, there were never so many chances for young men as there were yesterday, as there are to-day and hereafter, as there are to-morrow. This land of ours is not only the haven that is lifting the entire world, it is as full of favors as the lap of Ceres in October is full of fruits. Some one has said that opportunity never knocks more than once at any man's door. Let us not wait for opportunity, but let us knock. Let us be up, out and doing. There's a law against shooting game birds from a lurch; there ought to be a law against lying in bed and waiting for opportunities to come knocking. The man that waits for things to turn up will wait for weeks after the Greek Calends.—James O. Monaghan.

TEMPTATIONS

The way some persons act, and the way they speak, too, they try to prove to us that at times it is impossible to overcome temptations. That we must follow our impulses, and cannot overcome overpowering temptations. Each life has its own besetting temptations, its own share of trials, and is menaced somewhere by danger. Strength is got through all this strain. That is the natural environment for growth in grace and virtue. It is the common human experience for the training of character, or the making of pure manhood. He who is not tried and has nothing to overcome cannot be a soldier. And there is one who is exempt from this battle. To refuse to see the moral significance is to empty life of any meaning at all. But when we have glimpsed of the great and inspiring thought that this is the will of God for us, even our sanctification, and we manfully try to overcome ourselves, we begin to see how it must be, that God is faithful. He will not suffer us to be tempted above or beyond our powers, but will with the temptation also make the way of escape that we may be able to bear it. The trouble with those who say they cannot overcome temptation is in their hearts they have a sneaking love for the fault, and take pleasure in it,

and therefore they are never able to rise above it and overcome themselves.

NOT ALL AT THE TOP

We cannot all fill the high places in life, no matter how faithfully our work is done. An old English writer recorded a real truth when he said: "We cannot all be knights and gentlemen; there must be a large number of us, after all, to make and mend clothes and build houses and carry on trade and commerce, and in spite of all that we can do, the greater part of us must commonly work at something." Unless we do our share of the work of the world, we are shirking the load that has been laid upon all humanity. The boy graduate, or even the young man graduate from the university, who starts out with the expectation of making a living without work—by his wit, it may be—is handicapped far more than the fellow who starts out with the determination that he will do a good, thorough, honest day's work in return for every day's pay that he receives, and that he will add dignity and honor to the humblest occupation by doing his work to the very best of his ability. He is the boy who stands a fine chance of "making good" even though his education be limited.—Catholic Columbian.

SWEAR OFF

Gossiping. Anticipating evils in the future. Fault-finding, nagging and worrying. Dwelling on fancied slights or wrongs. Scolding and fying into a passion over trifles. Thinking that life is a grind and not worth living. Talking constantly about yourself and your affairs. Saying unkind things about acquaintances and friends. Lamenting the past, holding on to disagreeable experiences. Pitying yourself and bemoaning your lack of opportunities. Writing letters when the blood is hot, which you may regret later. Making resolutions that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by. Carping and criticizing. See the best rather than the worst in others.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE TOM

As Officer James Murray was nearing the south limit of his beat, he saw his little friend, Tom Barna, the newsboy, standing near the lamp-post on the northwest corner of State and Madison streets. It was a cold December night, and from the light of the lamp which seemed to pierce his way through the flakes of snow, the officer could see the shivering boy, now kicking his heels together and again blowing his breath on his fingers in order to keep them warm.

"It's a wonder this government wouldn't wake up and do something for the likes of this little lad," murmured the officer to himself. "Now wouldn't it be better for Congress to take some of the millions of dollars which it wastes every year by printing useless matter and in the numerous other ways, and build homes for the orphans and the poor of this country? And surely, wouldn't it be far better for Andrew Carnegie to take a little of the money which he is building so many libraries and give it to some charitable institution for the poor? The mayor and the other high officials of this city see this poverty day after day and still they build subways, city halls and other buildings, but never a cent for the needs of the needy. Their hearts must be made of stone." By this time the officer came within speaking distance of the boy.

"Hello there, Officer Jim," said the little fellow, "ain't you late getting around to-night?" "Yes, I am rather late," replied Murray, "I've walked up Lake street some time; he was telling me about some changes that were made in the police department to-day. But what keeps you here? Sure you always left before this."

"I know," replied Tom, "but you see I didn't want to get 'stuck' on these 'extras.' I want to make a little extra money before Christmas to buy my mother a little present. I saw a shawl in a window down the street, I forgot what store it was, it was marked down from 75 cents to 30 cents. I know mamma would like it. I was going to leave an hour ago and try to sell these on my way home, but I wanted to tell you about the trouble we had here this evening. I suppose you know something about it?"

"Not a word," said Murray, with surprise. "Well," continued Tom, "there was a strike called in Burke's cafe just at supper time when everything was busy. One of the waiters threw a brick through the front window and smashed it into a thousand pieces. The policeman chased him, but he got away. I heard the day officer remark to another policeman, 'I'll bet there will be trouble here to-night. Murray will have his hands full.'"

"It's funny the sergeant didn't say something about this?" said Murray impatiently. "Perhaps he didn't know anything about it," interrupted Tom. "It only happened about five thirty." The officer looked in the direction of the cafe. Tom blew his breath on his cold fingers again, and looking up at the officer with a pitiful voice said: "You know that's the place where the cook always gave me the scraps of food that were left over. Last night he handed me two sandwiches. I ate one and brought the other home to mamma. I always have half for her. But she did not eat it. She said she was sick. I laid it on the table thinking she would eat it in the morning. When I kissed her I could see she was crying and when I asked her what was the trouble, she said, 'Nothing, my son, I'm not feeling just well.' Gee, I wish that strike didn't happen," and his head hung low.

There was a serious look in the officer's rough face. He slipped his glove off and taking from his pocket a silver coin, placed it in the boy's hand and said: "Go home at once, Tom. You're almost frozen. And meet me here to-morrow night. I'll have something for you. Don't worry about that present for your mother."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, Officer Jim. I hope I will be able some day to do something for you." "That's all right, my boy. May God bless you!" It was 9 o'clock when Tom turned his steps homeward. The snow was falling faster and faster, and the roaring wind blew cold against his uncovered hands. He ran down Madison street until he came to Fifth avenue. He stepped into a lunch room and bought a few bus for his mother. He stopped at the union depot for a while to warm himself, but he did not tarry long. At last he came to the alley which led to his home. It was so dark he could hardly find his home. When he opened the door from his home, he slipped and fell. His head struck against a rough stone and he lay on the snow, with the blood oozing from the wound. Presently he was unconscious. An hour later he came to himself. Dazed from the shock, he did not know which way to turn. All at once he thought of his mother and ran his hands through the snow to find the sun, but all in vain. He was covered with blood. The snow blinded him and it was only after much difficulty that he found the door to his home. He staggered up the broken steps. When he entered he could see his mother lying on a rough bed in the corner.

"Mamma, mamma, I'm so well," he said to himself. "I guess I won't disturb her, but I'm awful weak." Taking off his coat he wrapped it around his head so as to stop the blood from flowing so freely and he threw himself on his own bed and tried to sleep. The night seemed like eternity. He could not sleep and the pain from his head was terrible. He became weaker and weaker and his sobbing became fainter and fainter. At last morning came. The little fellow turned on his side and in a weak and most pitiful tone, called: "Mamma, mamma," but she did not answer. He touched her, but she did not move. He rose to his feet and with his little strength broken with sobbing, cried: "O Good Lady in Heaven, do not leave me alone. I have always prayed that you would watch over my mamma and me. O Virgin Lady; do not take my mamma away, do not take my mamma from me."

He had not long to wait. Four days later his little body was laid away in the earth beside a newly-covered grave. A tall, well-built policeman stood hushed and silent while the coffin was lowered into its bed of yellow clay.—Notre Dame Scholastic.

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THE NAME AND THE DAY Rob had been trying the new fountain pen, which was one of the gifts he had got for Christmas, by scribbling over and over again the name of the feast: "Christmas, Christmas," all down the snowy page. That is why he started his father, who was reading near, with the sudden question: "Father, does Christmas mean Christmas Mass?" "It does, indeed," said his father, looking up in some surprise, "but how in the world did you come to think of that?" "We heard in class the other day," answered Rob, with some pride, "that a good many names have some meaning, if one knows what they come from—why do you think a Christmas Mass?" "Well," said his father, putting down his book, and looking thoughtfully into the fire, "you see the feast was named by those honest Catholic men who lived in England in the Middle Ages. To them the greatest thing on Christmas Day was the Holy Sacrifice that was offered in memory of Christ's birth, and so they called the feast Christmas. 'The men of that time, Robbie,' and here his father looked slyly at him, "thought a good deal more of the Holy Mass that was sung on Christmas morning than of all the good things which came later in the day!"

"But they had jolly good times, too," said Rob, "at Christmas, didn't they?" "Yes, indeed, we have now, and didn't they feast for a week or two, and have yule logs, and Christmas mimes, and Lords of Misrule, and plum puddings as big as a keg, and all sorts of fun?" "Yes, they had a great celebration, indeed," answered his father, "and many sorts of games and of fun, but it was all in honor of Christ's joyful birth. They meant it all as a mighty expression of their joy and thanksgiving for the coming of the Great King."

"I'm afraid there are a good many people who don't look at Christmas in that light nowadays," said Rob. "It simply means a high old time to them, and nothing more." "That's only too true, and one consequence—though not the saddest one—is that people no longer have the merry Christmas they used to have of old. You see a man can't be truly merry unless his heart and his soul are right. Mere eating and drinking and giving gifts can make one hilarious, but never cheerful. To be that, he must have his heart and his soul set right, and feel some peace and joy from within him!"

"That's very true, Dad," said Rob, looking thoughtful. "Another reason why men were merry in the old-time Christmas is that there was more Christian charity in their hearts. It was the great feast of the heart and the home; and what glorious homes those old English mansions were, with their grand old halls, and hearths as ample and wide as a whole room nowadays. And the cheer was not for the rich and the great alone; the sturdy yeoman had his yule log, too, and the poor man at the gate was welcomed and bidden in to share the Christmas board. None of your measured doles or charity baskets then—the poor were Christ's brothers, and welcome to Christ's Feast."

"But Dad, imagine such hospitality in one of these little houses—the apartments especially!" "We are getting back to the cave dwellers as regards our houses," said his father, "and I'm afraid some of us are getting back to the pagans for our feasts. Some know-it-alls declare that Christmas is only a heathen festival, which the Church found among our forefathers and changed to a Christian feast. If she did, it was a glorious change, and may God bless her for it—but many a man nowadays has changed back again to the old ideas, and makes

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CHRISTMAS LITTLE MORE THAN A MIDWINTER SNOW AND CAROL.

"Christmas doesn't mean Christ's Mass for them," said Rob, "any more than Thanksgiving means giving thanks." "But even thanksgiving without giving thanks is hardly such an anomaly as Christmas without either Christ or Mass. So let us be thankful, Robbie, that we know where to look for the true joy and peace of Christmas—the holy place where you and I will kneel together to-morrow, to ask the Babe of Bethlehem to make his oration in our hearts."—E. F. Garesche, S. J.

THE NEW YEAR

The universal expression of the wish of happiness which has become associated with the beginning of each year had its inspiration, in the Christian sense, from the proximity of the great feast of Christmas. As New Year's day as now established is at once the octave of Christmas and the beginning of the year, the desire to extend the Christmas joyfulness is natural and fitting.

In the olden time the beginning of the year was marked by the festival of the Saturnalia, which festival was characterized by heathen orgies and excesses. Doubtless the present custom of seeing the old year out and the new year in in a quiet and removed place, the spirit of Christianity as were the excesses which marked the pagan Saturnalia. In the larger cities of the country the mode of entertainment and festivity on New Year's Eve is becoming more and more pagan. The widely heralded announcement that in some great hotels in New York nothing but there can be no doubt; for though we speak of the "hangy" Spaniard, there is no race on earth in which the rich and poor, the noble and the peasant, the prince and the subject meet on such terms of familiarity and mutual respect. A man is not degraded if he is in rags, nor does the possession of wealth or distinction entitle him to despise or oppress his fellows. Perhaps while redressing the social evils which Anarchy and Socialism batten on, Republicans and Royalists, Carlists and Integristas, and all the rest, will remember that they are first of all Spaniards, and will unite with all the fervor that their patriotism and their religion can give them to save their country. Apathetic Americans especially Catholics, might well profit by the example of this awakening of Spain.—America.

question in the most satisfactory manner and carol.

The bishop who has lately acquired a large central place, called the People's Hall, for general organization and work; and in this, as in other enterprises, he has received most generous aid from many wealthy people of his diocese. Missions and catechetical work in the poorer districts of the city and its suburbs have drawn large numbers to the regular Sunday service and the frequentation of the Sacraments. In such places, too, religious schools and free dispensaries have been opened. Of the work done by associations of ladies for the assistance, protection and education of the less favored of their sex, it is not in our power to say that it has been done in any inferior to similar work in France and Belgium. A notable feature of the social work is the founding of large co-operative stores, with branches in the workmen's quarters. Here everything needed by the poorer families is furnished. In the country around Barcelona syndicates have been organized for the farmers to secure the necessary means for profitable labor. Finally, in the diocesan seminary a chair of Christian Sociology has been founded for definite practical work, in closing visits of the students to the homes and places of occupation of the working classes.

Evidently, noble Spain is beginning to remember her ancient glories. If she could completely and forever crush out of her system of government the miserable political and personal squabbles that are as fatal to her as the anarchy with which she is now grapple, she would soon regain her former position as one of the rulers of the world. That she will do rapidly and far in the present course of social reform there can be no doubt; for though we speak of the "hangy" Spaniard, there is no race on earth in which the rich and poor, the noble and the peasant, the prince and the subject meet on such terms of familiarity and mutual respect. A man is not degraded if he is in rags, nor does the possession of wealth or distinction entitle him to despise or oppress his fellows. Perhaps while redressing the social evils which Anarchy and Socialism batten on, Republicans and Royalists, Carlists and Integristas, and all the rest, will remember that they are first of all Spaniards, and will unite with all the fervor that their patriotism and their religion can give them to save their country. Apathetic Americans especially Catholics, might well profit by the example of this awakening of Spain.—America.

Every Catholic knows that on the first day of the year the Divine Child received the Holy Name of Jesus; but how many know that it has also been dedicated in a special manner to His Mother? Christmas week is so filled with great festivals that it would be difficult to find room for a fitting feast of Our Lady, though the Greek Church, so earnest in its devotion to her, does hold, on the very day after Christmas, a special celebration under the title of the "Synaxis (Assembly for Communion) of the Mother of God." The Latin, or Western Church waits until the Octave, the eighth day after the birth.

The feast of the Circumcision became a day of obligation in the seventh century, and very soon the Blessed Mother was given a prominent place in the solemnity. Pope Benedict XIV, discarding the ecclesiastical writer, Micrologus, who lived in the eleventh century: "Late, when celebrating Our Lord's Nativity, we could not keep any special office in honor of His Mother: hence it is proper that she should have particular honor shown her on the Octave of Our Lord, lest it might seem to some that she had forgotten on the solemnity of her Son."

In ancient times it was the custom to celebrate two different Masses on the first of January—one of Our Lady, the other of the Octave of Christmas, Belleua, a writer of the twelfth century, tells us: "On the Circumcision two Masses are commemorated; one referring to the Mother, the other to the Octave of the Birth. Hence it is fitting that we should celebrate two Masses on that day; one of the Blessed Mary, with the Introit Vultum tuum, and another of the Octave, beginning Puer Natus Est. And when, later on, the custom was discontinued, the two Masses were combined to make up the Mass of the Circumcision, as we find it in the Missal at present. In it the two prayers known as the Collect and the Post-Communion pay a special tribute of homage to Our dear Lady. Moreover the Mass which began Vultum tuum still survives in the Masses of the people, and performed 13,000 acts of social service, as they are called. There are now in existence 13 unions of working people, embracing all classes. One of these, consisting of the employees of commercial houses, has formed within its own circle of members a system of mutual assistance and insurance, with stock attached. This federation of working people is already far more influential than the socialist Social Federation of Labor. It aims at enlisting the sympathy of the employers, and already many wealthy establishments have solved the labor

NEW YEAR'S DAY AND OUR LADY

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THE AWAKENING OF SPAIN

The Christian social work done in Barcelona and its neighborhood within three years under the guidance of the bishop, Dr. Loguanda, has been rarely surpassed. Aroused by the events of the "Bloody Week" of 1909, when he was already nominated to the See, but not consecrated, he set to work to encourage, invite, and develop all the agencies of social betterment already in existence. One of his principal projects and achievements is the creation of parochial and diocesan associations, such as are everywhere springing into activity throughout Spain. Industrial and agricultural societies, mutual insurance societies, savings banks, free schools and co-operative stores, popular lectures and publications—these and similar enterprises have multiplied with surprising rapidity. The great directing association of Popular Social Action in Barcelona, issued 1,300 popular addresses, issued 5,000,000 publications for the masses of the people, and performed 13,000 acts of social service, as they are called. There are now in existence 13 unions of working people, embracing all classes. One of these, consisting of the employees of commercial houses, has formed within its own circle of members a system of mutual assistance and insurance, with stock attached. This federation of working people is already far more influential than the socialist Social Federation of Labor. It aims at enlisting the sympathy of the employers, and already many wealthy establishments have solved the labor

and proclaimed that the Blessed Virgin Mary was, in very truth, the Mother of the Most High God.

SCORES IMMODEST DRESS

CARDINAL FARLEY ON QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

In a special interview with Miss Sheila Mahon, the Catholic writer, Cardinal Farley scored immodesty in dress and made an appeal to Catholic women to wear modest attire. During the interview which took place at the Cardinal's residence, Madison avenue, prior to his departure for Denver, many important questions of the day were touched on among which were the proselytizing which was carried on among his flock by those who made offers of material advantages as inducements, the amalgamation of Catholic societies and the negro problem.

The Cardinal denounced strongly the low necked gowns and certain dances of the day, which he described as indecent. His face was stern and he seemed much moved. His usual serenity of expression had disappeared. "Toll the fine ladies how much I abhor their indecent dressing," said the Cardinal. "Tell the working girls who imitate them the same thing. You cannot make my message too strong. No matter how strong you make it, it will fall short of my sentiments."

"All American women are not like that," said the interviewer, "surely your Eminence doesn't class them all alike." "No," said the Cardinal slowly, "but too many of them are. It is time that this indecent dressing and indecent dancing were put down. Painted women in indecent costumes, what could be worse? Give my message to let our Catholic women take heed of the deadly pitfalls into which immorality in dress and dances are leading them—our Catholic women, who should be examples to the world, women of the faith, whose training should teach them differently, I feel ashamed to have to speak on such subjects."

"And what," said the Cardinal, "will be the morals of the children of the next generation if the mothers do not by example teach them modesty in dress and privity of thought? Instead of the very children are being contaminated. They are sent to dance schools, ranging from schools at 10 cents a lesson to the expensive society dance schools. They are taught absolute indecency in these fancy dances. Their young imaginations are bred with an unwholesome idea to appear on the stage, and their mothers, instead of trying to guard their innocence, expose them to temptation by catering to this morbid appetite for display. They are miniature actors and actresses instead of children."

The conversation then changed into other topics more pleasant. The Cardinal's blue eyes lighted up with animation as he spoke of the amalgamation of Catholic societies and the meeting held recently in the Hotel Astor. He spoke bitterly of the proselytizing which was carried on among his flock, and which made offers of material advantages.

"We have set to work to combat it," said the Cardinal, "and with the help of the Catholic men and women we shall. We never set to work yet but we accomplished our mission. Speaking of the increasing number of the colored race in Manhattan, the Cardinal, who has been called the "Cardinal of the Missions" said:

"I give special support to the colored missions in this country. I have given over the church of St. Mark the Evangelist, to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost for the sole use of the colored missions."

"I notice Your Eminence's name on the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the colored people of which the Rev. John E. Burke is the Director General," said the interviewer. "Father Burke," said the Cardinal, "has given up his life to the work. It is a noble work. The Board has national headquarters on the sixth floor of the Metropolitan Building on Madison avenue. Father Burke is an enthusiast in the cause. The negroes make good Catholics and therefore good citizens. There are sixty thousand negroes in Manhattan, about eight thousand of them in the Paulists' parish. I hope to see them all gathered into the fold. What we want in America is good citizens. The country could not have too many of them, be they black or white."

Cardinal Farley seemed thoroughly aroused on the question of low necked dresses and objectionable dances. He will take in the matter were not disclosed.—Catholic Columbian.

We must be careful lest this confidence in God's power to save us from evil become a foolish trust in our own strength. Because God has promised us His protection we must not therefore imprudently trust ourselves into circumstances that are evil.

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