FEBRUARY 28, 1920

THE ONE WHO IS DOING HIS BEST

It somehow seems little enough when you say That a fellow is "doing his best."

his

bian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THINGS WE LEAVE UNDONE

It isn't the thiog you do, dear;

The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write.

Out of a brother's way,

So easily out of mind ;

Those chances to be angels

Each chill reproachful wraith-When hope is faint and flagging,

For life is all too short, dear,

So suffer our great compassion

It's the thing you leave undone.

And it's not the thing you do, dear,

Which gives you a bit of heartache

And sorrow is all too great :

That tarries until too late :

At the setting of the sun.

The bit of heartsome counsel

The gentle and winsome tone.

With troubles enough of your own.

dear,

for

bursements of private fortunes.

It means that he toils and he hopes day by day That heaven will attend to the rest.

He is jostled aside by the hurrying crowd,

Unsought by the lonely; forgot by the proud He earns what he gets, and no more

is allowed To the fellow who's "doing his after his supposed new accession to

But whenever a crisis arises, we look To the man who is doing his best. The prince with his splendor, the sage with his book,

Full oft fail to answer the test. And when there's a home or a coun-

try to serve We turn to the man with the heart

and the nerve, The man whom adversity's touch everything else in the category of

could not swerve, The man who kept doing his best. -Washington Star A MAN'S PRAYER

A MAN'S PRAYER

A MAN'S PRAYER Teach me that 60 minutes make an of him in terms of commisseration or hour, 16 ounces one pound, and 100 pity or disgust, as a sad down and cents one dollar. Help me so to live outer; or he couldn't borrow a dime that I can lie down at night with a from one of them without showing clear conscience, without a pistol gilt edged security for its return. under my pillow and unhaunted by brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal these phenomenas. Good fellows

ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may do unto others as and most of them will end as did the I would have them do unto me. poor plunger who died the other day, Deafen me to the jingle of tainted without even the necessary penny to money, and to the rustle of unholy pay ancient Charon for a ride over skirts. Blind me to the faults of the the Styx to the renim of lost and forother fellow, but reveal to me my own.

Guide me so that each night when I lock across the table at my wife who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children and sympathetic enough to

be considerate of old age. And when comes day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of footsteps and crunching of At the setting of the sun. wheels in the yard-make the cere-mony short, and the epitsph sbort-'Here lies a man."-The Guardian.

PUT YOUR HEART IN YOUR

WORK

One of the most pronounced tendencies today is to shorten the hours of labor and increase the time for idleness and rest. While rest and The loving touch of the hand, dear, recreation are important conditions of health, happiness and sanotity, That you had no time nor thought idleness have many serious dangers. It was St. Augustine, I believe, who said. "They who were saints in their labor perished in their idleness." The litile acts of kindness The world has not changed so much since his time as to make this truth obsolete. In every department of the Which every one may find-commercial world we hear the They come in night and silenceclamor for shorter hours and higher pay; and yet no man ever rose above the ordinary level or acquired And a blight has dropped on faith. prominence through brawn or brain without long study and continued effort. There seems to be a tendency to lock upon labor of all kind as something to be avoided or, at least, reduced to a minimum. The day seems to have passed when men went to their work with the same appetite which they manifested at the breakfast table.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE HAT And yet is it not a truism that all real happiness comes through per-sistent, self sacrificing labor done for sistent, self sacrificing labor done for the benefit or pleasure of our fellow-man? Who is happier than the mother, with her many cares and mother, with her many cares and

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN of his funds; and when his wealth is Twice Jack's measure flashed and gone, usually, he blames them. He should not. His is the wail of every emptied. Then he whistled for Fritz. No answer. "I'm even!" he man who yields to too generous impulsee, or who is improvident and foolish. It also is the complaint of every rascal who having squandered about the big gardenee "Oo-hoo-oo! every raccal who having squandered about the big garden. Of his do the big garden. Still no his ill gotten gains, finds himself Fritz !" he shouted again. Still no without the only thing considered answer. Finally he gave up and also moved over to another bush. "Gone fishing," he guessed briefly. by many honest people-money. Old Timon of Athens learned this Jack and Judy stripped the bushes

mora and more closely. They grew hotter and hotter, and the minutes weakness of our human nature, and he was about the only one who ever really did "ccms back" to enjoy a dragged. They soon lost count of the number of quarter they had picked, barrelful of satisfaction in the discomfiture of the worthless parasites but when Mother Norton blew the came butterflying about him long horn with which she always summoned them to the house, they wealth and power. His: "Uncover, dogs, and lap!" must have jarred those eager assistants of the disknew it was far below the thirty two she had asked for.

Wet and sticky, they plodded tired. ly up thepath. They wondered what Mother Norton would say about that Many a "good fellow" sadly con-templates the folly of his careless years. During his heydey he was a yawning basket. Well, how did the currants go ?'

THE

up.

prince;" he was a "fine fellow," as fine as you make 'em;" he was she greeted them cheerily as they opened the kitchen door. "Where's Fritz ?"

"Gone off," said Judy wearily. But Jack, who didn't intend to tell on Fritz even if he hadn't played fair, drew embarrassed circles on the floor with his toe Fritz is-Fritz-why-I don't know where Fritz is," he stammered

"And-and we didn't get a bushel, Mummie. Mother Norton smiled at the two flushed, anxious faces, all streaked Worse still, these associates of other

ice box for you. Drink it and then clean yourselves up. Perhaps I'd better look after Fritz," she added to herself. "It's strange he didn't hear the horn." Effit Mother Norton soon dis gotten shadows .-- Catholic Colum-

look, and she turned toward the to become, as fast as possible, worthy

It's the thing you leave undone Which gives you a bit of heartache The flower you might have sent, Are your haunting ghosts tonight. The stone you might have lifted

in coolly, lay the truant. You were hurried too much to say. Mother Norton looked at him

> tim. "Wake up, Fritz," she called. of God is so great and so wonderful Wake up! I want you to help me a thing that the most powerful serhim. carry the currante." mon, the clearest writing can co Fritz, blinking stupidly, yawned but a very faint notion of it.

ladder and out to the currant bushes without a word. Mother Norton, he noticed, carried stole a guilty look at her as they

When they went into the diningroom that night, Jack and Judy gave a shout of joy. "Saucer pies !" they do it. But by the average man or woman, the majesty of God is very cried. "Saucer pies !" Sure enough, there, at each of their places, stood a THE ETIQUETTE OF THE HAT Boys, learn it now. Don't wait till ciously with rich red juice. Fritz looked blank. At his place

THE BLESSED

SACRAMENT

Humility, adoration and gratitude

you grow up, and then forget it half



CATHOLIC RECORD

"Nothing is so strong as gentle all, but are merely shirking a pior pricice because they can't be bothered, or because they have a bea ness-nothing so gentle as real strength.

babit that they don't want to give One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty is worth all the mere good thoughts, The sentiment of aforation meets that we should be wholly penetrated with the greatness and majesty of with the greatness and majesty of chainst. This does not mean selves,—Cardinal J. H. Newman. Our Lord does not say, Bebold I shaking, so as to cause physical shall be with you, but, Behold I am with you; because in God the prestimidity to interfere with our judgment. That is the way of over scrupulous people, and their case is ent is eternal. These words give up some idea of the love of our Lord a very difficult one for priests to and His great desire to save us, to hold us eternally close to His heart.

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deal with. They imagine they are never fit to go to the rail; that is, they imagine they have never com plied with the conditions. Their Their with dirt and currant juice. "Never mind," she said, "you can get the rest tomorrow. But I wich you and Fritz had brought up the basket, Jack. Run back and get mother a pantul for-no, I'll go my-self. There's some lemonade in the ice box for you. Drink it and then

Fritz, Mother Norton soon dis covered, was not in the garden, neither was he in the playhouse. There was just one other place to improve our spiritual condition and

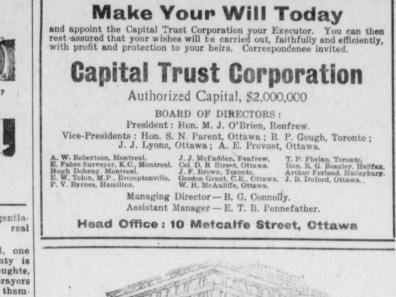
"Fritz," she called, stepping inside nervousness and (xaggeration as we are not now worthy. Fuesy "Fritz," she called, stepping inside and peering about among the shadows. A hen flew cackling from its nest, and Rosy, the old cow, rumbled out a friendly "Mco-co co." There was no other response. Fritz evidently was not there. But he might ba in the haymow. Mother Norton took hold of the ladder and Norton took hold of the ladder and climbed up. There, fast asleep by the window, where a soft wind blew then the sense of unworthiners and

the sense of the majesty of God. Our pride and our ignorance prevent is thoughtfully for a moment, then with from realizing how listle we dessure a laugh she leaned over and shook to receive Jesus Christ. The majesty

mon, the clearest writing can convey The and rubbed his eyes. Then he got to majesty of God is a thing to be felt his feet and followed her down the rather than explained. Pious people who gave their lives to God's service (and every community has many of these), come to feel the majesty of a handful of hay from the loft. He God. The spiritual wireless between God and the soul God made, are not picked up the partly filled basket and | translatable into words. Good people started up the path. But all she said was, "Your late, Fritz. You'll have to hurry about dressing." get close to Gcd; their conscience becomes highly sensitized; they can draw spiritual distinctions without being able to state in words ho. or woman, the majesty of God is very imperfectly realized and, indeed, the

most perfect realization or compre hension of it of which mankind is capable, is very imperiect in any Case.

Goodness, plain yet incomprehensi





SEVEN

numerous duties, yst abounding in from dawn to darkness and even late in the evening for her home, her husband and her little ones? On the other hand, who is more miserable than the man who has nothing to do. on whose hands time hangs heavily, who is sated and disgusted with or-dinary pleasures and recreation and seeks a change in vicious and dangerous innovations? It is the idle man who is in danger. "For Satan still Voice. has many things for idle hands to do."

A love for work, an ambition to excel, a pride in all that we do, are as necessary for a successful Christian life as an appetite for a pleasant Fritz and Jack and Judy, each armed meal.-Intermountain Catholic.

GOOD FELLOWS

The recent death of a once spectacular and widely known "plunger" furnishes food for thought, says the Cincinnati Euquirer of January 15sb. hunt eggs. I've cleaned up my side Time was when this man rode on the of the bush; and anyhow, I'm ahead high tide of affluence. Like the of both of you-I've picked six quarts. careless butterfly, he bathed his whistle whist you've caught up, Jack, and I'll come back." He threw down temporary material success, lived his measure, picked up a stick and thoughtlessly, perhaps happily; and then his fugitive wealth took the The thud of currants into wings of the morning and fled away, never to return. He had made no provision for the future, and the around the busb. friends who had known him, remem. "Lazy bones!" he said scornfully.

conduct afford to spend, the bulk of hard sarnings, in the same way, or have lost their all by some fororal reverse. Some of these have de-

have departed along with their on. Only the twitching and rustling monsy. So we have come to say, of the branches would have told any when a man has money he has one in the path that busy hands were He may not have real at work on the other side. Occas- those who seek to excuse themselves friends. plenty of associates who willingly will assist him in the disbursement is tream of frait into the basket.

ur eare. nd girls in | urged numerous datales, yst abounding in the office will not mind if you lay it Fritz lifted the cover eagerly and ment which ought not to have diffi-from days to derive a even late aside, and you can't possibly get cold peered in. A handful of stewed hay culty in entering deeply into us in a steam heated room. It doesn't sent up a little cloud of steam into take long either to touch it as a mark his face. of deference when you just call at the door to deliver a message or ask a question. To see man or boy sitting round in the presence of women, with his hat glued to his head, is to learn the defects of his training. with his hat glued to his head, is to learn the defects of his training.

earn them."-Sarah Cory Rippey. Learn to be polite, boys, and then live up to your knowledge .- True

THE LAZY-BONE'S REWARD The sun shone down bright and

hot into the Norton garden, where with a shiny tin quart measure, were picking currants.

should be profoundly felt by those who receive Holy Communion. The sentiment of humility means that we Whew !" Fritz emptied his measure into the big basket and wiped his face with his sleeve. "I's should be wholly penetrated with the sease of our unworthiness to receive too hot here for me! I'm going to Jesus Christ. This must be rightly understood. We are all unworthy; but we do not become less so, but more so, by staying away from Communion.

Some people say: "I'm not fit to receive Holy Communion often." The thud of currants into a True, no one is worthy; but a once-abruptly, and Jack thrust a red face

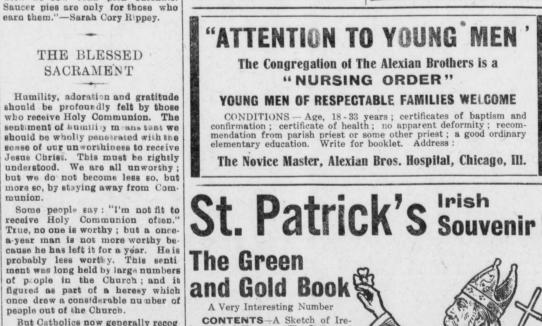
Many a man has spent his parti-mony, the accumulations of years, in careless or riotous living; many Fritz termed accor?

nizo that this is false reasoning he retorted. "You just want me to Ose does not get warm by staying pick so you won't have to work so out in the cold. The Church safeguards the sacrament from sacrilege

"Quitter !" Jack shouted after him by means of the confessional. The bottom; a faw "come back," but all work. ing the sacrament are theroughly

of them real ze the fact that the butterfly friends of the sunny days have departed along with their on. Only the twitching and rustling have departed along with their on. Only the twitching and rustling and well settled theology and try to add some further requirement. deed, it is generally the case that with reverence for the sacrament at

ble, evident, yet mysterious, is the



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