

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW
Make new friends, but keep the old.
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish Friendship in your breast;
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old,—
Those are silver, these are gold.

VICISSITUDES

If each individual in the world were to be questioned in regard to the object which he is seeking in life, the answer would be: Happiness.
That there is much unhappiness in the world, no one will gainsay.
Who fault is it? The man who has no faith will reply to the question: It is fate.
Another will blame the Supreme Author of the universe for this condition.
The reasonable man will blame—himself.

Beyond doubt it would not be good for man to be always perfectly satisfied here below.
If for no other reason than that he would lose the precious merits of many virtues which are exercised and strengthened only in adversity, when circumstances go against us.
Life would grow strangely monotonous if there was not something more perfect to be sought.
Man cannot be perfectly satisfied, but he can make himself reasonably happy in spite of the vicissitudes of life.

Sometimes a grave misfortune coming to one in the bloom of health and strength had suddenly transformed him from an impatient man into a man singularly patient.
He realizes now how small were the sorrows which he experienced heretofore, and he accepts his trial as something from the Divine Hand whereby he is to be perfected in patience.
We have all witnessed this singular patience on the part of those who are deprived of sight.
They rarely if ever complain,—on the contrary they are surprisingly cheerful.

The lives of great men, especially men of genius, illustrate in striking manner the fact that only through adversity did the light shine more brightly amid the gathering clouds, and that conquests wrested from adversity are the most perfect and most glorious.
Suffering may be said to resemble the sound of bells which break a perfect silence only to lead the soul into a deeper peace.

Those who achieved great things in life were for the most part men acquainted with sorrow.
They suffered from the crude and coarse things which break the proud spirit and which are hardest to bear.
Even in mean and unprepossessing bodies have dwelt great souls which nothing could hold back or dismay.

We sit in our churches on Sunday morning and listen to the majestic strains as the organ intones the exquisite themes of the Old Masters.
On the compelling wings of music a man without much inspiration may be lifted almost to heaven.

If we study the history of the grandest musical spirits of the ages, we find that, one and all, they were men who knew the most poignant sorrows.

Beethoven, the upright, pious Catholic as well as the great genius, suffered from almost total deafness which compelled him to remain aloof from society.
He confesses that he experienced intense humiliation when standing beside one who could hear the distinct music of a flute or a shepherd boy singing.
He himself was unable to distinguish a sound.
He lived in a wilderness of silence.

Other sufferings tortured his sensitive heart.
A relative on whom he lavished all the affection of a lonely nature, met this affection with coldness, ingratitude and lying.
Nevertheless, we find this Christian nobleman, Beethoven, writing: "God has not forsaken me, and no doubt someone will be found to close my eyes."

The great man suffered from public neglect and private sorrows.
And yet he could truthfully write with Goethe: "I have ever looked to the highest."
Poor, almost to direst poverty, he promised the Ursuline nuns a new symphony without recompense.
Disappointed in men and things, he never failed those who sought him.
Here was a great and immortal genius—but here was also a manly man.

Chopin suffered from a fatal lung disease.
But even more bitter were the pangs experienced from the unhappy ending of a romance which he had cherished with unstained whiteness.
Disappointed in the woman whom he loved, and unwilling to reconcile his ideals with her pagan sympathies, he retired into loneliness and music.
He was not one of those men who sacrifice conviction and uprightness in the name of art.

Haydn pursued his musical studies in a little attic room with a worn-out harpsichord in leisure moments.
Downstairs, at other times, he dressed and powdered away at

wigs. To gain instruction, as he had no money, he cleaned his wig master's boots, trimmed his wig, ran on errands,—a homeless wanderer but for this vocation.
In his declining days he saw his beloved Vienna bombarded by the French, and died in sorrow and disappointment.

Mozart, after a life of painful endeavor and ill-requited accomplishment, was carried out into his garden in the decline of the year, to write the Requiem which was to be his own.
And, one stormy December morning, he was borne through the deserted streets amid storm and hail, unaccompanied by a single friend, with other paupers, to the common burying ground.

In the year 1808 some travelers, passing through the town, asked to see his tombstone, only to be told that the ashes of the poor were frequently exhumed to make room for others.
Nothing remains to mark the last resting place on earth of Johann Chrysostom, Wolfgang Mozart, no less golden-tongued than his illustrious namesake.
In austere poverty and purity of life, in strict adherence to his religious duties, this man was able to avow: "I have never done anything that I would not do before the whole world."

Schubert suffered from constant and painful headaches.
Although at times well nigh exhausted, he did not relax his efforts of composition.
He had not enough money to go to the hills for his health's sake and expired at the age of thirty-two.

Who will venture to say that in our day there are many men who will sacrifice and suffer for the sake of an art which they wish to use for the glory of religion and the good of their fellowmen?
Who shall say that the vicissitudes of today as experienced by many men, and which cause them to grumble and to give up the struggle, can be compared to those cited above?

Life's problems still remain the same.
Are we a weak generation?
The only solution must lie for us as for these heroic souls in the Christian ideal of sacrifice.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MY FRIEND IN THE SACRED HEART

Your friend in the Sacred Heart, I subscribe myself to you;
May nothing 'e or to us part,
May our friendship 'e'er prove true.
Thus may our friendship's treasure
As gold in furnace tried,
From dross of earthly pleasure
Be sweetly purified.

Let's pray for one another
And bear each other's woe;
That gaining for each other
Nor loss may either know.

We'll trust in Mary's aid
And Joseph's from the start;
That when in death to earth we're laid
We'll meet in the Sacred Heart.
—The Missionary

A CHILD'S PRAYER

It was a stormy winter's night.
The snow and hail beat against my windows and a chill wind howled through the streets.
My telephone bell suddenly rang violently.
"Father, this is the hospital, accident ward.
Your 'e needed."

It was but a few minutes before I was in the street, amid the wild whirl of snow and hail, but with a peace and calm of soul that ever comes to the priest conscious that on his journeys to the dying he bears with him the Saviour of the world.

A zealous Sister of Mercy met me at the door.
A bad case, Father; an old man blinded by the storm and struck by an automobile.
He cursed me when I spoke of calling a priest.

In the accident ward a student nurse was deftly arranging the screens about the bed of a white-bearded old man of about eighty years of age.
As I stood beside his bed a scowling face glared up at me.

"Who brought you here? That fool nun? I don't want a priest. I've lived sixty years without a priest and I'll die without one. Go away and let me die in peace!"

I spoke a few kind words to him, but he only growled:
"A priest? A priest? It is too late for one like me to turn to God! No! It's too late!"

Gently I threw my arm over his shoulder and told him the story of the repentant thief who died on the cross.
I told him of Magdalene, poor outcast Magdalene, who had been forgiven "because she loved much."

The tears swelled to his eyes.
"I'm different, different. There is no hope for me!" he said sullenly.

Then I told him the story of the Prodigal Son, that touching tale of forgiveness related by Christ Himself.
I won his confidence at last and amid tears he told me his story of sixty years away from God.
I helped him to prevent acts of sorrow for a wasted life, and amid sobs of repentance I gave him the sweet Consoler of the repentant, Christ in the Sacrament of love.
I had anointed him and was about to leave him when he weakly clasped me by the arm.

"Father, tell me, why has God given me this great grace after all these years away from him?"

As I looked down upon him I asked him:
"Did you ever have any children?"

"Children? Yes—" and the tears again welled to his eyes.
"I had a little girl once, long, long years ago, but she died.
Father, when she was only eleven years of age.
But before she died she put her two little arms about my neck and whispered to me: 'Papa, I'm dying, and I shall soon be with God.
But, oh! when I'm with Him, I am going to ask Him every day to bring you to me—to make you good—so you can be with me.
I'll ask Him every—every—day!'
And, Father, she was dead in my arms!"

I looked down upon that white-haired, dying old man.
"You ask me why God has given you this great grace?
Why, man, it is that little saint in Heaven who has been praying all these years for you and has obtained from God the favor that you may go to her."

—Charles J. Mullaly, S. J.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Devotion to the Precious Blood brings out and keeps before us the principle of sacrifice, says Father Faber.
Sacrifice is the Christian element of holiness; and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists.
There is no end to the delusions which our self-love is fertile enough to bring forth in order to evade the obligation of sacrifice, or to narrow its practical application.
If it were enough to have correct views, or high feelings, or devout aspirations, it would be easy to be spiritual.
The touchstone is mortification.
Worldly amusements, domestic comforts, nice food and a daily doing our own will in the lesser details of life are all incompatible with sanctity, when they are habitual and form the ordinary normal current of our lives.
Pain is necessary to holiness.
Suffering is essential to the killing of self-love.
Habits of virtue cannot by any possibility be formed without voluntary mortification.
Sorrow is needful for the fertility of grace.
If a man is not making constant sacrifices, he is deceiving himself and is not advancing in spirituality.
If a man is not denying himself daily, he is not carrying the cross.
These are axioms which at all times offend our weakness and self-indulgence.
But they are of peculiar importance in times like these, when comforts and even luxuries are almost universal.
It is comfort, which is the ruin of holiness.
Gayety, fashion, ostentation, expensiveness, dissipation, frivolity are undoubtedly not the component parts of sanctity.
There is a smoothness in the flesh which is a comfortable life which is fatal to holiness.
Now, all the forms, and images, and associations and pictures, and ideas, of the devotion to the Precious Blood breathe sacrifice.
The fragrance is the odor of sacrifice.
Their beauty the austerity of sacrifice.
They tease the soul with a constant sense of dissatisfaction and distrust with whatsoever, is not sacrifice, and this teasing is the solicitation of grace.
In time they in effect as with a love of sacrifice; and to gain this love of sacrifice is to have surmounted the first ascent of holiness, and to be breathing the pure air and yet treading the more level road of the upland of the mountains of perfection.

It is the very mission of the devotion to the Precious Blood to preach a crusade against quiet sinless comforts.

What more can we say? Sweet worship of the Blood of God, a worship with as many of many peculiar rights in it embracing all theology in itself, and then turning all its vast theology into tenderly triumphant song!
Dear fountain, that rises in the heart of God's human Mother and flows down through Communion over the souls of men into the Bosom of the Eternal Father, while those countless souls like the pebbles of the stream, make everlasting music as it flows.
It is consoling to feel that the Precious Blood is bearing us onward into the adorable Abyss of Love and is carrying us this hour with such breathless swiftness to our home, our home with the Mortal Mother and the Unbeginning Father of the Eternal Son.

AIMS OF THE KLAN

St. Louis, Mo., June 8.—Memorial Day was selected by the local promoters of the Ku Klux Klan for a large meeting at Creve Coeur Lake, during the day and evening.
Ten thousand people is the estimate of attendance, but it was open to the public to some extent and many were present merely as spectators.
It was the first public gathering of the Klan in St. Louis.
Two fiery crosses were displayed before a background of American flags and upon these flashlights were thrown at short intervals.

Officials of the Klan stated that 2,200 members were initiated during the evening.
The proceedings were in charge of the Rev. Charles D. McGehee, pastor of the New Haven Street Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Louis.
He and the Rev. C. C. Crawford, pastor of the Fourth Christian Church, made addresses.
Both wore the full regalia of the Klan.

Mr. Crawford criticized the daily press, which he called one of the chief enemies of the Klan.
"The Klan is not entirely a secret organization," he said.
"Only the names of the members are kept secret. Secrecy is our chief weapon."

Crawford stated that the Klan was not against Catholicism, but against its aims and its hierarchy.
One thing that the Klan would demand, he said, was inspection of Catholic institutions by State officers.
He also said the Klan bore no ill will towards the Jews, but he did not like their aims and ideals.

"We have got to restrict immigration," he continued.
"The time has come when we must say to priests and rabbis, 'You shall not bring your minions to our shores.'"

Crawford told the crowd that the Klan had long looked for the time when 400 or 500 members would be added to its membership every week in St. Louis and that this time had arrived.
"By the next presidential election," he said, "we will have 10,000,000 members in the United States, so that we can beat A. I. Smith."

"We say, when the White House is disgraced by a Tammany politician and an Irishman."

No great disorder took place, except that one reporter—for the St. Louis Star—states he was called "a dirty scoundrel" by the Rev. McGehee, who said to some of the Klansmen: "Boot him out, boys."

They dogged the reporter's steps and followed him to his automobile, when one struck at him, but the newspaperman landed a right-hander to the jaw and knocked the Klansman down.

NEW OBSERVATION CARS

May 15th marked another advance move on the part of the Canadian National Railway, when the entirely new type of Mountain Observation Car, aptly described as a "Sun-Room on Wheels," was put into service on the Mountain Division between Jasper and Kamloops.

These cars will continue to be attached to daily trains Nos. 1 and 2 until September 30th.

They are the most up-to-date and satisfactory type of mountain viewing car anywhere in use on the continent.
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The seats are arranged transversely on each side of a centre aisle as in an ordinary car, there being seating capacity for 64 passengers.
The platforms provide capacity for 36 additional persons.
The entire car siding is of steel with interior finished in British Columbia cedar, stained mahogany.
The interior is equipped with the most up-to-date ventilators, electric lights and shades.

SOWING THE WIND

A broken world today is reaping the whirlwind due to the error of past generations and the blindness of those who aspire to be its leaders.
Luther, as far as lay in him, destroyed the principle of religious authority and the princes who followed him, vainly thinking they had increased their powers, unconsciously sapped the foundations of the throne.
There can be no human society without discipline nor discipline without a conscientious acknowledgment of duty.
Blackstone in his commentary maintains that the State does not need this spiritual spring of action which is rendered unnecessary by a government's coercive powers.
Can anyone maintain such a position today?
A strong party which has attained enormous influence, aims at destroying armies and substituting an armed people which must inevitably be the prey of a dictator or a Jungle.
Though this degeneration has followed from the loss of faith, still Christian habits of thought survive in the disinherited people and the Church of God, the only true authority now in existence in the world, shows the way to safety.

To a feverish world, which madly holds that all change is progress, she holds up the Saviour Who alone can make the world healthy and through Whom we are saved.

Today humanity's worst enemies are found not among the dishevelled orators who breathe flame and fury but among men of higher position who lend the prestige of their rank to theories which are destroying the world.
The habit of obedience is learnt in the family under the parental authority which has explicitly Divine sanction.
Today divorce is the worst enemy of the Christian family and lawyers of the highest rank and labelling themselves Conservatives are trying to open wider still the gates of this evil flood, which has already done so much harm.
They recognise no church authority but presumably know something of history.
Humanity made the experiment of easy divorce long ago in imperial Rome; the empire perished and the world had to be renewed with blood untaunted by a false civilisation.
The Church, which speaks in the name of Christ, and which nurtured the rebirth of Europe, has never faltered in maintaining the indissoluble nature of the marriage tie and her attitude to the lustful author of the Reformation in England has stamped it in letters of fire on the page of history.
They refuse to

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acknowledge her authority but with insular conceit pride themselves on common-sense.
Now their courts are crowded with divorce cases on account, they say, of the reckless marriages contracted during the War.
Is it not plain that increased facilities for divorce must mean a permanent recklessness in marrying?
Who bestows much thought in avoiding blunders that can be easily rectified?
Deadly injury to the sanctity of family life and to the race itself is threatened by the so-called Eugenics which has found distinguished patrons.
In an Anglican church assembly it was warmly advocated by a physician of high rank.
It is characteristic of that chameleon church that a theory advocated by a lord and King's physician should have been heard without a word of protest while the same doctrine preached by Bradlaugh was condemned with unanimous horror.
The horrible scheme would degrade marriage, would pander to selfishness and can only be entertained in minds which have forgotten the true dignity of man.
Threatened thus from its higher strata and sapped from below by discontent and rebellion human

society can find no hope of remedy except in the cross and doctrine of Christ.
Ours is the privilege to guard the faith which alone can save mankind; ours is the duty to propagate it by a truly Christian life, by holy zeal and sustained endeavour.—Southern Cross.

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