

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

INFLUENCE OF LITTLE THINGS ON EVERY DAY LIFE

Little things influence the lives of people more than the big things, bearing the three great personal things we call birth, marriage and death. Even wars, great catastrophes like earthquakes, and the large national things such as elections and government policies, do not influence the individual to anything like the extent of the comparatively minor and trivial everyday experiences he undergoes.

But the little everyday happenings of our own world a tremendous power over us. Indeed by them the great majority of us are absolutely ruled. The work we do, the associations we have, our environment, the pleasant room, the congenial fellows we meet, the little personal triumphs of the day, or hour, together with the occasional disappointment, the loss of temper, the unkind words, the drudgery in our various occupations, all unite to make our days what they are.

On the other hand, if the day greets us with quarrels, harsh words, petty insults and aggravating meanness, few of us can remain serene and pleasant under such a fire. Usually we "rise to the situation" in exactly the temper in which we are met, and while we know we should not allow ourselves to be led along by others, but should always remain the captains of our own souls, the overbearing force of those about us has its effect, happy or unhappy, on our lives, and we cannot shake off the power that is all about us—the power of the little things which go to make up so much of our lives.

In this view, it is up to each of us, as the saying goes, not only in self-defense, but as intelligent beings who understand the value of co-operation, to make our personal strength count for the happiness of all with whom we come in contact—our families, our friends, our business associates, our fellow-citizens—by maintaining the kindly attitude so far as possible, and by exerting ourselves to be pleasant and agreeable. In this way only can society get through life happily. Every grown man was born a savage, and would be one as an adult but for the influence of love, school, church and society. They slowly and gradually train us to master our natural selfishness and lawlessness, to hold in check our passions, and to adopt the wise policies of civilization.—Catholic Columbian.

A PURE MIND AND SIMPLE INTENTION

1. With two wings a man is lifted up above earthly things; that is, with simplicity and purity. Simplicity must be in the intention, purity in the affection. Simplicity aims at God, purity takes hold of Him and tastes Him.

No good action will hinder thee if thou be free from inordinate affections.

If thou intend and seek nothing but the will of God and the profit of thy neighbor, thou shalt enjoy eternal liberty.

If thy heart were right, then every creature would be to thee a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine.

There is no creature so little and contemptible as not to manifest the goodness of God.

2. If thou wert good and pure within, then wouldst thou discern all things without impediment and understand them rightly.

A pure heart penetrates heaven and hell.

If there be joy in the world, certainly the man whose heart is pure enjoys it.

And if there be anywhere tribulation and anguish, an evil conscience feels the most of it. (Rom. ii, 9)

As iron put into the fire loses the rust and becomes all glowing, so a man that turns himself wholly to God puts off his sluggishness and is changed into a new man.

3. When a man begins to grow lukewarm, he is afraid of a little labor and willingly takes external comfort.

But when a man begins to perfectly overcome himself and to walk manfully in the way of God, then he makes less account of those things which before he considered burdensome to him.—Thomas A Kempis.

DO THE HARD THINGS FIRST

It is said that a successful banker, when asked how he had managed "to climb the ladder so fast," pointed to a motto over his desk reading: "Do the Hard things First," and said:

"I had been conscious that I was not getting on as quickly as I should. I was not keeping up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result, I became mentally lazy. I felt an increasing incapacity for my work. But one morning I woke up. I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar. I had been carrying them along from day to day. Enclosed in a rubber band was a number of unanswered letters which necessitated the looking up of certain information before the replies could be sent. I had tried for days to ignore their presence. Suddenly the thought came to me. 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks my mental muscles have grown flabby. They must get some exercise. I took off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half so hard as I had expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it: 'Do the hard things first,' and put it where I could see it every morning. Ever since I've been doing the hard things first."

As Father Damen rose from his devotions and was about to leave by way of the sacristy, he noticed in the sanctuary, close under the altar, two kneeling figures. In astonishment he stepped nearer, for he could not imagine how, in spite of the scrupulous care of the final survey, there could be someone praying there at such a late hour.

The figures were those of two little boys in white surplices, with lighted candles in their hands. Absorbed in prayer, they had apparently not noticed the approach of the priest.

Father Damen was amazed at the fearlessness of the children who were not afraid of praying so late in the dark empty church. He was just about to ask them the reason of their delay, when light footsteps turned away from the altar and went down the nave towards the door. Evidently they were afraid of the priest, whose unexpected appearance had frightened them.

In vain he sought by kind words to calm their fears; they did not listen to him but hastened further away still, right to the end of the church. Then they stood before the big door and Father Damen was close behind them. But before he had got quite up to the children, the two halves of the door gently, and apparently of themselves, opened wide. Through them both the small figures passed out into the dark night.

A sudden inspiration came to the astonished priest. He recognized that heaven had sent him a wonderful sign through these messengers—had given him a hint what to do. For a moment he hesitated, and then, as if led by an unseen hand, he followed the children and heard the church door close softly again behind him.

All around, the noisy traffic of the day was stilled, the streets were empty, and everything lay in the solemn quietude of night. Father Damen followed the boys through the lonely streets of the city. Their candles lighted his way, and he thanked God inwardly for the grace which had been vouchsafed him. At last the two stopped before a wretched little house in the suburbs, and allowed the priest to precede them. Then they again hurried ahead of him up a staircase, and behind their steps was shed a beautiful clear light. Father Damen never for one moment lost sight of his little guides, and, praying earnestly, waited for what was to come.

Suddenly the two children disappeared and left him groping in the dark, their task evidently fulfilled. At length he found the latch of the door. He knocked, and after a voice from within had answered, he entered a miserable little room. An old, white-haired man came towards him and pointed sadly to a straw bed in the corner. The priest went over to it and found a poor wasted figure in a deep swoon.

"Thank God you have come," said the old man, kissing the priest's hand.

"My wife has been sick and ailing for a long time, but to-night she seems to me to be weaker than ever. Her end must surely be near.

While these words were spoken the sick woman opened her eyes.

Father Damen took her thin hand and bent over her. There was no time to be lost.

"You should have sent for me earlier, my good man," said he to the husband, "still I hope to God I am not too late."

He heard the poor woman's confession, then hurried back to the church as quickly as he could to bring the Holy Viaticum to the sick room. While the dying woman with the deepest devotion prepared herself to

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of the product and text: 'We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.'

and called upon various persons identified with the Catholic Church, with the request that they cash his checks. He secured more than \$100 on worthless paper before he was apprehended. He was convicted in Syracuse and lately released from state prison on parole.—Buffalo Union and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TWO LITTLE MASS SERVERS

Father Arnold Damen, a Jesuit, whose unflagging zeal and success in bringing converts into the Church is testified by many flourishing missions in North America, once had an extraordinary experience.

One evening he had been longer in the confessional than usual. After the last person had left, he knelt down in a side chapel in order to offer his last greetings to his Lord.

The church doors were already closed and the lamps put out. Only before the tabernacle burn the everlasting light and threw its trembling glimmer over the marble of the high altar.

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receive the Blessed Sacrament for the last time, the old man, with the help of some other inmates of the house, got the room ready for the entrance of the Divine Visitor.

When the priest returned, the old woman was rapidly nearing her end. With every sign of inward longing and joy she received the Holy Viaticum.

A sudden idea occurred to the pious priest, and he asked the old man if he ever had any children.

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, "two dear little boys whose greatest delight was to serve Mass; but the good God took them away from us in their childhood." The dying woman also heard and understood the question. A glimmering of the actual truth then dawned on the priest's mind. He bent over her and said softly, "Would you like to know who brought me to you to-night?" And as she nodded affirmatively, he continued, "It was your two little sons, who came from heaven and showed me the way here, in order that you might not die without the Last Sacraments."

A glorious happiness showed itself in her face; she whispered some words of thanksgiving, and a few moments afterwards drew her last breath.—Southern Messenger.

DISAPPROVES OF MODERN DANCES

According to a statement in a recent issue of the New York Sun, Miss Joan Sawyer, the first dancer of grace and distinction to give authority to the new ballroom steps, has now declared against these modern dances and has introduced the "old" dances, among them the minuet, into her program for the future.

"When folks dance as most Americans danced during the last year and a half," said Miss Sawyer, in announcing this change, "the man is not going to retain much wholesome respect for his woman partner. There isn't a dance that cannot be made a thing of grace and beauty and pure rhythm, but, unfortunately, the new dances lent themselves too easily to the other sort of thing. That is why we are going back to the old dances. The minuet, the valse, the waltz, the gavotte and the scores of beautiful folk dances will come more and more into favor."

The new dances, she declared, "have been overworked" and "have been degenerated." Anyone who knows the real facts of the dancing mania knows that it bred thousands upon thousands of tragedies.

Further expressions of this matter are unnecessary. This dancer knows well what she speaks. It would be well if our young people would heed her words and example and give up these dances, which have produced such a "mania" and have been responsible for so much suffering and sin.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE ROMeward DRIFT

Since this time last year, when the wholesale conversions of the Caldey monks and the Milford Haven nuns caused a sensation, close upon twenty five Anglican rectors, vicars and curates have been received into the Catholic Church in this country. With two or three exceptions all are celibates, and are, therefore, hoping to become priests. The Venetian Bede's College, attached to the English College at Rome is already full of these ex-Anglican ministers, who are pursuing their theological studies under Bishop McIntyre, late of the Birmingham archdiocese. A good story reaches me in this connection, for which I can vouch. Dr. Gore, of Oxford, was lately in the Eternal City, and meeting one of the Bede students, whom he had formerly known as a clergyman of his own

Old Dutch Cleanser advertisement featuring an image of a woman scrubbing and text: 'Takes the hard work out of SCRUB WORK. Old Dutch Cleanser. Man, other uses and full directions on large sifter can.'

Church, he asked whether the college was full. The reply came quick as lightning. "Quite full, my Lord, but we could manage to squeeze you and Zanibar into a tight corner." One of the Bede students, by-the-by, witnessed for the first time an ordination of priests in the Lateran Church. Turning to his neighbor, also an Anglican clergyman, he naively exclaimed, "Well, if that's ordination, I am quite certain that I was never ordained."—The Second Spring.

HARD TIMES AND DIVORCE

Just at present some of our leading papers are calling attention to the increase in the number of divorces during the past year. As usual, during the writers are casting about for the cause of this lamentable disregard of the marriage bond. The reason most often given is "the hard times." Such an explanation is not only false, but it is, moreover, an indictment of our moral and religious state. Hard times can not part husband and wife who believe in the sanctity of marriage. Did men and women but enter matrimony in the spirit of Christ, they would die of starvation rather than seek relief in a sordid court. Their privation would make them more determined to stand fast together, sharing each other's trials and sorrows, soothing each other's cares. Our divorce mills are not grinding furiously because stomachs are empty, but because souls are barren. Hearts are untouched of heaven. Faith and self-sacrifice and pure love have gone. The marriage bond is a hand of rope, whose grains are held together by animal passion. Weaken that passion, set a stronger passion in opposition to it, change its object, and the divorce court is one of the good of the State. Herein lies the root of the wretched evil that threatens our civilization.

There is but one remedy for it. God. Marriage must be reinstated in the lofty place where Christ put it. It must be brought back to the primitive condition in which the Reformers found it; a sacrament of the New Law instituted by Christ, sanctified in His Blood, a holy, life-long union between one man and one woman, whose chiefest justification is a home into which children are born for the glory of God and the good of the State. This accomplished, the mills of the demon will cease to grind. Man and wife will remain two in one flesh, to be parted not by edict, but by death alone. This neglected, the country will continue to harbor throngs of unfaithful wives and husbands, and armies of homeless children.—America.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ONLY CAN SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM

There is a side to the picture of the present status of the colored people that the Negro Business League does not disclose. Despite the success of those negroes who cling to the farm; the one place where they can compete with their white neighbor without serious danger of discrimination, the vast majority are fleeing from it to the cities, where they are prone to learn the vices of the whites rather than their virtues. And in town and country the lesson of vice is nearest to them. In slavery days they learned courtesy and respect for authority and usefulness of service, and much of the higher qualities of Christian civilization from mistresses whose teaching and watchful kindness begot that is now, as a rule, either old or dead. That the young negro is lacking these qualities is not altogether his fault. Emancipation set up a wall between him and those who were capable of guiding and controlling him, and left him free to associate only with those whites who are the most vicious of their race. He went to school and learned to read and write and aspire to the pleasures of an easy life, but not to work; and hence his increase in idleness, too often spells a decrease in character. His religious guidance is now monopolized by the colored preacher, who has usually very little of religion or morality to impart, either by word or example. The negro birth rate is decreasing, while infant mortality is not, and vices are rampant that were unknown under slavery. By natural increase there ought to be much more than ten million negroes, and the fact that a large proportion of these is not negro, but merely more or less colored, is eloquent of many evils which their present education is not calculated to eradicate or lessen.

We know that the true religion is the one effective remedy, and many of the negro leaders are also aware of it. The Catholic Church alone welcomes the negro to her bosom as warmly as those of other races and colors. Catholic apostleship makes the negro in fact as in name a Christian. When he hearkens to the Church's call he seems to leave behind him the vices which are commonly considered characteristic of his race. The Catholic negroes of Louisiana are chaste, honest, industrious and reliable. There are West Indian Catholic negroes in New York who are employed by preference, for their trustworthiness, steadiness, and respectful and moral behaviour. The sacraments of the Catholic Church subdue the passions and develop the virtues of all races and peoples, and there is no substitute outside of it.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Panshine advertisement featuring an image of a house and text: 'Every Home Has Dozens of Uses for Panshine—Keeps woodwork and paintwork spotlessly clean and white. Scours pots and pans. Cleans cutlery and glassware. Makes bathrooms spick and span. Keeps kitchens immaculate and sweet. PANSHINE is a clean, white, pure powder that has no disagreeable smell, won't scratch and will not injure the hands. Buy Panshine. You'll be glad you did. Large Sifter 10c. At all Grocers.'

Sovereign Ready-Cut Houses advertisement featuring an image of a house and text: 'Cut Your Lumber Bill in Half. A recent editorial in the "Saturday Evening Post" gives some interesting statistics in regard to lumber waste. According to it only 35% of the original tree emerges in the finished building—65% is wasted. Of course some of this waste is unavoidable but most of it is not. Part of it goes into the kindling heap that accumulates around every house in course of construction. The Sovereign System of Ready-Cut House Construction eliminates every particle of avoidable waste. Not only is all waste of lumber done away with, but labor-saving machines in our factories cut down expenses in manufacturing still more. And there is still more saving in time and labor in the erection of the house. Figure it out for yourself—you can't afford to build without investigating the "Sovereign Way." We furnish every stick of timber for the house, every nail and screw, every bit of hardware, plaster board or lath and plaster, paint, etc., and guarantee every article to be the best of its kind, and its safe delivery. The "Sovereign" Book of Homes contains designs and plans of 100 beautiful Sovereign houses and more information about the Sovereign system. Write for it to-day. SOVEREIGN CONSTRUCTION CO. LIMITED, 1316 C. P. R. BUILDING, TORONTO.'

Northern Navigation Co. advertisement featuring an image of a steamship and text: 'Northern Navigation Co. LIMITED. GRAND TRUNK ROUTE. GREATEST STEAMERS of the Great Lakes. Luxury and distinction in equipment and service are found in the highest degree by the Steamships of the Northern Navigation Co., the Largest, Finest, Fastest on the Inland Seas. The Water Way to the West. SAILINGS from SARNIA every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth, via St. Clair River, Beautiful Lake Huron, 800 LOCKS and Lake Superior. DIRECT TRAIN SERVICE between Toronto and Sarnia Wharf and Fort William and Winnipeg. Noronic Every Saturday. Hamonic Every Wednesday. Huronic Every Monday. Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinac Island, and Ports on Georgian Bay. Service from Collingwood and Owen Sound every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. 30,000 ISLANDS. Sailings between Penetang and Parry Sound Daily except Sunday. Tickets and information from all Railway Agents or from the Company at Sarnia. NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO. Limited.'

Kellogg's Corn Flakes advertisement featuring an image of two men at a table and text: 'The One Dish That Agrees With The Aged. Kellogg's CORN FLAKES Get the Original.'