

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

**THE BRIGHT SIDE**

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we would only stop to take it,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it!  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevail-eth.  
Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are rifted!  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning,  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.  
There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven;  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.  
Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart  
And the hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads  
Or our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

**PRINCIPLE**

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinacity of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man, but a beautiful magic, that erewhile bore the image and superscription of God. It is thus that there is a genius for goodness, for magnanimity, for self-sacrifice, as well as for creative art.

**YOUR FRIEND**

A friend is a person who is "for you" always, under all circumstances. He never investigates you. Whatever kind of a coat you are wearing, whether you have on a dress suit or a hickory shirt with no collar, he thinks it's fine. He likes your success, and your failure endears him more. He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself. Anybody stands by you when you are right, a friend stands by you even when you are wrong. It is he that keeps alive your faith in human nature; that makes you believe that it is a good universe. When you are vigorous and spirited you like to take your pleasures with him; when you are sick you want to see him; when you are dying you want him near.—Michigan Tattler.

**PROFESSIONS OF FAITH**

Of the many simple and beautiful professions of faith, expressions by which we openly declare our belief, such as the sprinkling of holy water, sign of the cross, rising to our feet at the reading of the Gospel, etc., what is more touching and inspiring than the lifting of their hats by men as they pass the Church? The very act is a recital of the Apostles' Creed—"I believe," as plainly as if the words were spoken. Do our Catholic men fully realize the privilege which is theirs in making this simple and beautiful profession of faith. The man going to or coming from his daily toil, the business and professional man, the student and little schoolboy should lift his hat. Think of all the open acknowledgments of Christ in one day by the simple act of lifting the hat. It is a sight to touch a heart and cause the angels in heaven to smile. Lift your hats!—The Tablet.

**NOT TOO GREAT TO BE POLITE**

As soon as Clement XIV. was named Pope, the ambassadors of various countries waited upon him with their congratulations. When they were presented to him and bowed low, according to long-established custom, he bowed in return; whereupon the master of the ceremonies delicately hinted that the head of the Church should not acknowledge official salutations in that manner. "I can not agree that in becoming Pope I should cease to be a gentleman," answered His Holiness. "Strangely enough, the punctilious Philip III., of Spain, would always politely salute the humblest peasant although he never permitted himself to return the salutations of grandees. But everyone, noble or commoner, was obliged to

kneel when speaking to him; on account, he explained, of his low stature,—which reason one may accept or not, as one pleases.—The Ave Maria.

**WORK A SACRED DUTY**

The common complaint so frequently heard these days of the failure of men in all walks of life to fulfil the duties of their state is but another commentary on the lack of a religious motive in such lives. The conception of work as a task to be grudgingly performed to obtain a promised wage is a direct result of the jejune doctrines of a world given over to materialism. The consecration of labor as part of our testing in the sight of God is entirely lost sight of in the attitude of the workman who skimps or shirks.

That the task before us in the state of life to which we are called is made holy by the motive of patient and cheerful faithfulness in executing it, is part of the comfort that makes possible Christian perseverance through these years of probation. It is part, therefore, of a Catholic man's religion, that he do his day's work faithfully and well; and while not excluding his purpose of providing for himself and those dependent upon him to the best of his ability, he nevertheless lifts that work by his high motive out of mere drudgery into a sacred duty acceptable to his Maker.

It is with confidence, therefore, that we maintain that the practical Catholic finds in the ordinary duties of his religion the means of sanctifying his day's work, and that he can be held as an efficient contributor to the common weal, whatever his station in life. The man who says his morning prayer beginning the day, and closes that day in like manner with prayer, who every Sunday asks his God at Holy Mass to bless the week that is done, and to give him strength and courage for the week that is beginning, who every month unites himself in Holy Communion with his Sacramental Lord—such a man brings the spiritual motive of his whole life to his day's work in such fashion as to exclude the deplorable traits that would make him unworthy of the friendship and the love of Him who deigned to be reputed the Son of a Carpenter.—The Pilot.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**ROOFS**

The road 's wide and the stars are out and the breath of night is sweet,  
And this is the time when wander-lust should seize upon my feet,  
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,  
And to leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling place.

I've never seen a vagabond who really liked to roam  
All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home;  
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day  
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.  
A gypsy man will sleep in his cart when with canvas overhead;  
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.  
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease as long as the sun is high,  
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call a gypsy a vagabond,  
I think you do him wrong,  
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.  
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,  
Is just because of the homes, the homes to which it goes.  
They say that life is a highway and its milestones are the years,  
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you buy your way with tears.  
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,  
But at last it leads to a golden town where golden Houses are.

**THE GENTLE GIRL**

The gentle girl is still among us, though we rarely see her picture in the papers. She does not care for that kind of thing and possibly she does not earn a place in the columns of the daily press. For her ambition is not to be known as a star swimmer, jumper or baseball player or movie star. She shines in the home. Her gentle word soothes father; her ready services save mother many a step; and her wise, kind advice to the younger children prevents many a squabble. The big brother thinks she is second only to mother, and often her quiet, "I wouldn't do it if I were you," induces him to give up a project or prank that might make trouble! or perhaps she sets him thinking so earnestly that he sees the right way open before him and follows it resolutely.

One marvels at her habitual cheerfulness. Her sunny disposition quiets the insignificant disturbances that often mar the harmony of the average household. She is "old-fashioned" in almost everything she does, and seems actually to delight in doing housework in the hope of lightening the burden of her mother in every way she can. Being gentle does not mean being weak or uncertain. It is surprising

how firm the quiet, little girl can be when a question of right and wrong is raised. Her tranquil eyes see clearly, and her words make plain that there can be but one course—the one that conscience whispers,—follow.

We need the gentle girl today more than ever. May she be found in more homes, to give them joy and content, and to bring a blessing on all lives that touch hers. The boisterous girl, the athletic girl, the social success, have their day, but if they have no other recommendations to favor, it is only a day. The clamorous, boastful girl soon loses vogue; a better swimmer or jumper may retire the athletic girl even in one brief contest; and the social success may after all be only the most pitiful kind of failure. But the gentle home-girl endures. She is the type of true womanhood that the world needs more than ever today.—The Echo.

**GOOD HABITS**

A well-known author writes, "Youth is the seedtime upon which depend the years of maturity and those of old age." It is above all the time when good habits should be acquired. The child who has had the great good fortune of being trained to piety from his earliest years, who has been taught to lisp the Holy Name Jesus and Mary at his mother's knee, will have throughout his life a reverence and love for these blessed Names. Seedtime memories may become obscured in the turmoil of life, but they are never entirely forgotten, and many an eleventh hour conversion is only a renewal of early holy habits.

Good habits cannot be commanded at will when we need them, and if they are not acquired in early life they become, as the years go by, more and more difficult to form. Habits of piety that feed and nourish the soul tend to the true development of the mind and soul, leading to that delight in interior solitude which makes it possible to live without excitement and distraction. The Church, with the insight of a true mother, has provided her children with many solid devotions, in the practice of which the soul is nourished in prayer and reflection. One of these is the First Friday Communion. When the world had grown cold, she set hearts on fire with the flame of devotion to the Sacred Heart, one phase of which is the First Friday Communion. This sweet and consoling devotion has grown as "the seed planted in the night," until now it is a mighty harvest filling the whole earth. Wherever the Name of Jesus is known, there will be found the habit of the First Friday Communion. This holy habit of going to Communion on the First Friday of each month cannot be too strongly encouraged. It brings peace and joy to the soul who practices it, and carries the almost certain promise of perseverance, because the happy recipient of the Precious Body and Blood and is brought ever nearer to Jesus. A happy union of heart and interests with Him is thereby fostered and "to live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow Christ the King, else wherefore born?" becomes the only question and only aim in life. For He Who is never outdone in generosity will not fail to shower abundant graces on the soul who seeks to honor Him in that last and most generous proof of His love for mankind, His Presence in the Blessed Sacrament.—The Monitor.

**BRIGHT WATERS—HAPPY LANDS**

The Indians who gave the name "Kawartha," meaning "Bright Waters and Happy Lands" to the enchanting chain of lakes which lies East and North of Toronto, selected a name which was truly descriptive.

At an altitude of 800 feet above the level of Lake Ontario the pine and balsam scented air of the Kawartha region is healthful and invigorating. The cool, fresh water of the lakes which mirror the foliage overhanging, and hide the sportive lunge and pike offers the vacationist unexcelled boating, bathing and fishing. Hundreds of miles of shore line caters to the camp lover, and for those who wish more comfortable quarters there is excellent hotel accommodation at different points. A descriptive illustrated booklet with map showing entire district may be obtained free of charge from any agent of the Canadian National Railways.

**THE JOY OF LIFE**

Viscount Grey tells the story of a poor man who went about the country enjoying it and loving its beauties. He had enough to care for himself comfortably, but that was all. One day this man was in the company of a very rich man, many times a millionaire, who gave every minute of his days to the accumulating of money. "I am a richer man than you are," said the poor man to the rich one.

"How do you make that out?" asked the millionaire. "Why," the first replied, "I have as much money as I want, and you haven't."

The joy of life comes to us only as we drink in its endless

beauties and then pour out benefits into the craving hearts of others. But if we strive only for our own gain and selfish comfort, before many years we come to realize how empty and barren the search and effort have been.

The joy of life comes through appreciating and giving. How beautiful are the changing seasons of the year! The other evening as I drove home from work I marveled at the loveliness of the city's thousands of lights sparkling through bare trees that only a short time ago touched the edges of magnificent sunsets with gloriously tinted leaves. And in so many sections of the country the white snows of winter give an added beauty before the unfoldings of spring long ago that it wasn't so very long ago that I rather dreaded the passing of summer and its beauties, its memories, its appeals that smiled from every nook and corner of God's great universe. But now every season is full of interest and beauty. The joy of life is never hidden. Monotony alone is uninteresting and unenjoyable.—Selected.

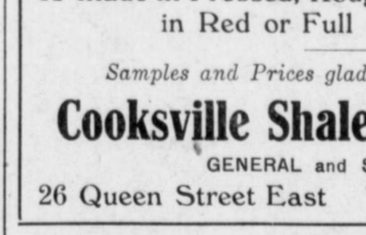
If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and idleness. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.



Answers for last week, Parable of the Unjust Steward read as the Gospel in the previous Sunday's Mass. TRANSFIGURATION. This is a big week for Our Lady! Besides Her Assumption (Aug. 15) we have a special Feast for Her father (our Lord's grandfather). Here is his name, MIBCAOJ. Look it over carefully to get the right angle on it. Some times we see things quickly, at other times we are more backward!



How fresh and sweet—soft and comfortable—everything about Baby must be kept! Nothing must irritate his tender skin. Wash Baby's bedding in Lux—his soft linens, his dainty little clothing. The pure, mild Lux suds will keep such things always soft and sweet.



Our Lord was usually very meek and humble in His actions, but now and then He found it necessary to be more stern. An account of the event represented in our picture was read at Mass last Sunday. In what part of the Mass? Careful, now, there's a catch!

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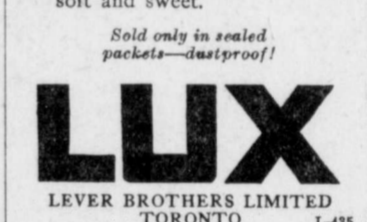
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