CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A MESSAGE FROM THE SACRED HEART

message from the Sacred Heart What may its message be?
"My child, my child, give me thy My heart has bled for thee.'

This is the message Jesus sends
To my poor heart today,
And eager from His throne He
bends,
To hear what I shall say.

A message to the Sacred Heart, Oh bear it back with speed; "Come, Jesus, reign within my

heart,
Thy heart is all I need!
Thus, Lord, I'll pray until I share
That home whose joy Thou art;
No message, dearest Jesus, there,
For heart will speak to heart.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

THE ENTHUSIAST The prudent man, says Bulwer Lytton, may direct a State, but it is the enthusiast who regenerates

Why is it that we find few enthusitoday? Perhaps because the spirit of commercialism has to a great extent overbalanced the finer things which appeal to the noblest instincts

Looking down through the ages, we find that the men who have left an imperishable imprint on history have not been those who were content simply to plod along. Those who were satisfied with what might be easily accomplished, content with things as they are because the exerthings as they are because the exer-tion of striving for anything beyond was distasteful to their lethargic temperaments. We find rather, that truly great men were those who did violence to themselves, their tastes and inclinations.

One day, one moment, an inner voice suggested something stupendous, something heroic. They instantly grasped at the opportunity offered them of becoming agents or factors in a great and wonderful work. Perchance this work was the regeneration of a whole race, the liberation of thousands of captives, the supplying to weak men a remedy for many failures, the furnishing of an example of courage and intrepidity to all. Fear of failure did not deter them. Dread of ridicule had no power to hold them back. Grasping the hand of opportunity they went forward boldly, and men stood back to marvel and admire the conquests achieved.

The man who lacks enthusiasm has missed many opportunities and much of the joy of living. True, the disillusionments of mature years have somewhat removed the keen edge of enjoyment of those things which early years bestowed in generous measure. Things are not what they seemed. The beautiful trust and confidence of childhood has been somewhat dimmed by the weakness, the meanness, the failures

of the world. Who can say what might have resulted had all men yielded to that sweet strong impulse to turn aside from the white glare of the road into some shady nook where, hidden from the crowd, they might traffic in things unseen?

In the memory of most men is someold road winding down through a country town. They can recall its zigzag fence with the springits zigzag fence with the springtime blooms beside the way. Chestnut trees and lilac bushes, and the
noise of horses lumbering down in
the warm sunshine, creaking of cartwheels past many a cottage door—

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great strain on our feelings.

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the spring right and the spring right and the world and the spring right and the spring right and the world and the spring right and the world and the spring right an time blooms beside the way. Chest-nut trees and lilac bushes, and the wheels past many a cottage door— these things have made of many a man an enthusiast, a philosopher, an apostle. The din of city streets has never quite drowned out these memories of old-time pleasures,

once familiar, still loved.
Someone has said that "we look at the heavens nightly, but there are those who, at a certain ineffable moment, catch, as it were, the eye of a star. When this is so, it is useless to try to deter them. They leave all that has been most dear leave it with a strange ease, and without renunciation, and

Whither? commenting on the character of Hamlet, says that to him it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. That here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread

out, the vase is shivered to pieces.

There are many to whom some divinely magnificent impulse comes at one moment or other. There are probably few who find themselves equal to the execution of what is suggested or demanded of them. In the Purgatorio Dante meets

with the unfortunate souls who had deferred the execution of a good impulse until they were overtaken by death. Of how many might this same be said

It was said of Sir Thomas More that with a smile on his lips he met Fortune's ugliest scowl. Fortune could not overwhelm him nor disappointment conquer him nor death daunt him. Through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, from the bar and the pen to the block, a holy enthusiasm ever shone in his eyes and radiated from all that he did. Such characters were not unus al in past ages of Faith when men had to dare all for a

of irreligion and vice, had given himself generously and devotedly to the things of the soul. But we read in his memoirs that scarcely had this conquest been attained at the price of tremendous renunciation, than sorrows came thick and

that he could not speak.

In those far days there were not

in his life, so that he said of them:
"Scarcely ever do I find respite
from them." And still we find that
with a splendid perseverance he
continued on the way which he had
entered, nor ever turned back.

Anything which severe to enkindle

Anything which serves to enkindle sometimes steal away from the busy marts and seek relief and inspiration in some remembered haunt. There is no keener pain than the yearning to taste joys that have been forfeited when men's feet have gone far from the pathway of true simplicity and peace.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"THE GLADNESS OF HIS SMILE"

We met at Communion this morning, My Saviour and I, His child.

He stooped in loving compassion Gracious and gentle and mild. And lifted me close to His bosom I felt His Heart-beats the while And all my pain was forgotten, In the Gladness of His Smile.

I told Him all of my sorrow, And some I could not tell, But I aid not have to breathe it He knew it all so well.

Then in tones both low and gentle, His loving voice I heard, He told me to bear without murmur Each harsh, unkindly word.

To give myself to others, In kindly pleasant way, And then to save all my sorrows For Him at each close of day.

We parted after Communion, My Saviour and I, for a while
But I bore it all day with me—
"The Gladness of His Smile."
-s. M. R.

THE FOLLY OF PRETENDING

How much of our life is made up of pretense? There are very few people indeed, except children, who are absolutely and always

Perhaps the main cause of pretense of all kinds is that it is easier than reality; and this for many reasons, one being that if we really felt all we professed, or were expected to profess, it would be a

listen breathlessly to all we have to tell them, and are lavish with their congratulations or condolences. And yet we feel instinctively that they take no real interest in us or in our affairs. Probably all the time we are speaking their thoughts are far away, or they are examining our dress. Really to feel all that they express these women would have quite remarkably sympathetic natures. But we cannot be deceived. The shortest acquaintance will prove to us whether sympathy is real or pretended. tended.

There are those, too, who pretend friendship, but who in reality are incapable of the real thing. They like, however, to play with it, as it were, and to act, just as some people like to act at "being in love." Real friendship is a big responsibility. It needs not only a true affection, but a high character, to give us the right to claim friend. There are those, too, who pretend

in his eyes and radiated from all that he did. Such characters were not unus al in past ages of Faith when men had to dare all for a principle that was dearer than life itself.

There was a man who, having broken away from the old schools

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There is, for instance, the theory that there are conventions which almost force pretense on one. There is, for instance, the theory that everyone who has not a happy home, or the most respectable of relations, is in some way inferior. Even poverty will be enough to modern literature is exercised not only through the cheap novel, which openly and professedly panders to the sensationalism and will conquer the world."

There is, for instance, the theory that everyone who has not a happy home, or the most respectable of relations, is in some way inferior. Even poverty will be enough to modern literature is exercised not only through the cheap novel, which openly and professedly panders to the sensationalism and will be apply. An obsolescent word for happiness is blessedness. Our Lord said once, "Blessed (that is, happy) are those who hear the word of God and keep in the corrupting influence of modern literature is exercised not in the corrupting influence of whome are proved to the corrupting influence of the corrupting influence of whome are proved to the corrupting influence of the corrupting influence o

people to pretend. It is natural, but not worth while. Pretense

never is. To pretend you have more money the price of tremendous renunciation, than sorrows came thick and fast, seeming as though they strove to wrest from him that Divine enthusiasm which he had conceived. Under the excessive labor of study his lungs began to fail him. The pains which he suffered showed that he must lay aside a portion of his loved work. Scarcely had this trial subsided, in the retirement of the country, than a violent toothache came on, increasing to such a degree that he could not speak.

trouble in its train. Take a girl in an office, for instance. She may be quite a clever girl and a good to the world as the collected wisdom to the world as the collected wisdom of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any attempt at proof. Naturally they are in favor with a generation of life and of the universe which leaves no room for Retribution or responsibility to a Divine the poorer girl to the world as the collected wisdom to the world as the collected wisdom of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any of the sge. The pretended conclusions of science are palmed off on the public as established facts without any attempt at proof. Naturally they are in favor with a generation of life and of the universe which leaves no room for Retribution or responsibility to a Divine share to spend on their clothes and proof the past control to the world as the collected wisdom to the remedies at hand for such evils and enter into their expensive with which we are familiar today. risk the opinion of your fellow workers than to be under such a strain of pretense.

a pardonable weakness or an amiable folly.

There is too a class of novel which

be our own true selves, and learn to love and sympathize with our fellow creature in a true Christian the home and the school are soon spirit. It is worth while to earn replaced by the new lessons of the the good will of those with whom we come into contact by truehearted friendliness rather than by an assumed friendship or assumed sympathy. Let your friends know that you can be relied on and that they can turn to you in their troubles as well as in their pleasures knowing that they will be assured of sweet comfort and true con-

gratulations.

The girl who is her own true self may not appear to have so many admirers or to have such a good time as the one who pretends to be everybody's friend, but in the end she scores. When such a girl makes a friend she makes a friend for life, and her influence is felt in whatever sphere she moves in. Therefore her good works follow her, and hers is the better part .-

WHAT DO WE READ?

The full extent of parental authority and of parental obligation is not always appreciated. It has been rightly said that the task of training the child requires the genius of the Catholic Church. That task devolves primarily on the parent. Education in the true sense of the word is the formation of habits and among the habits which the child should be taught to acquire is the habit of good reading. book is the teacher of our own selection. For that reason we should be careful in our selection. The good done by good reading is very great; the harm done by bad reading can scarcely be calculated. It would be interesting to know whether the kingdom of God or the whether the kingdom of God or the kingdom of Satan has benefited more by the invention of priating. One thing seems clear, namely, that the wave of infidelity, which swept over Europe in this and the last century received its impulse from the previous and godless literates. the pernicious and godless litera-ture in which wicked men vented their hatred of God and His Church.

true affection, but a high character, to give us the right to claim friendship with another. Those who pretend to be your friends will fly from your side the moment they see anyone else approaching with whom they are acting the same pretense. The real friend will stick to you through thick and thin, and be more to you in times of trouble than in times of peace. It is a great privilege to have a friend, and a privilege to have a friend, and a privilege of which many of us have doubts of being worthy. The responsibility of real friendship takes our time and thought. But to pretend friendship is just an excitement or interest, or convenience even. It makes no demands on us, and so there are always those who are ready to pretend it.

Another reason for pretense being saying: "Show me your company." Another reason for pretense being easier than reality on many occasions is that there are conventions

The taste for reading. Or books, as of associations, may be held the saying: 'Show me your company, and I will tell you what you are.' See that none but good books and

sensuality of the multitude, but through works of science and history. In cheap editions, as well To pretend you have more money than you really possess often brings trouble in its train. Take a girl in the infidels and agnostics of the past

pleasure. For the poorer girl to pretend she can dress as they do and enter into their expensive to gild the vice which it extols. It But far from succumbing to discouragement or yielding to a temptation to give up the burden of apostolic life, these pains seemed but to accelerate the holy exaltation with which he pursued a glorious and immortal quest.

Trials of many kinds continued in his life, so that he said of them:

Trials of the many kinds continued in his life, so that he said of them:

Beasures can only bring unhappiness. The strain of trying to keep attack on social virtue and morality and upon all that is held holy and sacred. The vilest passions of the human heart, all that is sensual and grovelling in human nature, are better to be one's natural self and the price.

What we call Sin is represented as a paradonable weekless or sensible weekless or sensible weekless or sensible. is more often than not an open

How many marriages have been upset and lives ruined through this indulgence of pretense! During the months prior to the marriage the girl or many many marriages have been upset and lives ruined through this indulgence of pretense! During the months prior to the marriage that it is too a class of novel which is not flagrangtly bad, in which vice is not recommended or virtue depreciated, but which cannot be read with impunity. Even the best read with impunity. Even the best works of atheistic fiction cannot be or to preserve our enthusiasm is well worth cultivation. So, tired men, when cares and anxieties press, sometimes steal away from the busy marks and soal away from the busy soal away from the busy marks are ago to think that the mask can be dropped, and in place of the pretended virtues and reality is shown up. The help and inspiration which have been looked for are not ferthcoming; they have been assumed for a purpose, and, this purpose being satisfied they are dropped without further trouble.

Instead of all the pretense, let us be one count over the colors of the line of the colors of the line of the colors. The world is painted in false colors; the ambitions of the young are directed towards other ideals of life; and the lessons of

> novel.
>
> In this respect our daily press is by no means above censure. In what way is the good of the community served by the publication of the details of divorce cases and sexual crimes? Our daily papers boast of the power they wield and the influence they exert. In publishing the indecencies of court cases they can scarcely be described as promotive of public morality. Familiarity with crime is not a knowledge to be sought after or be proud of. If the editors of our big dailies would not like these subjects to be discussed by their sons and daughters, then why allow the matrimonial activities of those, who have grown tired of their wives or husbands, to fill the columns of the newspaper which finds its way into every family in the land?—Southern Cross.

THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

The quest of happiness is older than Tutankhamen tomb. It began when God created Adam, and it has persisted ever since, and will con-tinue until the last man on earth has yielded his soul to his Creator. Happiness is the end of man, for we are taught in the first page of our Catechism that God made us to It is scarcely possible to estimate the influence for good or evil which the influenc

suing happiness in the wrong way 'One thing that the Middle Ages were sensible about," remarked Mr. Chesterton in a recent interview, was that they realized, what the Catholic Church continues to realize, that happiness and unhappiness

depend on the state of the soul."

All the new sensations produced by the applications of modern inventions do not in themselves bring happiness. Our vaunted progress has not yet succeeded in dif-fusing much real happiness, simply because that progress has been confined mainly to the material order, and has ignored the spiritual in man, which as Chesterton rightly points out is the basis of happines

or unhappiness. This is where the world has gone astray in its quest for happiness. The world has wrongly regarded happiness as a thing of the body, whereas it is an affair of the soul. It has confused pleasure with happiness. Men have been carried away with the fallacy that riches bring

happiness. Wealth never bought anybody happiness, for happiness cannot be purchased with money. You can happiness. Very wisely the late Pope Benedict pointed out that one of the five great plagues afflicting human society, was the insatiable thirst for pleasure as the chief end

Like the children in the fairy tale, the world has been seeking for the pot of gold at the elusive end of the rainbow of pleasure, when the real gold of happiness all the while lies unnoticed and unsought in their own souls.

There is only one recipe for a happy life in this world and in the next, be good and you will be happy.



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