

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KINDNESS

If you would smile a little more
And I would kinder be:
If you would stop to think before
You speak of faults you see;
If I would show more patience, too,
With all with whom I'm hurried,
Then I would help—and so would
You—
To make a better world.

If you would cheer your neighbor
more
And I'd encourage mine,
If you would linger at his door
To say his work is fine.
And I would stop to help him when
His lips in frowns are curled,
Both you and I'd be helping then
To make a better world.

But just as long as you keep still
And plod your selfish way,
And I rush on and heedless kill
The kind words I could say,
While you and I refuse to smile
And keep our gay flags furled,
Some one will grumble all the while
That it's a gloomy world.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

ENCOURAGE A HOPEFUL FEELING

If you believe yourself a failure,
You fail before you try to do anything.
If you believe that you will succeed,
That belief will be an aid to success.

I know a man of remarkable natural powers who has achieved very little, because all his life he has been handicapped by his expectancy of ill health, of disease. He came from a consumptive family. Most of his ancestors had died of consumption. In his youth everybody kept reminding him that he had probably inherited the disease, and he grew up with that conviction so fixed in his mind that he never expected to be strong or really well or to live long. He was influenced to such an extent by his expectancy of becoming a victim of tuberculosis that he chose his life work not from a liking for it, but because he thought it would fit a very weak constitution. Whether the disease he fears develops or not, his expectancy of it has practically ruined his life.

It is a terrible thing to impress upon the mind of a child the probability of his always being a weakling or of being fatally handicapped by some hereditary taint which will interfere very seriously with his career. It is practically condemning him to weakness and failure.

It is a powerful help to success to feel certain that we are going to win out in a grand way; not necessarily in a big way but in a big-man way; that we are going to succeed in self-expression to the full; that we are going to bring out the largest possible percentage of our possibilities; that we are going to succeed in our character; that we are going to develop a noble personality. In other words, it is the greatest of tonics to believe that we are going to do the thing that the Creator had in mind as possible for us when He created us; that we are going to make the most possible out of the stuff that was given us; that we are not going to hide our talent in a napkin, but to invest it, to enlarge it, to make it something beautiful.

The optimistic outlook, the habit of expectation of good, glorious things to come to one, will mean much to one's career. It will make all the difference between a sour, bitter, gloomy life, and one of cheer, of happiness, of joy. Expect to be happy, and you are already on the way to be happy. Multitudes of people are not happy because they never expect to be happy. On the contrary, they expect to be miserable. They are always looking for something to make them unhappy; they are always seeing unfortunate things ahead of them; snags ahead, failures, disappointments, heartaches, afflictions, losses of all sorts.

Now, this is not the way to face life; this is not the way to look ahead. No matter how the present may seem to contradict its possibility, we should look for brightness, for good cheer.

The way to attain a thing is to expect it; to work for it; to look forward to it, to struggle toward it, with all the wisdom and energy we can muster. That's the way we accomplish everything worth while in life.

A MAN'S SETTLED PURPOSE

Wasting time is a fault of the average man, particularly in those days when youth is still in bloom and life seems all in the making. It is a fault that is common to most of us, and while perhaps inexperience in the ways of the world may be some excuse, it is not one that will hold good throughout later years. It takes us so long at times to make up our minds as to what we wish to do. We have no aim, no purpose, no definite ambition, no settled occupation, no sure career. We drift along. We either take the first job that offers and keep on at that work, although it may be distasteful to us and we may not be well suited to it, or we go from employment to employment, finding apparently nothing that is congenial that we determine to make our life-work.

We deliberately throw away hours and days because we have no definite end in view, and therefore no real incentive to do service that is worth while. How can we tell what we are able to do, however, unless we make a determined effort to find out? It may be that we shall fail many times before we discover the right line in which to direct our abilities, but at

least the time so occupied will not be willfully wasted, and even through failure we learn many things which will aid us in future attempts.

The idea in life must be to make each waking hour tell if we hope to get the best results. It may be that necessity forces us to certain duties that occupy most of our time and consequently we are left only with small bits here and there which we can with any certainty say belong to us. It is in our use of these odds and ends of time, as it were, that we improve or deteriorate, yet there are so few of us who recognize this fact. Of course we cannot apply ourselves unceasingly to the attainment of any object; we must make allowance for the natural interruptions which come into all our lives as well as for periods of rest and recuperation, but notwithstanding such conditions there are yet, as a rule, a few opportunities here and there for self-improvement which the sincere worker after results cannot afford to pass by.

We cannot afford to waste time. It is too precious, too limited. Once gone, it is gone forever. A young man should wake up to the realities of life. He should ask himself:

"What am I here for? What do I intend to accomplish? What occupation do I desire to follow?" Then let him look around for means to achieve his object. Let him bend every energy to win success. Let him waste no time on false starts or other callings. But with his eyes fixed on the goal, go forward in a straight line to victory.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LITTLE SAINT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

"May we come in?"

Two roguish faces peeped from behind the half-open door as Margaret Manners raised her head from the depths of the trunk she was unpacking. "Certainly, dears! That is, if you can find a place to sit down" with a glance of mock despair at the littered-up room. "Unpacking is such a dreadful business, and I'm always so glad to get through with it."

"Mother said she was afraid we might be in the way, but we promised not to bother you the very least bit,—but just look. You know we do love to see your trunk unpacked," with a sidelong glance at the yet well-filled corners, which might hold almost anything dear to the heart of a little girl.

Recalling her own not far-away childhood, when the trunk of every visiting relative was a possible treasure-house, Margaret began to rummage in the furthest recesses, presently emerging with a large knobby bundle marked in big letters that even children could read: "For Grace and Marie." "There! So much of this rubbish belongs to you. But remember," as the children with many "Ohs" and "Ahs" explored the contents, coming finally to a fine big box of candy, "not more than a taste before luncheon!"

Obediently taking but a single morsel, they perched themselves upon the foot of the bed and proceeded to entertain their favorite auntie with their cheerful chatter, while she went on with her work of gathering together the smaller articles and arranging them neatly in the top bureau drawer. As she lifted an armful, a small box dropped to the floor, spilling its contents, an odd-looking packet made apparently of lead. With an exclamation of dismay, Margaret rescued it and put it back into its case.

"What was that you dropped, auntie?" questioned Grace.

"One of my most precious treasures, dear—a relic of Blessed Imelda which was given me on my first Communion day. I carry it with me wherever I go."

"May I look at it?" asked Marie timidly. "I never saw a real relic—that is, close."

Margaret took it from the case and placed it in her hand. The child looked at it wonderingly. Then, with a note of awe in her voice, she said: "To think that this tiny little snail was once a part of a real saint!"

"Tell us about Blessed Imelda, auntie," broke in Grace. "She was a little girl saint, wasn't she?"

"Yes, dear, she was the saint of little children, especially of First Communicants, because she loved God so very, very much that she died of pure joy when she received her First Communion."

The children looked at each other for a moment, then cried with one voice: "Oh, tell us all about her—please, please!"

"Well, it is a very simple little story—just the story of a child who was chosen by God to be His little lover from the time she was a baby. It all took place a long time ago—almost six hundred years. She belonged to a rich and powerful family called the Lambertini, and she lived in a big castle on a high hill just outside the walls of an old city in Italy called Bologna."

"Oh, I know where that is," interrupted Grace; "we had that in our geography lesson not long ago."

"Well, in that big castle she was born and there she lived with her family. You wouldn't have called it a pleasant place to live, perhaps, for it looked much more like a fort than a home, with its high stone walls and tiny windows. And it was really a fort, for in those days the Italian cities were always at war

with one another, and of course the noblemen were at all times ready to defend their homes. Imelda's father, whose name was Egnano, was one of the great lords of Italy and had been governor of some of its principal cities, so of course his castle was always filled with soldiers and officers. But he was as good as he was warlike, and his wife, Castora, was just as pious as he was. Instead of being spoiled by riches and power, they never forgot that they owed it all to God. So in their great castle they served him as faithfully as if they had been poor peasants.

"Perhaps it was because Egnano and his wife were so pious that God rewarded them by sending them their sweet little daughter—Imelda. Even as a tiny baby she was so beautiful that every one who saw her said that she seemed more like an angel than a child of earth. When she was only a few days old she was baptized Mary Magdalene, but she had hardly been brought home from the church when her father and mother changed her name to Imelda—which in Italian means 'sweet as honey.' And she was as sweet as she was beautiful. Indeed, it was the loveliness of her disposition even more than her beauty that made her the idol of every one. But somehow she was always different from other children—small and delicate-looking with a certain something in her face which set her apart from them all.

"Just as soon as she was able to walk her mother began to take her to the nearest church, and there more than ever she showed her love for God. She was never restless or troublesome, like most children of her age, but would sit perfectly quiet, her hands clasped, looking towards the tabernacle as if she realized who it was that lived behind the closed door. As she grew older, she used to steal off to the church at every opportunity to talk to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, just as freely as you children talk to your dear mother."

"Of course such strange conduct in a mere baby attracted much attention, and many a time the great lords and ladies who happened to be visiting the castle would secretly follow her to watch her as she knelt with radiant face before the altar. When she was about six years old, becoming conscious of the notice she was receiving, she begged her father to build for her a little chapel in an out-of-the-way corner of the castle grounds where she might pray without attracting attention."

"Why, that's just what St. Rose of Lima did!" interrupted Grace.

"Sister was reading about it the other day in class."

"Yes, but that was two hundred years later. Perhaps St. Rose had heard of little Imelda. Who knows? Well, at any rate the good count was only too glad to let his little girl have her way, and so the tiny chapel was built for her, and there Imelda spent long hours alone with God.

"In the quiet and silence of her little oratory Imelda learned from God that it was His wish that she should become a nun in the Dominican convent of St. Mary Magdalene, not far from her home. As soon as her pious parents were sure that it was not a mere childish fancy, they took her—just imagine how they must have suffered in doing it!—to the good Sisters and asked them to admit her. As she was at that time barely eleven years old, they at first refused. But finally, seeing the child's great distress, they consented to let her merely live in the convent. She had not been there long, however, before they saw that she was one of God's chosen souls, so they received her as a novice.

She soon became the model of the entire community, outstripping them all in piety and love of mortification. She always begged permission to take on herself the hardest and most disagreeable work of the house, and when the superior, just to try her humility, would assign her to her different little trials, she would be even more gay and cheerful than before. She never asked to be excused because of her youth from any of the penances performed by the older Sisters, but rather increased them. She had but one real cross—she was not allowed to receive Holy Communion."

"Not allowed to receive Holy Communion!" broke in Grace, incredulously. "How could that be, auntie when she was so very holy?"

"Because in those days children were not as favored as they are nowadays. They were not allowed to receive Communion until they were even older than Imelda. So, although the child with many tears begged the Mother Superior to permit her to receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, she was always put off. It was touching to see her grief and longing when the Sisters reverently approached the altar. Left behind, little Imelda would weep as if her heart would break. And after the Sisters had returned to their places she would often creep close to the nearest one, as if to warm her heart at the Divine Fire which burned within her. Often she would ask the Sisters why their hearts did not break with joy when they received. I have often wondered whether she foresaw the manner of her own death."

So little Imelda lived in the convent for two whole years, and as her love for God increased each day, so did her longing to receive Him. And still neither the Mother Superior nor her confessor dared give her permission. But God was preparing to make known His will in His own way. One morning at Mass, when

the Sisters had approached the altar to receive, leaving poor Imelda weeping as usual in her stall, the priest saw one of the particles leave his hands and fly through the air toward her, remaining suspended above her head. Astonished, the good Father lost no time in communicating the holy child. In an ecstasy of joy, Imelda received her Lord.

"Marvelling at the miracle by which God had rewarded her love and longing the good nuns, after making their thanksgiving, stole out quietly, leaving her kneeling in her stall. Long they waited for her outside the chapel, for no one wished to intrude upon her in that sacred hour. Finally, however, the Mother Superior ventured to enter and to call her by name, even to pull her gently by the sleeve. And lo! she discovered to her amazement that in the hour of her greatest happiness Imelda's pure spirit had gone home to God! Her loving heart had, indeed, broken under the strain of too much joy!

"Gently they laid her away, putting on her bosom a white lily and around her head a wreath of roses. And soon strange things began to happen at her tomb. Hardened sinners were converted; the sick were healed; and by many other wonders God made known the holiness of the little Dominican novice. After a long time the Church pronounced her Blessed. In the Church of St. Sigismundo, in Bologna, where her relics are preserved, Italian mothers are often seen telling their children the sweet story of her life. In the time of Pope Leo XIII. the Sodality of Blessed Imelda was approved, and she is now the patron saint of all First Communicants. Her feast day comes September 16.

"So that's the story of Blessed Imelda. How do you like it?"

"It is the loveliest one we ever heard, auntie," cried Grace, "and we are going to say a little prayer to her every day of our lives so that she will help us to love the Blessed Sacrament as she did." —Rosary Magazine.

THE CATHOLIC'S WORK IN THE WORLD

The present day is often spoken of as the age of the lay apostolate. Nevertheless, while the need of lay co-operation in promoting the interests of the Church is everywhere intensely felt, the complaint is no less universally heard that the laity are not responding sufficiently to the great call of the Church in our century. Energy and good will can be found in abundance, but practical direction is sadly needed. Hardly a more pressing want has existed in the Catholic literature of our day than a book which would not merely be directive in every field of Catholic lay enterprise, but might rightly move and stimulate it, while at the same time suggesting the supernatural means which alone can give it true success.

It is not too much to say that this book has now been supplied. "The Catholic's Work in the World," by Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J., will be found to cover the ground most effectively. The reverend author, who is associate editor of America, and lecturer on social history in the Fordham University School of Sociology and Social Service, has treated the subject in an eminently practical and definite way, steering clear of all fads and fancies, and keeping a straight course to his goal.

The volume should be secured and studied by every Catholic layman and woman as a complete guide-book of Catholic lay enterprise. Yet it is equally important as a practical aid in the hands of our priests, teachers, and religious in their efforts to encourage and direct the apostolic undertakings of the Catholic laity. Incidentally it will serve to enkindle in their own hearts, by the grace of God, the fires of apostolic zeal and arouse them to a fuller realization of the Catholicity of the Catholic Church.

Parish priests will find in the book a means of awakening a spirit of co-operation in their parishes. Teachers in seminaries, colleges, and academies can utilize it to bring home the duties, responsibilities and glorious opportunities of the Catholic laity in our century. The book is entirely modern and the result of years of careful and specialized study along the various lines of the lay apostolate. Full account is therefore taken of all modern conditions in the civic, judicial, social, economic and educational fields of today. The volume will serve likewise as a manual for Catholic organizations and sodalities, and is suited as a mission book to perpetuate in every Catholic home the Catholic spirit of the lay apostolate.

The book, an attractive volume of two hundred and eighty six pages, is brought out by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, or THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. The price is \$1.00 postpaid.

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When we hear Mass and offer the Holy Sacrifice in honor of any particular saint or angel, thanking God for favors He bestowed on him, we afford him a great degree of honor, joy, and happiness, and draw his special love and protection on us. Every time we assist at Mass, we should, besides our other intentions, offer it in honor of the saint of the day.—Selected.

HE SURRENDERED

Rev. Martin Scott, S. J., affords an example of the facility with which a zealous priest improves an opportunity to sow the seed of faith. Writing in The Catholic Convert, he relates the following experience:

"Recently I was instrumental in the conversion of a Protestant by reference to some of the matters which are now transpiring in connection with the War. This man was rabid on the point of using his own reason as guide in religious matters. I told him that I fully agreed with him, that God had given him his reason for that purpose.

"But," I added, "your reason tells you that Jesus Christ is God, that He established the Church and that He promised to be with it always. You may use your reason as much as you wish in examining into that fact, but once established, your reason plainly tells you that what God says is true, and it is your duty to believe, not to discuss. Once God speaks your judgment must acquiesce."

"He seemed convinced but not persuaded. It was hard to renounce that dear private judgment, so flattering to poor human nature. Knowing, however, that he was an extreme pacifist before the present war, but that immediately after the declaration of war by Congress he dropped his, until then, legitimate view, I said to him:

"My dear man you have surrendered your judgment on the word of Congress; why should you not do the same on the word of God? This seemed to stun him, but it had its effect, for soon after he came to request admission into the Church."

"HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE"

A lawyer was in an elevator with some men he did not know when a big fellow among them began swearing. He used the name of God wickedly and loosely, and seemed to think nothing of it.

The lawyer touched his arm, and said quietly, "I wouldn't do that if I were you." Instantly the man stopped, looked troubled, and then exclaimed, "You're right, you're right! I shouldn't do that. I just don't think what I am saying." And then the two had a pleasant talk together.

That same lawyer had made it his habit for years to speak to swearing men when he could. If a man is using the name of Jesus or God roughly, he says to the man, "Please don't do that; you're speaking of a Friend of mine." And he has never met with anyone who did not listen to him as a gentleman should. It is one way he has of testifying to his love for his Lord and Saviour.

That kind of work can be done by man or boy. Some young college boys were having a class supper. One of the fellows started a coarse song to the tune of a hymn. Others joined in. Then one boy who wasn't known to be especially religious jumped up and called out, "None of that, fellows! No sacrilege here! We can have a good time, but none of that!"

He sat down; the song faded away and stopped, and then, without a word, something else was taken up. There was no offense. It was just the clean, manly thing to do, and the crowd knew it.—Exchange.

PROTESTANTS EDIFIED

CATHOLIC MAN MADE SACRIFICES TO ATTEND SUNDAY MASS

"I was out on a vacation once on a fishing trip," relates a Protestant business man. "There were four of us in the party, and one was a Catholic. When Sunday came our Catholic friend got up at 4 a. m., walked a mile to the station to catch a passing train at 5 a. m., which brought him to a town about ten miles distant, where there was a Catholic church, and there he heard Mass, returning later in the day.

"When I made the remark that he could plead a legitimate excuse for neglecting divine service under the circumstances, he replied that it was not any sense of obligation that was

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