

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HABIT OF THRIFT
How to acquire the habit of thrift in these days of prodigal expenditure and increasing luxury, is a problem that every young man should consider.

"How can I be sure of spending less than I earn?" inquired Mr. Business Man.
"Save, and save and then keep on saving," replies T. D. McGregor with true Scotch cannyism in his "Book of Thrift."

Voicing the argument that the period of prosperity for the United States that has been predicted to follow the European war will be followed by an even more emphatic age of financial dullness when the ex-belligerents can resume their industries, Mr. MacGregor holds that the present offers an admirable time to make provision for this future emergency.

To him debt is the abomination of desolation, the savings account, the key to a comfortable old age. One of his first warnings to those who would keep out of debt condemns the charge account. There is a rather well-known cartoon of a man sliding down a snowy hill on a sled only to realize that he has to haul the sled back to the top again before he can make another trip.

The hill represents the charge account—easy to pass over but difficult to surmount. Aside from this, extravagance—meaning the expenditure of money in a way that will yield no return—may also lead into debt.

Classed under this head are a number of amusements and incidentals, including theatre suppers, taxicab rides, flowers, etc. Avoidance of extravagance will allow a proportionate increase in the amount of money banked, and the saving of a certain amount of money is one of the first steps in the direction of thrifty living.

According to Mr. MacGregor, thrift is an inclusive term covering the functions of economy, industry, frugality, and prudence. As he says, "Industry earns, economy manages, frugality saves, prudence plans; but thrift earns, plans, manages, and saves."

The writer does not attempt to give any formulas for increasing the earning power of the reader. His theories cover the spending of the income so that it will go the farthest.—Catholic Columbian.

A DELIBERATE PURPOSE IN LIFE

Any dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a live fish to swim upstream. Your purpose, your firm determination to succeed in whatever you undertake, will help to carry you upstream, no matter how strong the current or what obstacles may oppose you. If you have no purpose, if your determination is weak, wavering, like a dead fish, you will float down stream with multitudes of other human derelicts who haven't enough vim or will-power to force their way up to success.

It does not matter how much ability you have; if you lack that power of resolution, which knows no surrender, which fixes on its goal and never turns back, you will not likely achieve anything that is worth while, anything that is distinctive.

In this day of sharp, close competition, it is only those who fling the weight of their whole lives into their vocation who usually succeed in any marked, individual way. A half-hearted or indifferent purpose produces only half-hearted results.

Some people have not the moral courage, the persistence, the force of character, to get the things out of the way which stand between them and their ambition. They allow themselves to be pushed this way and that way into things for which they have no fitness or taste. They haven't strengthened their backbone, their will-power sufficiently to enable them to fight their way to their goal. In fact they have no goal, no definite purpose in view, and they get nowhere.

Without a definite aim it is impossible to make any headway, to get anywhere. "Nobody ever drifted into heaven." Purpose alone enters there. Nobody, as a rule, drifts into anything desirable. Everything worth while in this world is attained by an intelligent effort, by a direct purpose. "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way," does not only apply to heaven. You must know what your goal is, and you must give meaning to life. A person without a worthy aim doesn't really live; he merely exists. When there is nothing to look forward to, to struggle for, life has lost its savor. A worthy aim gives dignity to the humblest everyday task.

Therefore we should have the resolute determination that no matter how long we may be delayed from its accomplishment, or how far we may be swerved aside by mistakes or iron circumstances, we shall never give up striving for what we have deliberately aimed at as our purpose in life, until our efforts shall be crowned with success.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHY DOLLY WANTED TO GO TO ST. PATRICK'S

"Take me to church next Sunday for the half past ten Mass at St. Patrick's. I've got new boots."
Such was the request of my landlady's six year old daughter, Dolly, as we sat in her mother's parlor in Sherbrooke St., Montreal.

"Why do you want to go to the half past ten Mass so particularly, Dolly?" I asked.
"Because there'll be lots of people there and I want them to hear my new boots creak," said Miss Dolly smiling. "The last time I had new boots there was any amount of people who looked at me when I walked into church, and I want to see them do it again."

"You vain little Miss," said I. "Well, you'll take me to church anyway won't you, Mr. Herbert," said Miss Dolly. "Besides there's a poor old man who's been nearly starving in a shack near here, and I want St. Anthony to help him. Father Brown's given him money to buy food and I want St. Anthony to send him some new clothes."

"You like St. Anthony?" I said. "Sure," said Miss Dolly, "he's such a good one to find things when you lose them. I lost Sarah Jane, my best rubber doll once before you came to live with us, and I never thought I'd see her again, for I'd dropped her on the mountain, as I was coming home with Miriam from a party at Cote des Neiges."

"And what did you do, Dolly?" I asked. "Told St. Anthony at once," said Miss Dolly, "and sure enough before an hour had gone little Esther came round to our house, bringing Sarah Jane. She'd found her on the mountain and knew her at once because of her navy blue dress and green shoes, which I'd made her myself."

"St. Anthony's quick when he gets to work," said I. "I should just think he is," said Dolly. "Did I tell you how he helped Polly, our charwoman, when she was awfully hard up?"

"No," said I. "Tell me the story, Dolly." "Well," said Dolly, "Polly was in an awful fix, for she'd had no work for weeks and she had no money to pay her rent. She went down to Notre Dame, and prayed to St. Anthony till she couldn't pray any more. As she was coming out of the church, she met mother who was a stranger to her. Polly looked awfully pale and then mother's pretty shy of speaking to strangers, but she felt somehow she must speak to Polly. I expect St. Anthony whispered in mother's ear. Anyway, mother spoke to Polly and Polly told her all her trouble, and Polly came next day to work for mother, and mother paid her rent, and lots of other people gave her work when mother told her Polly wanted it, and Polly's never been hard up since. Wasn't it good of St. Anthony?"

"St. Anthony's a dandy at helping people," said I. "Well, my poor old man wants helping badly," said Dolly, "so St. Anthony will just enjoy himself."

"You might tell the Little Flower, too," said I. "She likes helping people, too."

"Sure," said Dolly, "I forgot the Little Flower. I'll ask her to send my old man a nice new overcoat, and I'll ask St. Anthony to bring him a new suit and boots which creak like mine."

"What color are your new boots, Dolly?" I asked. "White, of course," said Miss Dolly. "You can always wear white shoes when you're tiny feet like mine."

H. T. E. R.

DISLIKE OF WORSHIP

By Maria Longworth Storer in The Lamp

In The Churchman of December 18th, 1915, there was a quotation from an address made by the Bishop of London, Doctor Ingram, to the clergy of his diocese, in which he declares that there is among many members of the Church of England not only a "disuse" but a "dislike" of worship. This assertion may be made, not only with regard to members of the Anglican Church, but of all other non-Catholic denominations both in England and America.

The falling off in church attendance is a matter which occupies the attention and troubles the minds of every devout Protestant, because it is a modern and an increasing evil. Its origin is not far to seek. It lies in the decay of faith in the Christian religion as a supernatural revelation. Social uplift and readjustment have pushed aside creed and doctrine. One can be philanthropic outside the Church. People cease to be what they themselves call "churchgoers" because a place of worship has no attraction for them. It is for this reason that the parish house has become more alluring than the house of prayer next door, and that social entertainments have brought about the union of sects which at one time were sharply separated by theological differences.

Social good fellowship makes up what is called "the Federation" of churches. The Apostles' Creed is put rather in the background. People who don't like it say that it is narrow.

Now, no Christian worship can exist before the heathen altar of the "Unknown God," and it is the uncertainty of non-Catholics in the presence of modernist destructive criticism which has so shaken their

faith that they abandon their churches and substitute social entertainments and attempts at moral reform, for the worship of a God about whose divinity they are doubtful.

Ask any of the Protestants who stay away from "divine service" and you will find that they are agnostics. One cannot adore without faith. It is when belief in Christ and in all that is supernatural fades and dies that we find a class of Protestants who "dislike worship."

CAUSED BY DECAY OF FAITH

The real evil is the decay of faith, not the mere abandonment of a habit. Therein lies the difference between the Mother Church and all Protestant denominations. Cardinal Newman defines it clearly. He says: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real, in any of our notions, as to whence we come and whither we go." We Catholics love to worship because we recognize the living presence of our Lord upon the altar.

Let us glance at the world of aggressive skepticism which has banished God altogether and which is really responsible for the "dislike of worship" among those persons still nominally Christian, who have not yet reached the stage of open denial. The scientific philanthropist who has abandoned the Christian faith because he has lost all sense of the obligations enjoined by religion. He ceases to have any true moral sense. His one aim is to construct an earthly paradise full of healthy animals. He advocates social changes and reforms which are absolutely revolting to any one, Israelite or Christian, who has been taught to respect the Ten Commandments as a divine revelation. He usurps the place of the God whose existence as a Heavenly Father he denies, and would dare to decide, himself, who shall be born, who shall live a human life, and what lives shall be "suppressed." There is something hideously grotesque in the various social readjustments which grow freely in atheist soil.

Some of them too in distinctly un-Christian influences, our social system, both in England and America, has been steadily drifting towards infidelity. The result is an increase of juvenile crime and the prevalence of moral degeneracy in dress and behavior, which has dragged our fashionable world down nearly to the level of the decadent Roman Empire. A distinguished Anglican clergyman speaking upon this subject, says: "The atmosphere in literature and in art, in novels and in dramas, in newspapers and reviews, is not only no longer Christian, but is largely anti-Christian even on the ethical side."

Biblical criticism by modernist scholars has also done much to encourage the infidelity or indifference from whence the "dislike of worship" springs. Prominent professors in our American universities have written books whose object is to contradict or disprove some of the most vital truths of the Christian faith, and even to cast doubt upon our Lord's teachings, by discrediting the Gospels. Dr. H. B. Sharnan, Instructor in New Testament History and Literature in the University of Chicago, published in 1909 a book called "The Teaching of Jesus About the Future," in which he asserts that Christ never spoke of the soul as something which survives after death, nor of eternal life, nor of hell, nor of heaven as a place of future existence for man. The repentance of the good thief and the promise to him of paradise is apocryphal (according to this writer,) and the parable of Dives and Lazarus is a Jewish apologue which strayed into the Gospel by mistake; the parable of the sheep and the goats is not authentic, nor the promise to St. Peter, nor the injunction to him to "confirm his brethren," and so forth.

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY

One of the great glories of the Catholic woman has been her devotion to the Mother of God. It is a part of her nature. The reverence for the purity of the Blessed Virgin has given strength against the temptations from a world that has ever sought to degrade womankind. It is one of the commonisms of history that Christianity has given woman the dignity she now enjoys. No need to review paganism with its sneer at woman as an inferior being. We are so used to the Christian attitude toward her that the history of any other attitude seems so the wildest fiction. And how much of that Christian reverence for women is due to the Christian's reverence for the fairest of all women, the Mother of God!

But it is not a matter of mere rhapsody. "Son, behold Thy Mother," was the declaration in which Christ set up the ideal. To her, then, we all look as to one who has a peculiar care for us, a glorified mother love. The ideal for all, she is particularly so for woman. But a mere glorification of words, a mere litany of praise is not enough. Some of the poets whose lives were far removed from Christian ideals of purity gave her such glorification. Words and nothing more, even while they marvelled at her.

Is there not a danger that the Catholic woman with her traditional love for Mary may have nothing more vital in that love than the pretty words of an unbelieving poet? Prayers to Mary, hymns in her honor are all very well, but there is something more important. It is the modeling of the woman's life after the ideal. To-day there is a special need of aiming at that ideal. It needs no acute observer to-day to note that women are becoming less womanly. They are fashions that shock even the

man that makes no pretence to virtue. There is a lot of talk about a single standard of morality, and the conclusion reached by many is that a woman has as much right to be bad as a man has, not—that man has as much obligation to live pure as a woman has. There is in this self-lowering of woman a danger for the Catholic women even with all the helps of her religion. Therefore the need to cling all the more closely to that old reverence for the sinless woman. The girl with a tender love for the Blessed Virgin does not slavishly submit to fashion when that fashion outrages decency. She talks only as a real Child of Mary should talk. She does not fear being called old-fashioned, for in her heart she knows that she has the respect of even the abandoned. The salt of the earth is the modest gentlewoman. What a world it would be if all sought the womanly dignity of the handmaid of the Lord. Therein, if women only knew it, is their true emancipation.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Is it any wonder that the worship of our divine Lord should be abandoned by many non-Catholics, amid this chaos of doubt and denial and dispute? How can men kneel in prayer and adoration before the altar of an obscure and debatable deity?

In the life of the Curé of Ars, we are told that he noticed a poor peasant who every day when his work was over came to the little church and, leaving his tools outside the door, entered and remained half an hour. One day the Curé met this man at the door as he came out and said to him: "My friend, what is it that you do in the church every afternoon?" And the man answered, "I look at Him, Monsieur le Curé, and He looks at me." There is the faith that the Protestant world needs to-day. The faith of the poor peasant—the faith of the little child! How far it has strayed from this simplicity of belief is shown in the recent action of the New York Presbytery, which has admitted into the ministry three graduates of the Union Theological Seminary who refuse to affirm their belief in the Incarnation as related in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke. One of them denies also the raising of Lazarus from the dead and the resurrection of Our Lord. Are these avowed Unitarians going to belong to the "Federation" of Protestant churches which claims to be founded on a belief in the Apostles' Creed? Are they to be admitted to communion in the Episcopal Church? The Duke of Argyll in an address delivered before the English Church Union in July, 1915, remarks upon this very subject in relation to the Kikuyu controversy, that the Bishop of Zanzibar has raised a question "which put fairly and squarely and briefly is nothing less than the coherence of the Anglican communion and as to what claim it has permanent in Christianity itself." The Duke also asserts that in Scotland "the greatest and most notorious laxity prevails now about baptism."

He goes on to say: "And these are the sort of people who are to be welcomed to our altars when their own humor or their geographical insulation suggests it to them—people who neither desire nor intend to be confirmed at all, but who propose to use the Church's sacraments or to disuse them at their own will or pleasure. The following paragraph, with which I will end my quotations from this very remarkable address, is so truly Catholic that one can hardly comprehend how anyone writing it can remain outside of the Church: "Men increasingly desire the visible reunion of Christendom, but never will such an event be brought about or hastened by so much as a day by playing fast and loose with the Sacraments confided to the Catholic Church."

Since the Duke of Argyll's address was written, the Episcopal Church itself has strayed further out of bounds through evil communications. Only two months ago (April 5th) Bishop Vincent of Southern Ohio said in a Lenten sermon: "Faith in miracles is not necessary to salvation. Jesus said so. 'Some stumble over the Creed. Why insist that everything be taken in deep literalness? Look for the deep spiritual truth and then you can accept the whole Creed. Hold fast to the faith you have. God will give fuller light. Go to Communion. Be not afraid of hypocrisy. The growing darkness rejects it. How can men worship after faith is gone?"

IN A FRENCH VILLAGE
John Ayscough (Monsignor Bickerstaffe Drew) relates in the Bitch some touching war incidents. He is establishing a hospital in a French village, in the church—the only available place. There are no lights in the cottages, but some women creep out from hiding places. They have seen the priest on his errand of mercy and pluck up courage. "I am an English priest," he tells them. "We expect many wounded. Is there anything you could bring me?"

"What does Monsieur want?" asks a woman with a fine, strong face. "Ah, madam, what do I not want? There is the church, and that is all. To lay a sheltered brave down on the hard flags—that also is hard."

"Of the hardest. Come." Presently, the women returned, with mattresses, blankets, pillows, milk, wine and eggs. They were hungry themselves, but they brought their all.

"It is poor peoples stuff," said the leader. "I can not thank you. God must. Your French Saint Martin gave Jesus Christ half his cloak, and how he boasted of it in heaven that night! He is showing these beds to St. Martin, and St. Denis, and St. Remy now. . . . Eh, mesdames. He will be proud of His Church's eldest daughter."

"Ah! Monsieur, then, is Catholic, too? We did not know for sure. English pastors come and say they are Catholic and afterwards we find they are not of our faith. We thought you might be a pastor also. But we knew you wanted what we could give you for your soldiers; it was enough."

An aged man helped to prepare the place. His tongue was sharp. "It is a pity," he said, pointing to the pulpit, "that M. l'abbé can not be there to preach. That would help the wounded to sleep."

The women hurried away to make soup from cubes that the priest gave them. The leader alone remained.

"You have sons?" asked the priest. "Two. They are both at the war—Philippe and Philippin."

man that makes no pretence to virtue. There is a lot of talk about a single standard of morality, and the conclusion reached by many is that a woman has as much right to be bad as a man has, not—that man has as much obligation to live pure as a woman has. There is in this self-lowering of woman a danger for the Catholic women even with all the helps of her religion. Therefore the need to cling all the more closely to that old reverence for the sinless woman. The girl with a tender love for the Blessed Virgin does not slavishly submit to fashion when that fashion outrages decency. She talks only as a real Child of Mary should talk. She does not fear being called old-fashioned, for in her heart she knows that she has the respect of even the abandoned. The salt of the earth is the modest gentlewoman. What a world it would be if all sought the womanly dignity of the handmaid of the Lord. Therein, if women only knew it, is their true emancipation.—St. Paul Bulletin.

AN ARABIAN LEGEND

According to an old Arabian legend, when the Holy Family were passing near Remia on the occasion of the flight into Egypt, their approach was noted by two robbers lying in wait by the roadside. At sight of the Blessed Virgin, however, one of the robbers, Dymas, was filled with compassion and urged his companion, Gestas to let her pass in safety. Gestas refused to allow this and demanded that the Holy Family

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"May they both come home safe and sound! I will say Mass for them."
"Monsieur," she said quietly, "for Philippe the Mass should be black. He was killed the first day."

be despoiled, relenting only when Dymas gave him a girdle and forty pieces of silver.
As Dymas was paying him the silver, the Blessed Virgin passed, and, knowing what had happened, smiled upon Dymas and said: "The Lord God will receive thee at His right hand and grant thee pardon of all thy sins." This prediction came true; for the two thieves who were crucified on either side of Our Lord were the identical robbers who would have waylaid Him.—Ave Maria.
He who is great when he falls is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt than when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood.—Seneca.

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