

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A THORNLESS ROSE
 Be kind. The fault that looms so large
 In someone else
 May not be yours, but to your charge
 May lie one worse.
 Be gracious. It is better far
 To overpraise,
 Than thoughtlessly some soul to mar
 With sharp reproach.
 Be merciful. For after all
 Is said and done,
 Who thinks he stands may shortly fall
 And mercy need.
 Be careful. Unwise speech will wing
 Both fast and far
 To unsuspected realms and sting
 With hurtful wound.
 Be fair. Your judgment does not close
 The whole account:
 Another finds high praise for those
 You criticize.
 In fine, the love that searches long
 Some good to note
 And helps to fill the world with song,
 Is like the rose.
 'Tis true that on one bush there grow
 Both rose and thorn;
 Yet, in life's garden, kind hearts know
 A thornless rose.
 —WILLIAM FORNEY MOVIE

FOOLING YOURSELF
 There is a kind of cleverness
 which in reality is the worst folly.
 It is the seeming cleverness of the
 boy who, by shirking his duty,
 neglecting his work and indifferently
 performing his appointed tasks,
 flatters himself that he is "putting
 it over" on somebody. He is duping
 and harming chiefly and mostly
 himself. The world is too wise and
 too experienced not too catch on to
 his cheap trick. He is paying a
 heavy price for his folly in loss of
 morale, general deterioration of
 character and eventual inefficiency
 and unreliability. For it must be
 remembered that every action first
 of all affects for better or worse
 the person from which it proceeds.
 Whenever we get the better of
 another one by crooked dealing or
 deception, we get the better of
 our own nobler self. We are the
 losers.—The Standard and Times.

A SPOILED MASTERPIECE
 When Sir James Thornhill, the
 celebrated artist, was engaged in
 putting the finishing touches to his
 masterpiece within the dome of St.
 Paul's Cathedral in London, an
 incident occurred which ever after-
 ward remained indelibly imprinted
 upon his memory as an unforgettable
 lesson.

One day, intent on a critical
 examination of the nearly finished
 work, Sir James stepped back to the
 extreme edge of the scaffolding to
 obtain the full effect of a certain
 tone which he had just added a
 moment before.

A friend who stood nearby, quick
 to recognize the danger, took up a
 brush, dripping with paint, and
 threw it upon the painting.
 The artist, in amazement and
 chagrin, stepped quickly forward in
 order to prevent further damage to
 his work, and so saved his own life,
 although at the cost of that which
 had cost him infinite pains and labor.

It is difficult for men to realize
 at times why the Creator treats His
 faithful children in somewhat the
 same manner as the friend did the
 great artist. Men plan and plot,
 throw their best energies into a work
 which seems to be high and noble.
 Failure seems impossible. They do
 not reckon on failure.

Animated by the purest motives,
 they labor on until the masterpiece
 is nearly done. And then, just when
 success looms near and every imped-
 iment is apparently removed
 from the path, success is turned into
 abrupt, irrevocable failure. Some
 trifling accident, the intervention of
 some unlooked-for catastrophe,
 halts the perfect work and it crashes
 into ruin.

Man, looking on the wreckage of
 what was once so fair and noble,
 asks the eternal question which he
 has ever haled up toward the
 patient stars: Why?
 But the heavens are mute. God
 does not deign to answer, at least
 not now. Christ, Who saw His cher-
 ished work turned to apparent fail-
 ure whispers to the tortured soul as
 once at the Marriage Feast of Cana:
 "My hour is not yet come."
 When shall it come?
 Again no answer.

afterward the same poor mother
 stood, heavily garbed in black, look-
 ing through the bars of the death
 cell where sat in sullen silence her
 first born. Unrepentant he passed
 to his justly deserved doom, and
 only the tolling of the prison bell
 told of a soul carried before its
 Maker and unprepared to go.
 We do not know why God permits
 our best laid plans to work out
 ignominiously. Why others, less res-
 olute, less honest in their motives,
 less hard-working are suffered to
 outstrip us. And we ask the age-old
 question: Why? Why?
 It was to save us from ourselves
 that He permitted the destruction.
 And if we did not understand, what
 difference to God?
 He is a happy man who can say
 with the Psalmist, in his agony:
 "Yea, though I walk through the
 valley of the shadow of death, I shall
 fear no evil." Or, with Holy Job,
 going a step further, cry out:
 "Even though He slay me, yet will
 I trust in Him."
 It is such trust, such abandon-
 ment to Divine Providence in the
 vicarious happenings of this work-
 day world that will bring a speedy
 answer to the eternal question:
 Why?—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
MATER DOLOROSA
 His Mother?—aye, the Christ who
 suffer, dies,
 Her Son—Oh! crown of sorrows
 passing deep,
 Beside the Cross she stands with
 anguished eyes,
 Each piercing stab doth feel, nor
 doth she weep.
 Her Virgin heart is rent with pite-
 ous woe.
 Yet, even now, she greets the
 Father's will.
 Her Virgin soul great sacrifice doth
 show,
 And Simeon's words their prophecy
 fulfil.
 His voice she hears, her Jesus pass-
 ing sweet:
 "I thirst"—and then the parching
 sponge of gall.
 A Queen of Dolours crushed beneath
 His feet,
 She suffers pangs of grief eclipsing
 all.
 And now she views His mangled
 form and spent,
 Her trembling lips doth press His
 tortured head,
 Her fingers touch each wound, each
 cruel dent,
 All silent there she mourns her
 Sacred Dead.
 Our Mother? Yes, by that bright
 crimson stream,
 Blest mediator framed on Calvary's
 sod;
 Bright Star of Hope, divine, efful-
 gent beam,
 To light each toil-worn life to bliss,
 to God!
 —Selected

ASSUMPTION DAY
 To the Catholic heart the bright-
 est day of all the summer months
 is the feast day of Our Blessed
 Lady's Assumption. For with
 Trinity Sunday those sublime
 mysteries of Our Blessed Saviour's
 life which are held up to our
 admiring gaze by the liturgy of the
 Church have all been commemorated,
 and until the opening of the
 ecclesiastical year with the first
 Sunday of Advent there is no great
 feast day of Our Lord or of
 Our Blessed Lady except Assump-
 tion Day. It is, therefore, with
 gladsome hearts that we gather
 around the empty tomb of the
 Mother of God to find her body—
 which was in very truth the temple
 of God—gloriously translated into
 the New Jerusalem.

If there is one day in the year
 when Catholics may feel well
 assured that they have a powerful
 intercessor in heaven it is on pre-
 cisely this feast day. In a thou-
 sand significant ways Our Blessed
 Lady showed us during her earthly
 sojourn that she took a deep inter-
 est in our spiritual welfare. The
 whole history of the Church is ripe
 with instances of Our Lady's
 concern for the souls of those
 entrusted to her care by her Son.
 Our own individual lives furnish
 more than one example of her
 powerful protection and her endur-
 ing love for us. The fact that she
 is reigning with Our Lord gloriously
 in heaven proves not only her
 Divine Son's love for her, but also
 her maternal affection for us, inas-
 much as her mother's words of
 intercession cannot be unavailing.

The Assumption also intimates to
 us the reward in store for all who,
 like Mary, have tried their best to
 follow on the way which Christ
 pointed out. She is enjoying now
 the reward of all her sorrows, her
 cares, her disappointments. The
 cross which even she, the sinless
 Mother of God, was called upon to
 carry has given place to a crown of
 unspeakable glory. The long,
 weary years of separation from her
 Son have given birth to an eternal
 day of union with Him. All of us
 who carry our crosses after Christ,
 who offer up to Him the little trials
 of everyday life, may look forward,
 like Mary, to a blessed day in the
 company of Christ and His saints in
 heaven.—Rosary Magazine.

STRANGE SICK CALLS
 One night, after Father O'Brien
 had retired, he was suddenly
 awakened by a pull on the bed
 clothes. When he looked to learn
 the cause of the disturbance, the
 moonlight shining through the
 window revealed a large black New-
 foundland dog which he knew
 belonged to an old lady who lived

alone about a mile from St. Rose's.
 The dog now began to whine piti-
 fully.
 Our seeker of souls dressed at
 once, got his stole, the Blessed
 Sacrament and the holy oils, and
 hurried across the fields. The
 faithful brute accompanied him all
 the way, leaping and barking as if
 to say: "Hasten! hasten!" Was
 the dumb animal sent by some
 hidden power? At any rate, the
 messenger of divine mercy arrived
 at the woman's cabin just in time
 to give her the last rites of the
 Church.
 The singular instance we now
 give regards a non-Catholic who
 lived in one of the distant outskirts
 of the same parish. His apostate
 wife, being very ill, wished to see
 a priest and sent for Father
 O'Brien. The husband swore
 vengeance against the missionary,
 should he come to the house. He
 went, however, heard the woman's
 confession, gave her the sacraments
 and prepared her to meet God.
 The irate husband, to prevent just
 these things, had stationed himself
 at the front door of the house.
 There he was passed by the bearer
 of heaven's blessing. Both priest
 entered and as he came out of the
 home. Afterwards the bigoted
 man declared most positively that
 he did not see the modern apostle
 on either occasion.
 So again, Mary Osbourn, a
 daughter of Parker Osbourn, was
 fatally stricken with pneumonia.
 The doctors had given her up.
 Father O'Brien was sent for. The
 family begged and pleaded that he
 would save the sick girl, for they
 had unlimited confidence in his
 intercession before the throne of
 the Divine Master. At last, he
 ordered all to leave the room.
 One George Medley, who was
 present, anxious to see what the
 man of God would do, went out of
 the house and cautiously peeped
 through the window. The priest
 knelt for a few moments in prayer,
 his hands lifted heavenwards.
 Then he rose, laid his hand on the
 sick girl's head, left the room, made
 for his horse and hurried away.
 When the nurse returned to the
 invalid she found her well.—From
 biography of Rev. M. A. O'Brien.

A LAND OF ENCHANTMENT
 Picture luxuriant forest land,
 2,721 square miles in area, patterned
 with hundreds of cool, placid lakes
 which faithfully reflect the fleecy
 white clouds that go scudding across
 a marine blue sky. Picture thou-
 sands of portentous little rock-
 dotted rivers marked here and there
 with ambitious water-falls; or
 myriads of fern bordered, gurgling
 brooks on the banks of which is
 occasionally seen the white smoke
 from a camper's fire, languidly
 ascending through pine-scented air
 to the leaves canopied over head.
 Such is Algonquin Park—the mecca
 of the health seeker, the paradise of
 the vacationist.
 It is a land of unimagineable
 beauty, where the canoeist can
 travel for weeks encountering no
 particular difficulties, where the
 angler finds brook trout, salmon
 trout, gray trout, and black bass
 in profusion.
 And in this land of enchantment,
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PADRE'S Pencil & Pen
 In last week's Puzzle Picture the
 wolf's head is up side down between
 the left edge of the picture, the top
 of the wall and the "evil tree."

This picture represents one of
 our Lord's famous Parables. Which?
 You have heard all about
 it largely. Where?
 There is an important Feast this
 week commemorating a notable
 event in our Lord's life. These
 letters form its name:
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