

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A RULE OF PEACE

My book of life contained a page with black smears on its face. It told of things against a friend, I tore it from its place. It was the truth? Well what of that? I did not know for sure. I do not think I want to see The hurt I cannot cure.

I like to keep a memory. When night begins to fall, Of morning sun and dewy grass Which happy hours recall, My ears I close to slander winds; Shut out the driving rain; And bring young happy faces back To live with me again.

I smooth their every wrinkle out, If wrinkles on them be. I shut my eyes while at the task. For shut eyes cannot see. If there's a wound, I cover it With flowers, that had been pressed Within a book of friendly thoughts, Where they had lain at rest.

MOMENTS

A single moment will suffice to strike you through every moment of your future life, has said an eminent French writer of a past decade. How true is the axiom is strikingly borne out in the biographies of mankind.

The clock strikes the hour. The bell in the belfry chimes out melodiously over quiet plains or through the busy city streets. They who hear it, may simply think of the warning signal as something that marks the present hour. It is five o'clock or twelve o'clock. It is an hour nearer dinner or an engagement at the theatre. It is no more. At such an hour, the ambitious man says to himself, I shall reap the fruits of a deep-laid scheme to further my commercial interests. At such an hour, says the envious man, I shall triumph over my despised opponent in the social world.

The worst catastrophes that have ever happened in the great world have taken place suddenly—in a moment. A tiny jet of ruddy flame spurts up from no one knows where. In a moment the wooden piling of a vast warehouse is a tomb of fire. A few hours later, a heap of ashes and charred fragments marks the birthplace of a mighty project which has perished in the dust. A single moment would have sufficed to quench the greedy tongue of the destroyer. But there was no one at hand to mark its pace. A single moment has sufficed to scorch a human soul like a piece of white paper, into a blurred ruin that shall never rebuild itself again.

O momentum quo pendet aeternitas! breathed a great saint and seer in the long ago. O momentum on which Eternity depends! The clock strikes the hour. The bell in yonder belfry takes up the refrain and sends it out through the quiet air, seeming to re-echo the warning: O momentum on which Eternity depends!

Every moment the great drama of life is being enacted in hidden sanctuaries, in crowded thoroughfares of the world, in lonely mountain declivities, in the hidden depths of souls. "It is not a drama acted before the footlights, but a drama of life itself, dumb, icy, yet living and acted with throbbing hearts." We think with sober reflection on the great mass of men, idly wasting the precious moments which shall all count in the hereafter. The ruin of a soul has been in reality the work of one moment of consent to grievous wrong. We see the wreck of the once stately edifice as it lies beneath our feet, a mass of charred debris, stifling us with its nauseating odors. In the faces of men, in pages of biographies we read the infernal more grievous and saddening story of the wreck of a most precious and beautiful work. With the old philosopher we are forced to reecho the sad truth: To fail so low one must be born so high!

"I shall succeed," so says the gambler, so says the great commander. Superstitious words, that have ruined more men than they have saved! A moment's sober reflection might in most cases have saved the sword of the destroyer. But a moment is too long for some men to devote to interior things. Life moves swiftly, and they only think of keeping ahead in the maddening race for the goods and honors of this passing world.

If the human heart, a great writer tells us, pauses to rest by the wayside as it mounts to the summits of affection, it finds no stopping place when it starts on the down decline. A moment of honest, sincere and humble reflection may be the stepping-stone to Heaven for the meanest man on earth, just as a moment's consent to evil may be the beginning of the swift downward flight that ends in misery and despair.

Who shall say which is the more awful to watch the withering of a human heart, or to gaze upon the mouldering of skulls and bones? asks one who never boasted any pretensions to faith or piety, but who clearly recognized the hideous results of a moment's consent to definite wrong.

The clock on the mantle strikes the solemn warning that another hour of life has passed away, never to return. The chimes in yonder church-tower in resonant tones speak to the children of men, eloquent tongues although dumb

and icy, seeming to say: Now is the acceptable time!

There is a portrait of the Abbot Mendel whose first centenary is being commemorated at the present time—in the little town of Brunen where he was born. Great biologist and man of God, for the space of many years he governed his Augustinian monastery, in his spare moments managing to continue with unwearied zeal his arduous researches into the great mysteries of living things. The portrait represents the man keen, yet gentle of countenance, holding in his hand a simple flower. It is the fuchsia, the flower which he loved best and upon which many of his important experiments were performed. As a human document, vibrant with life and interest, his life story is unsurpassed. And we find that in all his labors, whether in choir stall or office, or in his garden, loved spot of his predilection,—every moment was made to count. Hence it is that not only men of faith, but men of no faith bow before his genius today.

The clock in the belfry chimes the hour that has passed, never to return. The moment at hand is the most precious yet in man's existence. What treasures for Time and Eternity does it hold? Each man must answer for himself.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BEFORE COMMUNION

I am not worthy, Lord, to come to Thee; And yet I know that Thou art calling me; And Thou didst die for me upon the Tree.

O Christ, my Lord, my God, my Heavenly King! My poverty and want to Thee I bring; I know that Thou canst give me everything.

Lord, I am blind. I come to Thee for sight. Thou art the Brightness of Eternal Light! Oh, take away the darkness of my night!

My soul with all its sins to Thee I show: It was for me Thy Precious Blood did flow: Wash me, and make me whiter than the snow.

Bring all my ills beneath Thy sweet control. Thou art the great Physician of the soul! Speak but the word, and I shall be made whole.

I make no sacrifice to Thee my King: A broken heart is all I have to bring; And Thou wilt not despise the offering.

I am not worthy, but Thou bid'st me come: So I draw nigh—ah, Lord! 'tis comethome to Thy Sacred Heart, no more to roam!

—J. W. EMBURY, K. R. S.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

- 1. If you are ordered or forbidden by your parents to do a certain thing, never ask the reason why. You have simply to obey.
2. Close the door behind you without slamming it into the lock.
3. Do not shout about the house, or run to and fro.
4. Do not call anyone from up or down stairs, if you wish to speak to any one, go to where the person is.
5. Always speak friendly to the servants or workmen if you expect similar deportment from them.
6. Mind your own faults and imperfections instead of lamenting those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Never set down at table with soiled hands.
8. Do not join in with the conversation of adults, but wait until you are questioned.
9. Never keep your good manners reserved for company only, but at all times be polite—at home and elsewhere.
10. Regard your parents as your best and most intimate friends.

MOTHER'S PARTNER

A sturdy little girl was trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times had she passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance. "You're a busy little girl today," "Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal. "Yes'm, but it takes a heap of water to do a washing." "And do you bring it all from the brook down there?" "Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly." "And there is nobody else to carry the water?" "Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her." It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water carrier did not consider it one at all; but there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered:

"Why, of course I help her. I always help her all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother 'n' me's partners."

Little girls, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?—The Universe.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

On a serene spring morning a blithesome shepherd boy tended his sheep in a blooming valley between wooded mountains, and sang and danced for joy. The prince of that country, who was hunting in the neighborhood, saw him and calling him said, "Why is it, my good little boy, that you are in high spirits?"

The boy, who did not know the prince said: "Why should I not be joyous? Our gracious prince himself, is not richer than I."

"Indeed," said the prince, "tell us all that you possess." The boy said, "The sun in the beautiful blue heavens shines as pleasantly for me as for the prince; mountain and valley display their beautiful verdure and flowers for me as well as for him. I would not sell my two hands for a hundred thousand guildens; and my two eyes are not to be obtained for all the wealth of his treasury. Besides that I have everything that I want, because I want nothing more than is necessary; every day I have enough to eat. I have clothes that decently cover me and receive yearly for my labor and trouble as much money as I require. Can you tell me what the prince has more?"

The good prince laughed and re-vealing himself, said, "You are right, my good boy, and can now say that the prince himself has told you so."

STRANGER VISITS POMPEII

AND SEES VISION OF PAST

Rev. F. Joseph Kelly, Ph. D.

When Sir Walter Scott in his last days visited Pompeii, in company with Sir William Gell, the expression which passed his lips ever after was—"The City of the Dead." That was the only exclamation he uttered, and a pregnant one it was. It was golden summer time, when a wanderer from the land which the proud Pompeians themselves deemed barbarian visited the City of the Tomb. He approached the bay from Sorrento's glorious bay, and fruit and flowers bedecked the pathway he trod. The green laurel twined above the lovely violets springing in clusters from its roots, and the vine crept over rock and rivulet, and clung to the graceful poplars which pointed their tops to heaven.

The stranger paused awhile to recall to mind all that he had read of the people who once flourished here—the proud, the intellectual, the exquisitely gifted, yet alas, also the cruel, the epicurean, godless race of Campanians—and of their boasted city, replete with objects of beauty and splendor, of heroic pomp, of artistic triumphs all that could delight the eye and administer to sensual gratification, of all that could confirm the enervated dwellers in their avowed devotion to bacchanal joys, of all that could tempt them to unstrainedly and insatiably indulge in the daily practice of development of their ruling idea—"Let us eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

And then he wandered with amazement and awe through the excavated streets of Pompeii—disinterred after a sleep of seventeen hundred years—streets once rife with music and with song, with sacrificial processions, with festive gatherings, with choral dances, with joyous crowds; the streets proudly trod by mailed warriors, by white-robed priests, by lovely virgins, by classic poets, by stern senators, by young nobles clad in Tyrian purple, and by the thronged with glittering chariots and prancing steeds; the streets redolent with the fragrance of flowers, vibrating with laughter and exclamations, echoing with thousands of glad voices. With what do they echo now? With naught but the faltering footsteps of the solitary stranger from afar.

THE DAY OF DESTRUCTION

Years before the catastrophe occurred, earthquakes shook the land, and on its very eve, dread omens warned the devoted city of its fate—but warned in vain. Gigantic figures hovered in the air, as Dion Cassius relates, and mysterious voices came from the mountains, besides renewed shocks of earthquake. But the Pompeians were intoxicated with lusts of the flesh—deaf to their impending destruction—and up to the last dread day, they indulged in all their wonted pomps and vanities. Pliny yet pursued his philosophical researches, and Sallust, the witty epicure, stinted not his accustomed orgies. Brightly rose the last morn of the fated city. The soft glories of autumn were spread on every side, and the sun shone unclouded for the last time on the temples and towers of Pompeii. The people were crowding the theatre, at the moment when the air was suddenly darkened, and the awful Mount of Vesuvius, that for ages had been at rest, vomited forth dense clouds of ashes and stones, and torrents of boiling water and streams of liquid lava, and volcanic lightnings that melted even bronze statues, so fearful was their potency. What imagination can adequately conceive the appalling scenes of that tremendous

hour? It was a minor Day of Judgment—a second destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the guilty cities of the plain.

The stranger resumed his pilgrimage amid the trumpet tongued ruins. He visualized every object as undecayed as it was, ere the kneaded ashes of Vesuvius hermetically inclosed it in a tomb of long ages. Here is a graceful public edifice half built. The workmen were surprised at their labors, and the last strokes of their chisels may yet be seen on the unfinished columns, as fresh as if struck only yesterday. Lo, over the doorways of the houses, the word of welcome (salve) is carved. Enter; for the portal is wide, and there is none to share the banquet with thee. See, the dog is wrought in rich mosaic at the threshold—"cave canem." Pass through the columns—"vestibulum," with its tessellated pavement, undimmed in hue—gaze on the household Lares, yet at their posts—pass by the "impluvium" into the chambers on either hand, and behold the bronze couches, the vivid frescoes, the paintings, the iron-bound coffers, the flower-vases, the fountains, the delicate boxes to incense perfumes; enter the "triclinium," the marble dining-hall, with its roof of felted ivory and gold, and see the tables yet marked with the impress of libations, see its amphora with wine yet congealed at the bottom, see its candelabra, its chairs and its couches. But where are the bacchanals who were wont to hold unhallowed revels in this marble hall? Where are the glowing beauties who reclined in yon perfumed chambers? The hand of the stranger may withdraw the draperies of Tyrian purple—the courtier is tenantless. The eye of the stranger may glance at the polished steel mirror—he sees only his own image there. The footsteps of the stranger may pause beside the graceful fountain—its waters no longer sparkle in the sun. The voice of the stranger may echo through the desolate rooms—the creak of the green lizard, and the shrill cry of the cicala is the only response.

Exploring the great baths. The stranger retraced the silent streets. He passed by the public entertainment with the sign of the "chequers" over the doorways—never more will wine be quaffed, songs be sung, and caged dice rattle within their walls. He explored the voluptuous "thermae," or public baths, fitted up with every thing conducive to enervating luxury; he passed the triumphal arches with their bronze trophies, and paused awhile in front of the noble Forum, destined never to be completed; and then he mused for hours within the shattered Temple of Isis.

The white-robed priests, the public impostors, here did offered impious sacrifices to Isis and Osiris; here daily expounded mystic oracles to the deluded people who sought a knowledge of the future. The juggleries of the Egyptian priests are now bared—the mummeries of the creed which even they despised in secret, are exposed to the scorn of the world. The oracles are forever dumb; never more will victims be offered on the altars, amid clouds of myrrh and frankincense, and music and song. In the dark day of wrath did the miserable professors of the false worship cling to their sacrificial altars in hope to be saved? Did they who so long had deceived others, end by deceiving themselves into a belief that Isis could interpose between them and destruction? Were they found at their posts, faithful amid the crash of annihilation, like the Roman sentinels at the city's gateways? No; they, with the golden sensors and jewelled ornaments of their temple—fled in the vain hope of renewing their licentious careers in a safer climate.

The stranger finally reentered the vast amphitheater with the ghosts of the dead. He saw its tiers of seats crowded with ten thousand spectators, in the combat of the gladiators—trained combatants butchering one another to make holiday for the Pompeians. No simulated scenes of tragedy were these. The game was indeed one of life or death; and when the excitement of bloody conflict between man and man palled, the lion or the tiger was introduced, and man fought beast—himself the greater beast of the two—to give renewed zest to the spectacle.

A CHAPLET FOR REMEMBRANCE. The olive buds and the flowers bloom amid the grey walls of Pompeii. Ivy and acanthus entwine around her fallen columns of Parian marble. Life and Death are hand in hand, and music of the sunny breeze plays a perpetual requiem. The stranger twined himself a chaplet of ivy, and acanthus, and olive, and fragrant wild-flowers, to preserve the memory of Pompeii green, when he shall have returned to his native land. "But here," says he—"But here, if still beneath some nameless stone, By waving weeds and ivy-wreaths o'ergrown, Lurk the grey spoils of poet and of sage, Tully's deep lore, or Livy's pictured page; If sweet Menander, where his relics fade, Mourn the dark refuge of oblivion's shade; Oh; may their treasures burst the darkling mine; Glow in the living voice the breathing line.

Their vestal fire our midnight lamp illumine, And kindle learning's torch from sad Pompeii's tomb."

Then the solitary stranger vanished forever from the scene—but Pompeii remained to sleep out its slumber of eternity.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

By Mgr. Canon Harry, D. D., in Catholic Opinion

That we are living in a time of extraordinary interest, as the Times declared not many days ago, will be doubted by none who reflect ever so little on the news arriving from all parts of the world. If it were only a play the spectacle would be entertaining. But we are all on the stage, and know few of us know our parts! Some indeed act with decision, relying on a text they have typed for themselves. Kemal Pasha sets up a Turkish Republic; Signor Mussolini becomes the Napoleon of Italy; and the French Premier splits Germany asunder. Britain, however, cannot frame a foreign policy; and her Ministers drift into a General Election without one. We are all bewildered in a thick fog, voices calling this way and that, when what we need is light on the future. How shall we find it, "amid the encircling gloom?" "DO RIGHT AS WE SEE RIGHT"

My quotation from one of the most touching pilgrim-songs ever written will show where I should look for an answer. The light must come from above. It is not to be sought in party manifestos, neither will it be kindled by politicians hurling reckless charges against one another. Sorrowfully the nation must confess how much it stands in need of guidance on the course it should follow, and how little it receives. Let us, then, beware of personalities, which do but darken the air, and look first into our own hearts. However great the perplexities in which we are entangled, there is one resolution within the compass of every man's free will, to do the right as he sees the right. These very simple, very noble words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural will lead us on, though it be only a step at a time, until events reveal the issues of human conduct subject to God's Law. Choosing to act rightly, according to our best unselfish judgment, we shall have acted as good Christians ought to do. There is nothing far-fetched or impossible in obeying our conscience. And conscience will give light as well as power.

TURNING TOWARDS GOD. In a dim fashion, so it seems to me, the British people are beginning to feel their want of a supernatural leading as they did in olden days. Tokens, slight or serious, may be perceived, multiplying rather than falling off, which announce that defiant unbelief has met a stronger power with which it cannot cope. The new influence or appeal has created even a visible symbol for its manifestation in the Cenotaph, with sacred silence as of homage to presences unseen but not to be questioned, and more than the memorials of those who have passed away. Our long Catholic defence of prayers for the departed has in substance won consent at last from Anglicans, Nonconformists, Presbyterians, and the crowd lately so careless who have been converted, we may say, by seeing the field of their dead to faith in the life beyond. Grief is to them a revelation of possibilities after which they yearn; and, in Virgil's tender language, "they stretch forth hands with longing towards the farther shore." But if thus, by dying, man has conquered death, Religion will surely come back; there is help in the unseen; and once more the light shines in darkness. We can now pray, for we shall be heard by Him "unto whom all creatures live"—as our office of Requiem boldly chants in its solemn dirge. Death is found to be not an end, but a beginning.

TRUE FREEDOM. With prayer to God freedom returns—true liberty of judgment and choice, making us independent of party-talk, platform rhetoric, and every other bribe offered to our emotions. For I will not suppose, in the kind of man or woman I have been considering, such vulgar motives possible as the corrupt elections of bygone days took for granted. The nation, I would suggest, is in a serious mood, recovering from the somewhat desperate temper with which it greeted a most disappointing peace after winning the War. It is not that any lively enthusiasm moves and drives on to certain victory a single one of the parties in conflict. Each of the programmes advocated bristles with problems which lend to it the air of a venture into the unknown. So it surely must be, with Europe in dissolution, Germany a raging anarchy, and our alliance with France apparently sick unto death. The whole future is capable of interpretation according to our hopes or fears. And these, at last, are determined by the ideals we cherish.

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE. What, then, do the Christian's deepest convictions bid him take as his working philosophy? Not despair and drifting with the stream; but hope for mankind, effort to the utmost, and courage that will never give in because it trusts in the God

Why Doctors Employ VIROL. The success of Virol has been made by the Medical Profession. Doctors know the remarkable value of its food constituents and the wonderful manner in which they are assimilated—that is why they employ it in over three thousand hospitals and sanatoria. There is no other food which can take its place, and often Virol is the only thing to save life. VIROL. Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.

and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ. More than once before it was the task of Religion to create a new Europe from the ruins of the old. By what means was that miracle wrought? Not by the spark of life left in those ruins; but by faith and prayer. The makers of civil society thus restored were Saints—holy men of God—before they built up cities, opened courts of justice, softened the horrors of war, taught Barbarians the Bible, and so established a more glorious world than Greek or Roman had dreamt of. Without prayer nothing of all this would ever have been done. The Litany of the Saints, at once a procession representing the past and a supplication imploring divine help for times to come, is in fact the marching-song of Western Christendom. Its united petitions, which are therefore termed Collects, or prayers of the whole Church, are drawn up in majestic Latin and have been chanted under every "Gospel Oak" in England. They are always in season, and their high religious tone braces the temper, while enlightening the spirit, of all that recite them devoutly.

day Mass that honor which recent Roman decrees have so energetically insisted upon, by subordinating to its celebration all minor Festivals. I was deeply impressed, as every Catholic reader of the Times must have been by its quotation of the last Collect after Trinity or Pentecost from our Missal, in its original Latin, as a prayer most suitable for these difficult days. (The Times, November 24, 1923.) I can do no better now than follow its example by setting down the Collect with which Advent opens; but for obvious reasons I will give it in an approved English version. This is how the Church would have us pray: "Stir up Thy might, O Lord, we beseech Thee, and come; that by Thy protection we may deserve to be rescued from the threatening dangers of our sins and saved by Thy deliverance, who livest and reignest with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen."

When Remitting Send a DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDER. For Sale of C.P.R. STATIONS and DOMINION EXPRESS AGENCIES. SULLIVAN'S REMEDY FITS. PRICE \$2.00 BOTTLE. T. C. SULLIVAN, CHATHAM, ONT.

\$5.00 Vacuum Clothes Washer. ONLY \$2.00. We guarantee our washer to be the best, strongest and most complete vacuum washer made. Long handle and exhaust protectors which prevent splashing supplied free. No valve to get out of order. No more rubbing. No more washday drudgery. Will last a lifetime, and will wash anything from the heaviest blankets to the finest laces without hard work or injury. 30 Days' Free Trial. If after using for 30 days you find that our washer is not satisfactory in every way and you want to return it, we will refund your money. Send only \$2.00 today, and we will send you the washer postpaid. SPECIAL 2 Washers for only \$5.00. Don't wait! Order to-day. GRANT & McMillan CO., 387 Clinton Street, Dept. E. 6, TORONTO

TEA - COFFEE. Finest importations always in stock at lowest market prices. Samples and quotations sent promptly upon application. Special attention given to requirements of institutions. Kearney Brothers, Limited. TEA - COFFEE, IMPORTERS and SPECIALISTS. 33 St. Peter Street. Established 1874. Montreal, Que.

Wonderful Egyptian Remedy "Samaria" Prescription for drunkenness, which science has proved is a disease and not a habit and must be treated as such. Prohibition legislation does not help the unfortunate. "Samaria" may be given in Tea, Coffee, or any liquid food. Send stamp for trial treatment. SAMARIA REMEDY CO. DEPT. 21 142 MUTUAL STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Louis Sandy HABIT MATERIALS and VEILINGS. Specially Prepared for the Use of Religious Communities. Black, White, and Coloured Serges and Cloths, Veilings, Cashmeres, Etc. Stocked in a large variety of widths and qualities. Samples forwarded on application. LOUIS SANDY, Gordon Mills STAFFORD, ENGLAND. Telegrams—Lonsand, Stafford. PHONE No. 104.