CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

UNSELFISHNESS

Suppose life was only a battle for

And nobody nitied or gave And none of the dead who has journeyed ahead.

Neither scholar, nor soldier, nor knave, Ever thought of the children that

followed him on Or toiled without claiming his fee, Can't you picture today as you go on your way

What a horrible world it would be? If notody cared whether others sur-

Or whether or not they were glad; If each of us here labored year after

For only the gold to be had; If life were but striving for raiment and food.

Then the beasts in the field that Would be one with the plan that is fashioned for man.

And a horrible world it would be. But the joys that we know and the charms that we claim

Are ours because somebody cared; The pleasures we boast of and treasure the most We own because somebody dared.

The dead have gone on leaving us to In the gardens they planted, and we

Must leave something behind, for the future to find; We must work for the ages to be. -Detroit Free Press

AS GOD LEADS

We are never to go faster than We are to stand in patience at the closed gate till He opens it; we must never force it open. Wait until His plan is fully ripe. Even for the fulfilment of His plain. | will come. est promises, wait until His time

their destinies by determinedly carry ual and immortal. It will carry to ing out their plans, without reference to God's plane. God has one Eternity for the righteous will be great plan into which each life, unending happiness. Delete from

Keep your eyes on the pillar of cloud and fire that lead you on.
Rest where the pillar rests. when it moves. You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting reason. Why choose sadness when your hands to the wheels; but if you do, it will strike wrong. hurry the unfolding of God's providence by your own impatience; but every species of lower life praising if you do, you will mar the divine

Stop meddling with the threads of your life as they come from the night sees the splendor of dawn. nds of God. Every time you interfere, you simply make a flaw. Keep one thing is necessary, to save our your hands off, and allow God to souls. All else is dross. Why let weave as He pleases.—Anon.

WILL POWER

Our great mistake is that we consider the saints made of different material from ourselves. that they were born saints, and then that they were very much helped by environment and heredity, a fine intellectual shield to cover our own cowardice.

Man is not moved by heredity. He is moved by will power. When the fates stood opposing, he bent them." There is the saint.

Ignatius was not born a saint. He was much like ourselves. He did such human things as to be vain and fall in love. Then came sickness and he read a book. When he arose from his bed, the world was changed. use of reason.

Certain truths are exemplified in the life of each saint. Abstract truth then becomes concrete. That particular truth steps out from the dead pages and we see it living and breathing.—Catholic Sun.

FORGET THE PAST

The constant looking backward to what might have been, instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self confidence. worry for the old past, this wasted energy, for which no power on can restore, ever lessens a man's faith in himself, weakens his

Do in the best way you can the work that is under your hand at the moment; do it with a good intention; do it with the best preparation your thought suggests ; bring all the light of knowledge to aid you. Do this and you have done your best. The past is forever closed. No worry, no struggle, no suffering, nor agony get used to it. Come on with me. of despair can change it. It is as were a million years behind you.
Turn all that past, with its sad hours, its weakness and sin, its wasted opportunities and graces, twasted opportunities and graces, the other day," Aloysius reminded his chum, "dag-gon if it wasn't het, too! And a heap further than Chapel Point."

Matthew's answer was a sidelong much beyond your power as if it is up to Chapel Point." and the future are yours; the past has gone back, with all its messages, its history, its records, to the God who loaned you the golden moments to use in obedience to His law.-The

A THOUGHT THAT HAS HELPED MILLIONS

Life is full of worries and joys. It makes a difference whether a man looks on the bright side of life or on the dark side. It is always easy to find trouble but why let ourselves his eyes on Matthew's face.

dwell on things that are sure to Matthew looked at Aloy

The War is over. It took its toil today?"
of life. It caused untold misery. Of co of life. It caused untold misery.

Of course Aloysius had heard.

Yet the sadness is only temporary.

What boy in the whole village and enjoyed the privilege for more than our neighbor. Doubtless there are

Soon it all will pass. We are here only for a little while. Why not try only for a little while. Why not try to make that short sojourn profitable to ourselves and to our neighbors.

Night comes but soon the dawn
appears. Spring comes, soon summer. Why let the worries of the
moment dominate when they should be

It is folly to worry one's life away. Life is given to us for a specific pur-pose. It is a time when we must reap. Did the Creator ever intend that any life should reap unhappi-ness? Of course not. Then there is something else at fault. It is us go. self. That term contains a veritable "Be and inexhaustible fountain of good or evil. Self is the quarry. Reason the implement that must be used to

If we allow ourselves to live in a world in which no sun ever shines | Hasn't father got to keep a business we work the quarry with the wrong instruments. No results worth while will be achieved. We eclipse reason. No sane man would do that. Of course not, one will say. But are not men doing that very thing every day, every month and every year They would spurn any assertion that they were unreasonable, but look at

Men are composite beings. They have a body and a soul. That body sink in. is fashioned out of dust. It comes "Joe" and goes. The soul is God's immediate creation. It is destined for immortality. It is the most beautiful thing under the angelic creation.

Is it reasonable that its object should be unhappiness, misery, worry? Then why do we let those things sway us, make us morose, darken our lives ? There is a beautiful temple given to us. That temple is more gorgeous than a Solomon could ever construct. Its windows are lighted with God's holy rays. Why let them look out upon grief, woe, unhappiness? These things all, make the interview brief. There as come.

Many men wreck their lives and darkness. God gave us a soul, spiriteternity many of its impression

> You have free will. You have happiness is what the soul craves? Look about you in the universe and see nature always smiling, see God for His benefactors. Why should men be the only exception? cloud has a silver lining. Every We are here only for a while. Only gloom dominate us ?-The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"WEEP NOT FOR ME" Weep not for me, O tender heart!

Thou knows't my wish that all thy In life should be a happy way As sunlit as a summer day, Weep not for me!

In life thy tears were bitter drops. In death thy woe's a hand that stops The current of Eternity, And smites thy echoed grief to me.

O tender heart! No tears, O Love! be happy now! "A little while," and know shalt thou What 'tis to lie and wait in earth The resurrection and the birth

Weep not for me! -MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE EVE OF FIRST FRIDAY Hey there, Aloysius, come out to

the front gate! Got somethin, I want to tell you!" "Hey there, yourself, Mat!" Aloysius Spaulding called back to his chum, Matthew Hall, as he looked up from the cut-glass jar before him on the hall table, "you come in here !

"Whatcha doin' in there, Al, playin' anythin' ?"

No," came back the answer. Then Aloysius held up the jar for efforts to develop himself for the future to the perfection of his possition by the fragile wafers that filled it were altar breads.

Want to go with me up to Father Carroll's to take it, Mat? Matthew unfastened the front gate and came up the cement walk into

the broad, cool hall. "Too hot to climb that hill this day," he answered.

Aw, it ain't hot, Mat, once you No chance! I know how far it

nce at Aloysius.

'If we take the time to go up

noted mysteriously, "we glance at Aloysius. there," he said, mysteriously,

might miss somethin'."
The other boy looked up quickly, but he did not answer until he had fastened the silver top securely on

the glass jar.
"What'll we miss, Mat?"

But when the day of the tournament came he was deemed to disappoint-ment. His father had called him

out to the front gate that morning to tell him of a business engagement that would call him away from home that day. Aloysius had listened with relegated to permit us to enjoy all the good things that God made. of his mind altogether

'Course, I've heard about it, Mat. he answered. "They're even talk-ing about it down at the shop. But what's that getting you—just hearing about it? Can't either one of

Bet a dollar we kin go," Matthew came back, his face beaming "what'll you bet?" Aloysius did not respond to the

glow in the other boy's face. You do talk so foolish, Mat! tournament when there ain't a soul that'll take us."

Marshall's father owns - that's church and rectory stood, his spirits brothers are bound by the dearest

Matthew waited for his words to Beach today, and he sent me up here

after you.' Alcysius looked at Matthew with glowing cheeks and shining eyes.

You ain't fooling me are you, Mat ?' Come down to the wharf if you don't believe me."

Aloysius beamed on Matthew. "I believe you all right," he an-ewered, as his eyes travelled from wered, as his eyes travelled from Matthew's heavy pompadour, still altar-bread, Father, fifty-one big wet and slick from recent combing, to his neat blue suit, then down If they get a hearing at to the very tips of his shined shoes.

Wait on me, Mat, till I find mother.'

The boys passed through the hall him. on their way to the front gate, but sisted, "how it happened that you before the table where he had left missed the tournament today." the altar-breads Aloysius stopped guddenly.

to the glass jar. go up to the chapel before we go to the Beach in his new motor boat to the wharf." Matthew frowned at the glass jar.

Al, that'll have to wait till we get that

his face fell. too late to take it up there then—note of disappointment that crept and tomorrow's First Friday, I into the voice as he forged on. promised Father Carroll I'd always Finally, the big lump that rose in have them ready and now I've got his throat that morning came back to keep that promise.'

the boy's face and controlled the and looked away from the kind frown between his eyes.

" Can't it wait till in the mornin' just as well?" he began to plead. We've got to take it up Heart !" there today."

And miss the tournament ! They wouldn't wait on us, Mat,

till we could run up to Father Carroll's and back again t" Course they wouldn't," Matthew red. "Think they've got all

glared. He backed out of the hall to the

troubled blue eyes, but he did not ton with Father Carroll was somemove from the table.

at the chapel on time. Haven't I but you don't know about First Fri-day, Mat." along with you, Father? You—you mean that?"

Matthew answered nothing. But when he got out to the front gate he could not help a backward glance at Aloysius. He did not know the significance of the little wafers in the glass jar that had caused Aloy sius' face to change when he looked down at them; he had never heard of First Friday, and of the promise held out to the Blessed Margaret Mary for those who were faithful to the Sacred Heart. But there must have been something very wonder-ful about it all, the boy thought, to make Aloysius give up his only chance of seeing the big tournament.

Big black chargers began to loom up before his boyish vision; he could almost hear the marshal's deep voice as he boomed out his order for the first knight to charge; he was won-dering who would be the winner of the queen's crown that day. And when the night came then would follow the coronation address, and I went with you over to the mill the crowning of the queen and her other day." Aloysius reminded maids of honor. And after that, the big ball. He was sorry he had quarrelled with his best friend, and he would tell him so the very next Now he must hurry as fast as he could down to the little wharf.

Aloysius listened for the sound of "What'll we miss, Mat?"

"The tournament," Matthew said.
Aloysius put the jar back on the everything grew dim before his eyes, and a big tear splashed down on the table.
"What tournament?" as he fixed silver top of the glass jar. He looked silver top of the glass jar. He looked about him almost furtively as he about him almost furtively as he Matthew looked at Aloysius with dashed away the tear; for not for all worry us when there is so much in dig round eyes. the tournaments in the world would God's beautiful creation that can "You haven't heard about the he have been caught crying any more the tournaments in the world would tournament over at Colonial Beach than he would have yielded to temptation in breaking a promise once

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a year of preparing he altar brend cases in which either lawful author for the Mass each day; Father Carroll had praised him for the way engagement 'stead of taking me to he did it, and to disappoint him us to speak the evil of others, when the tournament, as he promised to now on the eve of First Friday was do? Your father's more than a a thought he banished from his mind licly known to be true. Pastors are hundred miles from here already. as quickly as it had entered. His compelled to warn souls under Like to know how we're going to the face began to brighten as he tucked their care against the evil-doer; the jar under his arm and started parents are obliged to protect them for the chapel, and by the time he In the motor boat that Jos reached the top of the hill where the were again in tune with the glory of

When Aloysius opened the sacristy "Joe's father's goin' to take a door and went in he found himself bunch of us fellows over to the face to face with Father Carroll. the drunkard, the adulterer and the murderer. Husbands and wives 'Good morning, Father," he smiled

politaly. "Good morning, Aloysius," the priest smiled back. "Thought you were over at the Beach today. Surely, you're not missing the big tourna-

' I-I had to miss it, Father," the boy stammered.

Then he thrust the glass jar into

wafers and five hundred little ones.' Father Carroll laid the jar on the small table near the window by which he stood. What would we do, here at

Aloysius darted away. It was not Chapel Point, without this boy!" he long before he came back ready for exclaimed, as he turned away from the table and drew Aloysius toward "But I want to know," he per-

Then it was that Father Carroll listened to a boyish account from 'I most forgot it, Mat," pointing Aloysius of how Jos Marshall's father the glass jar. "That'll have to had taken a "bunch of fellows "over that morning; how he had sent Astthew frowned at the glass jar. Matthew Hall up to the house after We sin't got that kind of time, him, and how Matthew had insisted they could not wait for him until he could run up to the chapal Aloysius looked at Matthew and to leave the altar bread, and then run back again down to the little But it can't wait, Mat. I'll be wharf. Aloysius could not help the again, and not daring to trust his Matthew saw the earnestness in voice further, he broke off abruptly priest.

So you missed the tournament to keep faith with the Sacred Father Carroll drew the boy very,

very close to him.
"But the Sacred Heart will not forget," he added gently.
When Aloysius looked up a merry

twinkle mingled with the tender smile in the priest's eyes. Would a little trip to Washington tomorrow make up for missing the

big tournament today, I wonder?" The hov's heart gave a leap. "And if you want to go with us, Aloysius, you better come on."

Aloysius looked at Matthew with Aloysius looked at Matthew with Matthew thing he never would have dreamed

ove from the table.
"No. The altar bread's got to be of.
"You mean you're going to Wash."
"You mean you're going to Wash." told you tomorrow's First Friday ?- ington tomorrow and will take me

"Something like it!" Father Carroll smiled. Then he glanced beyond Aloysius through the window, to the beautiful

broad river below the point.
"What boat touches this wharf tomorrow?" he asked, his eyes coming back to the boy's face. The 'Saint Mary's,' Father," Aloysius answered eagerly. "She gets in early in the morning and leaves

at 8 o'clock. "Then at 8 o'clock," Father Carroll replied, "we're off for Washington." Aloysius was too happy for words ; he could only grin. Then he scampered away and down the hill, but before he reached the foot of the hill he looked back at the sacristy door and began to wave wildly. And the priest standing in the door-way, and smiling the triendliest

THE KIND WORD

back.-Eleanor

of smiles, waved back. Lloyd in Rosary Magazine.

(Bishop Hedley, O. S. B.) It would be a happy thing if the

black vice of calumny were less common than it is. But it cannot In less than five minutes he reached the wharf, and while Mr. Marshall unfastened the rope that held the of their Creator and Judge as be off climbed in. the foundations of all social intercourse, are the darker manifesta-tions of an evil spirit which lurks in the heart of even the best of us. It is a spirit which must be fought against and may be overcome, by the grace of God, and the sacra ments, and the imitation of Jesus

Christ. It must never be forgotten, also that it is forbidden by the law of God to mention without necessity or jus-

ity may compel us, or self-protection m wy allow us, or charity may oblige selves and their families, from the snares of the immoral; sisters and ties of human love and Christian charity to warn and guard their loved ones against the pit-falls of murderer. Husbands and wives have been set against one another and even separated; employers and employed have been demoralized innocent youth captivated and dishonored. So that it is readily understood in a world of sinfulness and scandal how the obligation of warning the innocent against the ravages of the wicked becomes an imperative duty, especially in the secrecy of the family and of the home. Moreover, it often becomes a grave obligation for pastors to publicly denounce immorality, and to fearlessly expose the guilty. Otherwise, to make known even real discreditable facts and actual occurrences is a sin not only against charity, but against justice, and sometimes it is a grievous and a deadly sin.

Backbiting is an expressive English word which is applied to the process of talking over other people's faults behind their backs. It is an occupation which may vary indefinitely in its degree of guilt and malignity, but it is always mean, foolish and uncharitable. It cor rupts speakers and listeners like leprosy. It encourages the demon of uncharitableness. It wastes the time that was given us to work out salvation, and it dishonors God our Father, ignoring that men and women are His most cherished treasures, and not the objects for heartless frivolity to aim its shafts

There is one remedy and but one lasting remedy for this evil which so sadly afflicts society, and that is, let each person lead an innocent, virtuous life himself, thence learn to reverence every soul that God hath made. We are obliged to love all men for God's sake, for all and each are cherished by God, but we are bound to love with a special love, parents and children, sisters and brothers, friends and relatives, partners, associates and our fellow country men. The impulse which led our Lord and Saviour to Bethlehem and to the cross, was the immense and burning love of His Sacred Heart for every even our lives for other men unless we strive to love them for God

"He does not really believe who does not live according to his belief.'





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