## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PEACE ON EARTH

Come wealth or want, come good or ill Let young and old accept their part, and bow before the the awful will, And bear it with an honest heart, Who misses or who wins the prize Go. lose or conquer as you can : But if you fail, or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young! (Bear kindly with my humble lays:) The sacred chorus first was sung Upon the first of Christmas days; The shepherds hear it overhead The joyful angels rais'd it then Glory to heaven on high, it said, And peace on earth to gentle men

My song, save this, is little worth : I lay the weary pen aside, And wish you health, and love, and

mirth, As fits the solemn Christmas-tide. As fits the holy Christmas birth, Be this, good friends, our carol still: Be peace on earth, be peace on earth, men of gentle will. -WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Your Christmas gift is ready and waiting for you. It is a richer and greater gift than you, in your wild-est flights of fancy, have ever conceived. It is the satisfaction of all desires, the source of all riches, the crown of all joy. When you possess this Gift there is nothing more that either man or God can give you. This Gift is waiting for you. pare your soul by a sorrowful con-fession. And then, on Christmas morning, kneel at the altar rail of your parish church. The priest and held him very close—"That will come and reverently bestow upon you your Christmas Gift. It is the Gift of Gifts—the Gift that

makes Christmas Christmas .- The SCHWAB'S VIEWS ON THRIFT

are hard to give up, it also is true that habits once acquired never forsake one.

A story is being told about Charles Schwab that illustrates this point. He was being pushed along the board walk in Atlantic City by a colored man. Suddenly they came across a penny lying on the boards The colored man saw it, too, but made no move toward getting it. Why don't you pick it up ?"

Schwab exclatmed. I didn't think it worth while. It

is only a penny." "My man, you must never talk that way," said the ship builder. Always look out for the pennies

and the dollars will come to you."
Thirftlessness does not consist altogether in waste on a large scale. Thrift consists mainly in looking after the little leaks. Schwab began life at a ridiculously small salary. It was not through saving and economy that he has been able to amass his millions. But it was because he was thrifty—because he understood the value of making the little things count—of stopping up the little wastes that he placed himself in a position to earn the largest salary ever paid any man in the world, and later to undertake one of the greatest patriotic tasks ever placed on the

who was not able to save money. With Hill this was the first test of a man's character. If he did not possess enough will nower to be a money would never be able to fight his way to the top.

## OUR INFLUENCE

Two considerations should flow

guard about the example he gives—
to younger members of the family, to

Maggioni from around the corner
They're all there!" his business associates, to his chums, to the members of societies to which he belongs and to those he visits.

2. He should be particular about the company that he himself keeps. One bad apple in a barrel will rot the a parade was being formed.

One young man whose heart is are base, whose character is mean, goes about like a smallpox patient, scattering the germs of his disease among all those with whom he comes in contact. His influence is unwhole-some, and it can not be escaped by any one who comes in contact with

So that a young man who desires to keep of good repute will avoid with a horn left from lest Christmas him. The young man who has a care then came Jock and after him Billy. for himself will choose for his friends those whose minds are bright, whose conversation is clean, and whose conduct is virtuous, for their influence will buoy him onward and upward. He will have regard for bisown influence upon others and the influence of others upon himself.

What a responsibility is the influence that we exert every day on every person with whom we come in contact. For every person that we meet is more or less impressed with our behavior and our appearance, and every one who speaks to us feels an effect and forms an opinion from our manner, our tone, our words; and every one with whom we have deal "Yes, why ain't he ings judges of the merits of our actions, surmises our motives, and passes opinions on our honesty truthfulness, fairness, purity and same as me! A meri can boys! general qualities. We affect the All!" Tony's free hand expressed thoughts of others and influence their what his command of words could

Influence is a most mysterious thing; to be feared, that we may not

thing; to be feared, that we may not give scandal, and contribute to the ruin of soule: a thing to be desired, that we may lift up, and help our brother to live uprightly.

There are on record reports of instances in which a look of encouragement has made a boy an artist, a kind word has prevented soule in despair from compiting suicide.

from committing suicide.

These few instances are like a small spring to the ocean of influence which is in effect every day among the millions of people of the earth.

Words, looks, actions, create influ-nce. Influence is force for good or for evil, not only for today, but for years to come. Make your influence wholesome for those with whom you come in contact. - Catholic Columbian

OUR 'BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE NATIVITY Let my heart the cradle be Of thy bleak Nativity!
Tossed by wintry tempests wild
If it rock Thee, holy Child, Then, as grows the outer din. Greater peace shall reign within.

PEACE Billy's mother bent over his bed where only the top of two small ears visible above the snowy

"Billy! Billy!" she softly called.

"Listen, Billy!" she softly called.
"Listen, Billy, to the whistles and the bells! Wake up and listen!" Her voice was drowned by a whistle that blew longer and louder than the rest. Billy's eyes flew open, and he gazed about him in a bewildered way, then up at his mother's face.

means peace!

It was dark in the room, but not too dark for Billy to see the glory in his mother's face. There were tears in her eyes, too, and Billy wondered at the tears when otherwise she look-If it is true that thriftless ways went away. Tenderly had he brushed them away, and with tightened arms around her neck begged her not to worry. Didn't she have him? And hadn't he promised his father not to let his mother worry? How well he remembered his father's voice as they talked about his mother, and he told nim about the Big War and the reason for his going away! Presently his father had caught him in a grip that hurt, but for worlds he wouldn't cry out. He only tried harder to keep down the lump in his throat, and, after a long time, his father called him his "little captain" and left his | hadn't kept the promise to keep the

Hiss upon his lips.

"worried" look away. But he never told his mother how he felt. It was that promise, for he had never found always, "It'll come tomorrow, mother tears in his mother's eyes after that. Ain't we praying to the Sacred And on the warm nights, with the air | Heart?" heavy with the fragrance of the flowers from the garden, and the stars shining down, they would sit together in the big porch rocker, and always it was of "Daddy" that they talked.

he had done his best to keep the promise he had made to his tather. The fall and winter followed, then came another summer, lengthening into fall. It was then that Billy asked his mother if Thanksgiving would bring peace, but when she had smiled bis mother's face that day, though and said she did not know-then Christmas would bring it surely. The world at peace! And "Daddy" home by Christmas Eve! Billy had prayed it would be so. Many a red shoulders of one human being.

The late James J. Hill, who began life as a laborer in the Northwest light had he left before the Sauren light had he left before the light had he left before the light had he left before the sauren light had he lef peace had come. He need only wait for Christmas Eve and "Daddy."

The sound that the whistles made was dying now, the cries of the newsboys in the street sent Billy away followed her joy in the coming of from his mother's arms to the window.

"Extra! Extra; Mother, do you Billy drew the muelin curtain aside | Carr and Tony and the rest of them

from a recognition of the tremendous for a better view of the sidewalk, power of influence.

"Good night!" he beamed. "There's 1. A young man must be on his Joseph Carr, and Jock and even Tony

And so they were. Every boy in the block had gathered on the sidewalk to take up the noise where the whistles and bells had left off. By the time Billy dressed and joined them ies. His heart sank lower and lower.

'Hey there, Billy Burch ! called the boy who lived next door, "you got to corrupt, whose words are foul, whose have some thin' that'll make a big actions are vicious, whose principles noise if you want to march in this parade

Billy did not we!! to hear more. Inside the house he went, and presently came out again with two tin waiters

The parade started, growing in size as the boys marched down the street. as the boys marched down the street.

Tony, at the head, carried the flag, his soft brown Italian eyes dancing as he marched. Joseph Carr came next with a horn left from lest Christmas he mother's letter, after all—twest his mother's letter, after all—twest his mother's letter, after all—the with a horn left from lest Christmas. and last of all limped "Skinny" McKay, one thin hand holding tightly to his crutch, and in the other a bell uder than Joseph's horn or even Billy's waiters.

Hurrah! Hurrah for peace!" he ang, and the others took it up.
But half way down the block the rocession halted. Austin Hall had

fallen in line.
"You ain't in this, Jachens Gratz! "Why ain't 1?" demanded Jock.
"Cause you ain't; step out."

Joseph (arr got out of line. "Stay where you are, Jock. Why ain't Jock in this peace parade?" he

'Yes, why ain't he?" Billy threw in. "He ain't one of us, that's why!" "Jock—he's one of us same as you :

Austin's lips were drawn in stuborn lines.
"If Jock stays in, I go out. He **OUR CHIEF WORK** 

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ain't one of us. That's all!"

Joseph's eyes flashed belligerently.

us, same as me and you and Billy and the rest of 'em. I know what

you're drivin' at. The only thing German to Jock is his name. This is

a peace parade, and if you mean to

start somethin' you can just drop

Austin dropped out, and order once more restored the boys marched down to the corner. Back and forth they went. Slowly but surely the anger died out of Austin's face as he

looked on. He couldn't stand it any

longer; he must be a part of that

"Jock," he said, subdued and imble. "I was only foolin', Jock!"

But the noise was too loud for Jock

to hear. Serenely on he marched, and when they came back to where

Austin stood, the boy who had dropped out of the line made another

attempt to speak. This time it was

Joseph Carr who listened.
"I say, Joe, I never meant any.

Joseph grinned, his good humor

Thanksgiving slipped by, and when

Why couldn't Daddy have come

It was a question Billy often asked

of late, and every time his mother reminded him of how thankful they

had been on Thanksgiving Day to

know that the war was over, To keep his Father well and send him

Mass. One was to bring his "daddy'

"over there."
The days that followed hadn't

brought the usual letter to his mother.

the mornings before the mail-man came, and on Saturdays he would

"Daddy's letter didn't come today other?" "No, son," was all she

would usually say. Something had come to his mother's face and stayed there, during the days that dragged

that would cause Billy's heart to sink

when he watched her. It was like he

Ain't we praying to the Sacred

smile would bring a corresponding smile to his mother's face, and it

would send Billy off to play believing

It was Christmas Eve-a strange

Christmas Eve for Billy. There was

she tried the best she could to keep

cheerful for Billy's sake. But the

mai!-man had passed that morning

with not as much as a glance at Billy's

front door. Had that last big firing

just before peace, taken Billy's father

away from them? Try as she would

could not keep the thought down.

She prayed as she began some small

prayed to the Sacred He artfor strength

to bear the disappointment that had

Billy stood at the front window

But Billy shook his head. Then the

"A special delivery, Billy," said the

Billy was not used to special deliver-

He could only stare at the man. What

if it was bad news that the letter

held? It was the promise he had made to his father that filled his

thought. She must not have that 'worried" look on Christmas morning

"Would-would you let me sign in-

He did not walt for the mail man's

answer, but started through the house

door-bell rang, and he flew to answer

mail-man. "Get your mother to the

door; she'll have to sign for it.

for him to break the seal.

her quickly to the door.

over the pages.

Bay?"

that afternoon, taking what interest he could in the ballgame that Joseph

were playing in the street.

preparations for Billy's Christmas-

His courageous, confident little

along and still the letter did not con

watch for his coming by the hour.

One, two, three weeks went by,

December came the days began to

home for Thanksgiving, mother

thing. Can I fall in ?"

"Can if you want to."
And Austin fell in line.

completely restored.

out.

"See here, Austin, Jock is one of

I know what

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started on my journey home. Some of the men who will leave the hos pital with me are awful wrecks, poor tellows—sad homecomings for those who wait for them. Many a night have I looked up at the stars, and every time I knew it was your prayers and Billy's that saved me from a like fate. War has it horrors, but it has it's blessings, too, and the biggest blessing is the faith that grows

of prayer. So if all goes well, I shall be in old New York by Christmas Day—then home to you and Billy.'" Billy had not understood what "convalescent" meant, but he could have told you every word in the rest of the letter. His heart swelled with pride in the kind of soldier his father was. And he was coming home safely back to them had been all that Christmas Day

she had as sed. But Billy had gone further than that. He had left two red lights before the Sacred Heart Billy was jubilant.
"What did I tell you, mother?" he glowed. "Haven't we prayed to the Sacred Heart, and ain't this letter that Thanksgiving morning after home on Christmas morning, and the other was for every child with a fath-

the answer?"
Billy touched with gentle fingers the closely written pages that had fallen into his mother's lap. His mother smiled through her tears at Billy. And Billy watched the glory come back to her face. every time the mail-man passed the door Billy became alarmed. Reluc-tantly he would leave for school in

Yes, dear, it is the answer," and the crushed him to her heart.
Almost too much to have asked of the Sacred Heart—peace, with Daddy home for Christmas Day!"—Eleanor Lloyd in Rosary Magazine.

## THE PERILOUS OUIJA BOARD

REVIVAL OF PAGAN PRACTICE HAS RESULTED IN GREAT SPIRITUAL HARM

Sir J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G., is the authority among English-speaking people on Spiritism. His books are true antidotes against the dangerus practices, so alluring and deceiving to the unwary. The popular to of his writings make them accessible to all and their wide circulation is proof of their timeliness. Mr. Rauert has written an excellent monograph in the December Ecclesias tical Review, which deserves to be noticed and spread for the benefit of many. It deals with the ouija board which enjoys such great popularity. To many people it is a plaything, charged, however, with danger. board is extremely ancient and has been known in China for centuries.

The use of these similar forms are characteristic of ization. Younger people have taken to the use of this board as a means of popular entertainment. Its vicious character was not so clearly put as to strike home and make its use the sinful pastime it really is.

This class of experimenters is numerous, but there are agreat many who are convinced of the preternaturby means of the board. Both must be THE LAW OF LIFE AND LOVE warned by parents and confessors to discontinue the practice altogether. and intellectually worthless mes-sages. The third and most impelling reason is the physical, moral and mental effect on the experimenter.

These do not vary from the dire conditions found in professional mediums. This view is corroborated stead?" Billy faltered.

If he signed for the letter and read by competent medical authorities like Dr. Neward Cumington, who testifies it first, and the news was too bad he that "hundreds of persons become insane yearly by means of these experi of honor drove back the temptation.

It was his mother's letter, after all—
addressed to her. It wouldn't be right
the effect of some of the spiritistic manifestations. They would (then) be inclined to admit that there is a true "terror of the dark" and that there are "principalities and powers" with which we in cur ignorance trifle, in search of his mother and brought Open it quick, Mother!" when the mail-man had gone. "What does it without knowing and realizing the frightful consequences which may result upon this tampering with the His mother dropped down on a chair in the hall and broke the seal with nervous fingers. unseen world. Dr. Mercier of London, Dr. Viollet in France, the late Dr. Lapponi in Italy, have branded these practices as dangerous to mental and moral health. Mr. Raupert is to be "Oh, Billy!" The child and the letter were crushed in her arms. She let Billy go and her eyes flew thanked most heartily for this prac-"From Daddy! Listen to what it says: 'I am now convalescent, after being gassed, and a bone in my right author, "is not a step forward but a after the storm will come the step backward; it is a return to disarm shattered in the bargain. But it was worth while, dear, every min-ute of these weeks in the hospital.

THE WAR'S EFFECT

Speaking recently in Huntington Hall of "the war's effect on English character" Raymond Blathwayt, accredited by the British Foreign Office, stated that "a need for true, deep and real religion arises. And this need will be filled only by a new faith in mysticism. That is the main thing—a belief in the immortality of the soul, in life after

This is an admission of the passing of the state religion in England. It is a clear statement of fact regarding the church of Henry VIII. roof that this War has set the English people thinking and that as a result they are beginning to turn their eyes Romeward.

While tens of thousands meeting death on the battlefield, the religion of Henry was constantly tottering. The people were seeking some comfort amid their grief, and, turning to their state church, found none. That church had by degrees shorn them of all belief in Prayers for the dead were banished as useless. The true faith was regarded as a mere superstition.

But the War opened their eyes They now avow Anglicanism a nullity Its shallowness was unrecognized when fair days were at hand. But once disaster was laid on the nations and countless souls were called to their eternity, men began to think.

It is a matter of common knowledge that thousands edified and illumined by the fidelity of Catholics to their religion renounced their error and joined the Church. Before the wayside shrines in Europe these converts often knelt in times of danger and found the consolation that only the true religion can impart.

Returning to England they carried with them the devotions that they had practiced in France. The wayside shrine again came into its own in England, so that today these are common along the roadways. The Anglican church had ridiculed prayers for the dead. Now even the ministers of the Anglican church in response to the demands of their people have restored these.

Mr. Blathwayt cites" the need of a true, deep and real religion." This religin will not be the product of the War. It will not be one founded on merely human standards. The only religion that will satisfy the people is the one which they forsook for that of Henry.

Their yearning must eventually find the object of their aspirations. But never will it be found until the state religion becomes a dead letter and England embraces the early child of its affection, the Catholic Church.-Boston Pilot.

Out of the darkness rises the dawn. Mr. Raupert gives three reasons: the and after the storm comes a great first being this, that the particular calm. We may not question the spirit who "talks" by way of the ouija board cannot be conclusively identified and proves, on close investigation our most loving Father whose heart to be an evil one, not at all the spirit is solicitous for us. He need not of a departed one. Secondly, they have fixed pain and the Cross as the give mostly frivolous, contradictory price of our salvation, nor have set our stumbling feet in hard ways and rugged paths. Yet so it has pleased Him. His only Son ate the bread of sorrow and drank the less of the chalice of pain. As His poet has said, we are born in others' pain and perish in our own, and over the brief span, mercifully brief, that stretches from the cradle to the grave, we pass, bearing our Cross. Whether we follow Christ trustingly, or hold back in doubt, the Cross is with us. The head may be crowned with gold or with thorns, the body clad in fine linen or loathsome rags, but on every shoulder, of prince or commoner noble or beggar, saint or sinner, rests the common burden of humanity, the Cross.

But we are not as those without hope. It is our faith that teaches us to bear the Cross, not dumbly as a hopeless burden, but to rejoice in it as the sign and pledge of eternal rest and happiness. If we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy. If we would bear the Cross worthily we must first pass through our agony in the garden tical and emicently necessary word on a real danger. The spread of this occult and nefarious "sciences" cannot be combated too earnestly. "Their revival in our time," concludes our the oppression of dark hours. But tinctly heathen and anti-Christian and out of the darkness the radian Our men fought gloriously in the last place they took. Now it is over; we have had our day, and by the time this reaches you I shall have the last place they foot. That beliefs and practices and additional dawn of our own Easter Day. That evidence of the fact that the world is once more relapsing into paganism."

—Buffalo Echo.

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—Buffalo Echo.

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