NOVEMBER 10, 1917

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TO-DAY Only from day to day The life of a wise man runs

What matters of seasons far away Have gloom or have double suns To climb the unreal path

We lose the roading here, We swim the rivers of wrath And tunnel the hills of fear,

Our feet on the river's brink, Our eyes on the clouds afar, We fear the things we think Instead of the things that are

Like a tide our work should rise, Each later wave the best ; To-morrow forever dies, To-day is the special test

Like a sawyer's work is life, The present makes the flaw, And the only field for strife Is the inch before the saw. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

EXPENSIVE KNOWLEDGE

That a little knowledge is some times an expensive thing, is well illustrated in the following incident: A manufacturer of some kind of patent compound, came into a chemist's shop one day, carrying in his hand a bottle containing an unwhole some looking mixture

would give \$100 to know what would make the water and oil in this emulsion separate," he said.

The chemist looked at it and said : Very well ; write your check.'

'Check !'' echoed the other. 'Yes, your check for \$100. You say you are willing to give that, and for that price I am willing to tell you what will make the water and oil separate.

The visitor hesitated a moment and then wrote out the check for the named amount. The chemist carefully put it in his pocket book, and quietly dropped into the liquid a pinch of common salt. Instantly the water and oil separated, and whether the client was satisfied or got what he wanted and he paid his own price for it.

CHARACTER IS FOUNDATION

OF SUCCESS

Cardinal Gibbons characterizes, in a letter to me, a query which I have giggle during the daily salute—giggle and have to be made to do it over! tive Philadelphians and a few others:

If a young man came to you seeking advice, what would you give him as the first rule of success?' The answer I received from the

great and good Cardinal whom so many thousands of Philadelphians love and revere, is as follows :

"A young man should first con-sider to what vocation he is called by temperament and inclination, or rather, by divine guidance ; and after deciding on the business or profession he is to embrace he should devote all his energies to reach the

goal of success. "He should avoid every pleasure and distraction that would divide or weaken his attention to the pursuit of life which he has chosen.

" But he should avoid the common error of imagining that success depends on the acquisition of wealth or fame. No: success is attained by doing well what we do and remaining faithfully at the post of duty.

" In short, his aim of life should be to place principle before popular-ity, duty before pleasure, and Christian righteousness before expediency. He should endeavor, in a word, to be a man of upright character, which is more precious than riches and

'Oh!" John understood now and he aring than The felt better. "Is that what you mean? Monitor Why, there wasn't any flag there to laugh at, Marnie Evans. That's the laugh at, Marnie Evans. BE AN OPTIMIST joke, don't you see? Saluting the Don't get discourged because you blackboard and pretending it's a There flag !'

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE CHILDREN'S HOUR Between the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower Comes a pause in the day's occupations That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me The patter of little feet, The sound of a door that is opened And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-

light Descending the broad hall stair Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence : Yet I know by their merry eyes They are plotting and planning to gether

To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall! By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret O'er the arms and back of my chair ; If I try to escape, they surround me ; They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses. Their arms about me entwine, Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue eyed banditti. Because you have scaled the wall. Such an old mustache as I am Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress. And will not let you depart, But put you down into the dungeon In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble in ruin And moulder in dust away!

-HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

MARNIE AND THE FLAG

Erect and alert, like a little soldier in blue gingham, Marnie stood at at-tention and saluted the flag. Then with blazing eyes she turned upon the two little boys across the aisle, whom the teacher was scolding, and fairly withered them with a scornful A very serious question." Thus glance. To think that there could be two American boys who would

John, however, was her neighbor, and as soon as Marnie came out to play that afternoon he ran right over.

Marnie drew her skirts round he with great dignity and started back toward the house. "You know well enough, John Grover!" she said. "I don't want anything to do with a traitor !" And she held her curly head very high indeed.

" Traitor !" stammered John. What do you mean ?" Marnie turned round just for a min-

"Any boy who laughs at the Stars and Stripes is as bad as a trai-tor !" she said.

John took a step after her. "Why, what do you mean Marnie?" he said. "I never laughed at the Stars and Stripes, never! Why, I had a great-great-grandfather or something that died in the Revolutionary War! So !'

Marnie turned again, and her eyes blazed even more than they had before.

'That makes it all the worse !" she cried. 'What would your great-greatgrandfather think if he knew how you laughed at the flag when you ought to have saluted it?"

THE CATHOLIC RECORD over, Marnie had thought that it would take her every single minute until mother was ready for her to

decide which she would choose. But now, all of a sudden, here was a strange new idea. She sat down in the library, perfectly still for ten minutes, and then ran upstairs. "Mother!" she called. "O mother!

Could I get a flag with daddy's money do you think ?" Yes, indeed," said mother.

A big flag ?'

"Yes, a fine big flag; I should think," said mother. "Daddy was going to give you a particularly present, you know, because he had to disappoint you this morning. But what do you need of a flag? Daddy and I have a fine one to put on the front veranda.

Then Marnie told her all about the boys who laughed, and the flag that cally she seemed to see but that the boys did not see, and how she felt that they must have a real flag. Mother smiled and nodded and

it is quite anonymous.

confused, the subjective element

come the judge, the process is what

these same susceptibilities, and ob-

jective fact. It is exactly this cor-

the illustration just given, it is emi-

nently important to me as an individ-

logical impossibility.

smiled again as she listened-and I think a little bit of mother's money, too, went into the flag that they bought that afternoon, for it was just as beautiful as a flag could be, and as big as a nine-year old girl could possibly carry over her shoul-

But the best thing of all happened the next morning when she stepped out of the door, with her head high and her precious flag waving proudly aloft. For there on the sidewalk were all the little boys, with John at their head. Not Marnie or Barbara When, therefore, this factor has be their head. Not Marnie or Barbara Frietchi, or George Washington him-self could have seen a thing to criticize in the way they saluted the flag that morning and marched behind it, a guard of honor, until it landed safe and sound in their room at school .--Youth's Companion.

REFORMATION AND ITS

SIGNIFICANCE J. D. Tibbits in America

Cardinal Newman once remarked

that if men would only be sufficient. ly explicit there would be little cause for discussion. A very direct and convincing illustration of this truth is contained in a statement attributed to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, apropos of the celebration in honor of the four hundreth anniversary of the founding of Protestantism.

To recall to the mind of the twentieth century, says the Doctor, the significance of the great movement known as the Reformation is a valuable public service. The modern of the sixteenth century, with the dominance of a philosophy of life and religion which operates to min-upon the meaning of the words, "This is My body." Now this differof the individual, and to make each individual merely a cog in the wheel of a powerful and dominating group. Now with the first sentence of this

statement, no Catholic will disagree, and every Catholic will cooperate with Dr. Butler in recalling to the fullest possible extent all that the Reformation implies ; but Dr. Butler will surely concede that merely to recall this significance is to leave the work half done. It must be explained as well as recalled, and that with no trace whatever either of prejudice or evasion. And while it is true that in the words which follow the Doctor does give some sort of hint as to tion to eternity. A misconception of what that significance means to him, it is none the less a truth that he channels of grace on the one hand, utterly misses the point upon which or an utter waste of spiritual energy the whole Reformation movement on the other. revolves, and that he succeeds only

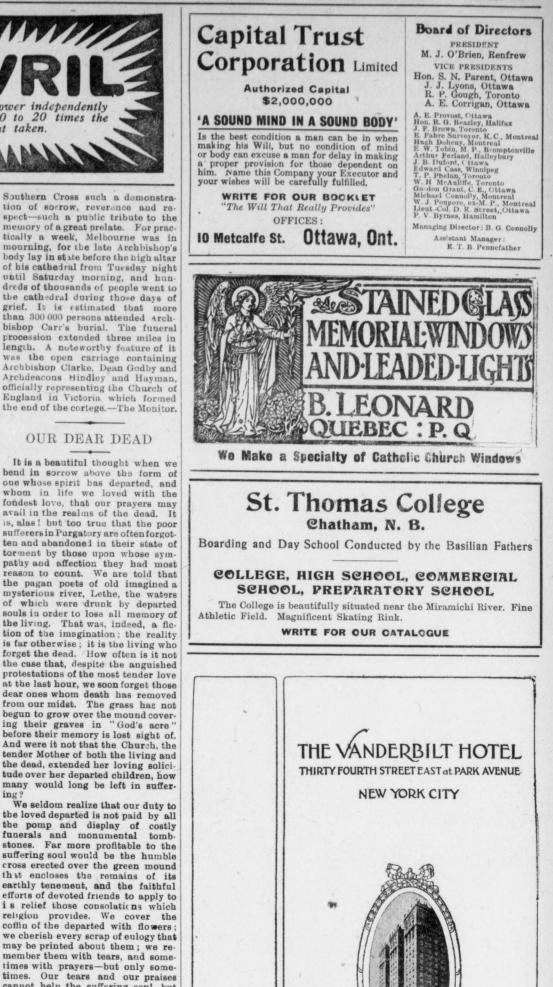
The very fact that no impression, in directing attention to what is at however refined, can guarantee an themselves in life in order to provide adary and unessential. exactness of result when exactness is for the temporal welfare of their One of the most singular facts in nothing less than an imperative childran, and now cry out from the demand of reason is proof that imto pressionism is not only incompetent exalt the so-called "freedom of the as a court of appeal, but that in the sphere of religion it is nothing less than a perversion of man's rational nature. It would, indeed, be as innants of scholastic logic, it might teresting as it would be instructive to settle once and forever the authorand it would surely have resulted in a far deeper power of analysis. For is good. It is, however, by no means although scholastic distinctions have a necessity. But even if such specua bad name and have become the objects of much ridicule, chiefly in weighing of probabilities, yet both weighing of probabilities, yet both the hands of those who know little or the effort and the exercise possess a nothing of scholasticism, there is yet distinct and unquestionable value. one very important distinction which strikes at the very essence of the different. It is eternal life that is at question. And I am offering this brief explanation of it in a perfect ously proposes to measure the truths spiritofco operation with Dr. Butler's of eternity by the favor of an irre-view, and in order to answer much sponsible feeling is bound to end not that is said just now in connection merely in a degradation of man's with the Luther celebration, and highest gift, but in a complete surwhich is undoubtedly invested with render to the forces of unreason This, then, is the real significance of the Reformation, which if the present celebration does but clarify, it will surely not have been in vain We are told that the "password" of those participating in this celebration is to be the three outstanding char-acteristics of the work of Luther, "Inspiration, Education, Transform ation." It would, however, be far more practical, even if less agreeable to direct attention to the three like results of that work, which are most apparent in the world of to day, the vagaries of the New Theology; general indifference to all religion; and a threatened extinction of Protestantism, through a declining birthrate.



OUR DEAR DEAD

have called impressionism; and in It is a beautiful thought when we the illustration given above it will be readily seen that this process is bend in sorrow above the form of one whose spirit has departed, and whom in life we loved with the wholly legitimate, and that any at tempt to limit its scope would be not fondest love, that our prayers may merely an undue interference with natural freedom, but also a psychoavail in the realms of the dead. It s, alas! but too true that the poor sufferers in Pargatory are often forgot-In the sphere of revealed religion, ten and abandoned in their state of torment by those upon whose symhowever, the matter is entirely different. By revealed religion I mean pathy and affection they had most reason to count. We are told that a body of transcendental truth revealed to men at a definite time, in a the pagan poets of old imagined a definite place, by a definite individual mysterious river, Lethe, the waters and possessing, for every man, a of which were drunk by departed definite significance. Now we need souls in order to lose all memory of only reflect very casually upon all the living. That was, indeed, a fic that this implies, to see clearly tion of the imagination ; the reality enough that within the domain of a is far otherwise; it is the living who forget the dead. How often is it not religion such as this, impressionism can have no ruling. And the reason the case that, despite the anguished that it can have no ruling is because protestations of the most tender love the human susceptibilities, whatever at the last hour, we soon forget those else they may be, are not, in any sense the criteria of truth. As an dear ones whom death has removed from our midst. The grass has not illustration of this, which is in some begun to grow over the mound cover-ing their graves in "God's acre" way parallel to my first, let us suppose Martin Luther and John Calvin to be possessed of all possible before their memory is lost sight of. And were it not that the Church, the tender Mother of both the living and the dead, extended her loving solicitude over her departed children, how many would long be left in suffer-"This is My body." Now this differ-ence in their respective conclusions

ing? We seldom realize that our duty to is explainable only by a difference in their susceptibilities; but the very the loved departed is not paid by all the pomp and display of costly funerals and monumental tombfact that this difference exists at all funerals and monumental tomb-stones. Far more profitable to the is ample proof that there can be no necessary correspondence between suffering soul would be the humble cross erected over the green mound that encloses the remains of its respondence which religion demands earthly tenement, and the faithful and from whence it derives both its efforts of devoted friends to apply to value and its rationality. Thus, in is relief those consolations which religion provides. We cover the coffin of the departed with flowers; ual to know precisely what the Eucharist is. The knowledge of it we cherish every scrap of eulogy that may be printed about them; we rehas a direct bearing upon my relamember them with tears, and sometimes with prayers-but only some times. Our tears and our praises cannot help the suffering soul, but our prayers are to them what the dew of night is to the parched flower. How many parents have sacrificed



SEVEN

have made a mistake. never been a human being who did not make some mistake. The best way we can do is to try not to make the same mistake again. In this way our work will become more and more accurate, and we will become more and more reliable.

Don't get discouraged because you are blamed for something you did not do. Explain the matter in a straightforward manner if you can. If you cannot do that, circumstances seem ing to point to you as the guilty party, just wait. Time will clear up the whole matter and exonerate you from all guilt.

Don't get discouraged because you seem to be standing still in your business life, while others are forging to the front. Do your duty faithfully and your opportunity will surely come, and when you least expect it.

Don't get discouraged because others seem to be making a brilliant success of life while you are only making moderate advancement. Meteors make a brilliant dash across the midnight sky, but they soon die out and are heard no more.

Don't get discouraged because you have lost your position through no fault of yours. Many a man has arisen from such an experience to higher and better work than he would have gained if he had held the old place.

Don't get discouraged because people laugh at you and ridicule you when you are trying to do right. Every successful man has had the same experience : in fact it seems to be one of the prices we have to pay for success.

Don't get discouraged about any-thing when you are trying to do your best. Everything will come out all right, and you will laugh to morrow over the cares and worries of to day. -Pittsburg Catholic.

Why, John Grover," cried Marnie, "do you mean-why, it is there! I mean it's just the same as there. Don't you see ?" She stopped helplessly. 'Why, when I salute or when I sing The Star-Spangled Banner, I do see it—not a real one, of course, but something up in the air, bigger and lovelier than any flag I ever saw -almost. And that's what I salute. O John, don't you understand ?"

But John shook his head. "No," e said firmly. "It's because you're he said firmly. a girl that you see things in the air like that. When I see a real flag I'll salute all right, and so'll the rest of the fellows; but saluting the black. board is just a joke. So! Come on now and play.'

But Marnie shook her head and walked slowly up the steps. She had something to think about, and wished to be by herself.

To begin with, Marnie had to make up her mind to the idea that other people did not see the great beautiful flag that she saw up in the sky whenever she heard The Star Spangled anner or went through the pretty exercise that they call in school, saluting the Flag. And then someway she saw that it was not a good thing for boys to laugh about salut ing the flag, even when there was not any flag there.

And last, there was the question of daddy's present that he did not bring al.

her from New York. For Marnie's father had come back only that morning from New York; and as he had been too busy to buy her a present there, as he usually did, he had promised to let her go downtown with her mother and choose a

present for herself. Now the trouble was that there were two things that Marnie wanted were two things that marker wanted —a beautiful doll that she had seen in Shore's window and a set of books; and before John had come gifted with equally logical minds, and that each is equally free from conscious and acquired prejudice. They are engaged upon a critical

the psychology of religion is the well-nigh incorrigible tendency individual" into a cardinal virtue Had modern Protestantism retained within her system a few more remhave resulted in a far less confusion, that is said just now in connection quite as much obscurity as Dr.

Butler himself has succeeded in investing his own words. Translated into more exact lan-guage, this "freedom of the individ-

is nothing more nor less than ual' impressionism. Now the necessity for men, in accordance with their natural constitution, to be in great measure impressionists, I am quite free to admit. The error of Dr. Butler lies in his failure to recognize the fact that impressionism, freedom itself, has limits, and that if there is a sphere wherein it is legiti-mate, there is also a sphere in which it is not only illegitimate, but irration. In order to make my meaning clear I shall offer a brief illustration

of each, not in the hope of saying anything heretofore unsaid, but onl of removing a little of the ambiguity which so obscures all modern discus sion of the question.

shall suppose two classical scholars of precisely equal erudition. I shall suppose, too, that they are gifted with equally logical minds,

300.000 ATTEND FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP CARR

Australian journals received lately give vivid descriptions of the obse quies of the late Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne. Not since the death of Cardinal Moran has there been witnessed beneath the

flames of purgatory : Unhappy, we who have incurred the displeasure of God for having loved our children too much, whilst in return for our sacrifices these children forget us. and leave us to suffer without the aid they can so easily give ! Let us remember: we are now in the month of November, a month which is not ours, but the month of the dead who are dear to us. They wait and suffer. A Communion offered, the Rosary softly whispered to Mary Immaculate or a Mass assisted at with fervour, will, with magic power, open wide streams of healing, and some the poor soul, loosed from purgatory's prison, will swiftly reach the longed for goal. God's home of eternal rest and happiness. We know that the Holy Sacrifice is inestimably precious. Who, then, can picture the joy of the suffering soul when Mass is offered especially for it?

Let us, then, during this month of November do all we can for the release of the Holy Souls. The prayers we offer are the "golden chains" which bind us and our suffering brethren in purgatory to Jesus Sacred Heart. And when the long day's troubles and labours are ended, and the home group meets in happiness, let your heart yearn for the dear old faces gone for ever. When the children are assembled and their innocent young faces are bowed down in child like prayer, tell them of those penal fires, where their dear, dead friends are now atoning for the sins and faults of bygone years. Let the sinless hearts of the children, as they kneel with God's adoring angels reach into God's white throne, there to plead for the suffering souls of those who have passed away that in the peace and bliss of eternity may rest for evermore.-Holy Family

