

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come, But what have we done today? We shall give our gold in a princely sum, But what have we done today? We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall plant a hope in the place of fear, We shall speak the words of love and cheer, But what did we speak today? We shall be so kind in the after-while, But what have we been today? We shall bring to each lonely life a smile, But what have we brought today? We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deeper worth, We shall feed the hungry souls of earth, But what have we fed today? We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown today? We shall build our mansions in the sky, But what have we built today? 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask, But here and now we do our task? Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:

—NIXON WATERMAN

APPRECIATED HIS WORK

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy. "Well, my son," said he, "how are you getting along?" "I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing," the old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had he closed the door on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have done in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about your money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money to support you as long as you live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—Exchange.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE

Does manliness pay? Every time. The world despises the coward, the weakling, the man who has not the courage of his convictions. An affectionate nature, a love of religion or an openly proclaimed habit of prayer are not necessarily the marks of an effeminate or a maudish personality, as too many cynics suggest. A religious man is generally a manly man, for it takes genuine moral courage to proclaim and practice one's religion in the face of ridicule or derision. A man who is sentimental in heart is not necessarily a coward, for as Bayard Taylor well says in his "Song of the Camp,"

"The bravest are the tenderest, The daring are the loving." On Saturday, August 13, there took place in Philadelphia the funeral of a young Catholic soldier who was killed in France, November 5, 1918, Sergeant John J. Read, of the 315th Infantry, 7th Division. He was a nephew of Father Hugo P. Reid, of the Church of the Transfiguration in that city and of Sister Mary Roberta, of the Sisters of Charity, of Nazareth, Ky.

His record for bravery in battle and devotion to duty earned for him several decorations, and the posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross, from the United States Government, the highest award that can be bestowed on a soldier. The funeral which was said to have been one of the largest held in the city was attended by several posts of the American Legion, scores of Sisters of many orders, and a vast crowd of people. A guard of honor consisting of former comrades of both branches of the service and a large number of War Mothers accompanied the remains to the church. All this in testimony of the admiration that the world pays to a true man.

The best proof of Sergeant Read's heroism and true manly courage is not found in the many decorations he won in battle, but in a letter received by his uncle, Father Read, from a Protestant comrade who served with him in France. It is

a simple but eloquent little document—a veritable citation for bravery—and contains a lesson in moral courage that is well worth laying before our young men.

Father Read's consent to publish the letter was obtained because it demonstrates the edification which the Sergeant gave to his non-Catholic soldier comrades. He was the only man in the barracks not afraid to go down on his knees and say his prayers, in spite of any possible ridicule, according to the writer of the letter.

Following is the letter: My dear Father Read: I feel that I must write and tell you how very sorry I am, that I could not attend the funeral of your distinguished nephew, Sergeant John J. Read. I was away in the mountains, and I learned of it only on Friday, and while I started for the city as soon as I could I did not arrive until last night (August 13.) Jack, I am proud to say, was one of my best friends in the army, and his death was a great personal loss. I had the honor to be thrown in intimate contact with him in France, having been his bunk mate while attending the second corps school, at Chateaufort-sur-Seine. May I tell you that I found Jack one of the cleanest, whitest and most God-fearing of men I have ever met, ever ready to help a buddy, and never shirking even the most menial duty?

NOT AFRAID TO PRAY

A soldier, every inch of him, but above all, a man, I will take a moment to tell you an instance that impressed itself on me, and will live with me throughout this life. Jack Read taught me never to be ashamed to pray. It came about at the school. On the first night there, I noticed Jack on his knees, just before we turned in. You may think this didn't take courage, but when I tell you he was possibly the only one of some hundred men in the barracks who was brave enough to do it you will appreciate what I mean. Some of us who knew how to pray, were ashamed to do it, afraid of the ridicule of some of the other men, but not Jack. I tell you this so you may understand why so many of his buddies loved and respected him. I am not of his religion, but believe me, sir, I give credit to any church that turns out men like Jack Read. I talked with him just a few days before he was killed. It was on November 3 (Sunday) I had been shot through the leg and was being carried through the lines to the dressing station. Jack saw me and came over to me, gave me some water, and tried to cheer me up. I learned later, while I was in the hospital, that he had been killed.

I have lost a good friend, the world has lost a good man. Please extend to his parents my heartfelt sympathy and console them in the knowledge that though they have lost a splendid son, his memory will be cherished by all who knew him.

Signed, Sergeant, Co. B., 315th Inf. That letter is worth a whole barrelful of crosses and medals, and other war decorations, for it tells the story of a man.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUT' FISHTIN'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean, Out' fishtin'; His thoughts are good and clean, Out' fishtin'; He doesn't knock his fellow men, Or harbor any grudges then; A fellow's at his finest, when Out' fishtin'; The rich are comrades to the poor, Out' fishtin'; All brothers to the common lure, Out' fishtin'; The urchin with the pin and string Can chum with millionaire an' king; Vain pride is a forgotten thing, Out' fishtin'; A feller gets a chance to dream, Out' fishtin'; He learns the beauties of a stream, Out' fishtin'; An' he can wash his soul in air That isn't foul with selfish care, An' relish plain and simple fare, Out' fishtin'; A feller has no time for hate, Out' fishtin'; He isn't eager to be great, Out' fishtin'; He isn't thinkin' thoughts of self, Or goods stocked high upon a shelf, But he is always just himself, Out' fishtin'; A feller's glad to be a friend, Out' fishtin'; A helpin' hand he'll always lend, The brotherhood of rod and line An' sky an' stream is always fine; Men come real close to God's design, Out' fishtin'; A feller isn't plottin' schemes, Out' fishtin'; He's only busy with his dreams, Out' fishtin'; His livery is a coat of tan, His creed: To do the best he can; A feller's always mostly man, Out' fishtin'; —anon

A GOOD INHERITANCE

A good habit is a good inheritance, a child which is started in life with the good habits of virtue, of obedience, respect for authority, truth, self-control, self-reliance, modesty and simplicity, unselfishness, cheerfulness, devotion to duty, charity and piety, is wealthy. Parents with the co-operation of the little ones, can implant these virtues in their children's souls. It

will not be an easy task, for children's wills are weak as a controlling power, but "practice makes perfect" and the parents who train their children aright are at the same time perfecting themselves.

SPIRITUAL COURTESY

It sometimes happens that those who may be the most exact in the courtesies of social life unconsciously treat Our Divine Lord in a manner that they would by no means use to their most casual acquaintances. Perhaps you have noticed it, perhaps not; yet I am sure you will agree with me when I point out a few of these lapses from good manners, says Hallam in The Grail.

Some years ago I entered a church during the noon hour with a non-Catholic friend. There were a goodly number of people there who had stepped in during their dinner hour to pay a visit to Our Lord. On leaving the church I asked my friend if it were not edifying to see so many giving a few minutes to prayer out of their leisure. I was disagreeably surprised at her reply:

"Well," she said, "to be perfectly frank, I was far from edified. True, I saw beads passing through their fingers, and their lips moving; but neither kept pace with their eyes. Every person that entered the church seemed to be scrutinized by those already there."

I had not noticed it, and told her so. "Then spare a minute from your own prayers next time, and notice," she said. For herself she had frankly entered the church to see its beauties, not being a Catholic; yet she had bowed her head in prayer for a few moments. She frequently visited our churches, "for the artistic delight," she said, and had always noticed the same thing.

"Do you mean to tell me?" she asked earnestly, and I thought a little wistfully, "that all those people really believe that Christ is Himself in His own flesh and blood there on that altar?"

Of course I assured her that not the slightest doubt existed in their minds. "May God pardon them," she replied. "They seem to treat His presence with as much indifference as if He were the janitor."

I winced at her statement. Her expression seemed almost a blasphemy! An angry retort rose to my lips; but, on catching the expression on her face, I restrained it. To her, that faith was denied. So stupendous a fact as that of the real presence was beyond her comprehension; but that anyone could believe it and not prostrate in adoration was also beyond her comprehension! (She has since been received into the Church.)

But indeed is there not some degree of truth in her accusation? If the figure of the Sacred Heart were to assume flesh and blood and descend from its pedestal to the altar steps what would be our demeanor? Should we not indeed prostrate ourselves at those Divine Feet? If we knew that Our Lord would assume for but one hour that appearance of the form of the human body that is there present, would we have one glance for anything or anybody but Our Divine Saviour?—Catholic Bulletin.

LOURDES SHRINE

DOCTORS AUTHENTICATE SIX REMARKABLE CURES

Lourdes, September 2.—The summer months not only have witnessed thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Europe flocking to the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Lourdes, but has been remarkable for the number of cures reported.

Some of these cures have been of most extraordinary character and are fully authenticated by physicians. During June and July there were six cases of cures of major importance; one of which is regarded as the most startling manifestation of the power of the Blessed Virgin since the War.

This was the restoration of Miss Valentine Gougand, of Rennes, a young woman twenty-seven years old who had suffered since childhood from a succession of diseases, among which tuberculosis predominated. For the greater portion of her journey to Lourdes she was unconscious. For years her only nourishment had been milk taken from a bottle like a child.

From 1916, when she was operated on for appendicitis, she had suffered from a disease of the hip joint, which caused her to be sent to the famous hospital "Roscoff" where she remained for eight months in a plaster cast. In 1918, after she had suffered from pneumonia for six weeks, Dr. Augier and three physicians diagnosed her malady as Potts' disease, and she was again placed in a plaster cast. Shortly before she was brought to Lourdes, ankylosis of the left knee manifested itself and there was a shortening of the left leg by more than two centimeters.

PAINS VANISH SUDDENLY

Miss Gougand arrived at Lourdes June 14, after a very painful journey. On Wednesday, June 15, when her plaster cast was being taken off in order that she might be immersed in the water, she suffered intensely. On being immersed she felt a queer sensation, unknown to her before. All her

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pains had suddenly vanished, but having been accustomed to suffering all her life, she could not understand this new sensation.

In the afternoon she was given another bath and this time the ankylosis of the left knee disappeared and she was able to bend the knee. Even then she did not realize that she was cured. It was not until evening, in the hospital that she seemed to be conscious of the great favor that had been granted her. She arose without any help and talking to all the other patients in the room, embraced them. Then she ate a substantial meal, following which she went to sleep and passed an excellent night in repose.

On the next day, an examination was made by four physicians, Doctors Marchand, Cox, Pettipierre and Piroulet. The examination showed that the cure had been complete in every respect, that respiration was normal, the deformities of the limbs, which had been apparent, were no longer to be observed and that all movements of the body were executed without difficulty and with no pain.

It was given as a conclusion that because of its instantaneous character, the cure could be attributed to no natural processes.

ANOTHER COMPLETE CURE

Another marvelous manifestation that has attracted little less attention than that in behalf of Miss Gougand, is the case of Miss Rose Pigeron, who was cured on June 14, during a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. She suffered from paralysis of the lower limbs and had frequent fainting spells. On the day preceding her cure, she had a fainting spell which lasted from seven in the morning until one o'clock. When examined by the physicians after her cure, she walked easily and executed any movement ordered by the physicians. The examination revealed that she had been completely cured.

Two other cures that occurred during processions of the Blessed Sacrament, were those of Miss Emilienne Robin, twenty-five years old, from Terres, near Bressuire, who suffered from osteo-arthritis of her right knee and of Miss Mary Delplanque, twenty-six years old, of Tardingen, who suffered from a complication of diseases, including a paralysis of the left lower limb with persistent stiffness of the knee. In both cases all the deformities disappeared instantaneously.

Another case in which the patient was brought to Lourdes in a state of great physical distress was that of Miss Elizabeth Papillon, who was conveyed from the Calvary Hospital in Lyons. She could hardly walk on account of weakness and was coughing and vomiting frequently. Her right breast had been amputated and she showed many signs of pulmonary tuberculosis.

On Saturday, June 11, she felt very acute pains at the very moment when she was being blessed during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. All her pains had disappeared and without aid she walked back to the hotel and ate a large meal. The following day's examination revealed that her breast was cured and that every sign of tuberculosis had vanished.

Still another notable cure authenticated is that of Miss Suzanna Warcoin of Seraucourt-le-Grand who suffered from a disease of the hip joint and who had been sick for six years. She felt slightly better after her first bath at Lourdes on July 27. Two days later she bathed again and this time experienced a cracking noise in her knee which was followed by the discovery that she had been completely cured.

PAPAL DOMINATION

With his usual kindness and sanity, former Vice-President Marshall offers a comment in the Presbyterian New Era for September, which may help to allay the religious disturbances almost chronic in some parts of the country. Mr. Marshall writes:

"It is no infrequent occurrence to have some zealous brother inform me that we must be up and stirring as Protestants, or the Roman Catholic Church will seize the reins of government in America. May be this foolish statement accounts for the fact that the Church to which we belong, in common with other Protestant denominations, in an effort to prevent the union of Church and State, is, unconsciously, I hope, doing those things which look very like an attempt to unite the American Republic and the Protestant Churches of this country."

In the more educated sections of the country, these zealous brothers are rarer. In the backwoods where prejudice takes the place of reason,

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