

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TRUE OR FALSE

Criticism may be hard to endure but it is a tonic to nobler endeavor. A young man who was very sensitive to criticism, and complained bitterly of how much opposition he encountered, had an older friend, a woman who was an artist in illuminating manuscripts. This friend sent him a beautifully illuminated copy of Gladstone's saying, which she called: "A Counsel of Power."

"Censure and Criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show you a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble."

There was power in the motto, and the recipient took it to heart, stopped complaining and marched ahead. There is power in such words for all young people, most of whom are inclined to take criticism too hard, and resent it foolishly. Criticism is like a searchlight; it may beat fiercely, but it can show only what is there. False criticism soon disproves itself. No honest valuable life can be bedeviled by censure. Censure and objection are negative. They are not foes. They can even be made into friends. The man who learns by his mistakes, the girl who resolves never again to merit criticism by her actions, have not been hurt. They have been greatly and permanently benefited.

Another valuable thing can be learned from the sting of censure, when one has felt it deeply. That is not to criticize others habitually or harshly. To return good for evil, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is applicable here. The true Christian will not censure others, and will accept criticism in a humble but courageous spirit.

THE TWO PERIODS

Psychologists who have studied the subject tell us that in the psychology of success—success won by a man's own efforts—there are always two periods.

There is the period of struggle. Every man who amounts to anything wins his way at first by will power and sheer endeavor. He has to use all his energy to climb the hard places determinedly, to fight and persevere. At first, the battle is exhausting, and often seems hopeless. But thing to do is to hold on, day by day, through this first period.

Then comes the period of habit formation. When the will has insisted upon certain acts or thoughts over and over again, a path, so to speak, is cleared in the mind. Daily travel sets in over this path, and a habit is formed. Soon the thing that was so hard becomes easier and easier. The new method of thinking or acting becomes organized and solidified. The will now occupies itself with details, and finishes up the method, so that ends by being almost automatic. All high efficiency is the result of these two periods: first, hard, conscious struggle; second, easy, unconscious habit. Will first—perseverance next—there is the whole secret of success, in four words.

A POINT TO REMEMBER

A well known poet and humorist advocated temperance and regular hours in a witty after-dinner speech in Philadelphia.

He concluded with an abjuration to the business man to proceed directly home from the office, without any stops at this cafe or that.

"For," said the humorist, "the man who goes straight home will always go home straight."

A MAN OF INTEGRITY

"Straight?" said a young man, speaking of one whose strict integrity had been mentioned. "Why," he is so straight that he actually bends the other way! He is so honest that he'd rather rob himself of a dollar in any bargain than even to have question whether he might have been unfair to the other fellow to the extent of a quarter. He isn't what you'd call a lipped business man, maybe—too slow and particular—but he's got a conscience that is known all over town."

It was a conscience that other people trusted unhesitatingly, even those who had a very inferior sort of their own, and respected even though they might sometimes laugh at it. And as for the good business—well all profits are not in dollars and cents, and some ledgers foot up slowly. It may show at last that one who maintains such a reputation in an age of sharp practice and keen competition was doing an exceedingly good business, after all.

A FRIEND INDEED

"A friend is a being who will bear with us in all our faults and failings." Many of us may say, "How I wish I could have such a friend!" Suppose we say instead, "How I wish I could be such a friend!"—Catholic Columbian.

We men and women, as children of God, are not made primarily for happiness, but for duty. Do your duty faithfully, fully, cheerfully, sweetly—not grimly, stoically, doggedly, hopefully—and happiness will come.

It is a noteworthy fact that the intellect of man seems unable to seize the divine beauty of Nature until moving beyond that outward beauty it gazes on the spirit of Nature, even as the mind seems unable to appreciate the beautiful face of woman until it has learned to appreciate the more beautiful beauty of her soul.—Francis Thompson.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NOBODY'S FRIEND

"You will probably have a little trouble with Bernard at first," said Mr. Russell on entering his son, aged fifteen, in Holy Cross Academy.

"In what particular?" asked Brother Lawrence, the president. "Well, you see the boy's mother died when he was but eight, and I, being busy with my professional duties, was rather negligent in training him. The consequence is that he has been permitted to run the streets and associate with a rough class of boys."

"I noticed that he is rather undisciplined, but he will get over that."

"I hope so; but make him toe the mark, even if you have to use the rod."

Bernard was a typical boy of the street grafted on a boy of good breeding. It is not surprising, then, that he found it hard to get used to the new life. From the very first he did not take well with the other boys.

Among the boys who had taken a special dislike to him were Daly, coach, and Moran, captain, of the first track team. Said Daly to a group of the students:

"That new guy's got too much gall. Did you hear him trying to give me pointers on coaching yesterday?"

"Yes, and did you hear him brag what he can do? He's punk," returned Moran.

"He's as grouchy as an old clock," chimed in Bobby Johnston. "He says this place is worse than a prison, and I suppose he knows."

"Whew! wasn't he sore last night when the boys put him under the pump? They're going to keep it up till he gets over his grouch."

Then Daly spoke impressively. "I know something about him, but he's so confounded fresh. I read in the paper that he and a gang of other toughs beat up an old Italian and got away with all his stuff—so I warn you fellows to look out for your pocket books and other valuables."

"He'd better not try that here," declared Moran, "or he'll get worse than the pump."

Hence Bernard's life at the Academy was not the most pleasant. The students took delight in tormenting him, and the professors were obliged to punish him for misconduct and lack of application. Twice he had been up for expulsion; but, chiefly through the intervention of Brother Luke, who was his prefect and his teacher of mathematics, he had been given the alternative of doing a long detention.

Time passed but things did not improve. The real cause of his unpopularity was due to Daly and Moran, both of whom resented a criticism by Russell. Being recognized as leaders, they took advantage of their influence to discredit him and to make him the butt of the academy.

The situation had become almost unbearable to Bernard and he was thinking seriously of running away, but an ever-watchful eye was observing him. Brother Luke more than any other member of the faculty, had the confidence of the boys. He was the organizer of their teams and the most enthusiastic promoter of all student activities. A strongly marked man, he was his sympathy for the timid and the persecuted. Noticing that Bernard was very dejected, he spoke to him kindly and offered to help him in any possible way. At first Bernard met his advances with indifference; but he soon recognized the Brother's sincerity and opened his heart to him. Brother Luke then pointed out Bernard's worst faults and gave him a few helpful suggestions. He also spoke to Roberts, captain of the second track team, requesting him to give Bernard a chance to make good in the sports and to help him along in every way.

Sympathy was what Bernard needed; it cheered him up. Progress was slow, however. It was hard to change from a tough, as he had been called, to a good boy; but Bernard really improved in his conduct and in the sports. His popularity, however, thanks to Daly and Moran, had not increased.

Holy Cross, like most academies had its athletic contests, among which the most important was the annual track meet with St. John's Academy. The previous meet had been won by St. John's and the Holy Cross team were determined to recover their lost prestige. They had practiced until they thought themselves invincible. Bernard tried to get on the team, but Daly ignored him. Brother Luke, however, saw that they were weak in substitutes, and when he heard that Bernard had done track work at home, induced Roberts to try him out. Bernard surprised Roberts and the Brother, especially in the dashes.

At last the great day arrived. An enthusiastic crowd of Holy Cross supporters, wearing purple and white ribbons, occupied the west bleachers, and about an equal number of St. John's rooters occupied the east bleachers.

At the end of the sixth event, the score stood 28 to 22 in favor of Holy Cross. In the 40 yard dash, Moran, the Holy Cross star who had already taken part in several events, weakened and fell back to third place. Roberts ran in the 220-yard dash and barely succeeded in taking second place. The score was now 36 to 32 in St. John's favor. There was great cheering from the St. John's crowd. With Moran out of the relay, it looked like certain victory for them. The prospects, surely, did look dark for the purple and white. Coach Daly

was at his wits' end. There was no one to replace Moran. Roberts suggested Russell, but Daly scowled and said:

"What are you giving us? This is no time for kidding!"

"You'd better try him," advised Brother Luke. "He'll surprise you."

Seeing no other way out of the difficulty, Daly reluctantly consented to let Bernard run. The Holy Cross crowd meanwhile were anxious to see who would replace Moran, and when they saw Russell come out, there was a general groan of dissatisfaction.

"Why that fresh guy can't run as fast as a chicken," one remarked.

The signal was given and the runners on each side sped around the track. The third Holy Cross man crossed the line a yard behind the St. John's man; and Bernard, who was the fourth Holy Cross runner, had to make up that yard against Brown, the fastest man on the St. John's team. At the end of the first lap, Bernard was not more than a foot behind Brown. The excitement of the spectators was intense. Everyone was shouting at the top of his voice. Ten yards more. They are even. Bernard makes a spurt and wins by less than a foot. Holy Cross wins the meet. The cheering from the west bleachers was deafening. The students swooped down upon their new hero, hastily threw a robe around him, and raised him to their shoulders, shouting and singing with all their might. Then they executed a snake dance until they were exhausted. That night a bonfire, which had been prepared the day before was lighted, cheers were given and songs were sung. Brother Lawrence was called on for a speech, to which he responded with great pleasure. When Brother Luke's name was called there was a prolonged cheer. Then Daly and Moran spoke. Both gave credit to Bernard for winning the meet. When at last Bernard's name was announced, there was such a demonstration that he could speak. Although a little embarrassed at first, he succeeded in thanking them warmly for their kind ovation.

"But," said he, "you owe the victory to Brother Luke, who in my hour of dejection, extended to me a helping hand. If there has been anything that impressed me, it is this; and it shall be one of my objects in life to help the friendless and the persecuted."

The remainder of Bernard's academy life was a period of happiness; and when a few years later he was graduated, he carried with him the love and esteem of the faculty and of the students.

In one of our large Western cities a certain young man has earned by his great devotion to the poor and the friendless the name of "Everybody's Friend." The sign on the door of his modest office reads, "Bernard J. Russell, M. D."—Jerome Raymond Whitman.

USE OF THE MISSAL AT MASS

BISHOP OF SALFORD URGE A MORE WIDE-SPREAD USE OF THE MISSAL AT MASS ON THE PART OF THE LAITY

I wonder how many of my readers are in the habit of using a Missal when they hear Holy Mass? asked the Right Reverend Bishop of Salford, England, in his "Message" to the "Catholic Federationist" for January.

I venture to say that every Catholic of average intelligence and ordinary good Catholic education ought to be able to use a Missal and to do so. It is to be feared that the vast bulk of even devout and well-educated Catholics, occupy the time of Mass with all sorts of prayers and especially the rosary—all excellent in themselves—never think for a moment of the prayers said by the priest at the altar; nay, in most cases have no idea what Mass is being said, what saint commemorated (except in rare cases), or why the priest's vestments are white, red or green.

Some good people meticulously fill up every moment of Mass time by long strings of admirable indulgenced prayers, having no reference whatever to the Mass of the day, and which they would feel it very wrong to omit; but they have not a moment to spare for either the proper or the ordinary of the Mass which is being celebrated before them. This is not being able to see the wood for the trees.

Yet such good folks know as well as you or I that the holy Sacrifice of the Mass is not merely a quiet half-hour in which to "get in" one's daily prayers. It is an act which we ought to follow with the most careful attention and to participate in. The faithful attending Mass are true co-partners in its offering. The priest at the *Oratio Introitus* claims that it is "my sacrifice and yours." Now, there is no better way of participating in the great sacrifice than by following step by step with the priest, joining with him in the very words he utters—readings from the Epistles or Gospels: verses from the Psalms; prayers either connected with the feast of the day, or with the "ordinary," that is the unchanging portions of the Mass. Then those, no more beautiful and touching devotions can be found. To use them thus is surely pre-eminently to think and feel and pray with the Church, whose voice they are. And to do so, we must use the Missal.

USE OF MISSAL

Nowadays this is quite easy. Of course there has always been ac-

cessible editions of the Missal in the vernacular, which the ordinary lay person with a little practice can use. But now you can get a Missal containing both the Latin and the English side by side; so that one who has quite a moderate knowledge of Latin can most easily follow what the priest is saying or singing at the altar.

The objection will be made that it is difficult to find one's way about a Missal, that it is confusing and distracting. I admit that there is some truth in this, at least for beginners. But a little practice will overcome this difficulty. One needs to learn how to use, not only the Missal itself, but also the Calendar for the current year. And this leads me to my practical suggestion, viz., that the elder students in our colleges, training colleges, and convent schools might well be taught how to use a Missal and encouraged to use it at every Mass they attend. It would be a precious acquisition for life. And I can assure my readers that, once the habit is formed of following the Holy Sacrifice with a Missal uniting with the priest in the very words of the Mass, and therefore with the sentiments and prayers of the church herself, the Mass acquires quite a new and special significance, attendance at it becomes far more delightful and consoling; so that a person who has learned to use the Missal will never give it up, even to gain time for his more favourite devotions. Try, and see for yourselves.

THE GREATEST OF WEAPONS

The printing press is indispensable to every cause which aspires to intellectual, social or political power, says Bishop Keating of Northampton England in a recent Pastoral letter. It is a weapon which outages every other. For good or for evil, its reach is almost boundless. Even the Church cannot afford to disregard it.

EVIL LITERATURE

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on the calamity which every responsible body is deploring, namely, the appalling growth of irreligious and immoral literature. The enemies of God are wonderfully well served. They seem to be able to command unlimited circulation, as well as an unending supply of talent in the production of their publications. They are debtors to the just and the unjust. They find readers, not only amongst the corrupt, but among the young, light minded, the curious, and the hitherto innocent. The reason is obvious. Children will play with fire if they get the chance, and a base craving for the knowledge of evil is a relic of original sin. In Catholic countries the ravages of evil literature are checked by the laws of the Index, that is, by legislation prohibiting the use and circulation of bad books. The difficulty of enforcing such laws where Catholics are a mere fraction of the population throws all the great responsibility on priests, parents and teachers. Occasionally, when the scandal has reached intolerable dimensions, the civil law steps in. But State intervention is necessary only to extreme cases.

Young people are depraved by plays, songs, pictures, novels, and pseudo-scientific treatises which the public censor is unable to interdict; and young Catholics, in particular, are pursued by the tracts of certain societies in which the misrepresentation of our belief is made a cloak to cover obscene and morbid suggestions. We must therefore, shoulder our own responsibilities. We must champion our own interests. We ourselves must defend the lambs of the flock. No deputy is at our service.

SUPERVISION

A Catholic parent's first duty is supervision. He is bound to know, not only what company and what hours his children keep, but also what books they read, what places of amusement they frequent, and the character of the entertainments. Good parents and wise parents are faithful in the discharge of these obligations. But many parents are too careless to be good, and too worldly to be wise. They shirk their duties while the children are young. When the seeds of early corruption are bearing fruit they find their authority gone. A son grows up vicious because he learned to question the religious truths which would have restrained the first riot of his passions. A daughter grows up vain, selfish, prurient, unruly and discontented, because she has been allowed to feed herself upon unwholesome fiction, and misses at home the flatery and indulgence which she has

circulation

Why is this wealth of Catholic thought and feeling, this specific against the poison of the infidel and immoral press, "a buried treasure" for the bulk of those for whom it is intended? The answer is unquestionable. For want of adequate circulation. We are so accustomed to have everything brought to the door that we begrudge the infinitesimal pains requisite to obtain anything that is not "stocked" by the trade. In most places Catholic books and newspapers can be had with no more trouble than is involved in ordering them at a bookstore; yet how often is that modicum of trouble taken? Public libraries will usually subscribe for Catholic books for which there is any demand; yet how seldom do we take the trouble to make the necessary requisition! Our Catholic novelists alone would exercise a wholesome influence on the largest and most susceptible class of readers if only their work were "pushed" as assiduously as inferior and exceedingly mischievous productions. The Catholic Reading Guild has come into existence for the express purpose of meeting some of these difficulties, and to secure the circulation of Catholic literature so far as that end can be reached by organization. But the active co-operation of priests and people is essential to success. Every priest, especially, should be in touch with the Guild and eager to utilize all the help it is able to afford.



ROYAL YEAST CAKES. THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED. HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY. E. W. GILLET Co. Ltd. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS

Every Catholic family ought to subscribe regularly to a Catholic newspaper. Our Holy Father the Pope, and the Bishops at home and abroad, have repeatedly urged this duty. Reasons are not far to seek. The religious newspaper is necessary if only to correct the innocent errors of the secular press. Unfamiliarity with our beliefs and practices, and astounding ignorance of our history and policy, account for many crude misstatements, which sometimes cause pain and annoyance, and sometimes no more than a smile. But from time to time we become acutely conscious of some malignant influence working to place the Church in an odious light before the public and to provoke a quarrel. The Ferrer incident and the artificial agitation regarding the No Tempere decree are cases in point. Such situations brook no delay. Only journalism, the modern quick-firing weapon, is able to deal with them. The marshalled battalions of willful and calculated lying must be shelled out of position before they have time to entrench themselves, and our rank and file reassured before panic has set in. To be late, at such a crisis, is to be useless.

Further, but by no means secondary, object of religious journalism is to create and foster our sense of solidarity. A Catholic cannot thrive in isolation. You will recall the familiar phrase of St. Paul (1 Cor., xii, 25). He will tolerate "no schism in the body," but will have all the members "mutually careful one for another." If one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it.

The vocation of a Catholic journalist is to work for this union of hearts. By his faithful and conscientious labors, the working man in the back streets of our cities, the family stranded in a country village, the recent convert shy and lonely amid unaccustomed surroundings, are enabled to feel their fellowship with the teeming millions of their brethren, and are gladdened and exalted by the splendid reality of Catholicism. Week by week they are made more and more familiar with the personages of the Catholic world; they are taught more and more clearly the trend of Catholic thought; they learn how to discern the kinship between certain movements at home, and the anti-religious conspiracies abroad; reports of sermons and speeches keep them in touch with the intellectual, and parochial news with the practical life about them; their sympathy is enlisted in charitable enterprises; their zeal is kindled for the conversion of the heathen as well as of our separated brethren; they are touched with compassion for those who are enduring persecution; their enthusiasm is evoked by the countless needs of heroism, small and great, which constitute the perennial chronicle of the church.

And the Catholic public has equal reason to value and support Catholic journalism. Ten minutes' conversation is usually enough to discover a man's habits. The regular reader of the Catholic Press is alert, well-informed, and is deadly earnest about his religion. The man who confines his reading to the manipulated secular Press may be a practising Catholic, but will be likely to find himself out of sympathy with public movements which express the living interests of the Church; even if his attitude is not cold, critical and peevish towards his ecclesiastical leaders, and his opinions a feeble and confused echo of class and racial prejudice.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE WORSHIP OF THE MADONNA

To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic Faith which are opened to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character.

There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden: "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name."—Ruskin.

THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PAPER

It is the mission of the Catholic paper, says Archbishop Christie, to offset the dangerous literature of the day by supplying Catholics with wholesome reading. We wish our growing children who will be the mothers and fathers of the country a few years hence to find their pleasure and instruction in literary occupation which will enforce those lessons of faith and duty which their Church is at such pains to teach them. We wish them to be strengthened in their

faith, rooted more deeply in its principles, competent to expound their religion to the interested inquirer, and if need be, defend it worthily against adversary. There is always much misrepresentation of Catholic teaching and Catholic purposes; some of it notwithstanding an admirable disposition on the part of many of our leading dailies to be high-minded and impartial. It is the office of the Catholic editor to expose the mistakes of an erring press and make the truth stand forth. A Catholic paper makes useful knowledge accessible. For a small price, it gives us an abundance of interesting news, puts us in touch with the endeavors of the Church throughout her worldwide field of labor. Thus it fosters that spirit of fraternal union and co-operation whence comes the power to achieve great things for God and country.

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