

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PRETEXTS

We live in such a wicked old world that it is pretty hard at times to escape contamination. Its maxims, its sophistries, its corrupt ways, its snares and traps, and false glitter of its passing pageantry, the usurpation of men of business and social duties—all these raise a spiritual dust which frequently acts like a thick veil on our view of the wilderness of its aspects. We must not forget that there are good spirits and bad spirits. The Scripture tells us that "Our adversary, the devil, goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

So, since the battle must be fought against the aforesaid elements, it happens that some of the skirmishes go against us. When we fail to be loyal soldiers of Christ, perhaps through over-estimate of the enemies strength or under estimate of our own power, we seek excuses to justify or explain our treason. If we can not find valid arguments, our self-love can always find specious ones which our better senses would call by their right name, viz., "pretexts."

We may attempt to deceive others, or to stifle the protest of our Catholic conscience, but the still, small voice of conscience will make itself heard. Sooner or later we shall have to admit that these pretexts for self-justification, were only the "smudges" or means by which the devil led us into sin, and kept us there.

Now, just multiply your own case by the number of men in the world, and you will understand the fearful and disastrous effect of false reasoning upon men's lives individually, and also in the aggregate, which is called society or the nation.

"As a man thinks, so he is." Our life is directed by our thoughts. If these are wrong or evil, our life will be likewise. So, therefore, if multitudes have erroneous ideas, whether culpably or not, multitudes will commit evil, with ruinous effects individually, and upon the community which is affected by them.

It is, then, very important that attention should be called to the moral and sinful practice of self-exuse for sin. The most common and fundamental pretext is the rejection of the tenet which insists that there be a moral law for human guidance, and that man be bound by God for human restraint when necessary. Anybody who remains in sin, practically repudiates the moral law, even if he admits theoretically its necessity for his conduct. This first move is to yield to some temptation; then the excuses commence. "The law is too strict."

"No man's ear felt the halter draw. With good opinion, the law is considered valid by the sinner, the law is abrogated in his mind, and freedom enters to exculpate him. He then repeats the offense, it becomes a habit, and having thrown down one barrier, it is very easy to knock down the rest, one after the other. Then, having rejected the law, he doubts, and finally denies the existence of a Divine Lawgiver. His case is clearly stated in the Psalms, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'there is no God.' You will notice the expression, 'in his heart.' It is a very subtle and insidious way of saying that even a fool would not dare to deny in his intellect, the existence of a God Who made obligatory moral laws, but his wicked heart, which means his will, does deny it. You will notice also that it is the heart of a fool, not of a wise man. The result of this denial is stated by the Psalmist, "They are corrupt and have become abominable in their ways." Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and unpeace they have in their ways; there is no fear of God before their eyes." Of course if these men deny the existence of an obligatory law, it follows that they will refuse to be administered for its violation; so then, hell must be denied; also the day of judgment. Then, of course, the Church must be rejected, and she preaches—soon and an "After-a-while" little girl, who liked to dilly-dally better than anything else in the world.

There were some other children in Bessie's room who were often tardy, too. The teacher began to wonder what she could do. And soon she thought of something. She went to the seedsmen and bought some seeds. They were aster seeds, in paper packets. "Listen, children!" said the teacher. "How many of you ever had a flower garden?"

Bessie had; most of the children in Bessie's class had. Then the teacher said a nice thing: "These seeds are for you—one little packet for each one in this room." Here Bessie raised her hand. "Please, may I pass on?"

But the teacher shook her head. "One for each one in the room," she went on, "who isn't tardy a single time this month."

That wasn't all. They would plant the seeds, and after a while have flowers. And then the seedsmen would give a prize to the boy or the girl who had the finest flowers. It was really two prizes. So the children looked at the seeds longingly, and promised that they wouldn't be tardy one single time. And some weren't. But Bessie was—four times!

The next month was April, and the tardy ones tried again. Bessie was tardy twice. They were to try once more in May.

"Try, try, again," said Bessie's papa. So she tried again. And mamma helped. Every morning and afternoon she said, "Good-bye, Bessie, said 'Seeds!' over and over all the way to school, and didn't dilly-dally once.

On the last day of May she took a packet of seeds home. Bessie and her mamma planted them right off. They didn't dilly-dally about it at all. Bessie hoped she might win the seedsmen's prize. But it was late and dry, and the seeds didn't come up very quickly. Only one seedling grew. Papa called it a dilly-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE ANGELUS BELLS

Bum, bum, bum! Do you often hear the Angelus bells sounding thus into your ears, early in the morning? Perhaps you are still half asleep. You hear the bells dimly as if from a great distance, and no other thought occurs to you but that it will soon be time for you to rise. Still the ringing of the Angelus bell has a beautiful meaning. It is to remind all people that our Lord has come to earth for our salvation.

The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, And she conceived of the Holy Ghost. Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word.

And the Word was made flesh, And dwelt among us. Thus we say when we pray the Angelus. Every time that we pray it, it should be a celebration of thanksgiving for the divine miracle, the Nativity of Christ. The custom of ringing the Angelus bell is practiced all over the world, wherever there live any Catholic people. Every day, when the sun begins to send her rays upon the earth from the Western horizon. As it rises higher, the beginning of a new day is gradually brought from country to country, and the Angelus bells continue to sound from place to place. The sound is like a belt which encircles the earth. In large cities, small towns and villages, from the tower of the grand old convent in the valley, and from the little chapel upon the hill, the bells are ringing, ringing as if they would call in an everlasting harmonious peal: Christ is born, Christ is born!

And the same peal of bells is heard three times a day, morning, noon and night. When the bells ring in the morning, they should wake us in the resolution to spend the day as a true follower of Christ.

When they sound into our ear at noon we should let them remind us that we must not in the work and worry of life forget our destination which is a future life in heaven. And in the evening when the bells announce that the day is spent, and night sinks down upon the earth, we should remember that one day will be our last on earth, and that we ought to live every day so as to be prepared for death.

Of the origin of the Angelus there is a beautiful legend told. It is as follows. St. Paulinus of Nola who died in the year 431 was a highly educated and very charitable man. One evening at sunset, he walked across a meadow, surrounded by a forest. The last rays of the sun were dyeing the tops of the trees with a beautiful golden and purple light, and such heavenly peace reigned all around that the pious man felt deeply affected.

He folded his hands raised them to heaven and called out with fervor: "Oh, Lord be praised and sanctified a thousand fold, Thou Master of the world, Who hast made this earth so beautiful! Oh, please, give me a sign that Thou art with me now, and that Thou wilt abide with me to the end of my days! When he had finished this prayer, there came a ray of sound across the meadow, as sweet and beautiful as the saint had never heard before, and when he looked, he noticed that all the little bells growing in the meadow were moving back and forth, their bell shaped blossoms, and that from them originated the sweet melody. The pious bishop then knew, that this was the sign that God sent him.

In remembrance of this event the saint had an immense bell made which was hung into the tower of the cathedral at Nola, and from the use of it originated the custom of the Angelus.—M. R. T. in The Christian Family.

LITTLE BESSIE BERRY was almost always late for everything. She was almost always late for everything. It wasn't because she had to run errands, or mind the baby, but because she was an "In-a-minute" and a "Pre-ty-son" and an "After-a-while" little girl, who liked to dilly-dally better than anything else in the world.

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dilly flower. It just wouldn't catch up with Clara Bell's across the street. But Clara Bell had won her seeds in March. When the day for the flower show had nearly come, some of Bessie's friends had big blue and white asters in their gardens, and Bessie had one fine aster plant, with hard, green knobs at the top.

Every morning she counted the days that were left, until at last a bit of white showed in the crease of the knob. But there was only one day left.

So everybody, even Bessie, knew that it would be a tardy aster, just as Bessie had been a tardy little girl. When at last the day of awarding the prize came, it was a very, very sad prize Bessie who stood in the back garden looking down at the tardy aster, while all of her little friends, with hands full of punctual asters, went to the flower show.

Wasn't it too bad? But it must have been a good lesson for Bessie for she doesn't dilly-dally any more.—True Voice.

THE VOICE OF THE VICTIMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX

shown later on in the final decree signed by the king on the day before his deposition and by which as the papers had it, the fall of the monarchy was not in Catholic hands, but in the hands of the people, in the presence of such a mode of action, unless he forgot his duty as the sentinel of Israel, would not have warned the people at all times. Hence also in the midst of the cry of the holy Precursor Non tibi incipit.

On this point of politics as in others I had the honor of being called in by the members of the Society of Jesus. It was asserted that under my government as Provincial of the Society in Portugal had adopted a new course of action, whereas the truth is that never as superior had to interfere, not even by advice, in the sense in which these scribbles perfidiously insinuated.

The policy of the Order, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," is to-day, as it has always been, the policy of our Society. The enemies of Christ and His Church cannot forgive us our lofty ideal nor our constant labor to attain it. Hence the implacable hatred with which they have constantly persecuted us at all times. Hence also in the midst of the various accusations which in different states and countries have served as pretext for all the war against the Society, the accusers have always uttered the cry of the enemies of God and the Catholic Church.

Present events are a proof of this. They say that we Jesuits are the prominent enemies of the Republic, the sentiment of pardon. If our Divine Master could say from His Cross—"Forgive them, Father, because they know not what they do," they should say, "I forgive them for those who in persecuting us have probably followed the blind impulse of prejudice; why should we not say it for those who despoiled and expelled us with leading lights in their hands, and the attitude full of hatred? Therefore through the tears of sorrow and whilst eating the bread of life, I think of them and of God, Who illumines the mind and touches the heart, we beg that He make the truth shine before their eyes; we also pray that Portugal may govern itself as a Republic of Liberty, and that the Lord, Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, may guide, enlighten and vivify our country to which we are bound with such love."

P. LEITE GONZAGA CABRAL, S. J., Provincial Superior of Portugal, Madrid, 5th November 1910.

THE CHURCH'S CONSERVATISM

It is a good while now since any of our esteemed contemporaries quoted the words of St. Paulinus of Nola, the Catholic Church as a great conservative force in America. A great conservative force the Church most truly is, not only in America but everywhere, and we like to see this recognized by non-Catholics, particularly as many of them here in this country have been wont to see in her something very opposite, religion, we always view with wary eye those compliments to the Church's conservatism which are set forth (for public consumption) by men

Tried Everything

Then D.D.D. Cured This was the experience of Mrs. G. Newnam, of Orangeville, Ont. She wrote in Jan., 1910: "I was terribly troubled with eczema some years ago. I tried everything I had heard of, but nothing helped. I saw your advertisement in the paper, sent for a trial bottle of D. D. D., used it on my face and got well. I am now two years and no return of the eczema. I consider I am cured and it certainly was a blessing to me."

No matter how terribly you suffer from eczema, skin rheum, ringworm or any other skin disease, you will feel instantly soothed and the itch relieved at once when a few drops of this compound are applied. The cream Glycolite, of repeated accusation, used a thousand times as the theme song of the Catholic declaration, Our Reactionary Influence. Oh, well, in this our enemies are right! If the reactionary spirit means the spirit of fidelity and for the Catholic Church, of sacrifice for the person

of Our Lord Jesus Christ, constant endeavour that not one iota of His law should be relaxed; if our reactionary influence is used to give our government a more enlightened and just instruction; if we desire to form in our colleges above all good Christians; if it means the indefatigable endeavor to rise in Portugal a better nation and to instruct who not satisfied with prayer only are resolved to renew all things in Christ, by means of words and example: If it implies using all the means at our power, the pulpit, the confessional and the press to procure God's glory and to save souls, then yes; we have been and are still reactionaries; we wish to exercise a reactionally influence and have rendered ourselves guilty of the crime of being reactionaries. But it is a strange crime, in truth, in a country where liberty of conscience, liberty of speech and liberty of the press are proclaimed to the four winds; a strange crime to be accused of by men, who accused the late government of restricting liberty, who in the columns of their journals, and speeches in their clubs they allow themselves most violent attacks on authority and its representatives; strange crime to be punished for by those who do not cease to repeat that to each one is allowed the propagation and defence of his own ideas.

And what other means do we use? Have we ever been seen in order to compel others to our opinions or punish those who resisted them, invading houses, taking possession of the property of others, reacting them with imprisonment, and at last tearing them from their homes and exiling them for life? No, these were not the means we made use of and are still used by the false upholders of liberty, who instead of giving an impartial and correct answer to our reasons, thought more expedient to shut our mouths by force and to send far away the propagators of ideas, to which they have opposed up to now only declamation and insult.

In the face of this rampant injustice at the sight of these tyrannical extortions, this despotism, rendered more serious by the irony of being used in the name of the most sacred of the sacraments in writing our protest and let our dear fatherland hear our indignation voice yet more than anything, full of good wishes and of pure motives, we have finished to lay bare my whole mind.

In spite of the indignation for so great an injustice towards innocent persons, I had the honor of being called in by the members of the Society of Jesus. It was asserted that under my government as Provincial of the Society in Portugal had adopted a new course of action, whereas the truth is that never as superior had to interfere, not even by advice, in the sense in which these scribbles perfidiously insinuated.

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who are notoriously allied to capitalism of a questionable kind. Their idea of the Church is that she may be to them and their money bags a bulwark against popular uprisings. "The Catholic Church teaches respect for authority," she insists upon the commandments "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not covet," she safeguards the right of private ownership; she is opposed to confiscation; therefore she is to be commended. Let us praise her!"

These seem to be the utterances of the moneyed interests that praise the Catholic Church for her conservatism. And all they say for her is true; but it is only half the truth. For the Catholic Church teaches also that the working men are more sacred even than the rights of property. The conservatism of the Catholic Church would conserve not the rights of the rich only, but the rights of every class. And when she speaks to the workman of the vested rights, that must be, in justice, respected, she speaks also to the capitalist of vested rights which cry to heaven to be right-housed, which stand for; and she stands for; and she stands for nothing less than that men should win from those who would like to see in her a sort of private warden at the gates of wealth.—Sacred Heart Review.

WIT AND HUMOR

Farmer (watching motor-car).—What's that thing stuck up on the side? Chauffeur.—That's a spare tire in case one of the wheels goes wrong. Farmer.—Well, I've drove horses for almost twenty years as I never carried a spare leg for one of them yet.

Grandpa had been playing with little Jessie, and suggested that she should go for a walk with him. Jessie expressed delighted approval of the plan. "Go and get ready, then," said grandpa, "and I will wash my pretty face," he added, facetiously. Jessie looked at him in grave surprise. "Oh, grandpa," she said, "have you two?"

In a small country town a crowd had gathered to see the first electric car started, and during the preparation one of the old lady was in her predilection of failure. "I'll never go! I'll never go!" she exclaimed over and over again. When, however, the motorman moved the switch the old lady stared as the car glided steadily away, and as it gained the distance, she declared, with firm conviction:—"I'll never stop! I'll never stop!"

A newly made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer, which is this man charged with?" "Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what is the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes an' what not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigamy but trigamy. Proceed."—Lincoln State Journal.

When it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, human rights must have the upper hand, and property belongs to man and not man to property.

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delicately beautiful and touching coincidence occurs when, as in this year, the feast of the Annunciation of our Blessed Lady falls on the same day as the Fourth Sunday in Lent. The Annunciation festival celebrates that joyous hour when the meek Virgin of Nazareth became, through the divine power of God the Holy Ghost, the spotless mother of the Good-man, Jesus Christ. Remaining still a virgin, she was nevertheless service went home that day to their mothers, with gifts of "sinner cakes," as they were called, or of money, or like, and the pretty couplet musically said:—"Who gives a mothering, Finds virtue in the lane."

In the offices of the Catholic Church, this mid-Lent Sunday is "Laetare Sunday," the Sunday of Rejoicing; and signs and sounds of joy are permitted in the churches, which, on the following Sunday are to be in mourning. On that day will be Passion Sunday, when we begin to follow towards Gethsemane and Calvary the worn and weary footsteps of our suffering Lord.

How joyfully we do how tenderly does Almighty God furnish us with help to bear our trials! How kindly He gives us gleams of sunshine, blooms of flowers, songs of birds, to cheer our nights, and always in the Church the joy of the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and the comfort of the Mother's love. The great English convert, Cardinal Newman, says: "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste, and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus as our Food, and Mary as our nursing mother?" And Father Ruse, S. J., quotes another English convert, a woman, as saying: "The Catholic Church possesses the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man; the Catholic Church produces virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think perfect truth must be where there is perfect love."

Those who draw near in loving faith to the virgin-mother, whom Jesus came Himself as her little Child, on that twenty-fifth of March, when all know to men, the Christian era, in a very accurate sense, began, find that they are nearer to Jesus, and that they are kept ever more securely in the safe fold of His Church. Let us cherish and foster in our daily lives an ever-increasing love of the Mother of our Redeemer. Who loved His mother better than all of us together could by any possibility love her.

Let us ask of God an ever deeper love of Mary. It will be one of the greatest helps towards keeping us fervent, pure, steadfast to bear trial, silent and calm. Let us ask this great grace, especially on this beautiful Sunday, Mothering Sunday, Laetare Sunday, Mid-Lent Sunday.—Refreshment Sunday, too, as it has been called, because the gospel tells us of the food given to the hungry crowd, a type of the Blessed Sacrament that ever refreshes our soul

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THE "CHAIN PRAYER" AGAIN

It seems strange that the so-called "chain prayer," so widely circulated a few years ago should still find those so ignorant of Catholic usage and doctrine as to believe it genuine. Its origin is obscure; certainly it did not originate among Catholics. Its purpose is the same, though the wording of the various scribbles is different. Within the past month football of this city has received two copies of the "prayer," as follows:

AN ANCIENT PRAYER FOR YOU Oh Lord! I implore Thee bless all mankind and deliver us from all evil by the Precious Blood Jesus and take us to dwell with Thee in eternity. This was sent to me as I send it to you. It is said in Jerusalem that he who will not copy it will meet with great misfortunes. But he who will copy it each day for nine days, sending a copy to a friend will on the ninth day receive a great joy. You must copy it the day you receive it, make a wish in copying and not break the chain. (Do not sign your name.) This is herewith printed in full to again give warning to Catholics that such "circular prayers" have not the sanction of the Church, and to advise them to do all in their power to put down the foolish and superstitious practices.—Catholic Columbia.

THE MODERN WAY OF HOME DYING Is to use ONE DYE that will color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly. You will find this in DYOLA ONE OF ALL KINDS OF DYES. Send for Sample Booklet by The FARMER, RICHARDSON, LITTLE & CO., Montreal, Can.

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In the offices of the Catholic Church, this mid-Lent Sunday is "Laetare Sunday," the Sunday of Rejoicing; and signs and sounds of joy are permitted in the churches, which, on the following Sunday are to be in mourning. On that day will be Passion Sunday, when we begin to follow towards Gethsemane and Calvary the worn and weary footsteps of our suffering Lord.

How joyfully we do how tenderly does Almighty God furnish us with help to bear our trials! How kindly He gives us gleams of sunshine, blooms of flowers, songs of birds, to cheer our nights, and always in the Church the joy of the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and the comfort of the Mother's love. The great English convert, Cardinal Newman, says: "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste, and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus as our Food, and Mary as our nursing mother?" And Father Ruse, S. J., quotes another English convert, a woman, as saying: "The Catholic Church possesses the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man; the Catholic Church produces virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think perfect truth must be where there is perfect love."

Those who draw near in loving faith to the virgin-mother, whom Jesus came Himself as her little Child, on that twenty-fifth of March, when all know to men, the Christian era, in a very accurate sense, began, find that they are nearer to Jesus, and that they are kept ever more securely in the safe fold of His Church. Let us cherish and foster in our daily lives an ever-increasing love of the Mother of our Redeemer. Who loved His mother better than all of us together could by any possibility love her.

Let us ask of God an ever deeper love of Mary. It will be one of the greatest helps towards keeping us fervent, pure, steadfast to bear trial, silent and calm. Let us ask this great grace, especially on this beautiful Sunday, Mothering Sunday, Laetare Sunday, Mid-Lent Sunday.—Refreshment Sunday, too, as it has been called, because the gospel tells us of the food given to the hungry crowd, a type of the Blessed Sacrament that ever refreshes our soul

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