

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SACRED HEART

Dear Sacred Heart, we give to Thee

The year that lies before us— Each ray of sunshine on our path, Each shadow looming o'er us;

The busy hours of every day, The silent hours of sleeping, We bring them all to Thee this morn,

And place them in Thy keeping. Each thought that in our minds will rise,

Each word that we'll be saying, In busy morn, on dusty road, Or near the altar praying,

Each dream beside the glowing fire, Each impulse high and holy To battle for the glorious Right,

To help the weak and lowly. The springtime with its rosy hopes, The summer with its glory,

The autumn with its fading flowers, The winter drear and hoary— When sunshine seems forever gone,

When all our joys seem ended, When pain and sadness, loss and grief, Within our hearts are blended,

We give Thee all, dear Sacred Heart, The dark hours and the bright ones, The noble deeds, the petty fears,

The wrong words and the right ones. O! bless them with Thy beautiful grace,

And strengthen our endeavor To toil for Thee, to die for Thee, To live with Thee forever.

—BYRON O'HIGGINS

THE SACRED HEART

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart the Church brings vividly before our minds our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ under the most pathetic symbol of His love, His adorable Heart.

That throbbing Heart which suffered for us has come to symbolize the love which Jesus has poured out upon us. On this day we render homage and reparation to a love which comes from a Heart at once human and Divine.

That mighty God should not only ask for our love, but yearn for it is a mystery which we can never understand. His whole life from the Crib to the Cross was one great appeal to be loved by us. But even that appeal failed to elicit the response that He desired. So, in these latter days He revealed His greater desire for love under the symbol of His Sacred Heart.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart has done much to rekindle the light of faith and the flame of charity in an unbelieving and an unloving world. Coldness and indifference have melted beneath the warmth of this devotion; the hatred and contempt of the enemies of religion have been repaired in great measure by the fervent acts of love and reparation, by the more frequent Holy Communion, and by the visits to the Blessed Sacrament, which have followed upon the spread of this devotion.

It is destined to fulfil a great mission in our days, to renew the face of the earth. When hatred and distrust are playing such havoc with nations and individuals, when men are uncertain as to what new struggle the morrow may bring, when society is in such dire need of reconstruction and regeneration what more inspiring message can come from Heaven to earth and the words and the example which come to us from the Divine lips on the feast of the Sacred Heart, "Behold the Heart which so loved men,"—Boston Pilot.

HOME SWEET HOME

In the back city street the organ grinder takes his stand, figure once familiar, becoming more and more uncommon in our day. He is a comparatively young man, his face is ruddy above its dark pallor; his hair is jet black. He wears a soft dark hat that has weathered many storms of summer and winter, pushed far back from his brow.

His velveteen coat is patched with material of a different fibre and color. He is somewhat weary, for he has carried about his heavy burden all day long, trudging through hot and dusty streets, meeting disappointments and rebuffs. But his heart is light because he knows that the children love him and look forward with eagerness to his coming.

There is nothing new within that magic box, old and battered and discolored. The few airs that he grinds out are the old old airs. The tone of the instrument is now little more than a pitiful attempt at harmony, a whining creaking semblance of music. But to the esger little ones who flock about him, as of old the children of Hamelin flocked about the Pied Piper, it is beautiful beyond compare. Hardly has the first melancholy wheezy strain wafted on the breeze when there is heard the pattering of baby feet on the pavements. Windows are thrown open. Tired faced women lean out and smile down on the gallant man who takes off his ragged hat and bows his appreciation of their homage.

From the old discolored box come forth the accents of things that are past, once loved, perchance loved still by the dwellers in the back street of the city. Faces hard and sordid take on a gentle and kindly air; faces tired and discouraged again look hopeful. Heavy lines are ironed out by the compelling accents of the music, sweet, yes, to

the ears of the humble listeners, as a grand Symphony.

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!" It was ever the favorite air of the old hand organ, certain to be repeated over and over if you but had patience to wait through the brief and ancient repertoire.

What thoughts, what memories, does it bring to the wrapt listeners? To the mother, leaning from yonder casement, unkempt, with hands roughened by hard and constant toil, perchance it suggests thoughts of her girlhood when life was sweet and wholesome and even gay. It brings to the surface of her tired soul something of hidden sweetness and makes her feel more kindly sentiments toward her little world of the back city street.

To the old man smoking his pipe in yonder doorway, to him whose span of life is nearly rounded out, it suggests the peace and grace and quiet contentment which he knew in simply boyhood days. Home . . . home today in the city has lost something of its sacred association, its hallowed signification. Home has not much more meaning than has the theatre, the public halls, the sidewalks, the parks, a room in a lodging house, for many. Nor has the stone apartment, rigidly set with its intimates in unvarying row. No grass, no trees, no flowers bloom here. Space is devoted to money-making. Every foot of available ground has been utilized. Flowers you may find in the florist windows. For trees you may go to the public park nearby.

For vegetables, for orchard, you must seek the nearest fruit stall or the public market. Home has lost something of its meaning to the country as a whole. The refrain of the old old song recalls sweet memories of peace and contentment. The one hundredth anniversary of the first singing of "Home Sweet Home," soon to be celebrated brings forcibly to our minds associations that are peaceful and hallowed. This touching refrain, suggested to the composer, John Howard Payne, by the song of a peasant girl, strolling in an Italian market place with basket of fruit and flowers, has become dear to the hearts of all our countrymen.

The humble organ grinder, standing in the dusty street, is hardly aware of the mission that is his. Some may scoff at him, may call him an idler. But is it so? For he is a wanderer, far from home. Day by day sees him taking his tedious route, with heavy instrument strapped to his shoulders. In the rains and heats he plods along. Now and then he is rewarded for the music that he brings into dusty human lives by the pennies of the poor. But a mission is his. What causes that tall aristocratic stranger, passing on the opposite side of the street, to pause suddenly and stand to listen? It is the old and remembered refrain of the song: "Home Sweet Home." It may be vistas stretching along the country of the Past. Absorbed in worldly cares, perplexities, ambitions that age men quickly and bring no peace to the soul, he is brought back to his innocent care-free boyhood by the refrain of the old song.

And what of the musician if such he may be called? There steals into his eye, perchance, the expression of such a yearning, suggested by the moaning of the music, the words of which he would hardly understand in our foreign tongue. In spirit he sees again the land of his birth, its pleasant vineyards laden with olives, its mulberry groves, its streets, its wayside shrines of the Madonna dear to his childlike heart. How much he sees, we may not know. Suffice it to say that the thought of home, the yearning for home, overtakes all men at some period or other.

Those who take passage on a great steamship which is to bear them far across the ocean, are accustomed to strain their eyes for a last glimpse of that loved landscape which holds the first affection of their hearts. It is only when the last faint semblance of shoreline has vanished, swallowed up in mists, that they turn reluctantly away and face the new world that lies in their pathway.

Home is ever the dearest spot on earth to men, be their condition what it may. No other spot can awaken such good desires, such hallowed impulses or incite men to nobler things. Therefore the preservation of the Christian home in all its integrity and unity should be the dear ambition of those who desire the welfare of the individual as of the nation.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

Hear the heart of Jesus pleading: "Come, and sweetly rest in Me, With a peace and joy exceeding, Meek and humble ever be. In My Heart serene and holy, All your selfish cares resign,"—Dearest Jesus! meek and lowly, Make, oh! make our hearts like Thine!

"Purer than the lily's whiteness, Fairer than the fairest snows, In the beauty and the brightness Of your souls, I seek repose; Calmly keep your hearts before Me, From the stain of passion free,"—Heart of Jesus! we implore Thee, Make, oh! make us pure like Thee!

Heart of love! in Thee confiding, We shall learn to do Thy will;

In Thy Sacred Wounds abiding, Burning love our breasts shall fill; We shall bless Thee, and obey Thee, Ever serve Thee faithfully, Sweetest Heart! we humbly pray Let us live and die in Thee!

—KELANOR C. DONNELLY

THE TENTH PROMISE

The Sacred Heart glows with love for those who strive to make others know and appreciate this beautiful devotion. The heart is the symbol of human love and the Divine Heart of Christ is the symbol of the boundless love of our Saviour for men. To those who are devoted to His Sacred Heart, Christ promises special marks of His love and that He will bestow a large blessing on all their undertakings. To His priests, He promises special success in their work for souls. "I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts."

Every priest who has been zealous in the formation of active League Centres and in making known the richness of the Sacred Heart can tell how this promise has been fulfilled in his work. One instance especially stands out in my own memory of many experiences with the Tenth Promise.

It was a wild winter's night. A freezing wind was driving a heavy fall of snow in a blinding whirl down the street and full into my face, as I trudged on through mounting drifts to the great hospital. The white-robed nurse, a non-Catholic, met me at the door of the contagious ward. Though not then of our holy Faith, it must have been her solicitude for the spiritual welfare of our Catholic dying that brought her later the grace to enter the one true Church. She helped me out of my heavy, wet overcoat into the long white gown worn by all who enter the contagious pavilion.

"Father, I am sorry to bring you out on a night like this, especially as I fear that you will not do much for this tramp who is dying. When I spoke of calling you, he cursed me violently."

"Which bed is it," I asked, as I buttoned up the long white gown and put my stole over my shoulders.

"Aloove 16. Fortunately there is no other patient there. I walked slowly to Aloove 16. It was not with a presumptuous confidence in my own powers that I faced this battle for a human soul. It was with a prayer:

"Sweet Heart of Jesus. You have promised to give to your priests, if they strive to be devoted to Your Sacred Heart, the gift of touching the most hardened hearts. I must trust to Your grace and not to my words to win this soul."

I was at Aloove 16. There was no doubt about it. A pair of sunken, though flashing, eyes glared at me from a dark, emaciated face.

"Who asked you to come here? When I wanted you or one of your kind, I'll let you know. Now you may go and leave me in peace." I spoke kindly to him, but he turned angrily:

"You priests only want money, money. It is only money, money! Get out of here."

With a fervent inward prayer to the Sacred Heart, I answered gently:

"Money? You have no money to give me. You are dying with a contagious disease, with a disease that people dread. When the doctor comes in, he stands there at the foot of your bed because he fears the contagion. When the nurse comes, she stands there, too. Now I am a priest and you say that I want only money."

Was it an inspiration from the Sacred Heart that made me slide my right arm under his pillow and then hold his head in my arms? "You have no money to give me, but you can give me tonight either your soul or your disease. Which will you give me?" and I looked down into those sunken eyes.

There was a change. The hardness had gone from them. There was a soft tenderness as he looked up at me, a protest in his voice.

I saw you tonight hold that vagabond's head over your arm. You must never do such a foolish dangerous thing again."

I laughed gaily at her scolding and, as I went into the driving blinding snow, I found myself singing aloud with joy an old Spanish shepherd song, for another stray sheep had come home to the fold.—Charles J. Mullaly, S. J., in the Messenger.

A HEART ALL OF LOVE

There is no more powerful emotion known to the human heart than that of love. Passions in the soul are aroused by various motives: fear, anger, hatred and all the other ebullitions from the center of the rational soul possess a power to sway the individual in one direction or another. Love is far stronger than these, for it is constructive and creative, while other emotions frequently tend towards destruction.

Love is to a great extent disinterested: it is self-effacing while appearing to be exclusively selfish. It centers the affections on its object with a force that resists every attack; it loses itself in the enjoyment of that object and becomes oblivious to all else.

Another trait of this wonderful quality is that it is expansive, or as philosophers say, it likes to communicate itself. Not content to remain in the heart alone, it overflows and engulfs its object with the strength of its yearning. This tendency stops at no barrier, it vaults over even the portals of death and remains in the heart as a motive power for continued action.

Human love is the admiration of poets and thinkers of all ages. It moves men to deeds of daring; it holds motherhood up to the gaze of mankind as the exemplar of love in its highest form here below; it starts wars and it causes them to cease; it impels men on to heroism of the highest type and, when distorted, it sweeps them away in the seething maelstrom of passionate violence.

The heart of Christ is the center of divine love. Assuming human form, God poured into that heart the wealth of His affections for man. There must be something quite intangible in human nature when God so loves it. We often love for surface qualities: God sees the interior man with all his weaknesses and frailties and treasons and meanness; and yet He loves a man with an undying longing. We frequently change our affection from one object to another, and for trivial reasons: Christ is a steadfast lover: His affection does not cool even though man fall from precipice to precipice. In fact, the further this human creature drifts away the more ardently does this unselfish Lover seek after him.

For this purpose He has ordained sacraments and Church and ministers and devotions and grace in order to win back the wayward.

Can anything be greater than this unconquerable love? It brought Christ down from Heaven to a death of torments, even though He well knew that such infinite love would be spurned by countless numbers. Merest gratitude should inspire us to reciprocate such unspeakable tenderness. The month of June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Shall we, will we respond to the call and prove to the Redeemer that He has not loved us in vain? It is a direct question which each one must answer in his own person.—Catholic Bulletin.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

The most important step yet taken by American Catholics towards the shaping of a definite working program of Catholic social action that will effectively meet the industrial problems of the day is expected to result from the Catholic Conference, on Industrial Problems to be held in Milwaukee June 27 and 28. A selected list of 2,600 captains of industry, labor leaders and sociologists, including priests and lay persons, has been invited to the Conference. The most distinguished Catholic writers and students in the field of social action will be speakers at the sessions.

The meeting is expected to mark the first comprehensive attempt to coordinate the forces of, and shape a definite policy for scores of Catholic groups that have been studying the social problem during the thirty years that have elapsed since the publication of Pope Leo's famous encyclical on "The Condition of the Working Classes." The encyclical will form the basis of discussion at the conference, which will be divided into four sessions, at each of which will be taken up one of the important points set forth by Pope Leo. The subjects will include: "Wages," "Collective Bargaining," "The State and Industry," and "The Worker and Ourselves."

The local conference will follow in many respects the example set by the Catholics of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England and Canada in dealing with industrial problems from a Christian viewpoint. The manner in which industrial problems have been met by those of their own faith in other countries has engaged the serious attention of many Catholic American students of these problems and it is expected that many of the solutions set forth for application

in American life will have their foundation in experiments that have been successful during the past two decades abroad.

The Most Rev. Sebastian Mesmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee and the Right Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford and episcopal chairman of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council, will attend the conference, local arrangements for which are now being made by the Rev. Francis Haas, Ph.D., of St. Francis Seminary. Father Haas will be one of the speakers at the Conference. Notable among the other distinguished sociologists who will address the sessions are the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, Director of the Department of Social Action of the N. C. W. C., the Rev. William A. Bolger, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University; John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor; Matthew Wolf, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor; John Wolf, president of the International Glass Blowers and Professor David McCabe of Princeton University.

ORANGEMAN RECALLS

BLESSING OF PATRIOT WHO DIED FOR IRELAND

During the acute period of the controversy over Home Rule, prior to 1914, Thomas MacNeill took an active part in the work of the Ulster volunteers and the Orange Institution. Soon, however, he came to realize that the unity and peace of Ireland were essential. He recalls in an article recently published how on an occasion he spent an evening in a Belfast hotel impressing upon a member of the late Irish Party the view that unity could be achieved by moral force.

A stranger in the room listened to the discussion but said nothing. After the member of Parliament and other guests had retired the stranger approached Mr. MacNeill and said:

"I understand from your remarks that you have some connection with the Orange Institution."

To this observation Mr. MacNeill replied in the affirmative. Then the stranger asked:

"How long have you held these views on unity?"

Mr. MacNeill explained that the taking of the Orange oath and his association with the Ulster volunteers had led him to seriously what before God was his real duty to his country; that for some time he had been convinced that to be true to God and his conscience he should work for national unity. Mr. MacNeill indicated how he thought the unity of North and South could be brought about.

The stranger then said:

"I, too, have thought of this. Would to God I could believe the unity of Ireland were achievable on the lines you indicate."

The stranger's parting words to him were: "God bless you!"

Four years later Mr. MacNeill learned that the stranger in question was the late P. H. Pearse. Continuing, Mr. MacNeill writes: "Here you have the case of an Orangeman receiving the blessing of the man who created Easter week because that man realized that I had the good of Ireland at heart. Similarly Southern Protestants can earn the blessing of their countrymen—North and South, by taking steps today to ascertain how far they can serve the cause of peace. I appeal to them in the name of God and for the love of their country to come forward now and test the truth of my assertion that the ultimate unity of their country lies in their hands."

He appeals to the Southern Protestants to undertake the task of mediation to assist to the utmost of their ability towards finding a permanent basis of peace and unity for all Ireland.

CHINESE BANDITS FIRE ON CONVENT

Ossining, N. Y., May 18.—The Catholic convent at Yeong Kong, China, was fired upon recently by bandits who were attacking the town, according to word received here by the Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society. Father Walsh said it was believed that the firing upon the convent was accidental and that none of the inmates were injured.

He told how missionaries sent into China by the Catholic Mission Society are frequently captured and held for ransom, saying that the captives are usually released when it is found that no ransom will be paid. Father Walsh suggested that policing the country by a committee representing the various nations seems to be the way to bring about peace and quiet in China.

If men knew their nothingness they could never be proud.—St. Catherine of Siena.

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