

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LENT

The average young man does not like Lent. He is restive under its restrictions. He resents its summons to him to practice self-denial. He does not want to fast. He is unwilling to give up his beer or his cigar. He wants to be free to devote his evenings to amusement.

But the wisdom of the Church in calling him to penance is inspired from on high. Unless the will-power is exercised, developed, strengthened by use, it will fail in the day of trial. There was a saint once who on his death-bed said: "It was hard for me often to practice mortification but now I am glad of every pain that I endured to subdue the flesh."

Heaven is a prize worth working for. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God has prepared for those that love Him." And it is for eternity.

The man who can fast, should fast. It is not much of a fast that gives a mouthful of breakfast a full dinner, and a light supper. The man who can't fast, can give up sugar, desserts, candy and other luxuries. He can practice total abstinence for forty days. He can deny himself the use of tobacco.

Every Catholic man should pray more in Lent than at other days. He might go to Mass every morning, pay a visit to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament every evening, assist at the public devotions in church on Wednesdays and Fridays, and read a chapter from some good book like the new Testament every day.

He may give alms to the poor and to the foreign missions and practice other works of mercy, spiritual as well as temporal.

The young man who observes Lent will be happier at Easter than the young man who shrirks Lent.—Catholic Columbian.

CAN YOU SAY YES?

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say yes to every one of fourteen questions that he should put to them. It may interest you to read the questions. Here they are:

Has education given your sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them? Has it made you public-spirited? Has it made you a brother to the weak? Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend to yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye? Do you see anything to love in a little child? Will a lonely dog follow you in the street? Can you be high minded and happy in the meaner druggeries of life? Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking, as piano playing or golf?

Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone? Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents? Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud? Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?—Intermountain Catholic.

THE MAKING OF MEN

"You may keep a boy at school as long as you like," said the late Father O'Brien Pardow, S. J., the eminent preacher and teacher, in discussing the question of education, "but if his will is not educated with his head, his conscience with his memory, knowledge of algebra and skill in penmanship, the date of the Battle of Bunker Hill and the number of gallons of water contained in Lake Michigan, will be no guarantee that he will not use his acquired knowledge to fashion himself in an consummate a scoundrel as ever entered a prison cell. We have no quarrel with intellectual culture. Our only contention is that it has no necessary connection with morality, and that however valuable it may be to the individual, it has no saving virtue for the State. The country's greatest need is character; not so much the making of laws as the making of men."—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GRACE'S KINDLY DEED What a lot of kind little deeds seem to be waiting for young folks to do! Truly there is no end to the number.

Grace Tremont had gone to a musical recital with her mother, and it was an event the girl had looked forward to with pleasant anticipation, as her sister was to take part in the program. But mother and daughters were late in starting, and when they arrived at the hall it was found that Mrs. Tremont and Grace would have to content themselves with seats near the door.

"mamma," she said, drawing her mother's attention to the blue eyes peering so wistfully into the hall, "doesn't she look as if she'd just love to come in?" And then pushing closer to her mother, she added, "She might sit here, mamma—there's room for another with a little bit of crowding."

"I'll see if the usher will bring her to me," Mrs. Tremont said, responding to the loving entreaty in Grace's eyes, and then beckoning to a young man that she knew.

"Yes," said the latter in response to the call, "she will be only too glad to come in. She is the janitor's daughter, Betty, and she often comes and looks in at the door. I believe the little thing loves music."

"I just thought, if I was in her place instead of my own, I would have liked some one to ask me to come in," Grace said later, when speaking to her mother of the incident. Then she added softly:

"I like to try and do little things to please Him."

GENTLEMEN AFTER ALL

James was much interested in walking with Uncle Dick along on the East Side in New York City, and seeing how some of the poorer children lived; they came to one vacant lot covered with great rocks, such as are found in many parts of the city where there are no houses.

There were two boys and a girl who was smaller playing together on the rocks. James wondered how the sweet-faced girl with brown curls could enjoy playing with those ragged, dirty faced boys.

Just then the children concluded that they had had enough of that fun, and started home. The boys easily scrambled up to the street, but the big rocks, over which the girl had easily climbed down, were too steep for her to mount above.

Her cries soon called the attention of her mates, who at once turned back with the most sincere apology. "We did not think but that you could climb up," they explained together. Then the smaller boy leaped as far as possible over the ledge of rocks and the larger one took hold of his feet and dropped him down so far that he could reach the outstretched arms of the little prisoner. He then pulled the chain of children back to the top, and they all started on happily. James then knew why the little girl liked to play with them, and realized that the true gentleman is not always dressed in fine clothes.—N. Y. Catholic News.

SAVE MOTHER

Are you careful to save steps for your mother? When you leave your room in the morning are your shoes put away in the closet, your clothes hung up on proper nails, and is everything that belongs to you in such order that you could find it, if you had to, in the dark? It is as easy to be tidy as to be careless, and your mother has quite enough to do in her own domain without going about to pick up odds and ends after you.

There are girls and boys who are always losing their possessions. One hears them calling out in a frantic way for their hats, their books, their umbrellas, lead pencils, note paper and the furniture of their desks, these useful necessities are scattered all over the place.

By being thoughtful and considerate in the care of personal property, the children of the house can do a great deal toward making their parents happy. A place for everything and everything in its place, is an old-fashioned rule worth repeating.

HOW THE CHANGE WAS BROUGHT The girl who is sweet and sunny and helpful, grows into the sunny and helpful woman. And the girl who is selfish and disagreeable becomes a woman of the same sort. Do not make the mistake of thinking that there is something about growing up that will change unpleasant traits into pleasant ones, as the wand of the fairy changed pebbles to diamonds in the old story. The only way that wonderful change can be brought is by effort, hard and persistent.

THE DIFFERENCE Visitor (consolingly, to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet): "Tut, my boy, there's no use crying over spilt milk."

Tommy: "Course not; any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is to call in the cat, and she'll lick it up; but this don't happen to be milk, and mother'll do the licking."

LENTEN THOUGHTS

In Mr. Sneed Cox's admirable Life of Cardinal Vaughan, he gives us some helpful thoughts for the Lenten season written by the great prelate. For instance:

You ask me to send you some thought to help you. The thought which ought to be constantly before us is just this: that our Lord is our Model and our Friend. You must excite a constant and loving desire in your heart to imitate Him in all things by conforming your life and actions to what you think he would wish. . . . Then you have to become like Him crucified. This you may become by accepting all the sufferings of mind, heart or body which He sends and wills that you should endure. Here is plenty of opportunity to become like Him; to become, like Christ, nailed to the Cross. People of the world, and those who live in the natural order, consider suffering to be evil; but the servants of the Cross hold them to be essential to perfection. The

consequence of this is that we ought to appreciate and love sufferings and whenever we suffer to say *Deo gratias*, thanks be to God. If, each time you feel some pain, or are in a state of distress in mind or heart, you say *Deo gratias* with sincerity, you will find that sufferings will appear in quite a different light to you. In this way you will become before death like Christ crucified.

All our prayers, all we have, we incessantly offer to Jesus through the hands of Mary. We never separate the Woman from the Son. She has been too much for us, we have known and felt too much, ever to forget that she is close to us in all our prayers and efforts to grow "into the likeness" of her Son. But you should sometimes devote a good and deliberate exercise to her in connection with the crucifix. Thus, reflect that she participated in the whole of her Son's agony, especially of the Cross, against which she stood. That agony and death, were on my account, to atone for my sins, to obtain for me a treasury of grace and blessing illimitable and infinite in extent and worth. But at what a cost to God! Now Mary's heart and mind and desire beat in perfect unison with her Son's towards me. She became my Mother; she brought me forth in untold pain and agony of mind and soul. Mother at what a cost! Mother with what love! Mother close to, almost nailed to the Crucifix!

"Oh come and mourn with me awhile! See, Mary calls us to her side; Jesus our God, Jesus our Love is crucified."

Speak to her for your own wants and desires, for God's glory, for souls, etc. She will teach us better than any other how to use our crucifix.

A few briefer quotations may prove to be very useful to our souls: Go on peacefully bearing dryness or whatever our Lord may send. Under such trial you will find encouragement both in the Agony in the Garden and in the words spoken in the Agony on the cross.

The ready "Thank God" in suffering is worth more than the mind can measure. You are to be at peace in the arms of God. The Holy Ghost says in the Psalms: "Commit thy way to the Lord, and trust in Him, and He will do it."

Jesus Christ presents himself to me constantly crucified. He is my model. I have to be nailed to the Cross which is made up of the circumstances and incidents and trials of my life. I am not to come down from it of myself. He will give me strength and grace if I implore. This is a way to annihilate self-love.

Sufferings borne with patience and love in the Precious Blood will overcome self-love. It is easy to write all this so lightly in the practice. Love consists in deeds, sufferings with Jesus Christ.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE SEEN IN THE WAR EVEN THE NON-CATHOLIC WORLD IN ITS HOUR OF NEED TURNS TO THE CATHOLIC RELIGION FOR CONSOLATION

The Right Rev. Monsignor Philip R. McDevitt, says the Philadelphia Standard and Times, speaking of the present war as a chastisement of the nations for forgetting God, he alluded to the good which may in God's Providence result from it, and as illustrating this read a letter from a youth to his parents in England.

The letter which is printed below is a copy of the young soldier's message to the folks at home and afterwards sent to relatives here. It contains many points of interest, and not a few lessons may be caught from its simple sentences. There is no doubting the sincerity of its writer, a mere boy from a poor Catholic home, where he has been taught that fidelity to his religion means also obedience to law and loyalty to his country. It is evident that he has learned these lessons well. At the time of writing his letter he was in a most precarious position, and in the light of what the world has since learned of the particular theatre of the war where duty called this young Catholic volunteer it is not unlikely that he has given his life for his country.

His exceedingly pathetic letter, besides its eloquent, though simple picture of the horrors of the great war, helps to refute the argument of those who affect to see in the European catastrophes a breakdown of Christianity and bears out thoughts suggested by extracts from the letters of Protestant chaplains to their denominational papers, expressing a longing for something similar to the Crucifixes and other religious emblems which appear to give so much consolation to the Catholic troops.

In this connection the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., recently referred in London the experience of a gunner at the front, who, writing home, said that if it had not been for the war and the awful facts he had been brought face to face with, he probably would never have been brought to his senses and to God. Multiply that ten thousand times, exclaimed Father Vaughan, and they would have the answer as to why God permitted this war. God drew good out of this war. The losses here on earth have been God's gains in heaven.

The letter read by Monsignor McDevitt is as follows: Dear Father and Mother; I am just dropping a line to let you know how I landed.

Excuse my watery letters, as my eyes are full of tears and my hand is unsteady with sights I have already seen.

From Ma'ta to Egypt we were chased by two German submarines; we were four days before we could get ashore.

Well, to tell the truth, it is terrible! I sometimes wonder shall I ever see home again. Perhaps you will know Father Rigby; he was boarded with us on boat—a splendid man and just the man that was needed, and in that terrible time we did pray! They could be heard all over; we thought each moment was our last.

We had our confessions heard by him, but what a sight for those who did not know what it meant! They clung to him, saying, "Let me say what I have done wrong." We have confession and Communion regularly while Father Rigby is with us in the trenches. The others shouted, "Sir, teach me to say one prayer?" "Sir, teach me to say one prayer?"

It was a sad sight when we all said the Act of Contrition after him—non Catholics as well. He is such a favorite among the men, teaching them to pray and giving his last blessing. They shout, "Please, sir, bless me and teach me anything. I shall be killed, I know." He gave the non-Catholic lads each one of his beads to keep during the engagement, and also a few badges that he had; they were few among so many. "Sir, bless me like you have done that man," is a regular cry. The cries of the wounded are terrible; I sometimes wonder if ever I shall hear the church bells ring again.

When we get to a place called Lemna we shall have a better chance to make our confessions properly. I think there will be a better world after the war is over.

The men seem to realize prayer more. Mother, I dare not describe to you our advance on the 10th of August. I put my beads and scapulars round my neck and we fought like tigers for four days; I can't realize how I came through. I thought of your words, "Have faith in prayer." I know I have your prayers and the children's every hour, and that is something to say, and I think it has been a lot in me being spared. I will write a long letter some time, but we have to write anyhow just now. Sometimes it takes a few days to write a few lines. I must now close, as it is my turn to guard. I would like to say more, but I am not allowed, but I hope to pull through to see you all once more.

Give my love to all who inquire about me. I often wonder how father is getting on with his cough. Don't worry about me. I shall always try to do what is right. I shall never forget the sight on board. Many were ignorant of prayer, but before we landed they prayed as hard as we did, and Father Rigby let them kiss his cross and blessed them all, and they gave him three cheers.

So good night, mother and father. With good luck and best wishes from your son, Joe. I never forget my other brothers.

SOME FEAST DAYS OF MARCH When Catholics think of March it is as "St. Joseph's Month." It is then that the clients of the foster-father of Our Saviour try to perform some act of special devotion in honor of St. Joseph; and it is then that his many petitioners storm his throne in heaven with prayers for favors desired. "There is no saint in Heaven, St. Joseph, like thee," is the song that the children sing in school and church during the month of March. Many other clients of this dear saint try to hear Mass daily, or at least on Wednesday, during the week in honor of St. Joseph, for every Wednesday of the year the Church has set apart in honor of St. Joseph. Other children of St. Joseph try to receive Holy Communion more frequently during March.

There are many ways of honoring St. Joseph. Our Blessed Lord honored this great saint all the days of his life. He was subject to him. Our Blessed Lady honored him all the days of her life. Therefore the honor that we give him will be nothing in comparison with the honor they have given him, and which they continue in heaven. March will be a good time to cultivate a special devotion to St. Joseph. St. Teresa urges every one to be devoted to this great saint, for she says that St. Joseph is the most powerful saint in heaven, and St. Teresa knew whereof she spoke. The feast of St. Joseph is celebrated March 19.

On March 17 the feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, is kept. St. Patrick is the greatest Irishman born outside of Ireland. This sounds like an Irish bull, and maybe it is, but there is no doubt that St. Patrick was no Irish, he loved the Irish people and he proved his love for them by giving them the Faith of Christ. And so he was Irish by choice if not by birth. St. Patrick is not enough known nor is he venerated enough by American Catholics, and especially by Irish-American Catholics. St. Patrick suffered for the Irish people, and in his own lifetime he had the happiness of seeing Ireland changed from a pagan to a Catholic nation without one life being lost in the transition. Catholics with Irish blood in their veins owe a debt of gratitude to St. Patrick, and the best way to pay that debt is to live good lives.

PERFECT CONTRITION "The idea that it is difficult to make an act of perfect contrition is a common and deplorable mistake," says a writer in the Baltimore Catholic Review. "As a matter of fact, people, without knowing it or thinking of it, often have perfect contrition, whilst they are listening to a sermon, making the Stations of the Cross, or uttering such prayers as the 'Our Father' or such ejaculations as 'My Jesus, Mercy.' 'O God! be merciful to me, a sinner!' 'My God, I love Thee above all things.' It all depends upon whether or not our sorrow for our sins is prompted by the love of God above all things on account of His infinite perfection. For contrition is measured by love. If, after making an act of perfect love of God, we go a step farther and detest sin because God hates it. We need not separate God's goodness to us, manifested in His bountiful gifts and graces, from His goodness in Himself; nor need we exclude such other motives as the fear of losing heaven or of incurring eternal punishment. It suffices that the perfect love of God be present and that he realize and mean what we say when we protest that we detest sin because we have by it offended God Who is all good in Himself and worthy of all our love."

ORIGIN OF THE NAME MARY There are few Catholic parents to whom a daughter is born who hesitate to give the child the name of Mary. In so doing they wish to place the infant under the protection of Mary, the Mother of Christ, and they are not troubled by etymological discussions about the name. Hitherto the liturgy of the Church and tradition have agreed in regarding the name as of purely Hebrew origin and meaning "Star of the Sea." In a recent article the German theologian, Father Zorell, asks if we may not consider the name as formed of two elements—Hebrew and Egyptian.

As a matter of fact the name Mary is first heard in Egypt, Miriam, the sister of Moses, being the first person in the world's history to bear the name. The Israelites had, in the days of Moses, dwelt for four centuries in the land of the Pharaohs, and proper names formed with "Mer," "Meri" and "Mor," signify-

ing "who loves," were common in Egypt. Thus "Mar Ra," who love (the god) Amon.

The identification of the second portion of the name "iam" with "yah," the abbreviation of Jahveh or Jehovah, is established by Father Zorell from the Scriptural references, and thus the name Miriam, Mary, in its etymological root, was meant to signify "one who loves God," an appellation quite as acceptable, if less poetic, as liturgical title "Star of the Sea."—Intermountain Catholic.

THE MASS "It is the Mass that matters" was a favorite remark of the late Monsignor Benson. An Irish writer is reminded by it of the time when the Irish people attended Mass at the peril of their lives. "It is the Mass that matters," they said as they knelt in driving rain and wind around the Mass Book on some bleak hillside, or in a mud shivering. "While all over Europe the Church's majestic liturgy was being celebrated in its entirety and brought year by year to greater perfection," says this writer, "in Ireland the sacraments and the Mass were all that mattered. . . . Devotion

over-sensitive" nature. The old Church of Christendom has her mystical formulas of which no rationalistic prescription can take the place. If Cowper had been a good Roman Catholic instead of having his conscience handed by a Protestant, like John Newton, he would not have died despairing, looking upon himself as a castaway. I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds and it always appeared to me that this belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by, than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it."

EXTREME UNCTION "So far as I have observed," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "Over the Tescups," the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. They have an expert by their side with spiritual specifics, in which they both, patient and priestly ministrant, place implicit truth. Confession, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction—these all inspire a confidence which without this symbolism is too apt to be wanting in

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such indeed as would merit the approval of the great Apostle of Erin.

"Lady Day in Spring" is the way English and Irish Catholics speak of the feast of the Annunciation of our Blessed Lady, which is celebrated on March 25. This day commemorates the Archangel Gabriel's visit to the Blessed Virgin, telling her that she was to become the Mother of God.

TO A HALF PINT OF WATER ADD: Bay Rum.....1 oz. Oriz Compound.....a small box Glycerine.....2oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

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