SEPTEMBER 10, 1921

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Keep your thoughts pure and they shall be The seed that you must sow, And in good heart-soil you shall see Them soon take root and grow.

Speak true, kind words, and they

shall be The beauteous blossoms rare, Shedding rich fragrance full and

free Within a world of care.

Do deeds of love and they shall be Each helpful, loving deed, The perfect fruit of plant and tree

comes hard.

Generally speaking there is noth-ing to be said in reply when a man makes a statement of this kind, for the chances are strong, that he is so deeply rooted in the study of material things that the finer instincts of his nature have become wrapped about in an armour of steel. He is not, never will be, a poet. And by poets we do not necessar-ily mean those who, with a song in or song of another. Generally speaking there is noth-

ily mean those who, with a song in their hearts and with an intelligent understanding of the physichology of a true poem, sit down to weave for us some gold or silver thread that a true poem, sit vit a silver thread that us some gold or silver thread that works its way through the coarse fabric of the sterner things of life and clothes it with a mantle of all the colors that glow in an evening the colors that glow in a evening the colors that glow in a evening the colors that glow in a evening the colors the colors that glow in a evening the colors that glow in a evening the colors that glow in a evening the color the color the color the color the color that the color the color the color that the color the colo

than a vision,—a vision of beauty that lives in the human heart, But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease, whether it find outward expression in one way or another, or whether it be stifled to death because there "I want some potatoes!" "Give is no chance for expansion.

Those of us who are familiar with the characters of Dickens, recall many instances of poets whose songs were never heard in the busy outer world, and whose names were never inscribed in the rnnals of literature. For the most part these silent singers were hidden the misunderstood, the poor. Whether it is Tiny Tim who in his cheery way sang the praises of God at the Christmas dinner or whether it is little Paul Dombey, the misunderstood, the poor. But, down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees; In the woods she must live until she learns to say please. M S P in St Nicolas

frail, pensive, listening to the mur-mur of the river that rippled along the wall of his chamber, they were poets, all. It would seem that poets, all. It would seem that beauty_thrives at times under adverse conditions and it is as true

apt to hear only the drab prose of life. Most men have something which is dear to them, even though, it be of no moment to the outer world. Silent men they may seem, they have nothing to say when you speak on various subjects. But open the channel whereby their to those who love us! We permit them to toil for us, to those who love us! We permit them to toil for us, so often the only reward they get is a weak, surly, sullen face that one would be ashamed to show to the world. But open the channel whereby their you speak on various subjects, gloomy men, and disinterested. But open the channel whereby their thoughts may flow freely on the subject which is nearest to them, and a change takes place. No longer are they languid or gruff or uninteresting. We have all seen men of this type. At rare inter-vals they light up, so to speak. The eye, hitherto dull, brightens, and a glow diffuses itself over the whole personality. They stand loek you straight in the face, like men who are their own masters. Haggard lines are erased for the time being, and bent shoulders straighten, because men are at home, perhaps for the first time, in a wearisome day. What has wrought this magic change, for their is no Aladdin to What has wrought this magic change, for their is no Aladdin to strike the magic wand above them. They are exteriorly the same, but interiorily a great change has taken place. They speak like different men because the secret springs have been sounded, and the flood gates open. In the workshop all day the artisen toils stolidly at his tasks, in open. In the workshop all day the artisan toils stolidly at his tasks, in the factory his neighbor strains every nerve to "make his ticket." Their work is mechanical; therei no poetry in it. They are merely a no poetry in it. They are merely a part of the vast machine that is called progress. But in the evening take the same Childhood two men, they are digging in their small back gardens. What a trans-formation! The look of tensity is cast off with the sound of the clos-ing gong. Now they look into the heart of the sunset and calculate the merther for the morrow In April, the month of the Resurreccast off with the sound of the clos-ing gong. Now they look into the heart of the sunset and calculate the weather for the morrow. In-telligence beams from their eyes, and a look of content has crept into their expression. The poetry of their lives has come to surface, and the tender growing things so close to the warm bosom of the earth be-come in themselves verses, songs, as beautiful as any of those which are written in books.

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All day long the truckman jolts over the uneven roads, looking ahead and striving to keep free of the inumerable vehicles that im-

But witness this same man in the But witness this same man in the evening surrounded by a loving family group, with children cling-ing to the skirts of his coat, over-whelming him. What a difference! For a glad light has crept into his face and softened its hard lines, and so-to-speak glorified him. In the little group at his feet he sees the future masters of the world, his stay and comfort in the far-off days that are creeping upon him. A song gushes in his heart in answer to the innocent cries of the children.

That shall His hungry feed. SILENT SYMPHONY We have all met the man who tells us that poetry has no appeal for him, that he never reads poems and is quite certain that those who do read them are wasting their time. We all know men of this type, and we know, too, from ex-perience that their conversion Comes hard.

So-the human

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"My God, give me neither poverty nor riches; but whatsoever it may be Thy will to give, give me with it a heart which knows humbly to acquiesce in what is Thy will." To be able to say "I'm glad I'm me" and to be eager to make all that can be made of one's self is to be free from the folly and discon-tent of wishing that one might be were nut on strict military disci-

morning and put through drills in the most rigid fashion. The seventy men were taken out on the Belve-dere court inside the Vatican gar-The Right Rev. William A. Guerry.

some cheese !" So the fairies, this very rude daugh-So the fairies, this very rude daugh-Over the mountains and over the seas, To a valley, where never a dinner

learns to say please. —M. S. P., in St. Nicholas FINDING GOOD IN EVERY ONE One dear old woman was rallied by her friends because of her habit of always seeing some good in every Carolina, from the time she became

adverse conditions and it is as true in our day as it was long ago. Unconscious poets fill the great world all about us, although no one publicly acclaims them as such. In an age which is more or less mater-ial, and in which modern improve-ments and inventions have hurried us past many a noble ideal, we are ort ta bear only the day prose of the devil." "Why, dear, I believe you would even have a good word to say for the devil." "Well, I must confess that I have always admired his perseverance," was the reply. "What sweet privileges we extend the sweet privileges we extend the sweet privileges we extend children. I believe that there is not children. I believe that there is not children. I believe that there is not

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

MILITARIST LEAVES VATICAN

pline, aroused at 4:30 o'clock in the

November, the month of devotion for the Souls in Purgatory. December, the month of the Na-tivity of Our Lord.

MENanead and block with fruit and blocksom rare.anead and block with fruit and blocksom rare.anead and block with fruit and blocksom rare.anead and block with red brick shops and tenements. If there is a song in the were white, and she said :twith fruit and blocksom rare.twith fruit and blocksom rare.</tabl

were white, and she said : "Aint nevah had no time for no

For the time being, the man is a were something or somebody else.

there is always something to be grateful for. I once read a poem in

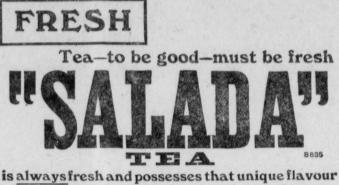
Which there was a line about— "A lost lament for the things that cannot be." The sooner one loses a lament of that kind the better. The best way to be happy is to enjoy our own lives, without comparing them to the lives of others. The prayer of a wise man of other days was this: "My God, give me neither poverty nor riches; but whatsoever it may

STATE WITH NO DIVORCE CALLED MOST MORAL

'Hand me the butter !'' "Cut me Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese

ter to tease, Once blew her away in a powerful divorce on any grounds, discussed marital relations yesterday in an

of the marriage relation," said Bishop Guerry. "But the House of Deputies refused to concur. Therefore it did not become a law." Bishop Guerry said that South Complies for the time the time



of 'goodness' that has justly made it famous.

vention by attending Mass in a body. "Lastly, we should take the same stand on questions of divorce and marriages that were taken by the root of St. Peter's. The Holy Father looked upon the Colonel, smiling one of his benign smiles, and said :

the convention. I consider divorce "Cannon? What for? Not to the most flagrant abuse existing shoot!" "No, Your Holiness," replied the

today. Laws of States or the laws "No, of a Church will not stop it. It is Colonel. "Well, then ?" interrogated the Church, and we should take steps venerable Pontiff.

to make that sentiment permanent, The Colonel did not answer and and a force for the suppression of he was excused. this great evil."

Colonel Repond had also issued to the Swiss Guards a certain amount of ammunition. One day a guard began shooting near the barracks. SWISS GUARD COMMANDER WHO ASKED FOR CANNON RESIGNS deprived of those they still had. This was the last attempt of the

Colonel to institute war tactics. The guards continue to use the fifteenth century halberd when on duty.

He is a very poor lover of flowers who does not find in their petals a who little treatise on the beauty of God.

nd for free book, giv g full particulars o guard a more martial spirit. They were put on strict military disci-TRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED

Diabetes dens and put through manoeuvres. Chargi

One day Colonel Repond had an audience with His Holiness, Pius X., and laid before him plans for the fortifying of the Vatican. These JIREH FOOD CO., Brockville, Ont.

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SEVEN

me some peas!

"My own policy," he said, although the American Church Children, look in those eyes; listen of cause only, is one of absolute one cause only, is one of absolute disapproval of divorce. As Bishop, I have refused to permit any of my clergy to remarry persons divorced on any ground whatsoever."

K OF C. PUBLICITY PRAISED

Oakland (Cal.) Tribune, August 8

Protestant laymen may learn three valuable lessons from the Knights of Columbus, who recently held their annual international con-

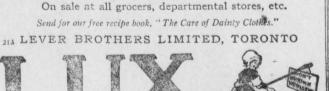
January, the month of the Holy hildhood. February, the month of the Pas-well take note of the method of February. the month of the Pas-ion. March, the month of devotion to April, the month of the Resurrec-"Another thing we should take

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