

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

At the beginning of the new year, let us give ourselves and that new year wholly to Jesus. Let us determine to live even more earnestly for His interests, to seek His glory, and to find all joy in Him. Let us dedicate this year, as the whole century has been dedicated to our Most Holy Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Sources

I passed a stagnant marsh that lay beneath a reeking sun of green. A malarious puddle by the way; No surfer pool was ever seen. I thought: 'How lost to all things pure And clean and white these foul depths be.' Next day from out that pool oozed me Two queasy lites lugged at me.

Faithfulness.

Faithfulness is the explanation of many a successful career. Opportunity, ability and the friendly assistance that may be given all tend to further one's efforts, but the persistent, undaunted faithfulness to labor in hand, in the very face of opposition and hindrance and obstacles, is that which conquers. The character that is developed by devotion to duty in life's smallest undertakings is being equipped for glorious achievements. Therein is found the secret of success.

The Best Type of a Young Man.

The annual religious celebration of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Philadelphia was held on Sunday evening at the Cathedral, Philadelphia.

The sermon was preached by Right Rev. Mgr. James F. Loughlin, D. D. It was in substance as follows:

"I am deeply grateful for your reverend director for having invited me to be present this evening. It fills my mind with many sacred reminiscences. Twelve or thirteen years ago was inaugurated the custom of gathering here around the altar of the Cathedral and around the archiepiscopal throne in order to give evidence of the vitality of your faith and piety. The first triduum presented a great scene—the immense Cathedral filled with young men. It was not probable that it could be duplicated. We should feel glad that the custom has continued. Every organization has its periods of expansion and depression. Yours is founded on the right idea and must eventually triumph. What was the aim of its founders and leaders? I can speak more freely because I was not one of them. I was drawn into the movement afterward. The object was to contend with that religious isolation prevalent among young men. There is no deeper faith than that of Catholic young Americans. It is an intellectual and reasonable faith. They are Catholics to the marrow of the bone, and it necessary they would give up their heart's blood for it.

"The best type of young man is the one who is punctual at Mass and who is frequently seen at the altar. It is a most edifying sight to see young men at the altar receiving our Divine Lord. Such young men are numbered by thousands in our cities. They are sober, industrious, honest; the pride and staff of aged parents; true and loyal friends. Are they everything that is desirable? What is there to complain of? In what are they lacking? There is among them a lack of apostolic zeal. They are not to be spoken of. They seldom make religion a subject of conversation, and often when it is broached turn the conversation to something else. They would not act so about any other topic, yet we are told that in this country the field is ripe for the harvest. Our Catholic young men can reach their American fellow-citizens, which the priests cannot do. The priests do not come into contact with non-Catholics as do those in the everyday world. If the work of converting America is to be done, it must be done by the apostolate of the laity, and the young men have been fitted for it by their religious training, to which so much care has been given. They are much more educated than their parents. They are in many instances as well qualified to instruct those ignorant of Catholic doctrine as are the priests, and so their opportunities are much greater.

It is much work to be done among those outside the Church, it must be done by the young men. The best sermon and the grandest thought you are preaching in your daily lives. You are showing what it is to have the word of God abiding in you, and all your actions by your life you overcome the world and are living a practically blameless life in the sight of God. The Church can stand you forth before the world and be proud of you, no matter what scandalous wretches may cause. The world may point the finger of scorn at us when those fall away, as did one in the college of the Apostles, but of the majority the Church has reason to be proud. They preach a sermon in their daily life, and the Church thanks them. They preach, however, try to imbue with supernatural faith those with whom they come in contact. See how the members of other denominations try to bring recruits into their societies and effect all the good they can according to their lights.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Scatter Your Flowers as You go.

There is no law by which a man, any more than a rose, can withhold and yet receive. He must give first, and give generously, broadly, magnanimously, if he would develop a magnificent character, if he would accumulate soul-wealth. Give or starve! This is Nature's fiat. Give of your sympathy, of your money, of your encouragement, of yourself, or starve, mentally, morally.

The man who refuses to give, to share what he has received, is as foolish as the farmer who was so wrought upon by the conviction of a coming season of drought and the probable destruction of crops that he refused to plant his corn. He said that he would keep it in the crib, that he would not risk putting

it into the ground, lest it might rot and he be left without provisions for the winter. The drought did not come, however, and the result was that he went hungry, while his neighbors who had planted generously reaped an abundant harvest.

A great philanthropist said that he had saved only what he had given away, that the rest of his fortune seemed lost. What we give away has a wonderful power of doubling and quadrupling itself on the return bound. It is the greatest investment in the world. It comes back in geometrical progression. Give! give! give!!! It is the only way to keep from drying up, from becoming like a sucked orange,—juiceless, insipid.

Selfishness is self destruction. The man who never helps anybody, who tightly shuts his purse when there is a request to give, who says that all he can do is to attend to his own affairs, who never gives a thought to his neighbor, who hugs all his resources to himself, who wants to get all and give nothing in return, is the man who shrivels and dries up like the rosebud, who becomes small and mean and contemptible.

We all know those poor dwarfed souls who never give, who close the petals of their helpfulness, withhold the fragrance of their love and sympathy, and in the end lose all they tried to hoard for themselves. They are cold, lifeless, apathetic; all their sympathies have dried up; they can not enter into the joys and sorrows, the higher and nobler emotions of human life. Their souls have been frozen by selfishness and greed. They have become so narrow and stingy that they fear to give even a kind word or smile lest they may rob themselves of something. They have rendered themselves incapable of radiating sunshine or happiness, and, by the working of an immutable law, they receive none.

A strong man, watching one who was delicate, and undeveloped exercising in a gymnasium, said to him: "My dear man, how foolish you are to waste your energy on those parallel bars and dumb bells. You are weak, physically, and ought to save what strength you have for your day's work. You cannot afford to squander your vitality that way."

"Oh, but, my good sir," replied the other, "you don't see the philosophy underlying this exercise. The only way I can increase my power is by first giving out what I have. I give my strength to this apparatus, but it returns what I give it with compound interest. My muscles grow by giving it out in effort, in a word, by giving it. Give and increase; hoard and lose! It is the universal law of growth."

"I will roll up my petals of beauty; I will withhold this precious fragrance, this love-incense of sun and dew for myself," said the selfish rosebud. "It is wasteful extravagance to give it away to careless passers-by. But, behold, the moment it tries to store up to withhold its riches from others, they vanish! It shrivels and dies!"

"I will give myself out," said the generous rose; "I will bestow my beauty and fragrance on everybody who passes my way," and, lo, it blossoms into a riot of sweetness and loveliness of which it never dreamed. It had only a tiny bit of fragrance to begin with, but by giving it out to the world, it tried to give that little to the world. Then, to its astonishment it was flooded with sweet odors that came from somewhere—evolved from the chemistry of the sunlight, the moisture in the air and the chemical forces in the soil.

The habit of doing good, of helping somebody every day, of dropping a little word of encouragement here and there, to a newsboy, a waiter in a restaurant or a hotel, a conductor on a car, an elevator boy, a porter in your home or your office, a poor unfortunate man or woman in a wretched home, or on a seat in the park—this is what broadens and ennobles life, makes character beautiful and fragrant as the rose; this is the sort of giving that returns to us with compound interest.

Everywhere we go we find opportunities for this sort of giving. Everywhere we find some one who needs encouragement, some one whose heart is breaking under a heavy load, some one who needs sympathy, some one who needs a lift. We never can tell what glorious fruitage the seed of the most trivial act of kindness may produce. Many a heart has been cheered simply by a smile from a stranger. A look of sympathy, an expression of a desire to help, a warm grasp of the hand has brought back hope and courage to many a disheartened soul. A kind letter, a word of encouragement has been the turning-point in the career of many a person on the verge of despair.

This is the season of generous giving, but no one need bewail not having money to spend for Christmas gifts. There are gifts more precious than any. There are gifts more precious than anything money can buy, which are in the things money can buy. The little girl who spent all her pennies in buying paper and a postage stamp to write to her grandmother and say, "I love you, I love you, dear grandamma," teaches us a splendid lesson.

Give, give, give, of whatever you have; but give yourself with your gift. It is love for which the world is hungering. Scatter your flowers as you go, for you will not pass this way again."—Success.

The Merits of Jesus.

See what an inexhaustible treasure you have in the merits of our Lord. To make use of them frequently is the most delicate flattery to Him. He wants to make reparation, and there they are, offer them; if you want to avert the evil you may, if you have no good thoughts, beg our Lord to offer His; they are far better than the best of yours could be.

NOT A NARROWING PILL.—The recipient of a pill is the substance which erodes the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. Of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering are rolled in powders, which prove noxious to the taste. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Died at His Post.

A few weeks ago an engineer whose train was approaching the city of Montreal, in Canada, saw a large dog standing on the track ahead. The dog was barking furiously. The engineer blew his whistle, yet the hound did not budge. This train thundered on, and the poor creature crouched low. In another instant the dog was a wreck and his body lay in the path. Some bits of white mullin on the cow-catcher, caught the engineer's eye, and so, hating the train, he ran back to the spot where the accident had occurred. By the side of the dead dog was a dead child, which probably had wandered on the track and fallen asleep. The poor, watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop, but, unheeded, had died at its post—a victim to duty.

—Young Catholic Messenger.

The Boy Who is Wanted.

Boys are always in demand because they are the material out of which men are made, and as first-class material is always at a premium in every line of trade, so the boys who give promise of making first-class men are the most eagerly sought after.

The boy who the world wants to-day is the one who can be trusted. He handles money without any of its sticking to his fingers. He will do up his work as readily in the affairs of his employer as if they were his own, and will stay fifteen minutes without being asked to finish a piece of work after the whistle blows and the rest of the men have quit work.

He will be able to write a business letter and spell the words correctly and to add up a column of figures promptly and accurately. He will lift his cap and greet his sister when he meets her on the street as he would were she the sister of some other boy; and he will not be ashamed to walk to church with his mother, show her into her own pew and sit beside her during the service.

He will be careful about making a promise and just as careful about keeping it. He will have sufficient moral backbone to say No to those who would lead him astray, and he will have enough courage to own that he is striving to make a man of himself. This is the kind of boy men are on the lookout for.

Thoroughness. A certain young boy working in the yards of a railway was an industrious worker, but since his position was obscure his work was not apt to attract attention. It well done, but sure to bring a dismissal if it did.

"I'll never be anything else, I fear, while I stay with the railroad," he said to me. "It's just so much and nothing more. But I'm doing it all right." Sometimes after that I met him again and asked after his welfare. "I lost my place," he said laughing. "What?" I cried. "I thought you were so careful?"

"I lost it," he answered, "but the superintendent found me a fine position is the reason, and if I am thorough, I've got far better before me."

Another young fellow eager for work applied for the position vacant by the promotion of the other boy. At first he was eager and worked hard, but presently the insignificance of the position palled upon him and he grew less careful. Little details that did not injure anything as he thought, were left undone. The discrepancies grew more frequent until, small as his position was, he received a reprimand.

This angered him. "I work like a dog they never see it," he said. He nursed his ill will and despised the little duty that sent an inbound flyer crashing into another train in the yards; lives were lost and the company was liable for an immense sum of money. He will never be anything but a "jobber." He is not thorough; he cannot be trusted.

The One-Eyed Admiral.

One cannot help but admire and pay tribute to the military genius of some of our English heroes, especially those who have earned for their country the haughty title of "Mistress of the Sea." Among the daring naval heroes of old England, first and foremost, stands Heriot Nelson.

Nelson was a brave boy. Entering the navy at eighteen, his valor won for him such speedy promotion that he was a captain at the age of twenty. Many stories are told of his sublime audacity in the face of danger. He was a born commander. In affairs requiring diplomacy he was absolutely unimpaired, and in the science of actual warfare on the seas the hero of Aboukir, Copenhagen and Trafalgar was matchless. At the siege of Aboukir Nelson lost one of his eyes, and he made a curious use of the sightless socket before Copenhagen.

The fight was intense. The Danes battled heroically, and the English commander, old Admiral Parker, becoming alarmed, gave the signal to cease the action. Admiral Nelson, who was second in command, had his fighting temper on, and his fighting genius saw victory in persistence. An officer approached the "One-eyed One" and notified him that the flagship was signaling for retreat. "Where, where?" asked Nelson, applying his sightless eye to the telescope. "I don't see the signal. I have the right to see badly. Nail up my signal of defiance and press on!"

He gained the victory by disobeying his superior. He knew his England. He knew that in her eyes victory would atone for all errors of discipline. His judgment was correct, and the exploit he won for Copenhagen gained for him the coronet of a viscount.

The heroism of Nelson covered grievous faults which would have sunk a less intrepid character. Of the Nelsonian courage there was never any question, and his death was heroic. It was at the battle of Trafalgar, the last battle of the "One-eyed One." In the "thick of the fight" a ball struck the hero. He fell and knew that he was dying. "Save the wounded," he said to the surgeon. "There is nothing you can do for me." And then, in spite of intense pain, he covered his face and his medals

with a handkerchief that neither friend nor foe might know that the admiral had fallen. He listened to the firing; from time to time the captain whispered news of the conflict to the dying commander. At last certain victory was announced. Nelson raised himself and ordered the fleet to anchor. Then murmuring, "I am satisfied; thank God I have done my duty!" the One-eyed Admiral fell back dead.

Set out Days.

"Vacation is over and school begins!" It is quite likely that nine boys out of ten who pronounce these words do so with regret, if not with positive sorrow. And, viewed from a boy's standpoint, perhaps the regret and sorrow are not to be wondered at.

To be free from care and restraint, and not obliged to give any thought to the morrow, is certainly a desirable situation in life, and to relinquish these enjoyments, and return to the duties and responsibilities of school and work, is an unpleasant prospect.

But let us see about that. If the average boy will look back on his vacation with a critical eye, he will recall that the days have not been all of unmitigated bliss. There have been days of disappointment, days when time hung heavily on his hands, and he wished for "something to do."

Although he did not know it, these feelings were premonitions of a great truth, which he will learn in life, that idleness is by no means happiness, and that the greatest good of existence is extracted by those who mingle work and play in judicious proportions.

Although a boy may doubt the assertion, yet it is capable of proof that the chances are a hundred to one against his being happy if granted a perpetual vacation from study as well as work.

If he were to always remain a boy, perhaps he might be contented; but he will soon be a man, with all a man's hopes and ambitions, and what then? Food and clothes and shelter cannot be had by idleness and the pursuit of pleasure. To be idle is to be poor, and poverty is no pleasure.

It is in school that the boy learns to be a man. There he is taught how to use the implements with which he may, if he has the ambition, carve his way to fame and fortune. The geography, arithmetic, history, and other branches through which he now plods, are the keys with which he may open every gate to wealth and advancement.

A PRISONER BY CHOICE.

INMATE OF JAIL FOR THIRTY YEARS BY HIS OWN WILL — THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

There died the other day at the Brooklyn City Hospital, happy and fortified by the consolations of the Church, one James Davis, aged seventy years, who had been a voluntary inmate of the famous street jail for thirty years, and who was well known to prisoners all over the country though kindness shown them while they were confined in the jail.

The case of Jimmy, as he was known to every one connected with the jail, was a curious one. Thirty years ago he was committed to the institution for some minor offense. He became so attached to the place that he refused to leave when his time was up. He had been put in charge of the whitewash gang, and he well did he look after it that the warden allowed him to remain, and set a cell apart for his use.

It was impossible to put Jimmy on the pay-roll, and that he might make a little money he was given the privilege of selling tobacco and candy to the prisoners. On some days considerable change would find its way into his pocket, but for this he did not seem to care, and any prisoner who needed tobacco, but had no money, would be made a present of some by Jimmy.

The old man was at liberty to come and go as he pleased, but the outside world had no attraction for him, and at one time seven years passed without his setting foot outside of the jail. He had no relations or friends outside of the employees of the jail and the prisoners, and by all he was trusted in every way.

After his death a search of his cell was made and a small bag, containing only \$14, was left of the hundreds he had made by selling tobacco. This was to be expected, however, for pithy and whom he believed to be their discharge, received a helping hand from Jimmy.

To save the old trusty from Peter's field the warden and keeper took up a subscription among themselves to defray the funeral expenses, and the old man's wish to be buried in consecrated ground was fulfilled.

Invocation of the Saints.

How beautiful is the doctrine of the invocation and the honoring of the saints! To what a great extent must this teaching be misunderstood outside the Church, when so much fault is found with it. And to what a great extent are some of our people forgetful of it, when they neglect to pay the usual tributes of respect to those who have done so much. Some one has said that every doctrine of the Church is written in the history of her councils. It may be just as truly said that every commandment of the Most High God, every counsel and perfection of the Saviour, every Christian rule for honest, upright living, is written in the story of the saints, whose lives are in the canon of the Church. No one can overestimate the beneficial effects of their lives on others.

The wise man is but a clever infant, spelling letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.—Carlyle.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which they neglected, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has an equal for curing coughs, colds and all ailments of the throat and lungs.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Ho! Ho! Ho! Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Amber and Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

"Somebody to Come Home to." Out of a home there recently passed a quiet, almost insignificant member of the family circle. Afflicted for years, she never went abroad, casual acquaintances did not see her, and few outside the home knew her. Only simple tasks could fall to her share, and she did them with the alms of a miser. "But we miss her so," said one of the family tearfully. "She was always some one to come home to."

Some one to come home to! To many a heart those words will bring swift memories of a pale face at a window, of a room that was never deserted of some gentle invalid or prisoner of age always ready to welcome the returning one, to sympathize with the troubled one, always at leisure to be interested in whatever others brought to them. Yet in such days of patient waiting there must often be the pain of helplessness, the sad feeling of uselessness that might be cheered if only we thought to let them know how precious it is to have them to "come home to."

Thy Will Be Done.

What wilt Thou send me to-day? Humiliations? Contradictions? Physical sufferings? Painful intelligence which I do not expect? An aching heart? A failure? Will I see myself misjudged, wrongly suspected, despised? All that Thou wishest, O my God, I accept it in advance, and if I weep through weakness, oh! regard it not; if I murmur, check me; if I am discouraged, raise me up; but through it all, teach me to say, Thy will be done!

He who suffers for God, has the advantage of being always prepared for his last hour—an advantage which is not given to all the unfortunate.—Chateaubriand.

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