

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

At A Grain of Wheat and Its Lesson.

DORA N. GREEN.

One bright September morn, a farmer went out and sowed some wheat; some fell on the rich soil of the field and took root. Among that which fell on the good ground was a Little Grain, somewhat smaller than the rest, but in other respects perfect. The little grains lying close by, began to make comments on the size of the Little Grain. It was not permitted long to hear such remarks for a gentle wind from Heaven carried it to a quiet corner of the field, where it could bring forth fruit undisturbed.

Let us watch this little grain as it first makes its appearance from the warm bosom of Mother Earth, where it has been sheltered from the drifting snow and piercing wind of winter. How small and delicate it looks as it lifts its head to be kissed by the first rays of the morning sun, and droops its slender form to be bathed at evening in the gentle dew of Heaven. Thus began the life of the Little Grain when nature seemed to rejoice at the return of Spring and all the world seemed happy. But will it be all sunshine and shine weather for the Little Grain?

"Life's loveliest sky hides the thunder whose bolts in a moment may fall. And our path may be flowery, but under the flowers there are thorns for us all."

So it was with the Little Grain. Already you can see the blue sky streaked with threatening clouds and you can hear the hoarse murmur of the wind in its rapid course. The rain began to pour in torrents and the winds were let loose; they swayed the Little Grain to and fro without pity, till it looked like it would break under the force of the storm. It is a pitiable sight to see it in its present condition; the merciful Providence who watches over all, would not allow that the Little Grain should remain long in this distress. The tempest departed with the night, and the next morning found the Little Grain standing with its head raised toward Heaven as if to thank its loving Father for having supported it in the time of trouble.

When the sower visited his field he smiled to see how well the Little Grain had stood the storm, while others which he thought to be stronger, were lying dead upon the field.

If we were to watch it during the summer months which follow, we would see its rapid growth and development. Behold the Little Grain transformed and multiplied! The slender stalk has become stronger and has brought forth new blades; the little blades in turn, have grown into other stalks, which are loaded with grain. Thus it has increased in strength and sweetness.

A little maid of fourteen summers with dark blue eyes and golden locks, came tripping through the field with a book in her hand. She, looking round and seeing a great spread of oak close to where the Little Grain was planted, sat down to read and eat apples. Thus she read and deeply pondered on the seeds she had sown in her life, and wondered if they would bring her as bountiful a harvest as the little grains before her promised to the one that had sown them.

"He that sows forth and sows, bearing golden grains of wheat, shall return again rejoicing, laden with the harvest sweet."

As she sat with a far-off look in her eyes, and listened to the murmurs of the wind as it gently strove over the golden grain beside her, sleep stole over her drooping lids, and she found herself in dreamland.

She no longer heard the sweet music made by the wind, but instead she heard the loud clear notes of Gabriel's trumpet calling many weary children home. The harvest was over and the Master had called to account His children; to reward the faithful and to punish the wicked. As the long procession moved toward the Judgment seat, she stood apart and watched them; some came with quickened steps to be first at the Gate, others lagged behind as if in shame and sorrow, they feared to meet their Maker. Some were loaded down with rich harvests; and some came empty handed. As she watched them laying gold and silver at His feet, she heard His sweet voice say: "Nobly done, my good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of the Lord." Then the golden gates were thrown open to receive them. As the gates swung on their hinges, she drew near and beheld the Father, Son and Holy Ghost in their Divine perfection. How her heart and soul leaped toward them! But no! she could not go when she looked at the empty hands. Oh, what a thought! Was she about to lose all when she was so near? Oh! What would she not give for only one moment within those peerly gates? She slowly stepped back to a secluded place to weep and lament for her past folly. Hark! She hears her name spoken. Trembling with fear yet longing with love, she came and knelt at His throne. Then she told Him how she had loved Him, and had labored hard from early morn till night to aid her suffering brother.

Some seemed fainting under their heavy crosses; and to them she had given a cup of cold water to revive their strength. Others, she had aided by gentle words and little deeds of kindness, through the thorny paths of life. Thus the time had passed unnoted, till she was called to give an account of her stewardship; and she had only this Little Grain to offer, a charity at His Sacred Feet. With tear-stained face uplifted, she waited to hear what

He would say: "Child, it is enough," He answered, "This was Thy appointed mission, and among the band of Reapers thou hast reaped thy reward."

"Joy, joy forever! My task is done, The gates are passed, And Heaven is won."

Then she awoke, and she was sinking in the West, and she could hear the faint tinkling of the bells on the sheep, mingled with the louder clang of the cow bells as she boy drove them "winding slowly o'er the lea." She did not rise, but sat wondering what vision meant. Slowly the truth dawned upon her it was this: Do your duty whatever it may be, and in whatever form it may come. If at the close of your earthly pilgrimage, you find your hands are not laden with golden grain, do not fear. Our loving Saviour will not chide you. He will not ask for richer harvests. The child wondered whence this vision came to her in the field. The Little Grain near her seemed to answer her question, and it said, "watch me and learn from me, how to live, to suffer, and to bear all for One who made us both. See what good a Little Grain of wheat can do in this world, and learn from me to be humble and follow my example." Then she thanked her Heavenly Father for this great lesson He had taught, and promised to watch the Little Grain in the future. Let us also watch its ending, as we have its beginning. At last the harvest has come, and the wheat must be gathered in. It must go through various processes in order to make it useful to man. First, it is cut with the sickle or scythe, then it is separated from the stalk, to be gathered up by the laborers and bound into sheaves, which are placed on the ground or barn floor, where the grains are beaten out of the heads by means of the flail. The grain is then separated from the chaff; the clean wheat is sent to the mill to be ground into flour; the baker makes it into bread, the staff of life. But is this the highest destiny of the Little Grain of Wheat? No. It has a grander, a more sublime end; it is not only the food and strength of the body, but it is changed into the life and nourishment of the soul. It reaches its highest destiny at the Last Supper, when Christ blessed it and changed it into Himself in memorial for all time of His sufferings and love for mankind, a life-giving sacrament of His Church.

"The priest comes down to the railing, Where browns are bowed in prayer, In the tender clasp of his fingers A Host lies pure and fair. And the heart of Christ and his children Meet there. And only there."

—St. Anthony's Monthly.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

An achievement to be proud of is that which carries immortality with it. No success is worthy the name which does not include character development. If a career has not an upward as well as an onward tendency, if a man has groveled in the mire, he is a failure though he have millions. That only is real success which aspires, which looks up, and which helps others to look up as well.—Success.

Failures Which Paved the Way to Success.

If you examine the path of almost any man's success, you will find it paved with failures; in fact, in many cases they have been the guides that pointed the way to success. The lessons they taught, the suggestions they gave, showed the man the way to win. The wrecks of his initial ventures were danger signals, which enabled him to avoid the rocks and shoals where he was first stranded.

Most of the successes, in this country, are built upon failures.—Success.

The Art of Being Disagreeable.

This is an art which some people acquire more readily than others, being materially aided in their efforts by a native narrowness and meanness of disposition. But there is no reason why a man of ordinary gifts should not, with due attention to a few simple directions, make himself very speedily an object of aversion to all his acquaintances. If any one of our readers is aiming at that end, we have a little advice which we offer him free of all charge.

1. Let him lay it down as a fixed rule that he will not allow himself to bestow even moderate praise upon the good deeds that are done under his observation. This rule rests upon the theory that virtue is its own reward, and that noble conduct deserves no and that noble conduct deserves no special recognition. A collateral and kindred principle is that the desire for human approval, however restrained it may be, is always a sign of moral weakness, and ought not to be humored in the smallest measure.

2. Let him be equally resolute to criticize, with such sharpness of speech as he is able, all the faults and shortcomings of his friends and companions. It is well if he learns to gross wrong-impugnment between gross wrong-impugnment on the one hand, and mere degrading on the other. A fact and imagination working in conjunction with a suspicious temper, will also be often helpful to him in conjuring up grounds of censure where none really exist.

3. Inasmuch as he knows that he himself is never controlled by lofty or magnanimous motives, let him take it for granted that everybody else is in the same condition. Why bother to suppose that other folks are better than himself? Is not every man a measure of his own universality? The habit of sneering whenever disinterested benevolence is suggested as the possible ground of given actions, is of prime

importance in this connection.

4. Let him exact with a miser's care the service that can possibly be construed as belonging to him, receiving it always as a matter of right, and never as a matter of courtesy or kindness; and at the same time let him dole out, as if he were afraid of being reckoned a spendthrift, the meager attentions that he may choose to give in return.

5. Let him show his worst side to those that have the most sacred claims upon him, reserving any thoughtfulness and pleasantness, if he have any, for those who do not stand close to him, and who will not appreciate in the slightest degree the things that he may do to consolidate their good will. By faithfully following these directions, he will succeed in alienating his friends, in repelling all those whom he might have won, and in making himself an object of dislike. A few faithful souls may cling to him longer than the rest; but even they will at last be worn out with his infinite pettiness, and will give him up to the devils and desires of his heart. Nothing will be left him but a morbid egoism, a dark and cheerless old age, and six feet of ground over which no honest tear will ever be shed.

Duties of the Lay Catholic.

The Church stands before the world as the representative of Jesus Christ. She holds a divine commission to teach the truth, to combat error, to save souls from the powers of darkness, to conquer the world, the flesh and the devil with the principles of her Divine Founder.

She is a vast army marshalled in the cause of humanity under the banner of the Crucified. On her side are truth, justice and God. Against her are error, ignorance, hatred, human respect, worldly ambition, moral depravity, guided by Satan. The great battles on between light and darkness, self-sacrifice and luxury, God and Satan. Man's soul is the prize, life or death the result.

Need it here be asked, what are the duties of Lay Catholics in this great army? What are the duties of the rank and file in any army? Do they discharge their obligations simply by wearing the uniform of the soldier, or by cheering of their flag? No. The Lay Catholic must do his duty, he must advance the outposts of the Church in every field held by the enemy. In the literary, scientific, commercial and social field, it is the duty of the Lay Catholic to plant the standard of the Cross and to defend it.

Priests have their own portion of the work. It is theirs to lead, to preach, to exhort, to advise, to threaten at times, to offer sacrifice, to dispense the mysteries of God's grace; but there is a great struggle going on, and the questions of the day, affecting social and religious life, are being discussed in the forum of the shop, the street, the club, the steamboat and the railway train. There the Lay Catholic must uphold his honor and the honor of the Church. In the arena of every day life, the voice of the layman alone is heard. It is nonsense, aye, cowardice, to plead that it is not good taste to intrude your religion on the attention of others. You cannot help it, you are forced to either compromise, which is tantamount to denial, or defend it. Religion is the one great question that is argued everywhere and by every one.

We are so accustomed to bask in the sunshine of truth, so familiar with the beauties of the Lord's house from within, that we forget the almost total darkness that reigns supreme without, covering the earth as with a great pall, completely enveloping the human race.

The boasted enlightenment of this age of research and material progress is but as the flickering of an artificial lamp compared with the light of the noon-day sun that is enjoyed within God's kingdom.

Outside, false teachers are everywhere preaching the doctrine of discontent. Leaders of thought worship at the shrine of Mammon. The masses are becoming uneasy. The poor are taught to envy the rich. The rich close their hearts against the poor. Capital grinds labor for profit, and labor threatens capital with revolution and anarchy.

Whence is to come the remedy? The Catholic Church alone has the power. She has the message of peace to the world in the Divine law of universal brotherhood in Christ Jesus. The Lay Catholic must teach it to his non-Catholic neighbor. The early non-Christians were so charmed with the beauties of this heavenly doctrine that they burned with zeal to spread a knowledge of Jesus among their Pagan fellow-citizens, and hesitated not to testify to their appreciation of its blessings by shedding their blood in defence of their faith.

The first duty, then, of the Lay Catholic mission, is to carry the teachings of our Holy Religion into the every day life of the world. This means loyalty to the standard of the Cross, obedience to divinely constituted authority, and a deep sense of responsibility arising from membership in the Church of God.

Too many look upon the laws of morality and discipline in the Church merely as Church rules with no special binding force. We cannot advance our claims to holiness or doctrine, purity of life, and divine inspiration, unless we carry into effect the principles we profess. Too many, again, think they are good enough Catholics when they hear Mass on Sunday, say their daily prayers, and occasionally receive the sacraments. This is all good, but it is not sufficient. It would do in a

well settled, peaceful and calm Catholic community where the Church is, as it were, in camp or dress parade. But this is not our case. We are in the midst of error, darkness and hatred of truth, and every member of the rank and file must face the enemy from his individual position as well as the Bishop or the priest in his respective sphere.

A loyalty to his standard requires the Lay Catholic to take a deep interest in all things pertaining to his Church, and consequently requires of him more than a moment in his prayers when there is work to be done for busy hands. A contributing Catholic is often a very indifferent one, choosing the easiest way to keep up appearances. As the priest is the leader of the parish, the duty of the Lay Catholic is to give him loyal support in all his efforts, particularly in the numerous works of charity, which is frequently misunderstood as applying only to alms giving.

When the usages and practices of our Church as well as her teachings are a subject of conversation, even in private life, the loyal Catholic layman or woman will never allow them to be ridiculed or in any way brought into disrespect. A timely remark, a sign of displeasure, or a look of approval as the circumstances may require, will often strengthen a wavering soul, will encourage a timid opponent or put to flight the bigot.—Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O. S. A.

THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE.

The Priest Represents the Master Whom He Serves.

BY RIGHT REV. BISHOP O'DONAGHUE.

It is the duty of the priest to offer sacrifice to God. A priest always supposes an altar, and an altar supposes a sacrifice, and this was the case in the Old Law as in the New. The priest has ever been consecrated. The anointing ceremony of unction is not new. In the Old Law it was such as Sadoe the priest and Nathan the prophet, was anointed God's ministers in Israel. The Christian priest offers not the sacrifice of living creatures nor the fruits of the earth, but the clean oblation which was foretold by the prophet Malachi, unto be offered from the rising of the sun to its descent in the West. The priest represents Christ, the Master, who took bread, blessed it, broke it and gave it, saying, "This is the chalice of My blood which shall be shed for the remission of sin." The priest offers the body of Christ, who is the primary priest, for it is in the person of Christ that the human priest speaks when he changes the bread and wine into Christ's body and blood.

Non Catholics regard this prodigy as incredible. They refuse to believe it. It is too much opposed to their experience. They offer various objections against the possibility of such a stupendous change. The answer to their objections is an easy one: this and not man is the author of this change. When God speaks there is nothing small conveyed in His words. Everything is lofty as befits omnipotence, and wise as becomes eternal wisdom.

Sometimes it is thought that those in high ecclesiastical positions do not heed the prayers of the people. Not so; the higher a man is raised, the more he requires aid. The Sovereign Pontiff asks the prayers of the people, and his name is remembered in the Mass, and thus the other members of the hierarchy require the assistance of the devout and pious faithful. When Israel was fighting against the Amalek in the valley of Raphadim, the arms of Moses were raised in prayer, and while they were, through weariness upon Israel; but when, through weakness, his arms fell, Amalek overcame. Hence Aaron and Hur stayed up the hands of the lawgiver, thus securing final victory to Israel. Thus the people must sustain the arms of their Bishop. The position is one of the great responsibility, and often of great trials, and the fervent prayers of the people can obtain for him the grace he requires.

NHSine Crucis.

Christianity without the Cross is nothing. The Cross without the fitting cloze of a life of rejection, scorn, and defeat. But in no trite sense have these things passed or charged. Jesus is still He, Whom man despiseth and the rejected of men. The world has never admitted Jesus, for moral courage is yet needed in every one of its high places by him who would "confess Christ." The "offense" of the Cross, therefore, has led all men in all ages to endeavor to be rid of it, and deny that it is the power of God in the world.

THE LIQUOR HABIT.

Rev. J. A. McCallen's Lecture.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. S., of St. Patrick's Church, President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. Dixon's new discovery for the cure of alcohol and drug habits.

Referring to the physician's legend-ered by the inordinate use of intoxicants there is no escape unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately, and if I am to judge spoken so much lately, and if I am to judge of the value of the Dixon remedy by the eyes I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman.

Particulars regarding this medicine can be obtained by writing to Mr. Dixon, No. 81 Wilcox street, Toronto, Canada.

Brief, But to the Point.

The Catholic Universe quotes the following brief speech made at a recent meeting of the Knights of Father Mathew by a German brother. It is so good there was no need of its being longer. The argument in favor of temperance is so happily put that it will appeal to the dullest drunkard; and who that knows will say encouragement to "stays mit de temperance" is not needed by many besides those who have pledged themselves to the cause?

"I shall tell you how it was. I put my hand on my head: there was von big pain. Then I put my hand on my body, and there was another big pain. There was very much pain in all my body. Then I put my hand in my pocket, and there was noddings. Now there is no more pain in my head. The pains in my body are gone away already. I put mine hands in my my bucket and there ish twenty tollars! So I stays mit de temperance."

RHEUMATIC PAINS

Caused by an Impure Condition of the Blood.

IF NEGLECTED THEY WILL GROW WORSE AND SERIOUS RESULTS WILL FOLLOW.—RHEUMATISM CAN BE PERMANENTLY CURED.

From the Telegraph, Quebec.

Rheumatism is one of the most common and at the same time one of the most painful affections from which humanity suffers. It affects the joints and muscles, and is characterized, even in its simplest form, by a dull constant pain. While it remains in the joints and muscles, it is sufficiently painful and distressing, but as it is liable to attack the vital organs, such as the heart, the disease becomes a source of danger, and in many instances it has proved fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess qualities for the cure of this disease which are not equalled by any other medicine. Mr. Cyrus Lamond, a well known resident of Stadacona, Que., bears testimony to the wonderful curative powers of these pills. To a reporter of the Telegraph, he gave the following story:—"Until some three years ago I always enjoyed the best of health, but about that time I was attacked with what proved from the outset to be a severe case of rheumatism, from which I suffered great torture. I tried a number of the supposed cures for this disease, but none of them benefited me. I seemed to be constantly growing worse, so I called in a physician, but as his treatment did not give me relief, I sought the assistance of two other doctors, but they also failed to help me. My appetite left me; one of my legs was drawn out away; one of my legs was drawn out in shape, and I was never free from pain. I was in despair of ever being well again, when one day a relative brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to take them. He seemed to have such great confidence in the pills that I determined to follow his advice. To day I am happy and in shape, for with the use of less than a dozen boxes of these pills the pain from which I suffered so much is all gone, and I feel stronger and healthier than I did before. This I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge similar sufferers to give them a trial."

Experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be without an equal as a blood builder and nerve restorer. It is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves that enables these pills to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and all the other diseases of the blood and nerves. These pills are sold by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Stammerers No Longer.

From the Berlin (Ont.) News Record.

Messrs. Robert Pettiflow, of Victoria, B. C., and C. M. Durrant, of Winterbourne, Ont., left Berlin yesterday for their respective homes, after spending five weeks under Dr. Arnott's treatment for cure of stammering. When Mr. Pettiflow arrived at the Hotel Brunswick those who saw him thought nothing could be done for a man who made such frantic efforts to talk and yet failed. Our reporter has seen him frequently since, and in common with many others can vouch for the fact that he no longer speaks without any difficulty, and fore he left he spoke with everybody, seemed anxious to converse with everybody. He told our reporter a few days ago that having been unsuccessfully treated elsewhere he was skeptical about coming nearly across the continent until Rev. Mr. Bradley, of Berlin, assured him he was running no risk of failure in stammering, was something to fortify him against it in future. Mr. Durrant did not stammer so severely as Mr. Pettiflow, but just as delighted over his liberty of speech. He is known to many of our town people, who have watched his case with more than usual interest because his father, Mr. Matthew Durrant, is one of Waterloo county's pioneer settlers, and is often seen on our streets.

The Pain of Sore Feet.

Just about the most tantalizing of all pains comes from sore feet. To get relief baths with warm water and then rub them with Volson's Nervines. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, takes out the soreness, reduces swellings, invigorates the nerves, restores the circulation, and prevents the feet from becoming sore again. Nervines is a protection, and safeguard against the pains and aches of the entire family and cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, &c. 25 cents.



Up-To-Date Surprise Soap possesses all the qualities that go to make an up-to-date soap. It removes the dirt with the least amount of rubbing, keeps the hands soft and smooth, and saves the temper of the handmaiden. It differs from other soaps in that it gives superior quality at a price asked for poorer soaps. Remember the name—SURPRISE. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N. B.



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