

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A HAND ON YOUR SHOULDER
When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
For a feller just to lay
A hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of your heart!
You can look up and meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say
When his hand on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses,
But a good word after all.
An' a good God must have made it,
Leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A MANLY STUDENT

A young Catholic, on going into residence at Oxford, hung his crucifix over his bed. Some days later, an undergraduate, paying him a visit, noticed it, and was beginning some speech about "holy Romans," when he was promptly pulled up by the master of the place.

"Look here," he said, "this is my room, and if you are coming here to make fun of my religion, I will ask you to get out at once, and not trouble yourself or me for the future."

"And did he?"

"No. Taken aback by the manliness of the other, the visitor faltered out an apology. Nor was this all. His adventure got abroad, with the result that the Catholic got no more taunting for his faith. On the contrary, the young men who came in contact with him and respected him; and when he left Oxford there were not a few in whose souls good seed had been sown which, we may hope, bore fruit later."—Southern Cross.

BE LIBERAL WITH PRAISE

Don't be afraid to praise people. It is very well to say that it hurts a boy or man or a woman to praise; there may be those who do their best work without encouragement, but let us remember that nearly all of us who live on this earth are human beings and work best when encouraged.

It is a great mistake not to tell people when you are satisfied with them. If the cook sets before you a dinner fit for a king tell her so. Don't be too lofty to praise the office boy if his work is commendable. Tell him so.

Do you like to be praised yourself? Then depend upon it the other fellow will like it.

Pour the oil of encouragement on the wheels of progress and watch 'em whirl!

I'm not advocating soft soap or flattery or gush. No one likes to be gushed at, and any fool can tell flattery from the real thing.

But when a man has made a hit with you, tell him so. He may be dead before you can get another chance, or you may die yourself.

It takes quality to appreciate quality, so when you praise a thing you are really offering a compliment to yourself. Doesn't that appeal to you? Will you let all the good things in life pass you by and you as mummy as a dead owl?

Wake up, man, watch out for a chance to praise someone; admit to yourself that you like what he has done, and then—tell him so.

A cross—that is anything that disturbs our peace—is the spur which stimulates, and without which we should most likely remain stationary on the heavenly way, blinded, with empty vanities and sinking deeper into sin.—The Tablet.

A FEAST AND ITS LESSONS

The Feast of the Sacred Heart on the Friday following the Octave of Corpus Christi reminds us of the great desire of Christ to be loved by men. Not content with dying for us on the Cross, or with instituting the ineffable memorial of Himself, the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, He appeals for our love again with His heart exposed pouring forth its flames of love.

It is a cruel commentary on mankind that Christ should have to plead for love. But man has inherited the seeds of deterioration from his first parents. An inextinguishable tendency to evil renders him forgetful of what God has done for him. Nature wounded and robbed lies by the roadside incapable of arising by her own powers and continuing the journey of life until Christ, the Good Samaritan, takes pity, gives grace, and asks love.

We behold Christ on the feast of the Sacred Heart under His most lovable aspect. We see Him revealing the secrets of His Heart and we are thrilled to find that the great secret of that Heart is a burning love for us. What that love really means we can never truly fathom. We cannot plumb the depths of the human heart. The love, the heroism, the self-sacrificing devotion that comes from the heart of man under stress or trial astounds the callous observer.

The sublime heights to which the Sacred Heart of the God-man is capable of ascending transcend our powers of understanding. Yet the language of love makes all things

understandable, and Christ appears to us with the symbol of love exposed to translate into the language of sense what His heart has suffered to gain our love, and the burning desire it has to be loved by us.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart during the month of June, and throughout every day and month of the year let us testify our love and devotion to the Sacred Heart through acts of love. The test of love is service. The finest devotion we can pay to the Sacred Heart is the tribute of a truly Catholic life. The world in its frenzy cannot visualize the ideal set up for its salvation. The race for the material crown has so dimmed its eyes that it heeds not the voice calling to it from a million tabernacles throughout Christendom.

In this distracted era, no better service can be done civilization and humanity, those twin abstractions of which the world speaks but which it understands not, than frequent visitation by our Catholic people of the Guest of our altars and profound adoration of Him under the symbol of His most adorable heart.

Mankind must gain a right vision that the road to material success and true intellectual advancement be opened up before it. Through the arduous but effective highway of religion, humanity will find itself and civilization will be perpetuated unto its temporal advancement and become a stepping stone to heaven, the goal toward which all mankind must tend.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART

The chapel is bright with its myriad tapers,
The fairest and freshest of blooms are there;

High o'er the altar, the incense-vapors
Float thro' the hush of the perfume'd air.

The sweet-voiced choir cease their singing,
Resplendent rays from the mon-
strance dart,

And the bell of the Benediction
Rings.

Hallows the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

O dear, dear feast! we have watched thy coming
Thro' the long, glad days of this golden June,

While the birds sang clear, and the bees were humming
Over the flower-beds, morn and noon!

From the sunrise-glow till the stars were burning,
Like glittering lamps in the summer skies—

Our hearts to the great Heart ever turning,
Longed for its festa with prayers and sighs.

What tho' the spirit be steeped in sorrow?
What tho' the soul be heavy with sin?

Today, if we call, He will hear; to-morrow,
His Heart may be closed, would we enter in.

Swift from the fetters of hell He frees us,
Washing us white as the snowiest fleece;

Deep in the glorious Heart of our Jesus,
Grief is forgotten, and all is peace.

—ELIZABETH G. DONNELLY

MONTH OF PRECIOUS BLOOD

Just as June is consecrated to the Sacred Heart, so is July known as the month of the Precious Blood—for the Sacred Heart which is indeed the chalice of the Precious Blood, cannot contain its treasures, but must ever pour them out.

Until recent times the Feast of the Precious Blood did not extend to the entire Church. We owe it primarily to the venerable Giovanni Merlino, Superior-General of the Fathers of the Precious Blood. In 1840 he shared the exile of Pope Pius IX, and suggested to the Holy Father that he make a vow to celebrate this feast throughout the whole Church, if he should regain the lost rights of the Holy See. A few days later the following message was sent: "The Pope does not deem it expedient to bind himself by vow. Instead, His Holiness is pleased to extend the feast immediately to all Christendom."

That same day the Republicans suffered defeat in Rome, and it was decreed that henceforth the first Sunday in July should be dedicated to the mystery. Later the first day of July became fixed as the Feast of the Precious Blood.

Everything in our Lord's human substance was so exalted by its union with His Divine Person as to be adorable. Yet it was only His Blood which was to redeem the world, and it was only His Blood as shed in death, which was to be the price of our redemption. Well does the Church sing on this day: "Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, in Thy Blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us to our God a kingdom."

The assured hope and carefully tempered trials of the Christian dispensation have therefore been brought for us with his very substance. For our Lord does not give as a rich man gives without cost to himself. Not a cooling breeze blows upon us that has not been earned for us by His labor in the sun. Not a success crowns our efforts that the "Poor Man of Nazareth" has not worked for much

harder than we have, and if we have any hope in sorrow, any peace at the hour of death, it is because He faced alone and without consolation the unmitigated consequence for evil of every separate human life. He expiated each sin separately, considered and bought each needed grace for us. And this—not grandly, not all at once, as a rich capitalist buys, but as a poor man earns any great thing, step by step, by little and little, with years and toil, with sweat and tears, and His life's blood.

When we wish to know the value of anything, we ask: "What did it cost?" So we must consider the excess of the Passion if we would appreciate the value of our Christian inheritance. The Feast of the Precious Blood indicates the measure of this excess. It is a matter of Faith that just one drop of this Precious Blood is enough to redeem a thousand worlds more wicked than this one. Yet see the lavishness with which it is poured out. The senseless stones from Jerusalem to Calvary are red with it; it washes the armor of the pagan soldiers and dyes the robes of the false priests.

His pleading is infinite and irresistible, and it begs for mercy, not justice. It is out of this blood that all graces come, whether those of Mary, or those of the angels, or those of men. It is this blood which merits all good things, not alone for the distant day of eternity, but here and now. It is not the sin of Adam alone that makes the world so dark. That was more than atoned for by the Precious Blood on the day of Calvary. If we labored only under the consequences of original sin, the world would be a paradise, for more has been bought for us by the Precious Blood than we lost in the beginning. That is God's royal way of reparation: He does nothing by halves. We may attribute our present troubles, not to Adam, but to ourselves—to our failure to lay hold on the heritage of the Precious Blood, graciously willed to us by the Redeemer as He hung dying on the Cross.—The Monitor.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX

of the world, and here the province of Quebec holds an honorable place. Catholic generosity has raised suitable buildings for this special work; and in other places large structures, as boarding colleges, are utilized at a time when their usual occupants are away. The ideal plant is somewhat removed from large centers of population, yet within easy reach of them, for the object is to reach the greatest possible number of men and enrich them with the fruits of the retreat. Preferably, the house should have fairly large grounds and trees and walks. Thus the three-fold advantage is secured of accessibility, sufficient remoteness from the humdrum of every-day life, and ample room for reflective strolls and calm meditation.

Let us suppose that the house of retreat opens its doors to you on Thursday evening. The retreatants assemble in good time. Some are alert and in earnest, for they have made retreats and know their worth; others are hopeful, for they realize their spiritual needs and seek fresh strength; and others are mildly curious, for, while interested in the matter, they are pretty well satisfied with their spiritual state and not looking for miracles and revelations. Yet, sometimes revelations come, even as a revelation came to a certain Pharisee named Saul while he was journeying to Damascus on no errand of mercy.

In the chapel, the Presence light tells all that God is there; on a common table and in the several rooms, there are devotional books, writing materials, and a few other objects. The Father Director and one or two elderly priests mingle with the retreatants and bid them welcome. All things are in readiness for the retreat.

The distribution of time includes Holy Mass, straight-from-the-shoulder talks on important questions of the day, spiritual reading in common and in private, and ample opportunity to consult with priests of wide experience and mature judgment on any question that may come up in the course of the exercises. On Sunday morning, the retreatants approach the Holy Table, receive the Papal benediction, and consecrate themselves anew to the one great work of saving their souls. Then, on Monday morning, back to the busy world and to their place in the ranks. The retreat is over.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the retreatants look back with content and gratitude on the all too brief time of spiritual reflection, and resolve to take advantage of future opportunities for bringing home to them their dignity and responsibility as children of God's spiritual family and representatives of Catholic thought, belief, and practice.

The retreat movement has had ample time to prove a failure; it has been a success in intensifying Catholic life in thousands of souls even here in Canada. In the last few years it has made wonderful progress in number of buildings and number of retreatants. The practical conclusion is that it answers one of the needs of the Church today; all Catholics ought to pray for its spread in numbers and influence.

Under the Spiritual Direction of the
REVEREND FATHER EDMUND J. CORNELL, O.M.I.
Parish Priest of St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa

HENRY J. SWIFT, S. J.

The Finer the Tea

the richer the flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

is the finest, therefore is always more delicious than ordinary tea. Try it.

DON'T THROW YOUR OLD CARPETS AWAY

No matter how old, how dilapidated, we thoroughly clean and sterilize them! Tie a rope around them and send us to be made into the famous

"VELVETEX RUGS"

Reversible—they wear a life time. We have thousands of recommendations from our satisfied customers. In Montreal, Toronto, Windsor, Walkerville, Sandwich, Ford, St. Thomas, Sarnia and London our driver collects your carpets from attic, cellar or off the floor.

Beware of imitations. We are the only makers of "Velvetex Rugs." We pay express both ways on all orders everywhere.

See our guarantee in folder. Send for free folder No. 46.

CANADA RUG COMPANY

Velvetex Building, Carling St. Phone 2485 LONDON, ONT.

Established 1898. 16 years building Public Confidence in quality.



Answers to last week's puzzle picture: No. 1 is the "Tree of Life" (Genesis, chap. 3, verse 22). No. 2 is the Miracle of the Multiplication of the Loaves (St. Mark, chap. 8, verse 16). No. 3 is the Pascal lamb (Exodus, chap. 12, verse 21, and 1 Corinthians, chap. 5, verse 7).

Here is another easy puzzle picture. That is to say, it is easy if you have read the Gospels and studied your catechism!

In the design are eight figures, numbered from 1 to 8. These are arranged to form four pairs. But as they stand these pairs have no real meaning; you must re-group them, and you will then have three scenes mentioned in the Gospels and one sacrament of the Church. For instance, No. 3 and No. 8 combine to form the Return of the Prodigal Son, which is described in Chap. 15 of St. Luke's Gospel, verse 21.

Write out your answer in this form:

"No. 3 must go with No. 8, to form the Prodigal Son's return.

No. — must go with No. — to form —, etc., etc.

Answers will be given next week.



Silverwoods Ice Cream

"Smoother than Velvet"

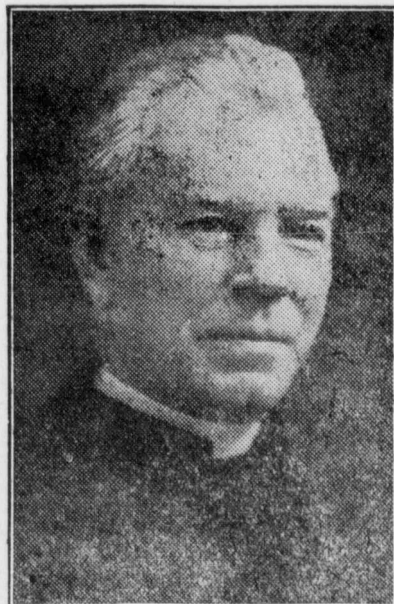
ENJOYED BY EVERYONE

SOLD EVERYWHERE

FOR SERVICE PHONE 6100

SILVERWOODS LIMITED LONDON ONTARIO

Branches—Chatham, Windsor, St. Catharines, Brantford, Sarnia, Lucknow



Under the Spiritual Direction of the
REVEREND FATHER EDMUND J. CORNELL, O.M.I.
Parish Priest of St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa

CANADIAN PILGRIMAGE

TO THE

XXVII INTERNATIONAL

Eucharistic Congress, Amsterdam

ROME, LOURDES, PARIS, LISIEUX, BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, LONDON

Leaving Montreal, Wednesday, July 9th by the Canadian Pacific Steamship "MELITA"

FRANCE - ITALY - BELGIUM - HOLLAND ALSACE - SWITZERLAND - NORMANDY ENGLAND, Windsor and Hampton Courts

AN ATTRACTIVE 66 DAYS TOUR INCLUSIVE \$935. FARE

Providing Ocean Passage, Railway and Steamship Travel in Europe, First Class Hotels, Sightseeing Drives, Fees, Etc.

For descriptive programme and further information, apply to THOS. COOK & SON, 526 St. Catherine Street West, MONTREAL

TEA - COFFEE

Finest Importations always in stock at lowest market prices.
Samples and quotations sent promptly upon application.
Special attention given to requirements of institutions.

Kearney Brothers, Limited

TEA - COFFEE. IMPORTERS AND SPECIALISTS

33 St. Peter Street Established 1874 Montreal, Que.

RUBER-OID for ROOFINGS!

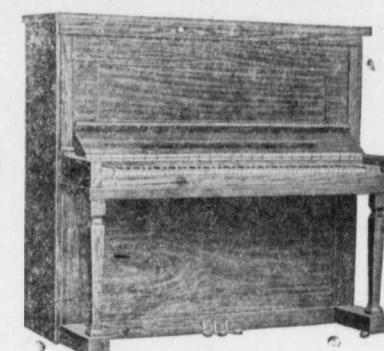
50 DIFFERENT GRADES THE RUBEROID LIMITED

"The Pioneer Manufacturers of Quality Roofings"

OFFICES AND WORKS MONTREAL OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES TORONTO FELT AND BOARD MILLS PORT NEUF PQ

WEBER

Established 1862



Pianos AND Player Pianos

Write for Descriptive Booklet

The Weber Piano Company, Limited KINGSTON, ONT.

Interlocking Tile

A

Large Hollow Brick of patented design equivalent in size to six common Bricks. Laid like a Brick on horizontal Beds of mortar yielding maximum economy and thirty per cent. more insulation than any other type of masonry wall.

Used with eminent saving to back up the face Brick and for interior partitions in St. Mary's Hospital, Kitchener.

"At your Service"

Interlocking Tile Co.

32 Toronto St. LIMITED Toronto