#### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. REV. DR. BARRY POINTS OUT HOW LAYMEN MAY BE OF SERVICE.

Give us lay apostles!
That was the cry raised by His
Grace, Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, at the Catholic con gress years ago. In the United States the plea has been heard time and time

again. The latest call is from across The author of "The Two Standards," known as a profound student of social

and economic problems, has been dis-cussing the leakage from the Church in his native land. And not alone in England has indifferentism worked The Church in America counts havoe. The Church hundred. Churchits victims by the hundred. Churchmen everywhere are seeking means for checking the number of backsliders. Here is a plan devised by the Rev.

William Barry, D. D.:
"I venture to throw out the following suggestions, which may contribute towards the solution of a most difficult problem. I say, then, that we must egin at the beginning. And what is beginning? Is it to recognize frankly that in the Catholic Church there is, and ought to be, a lay apos-tolate, that laymen may exert a most just and beneficial influence all around them as Catholic apostles. Again, in the sphere of controversy or apolegetics, I need only mention Joseph de Maistre and Dr. William

George Ward.

"The principle, then, is beyond dispute; examples are abundant; yet!

Johnnie ran gayly down the steps, Johnnie ran gayly down the steps, will ask whether in our schools and colleges we make mention of these things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things and how far we do what in us things. to kindle an enthusiasm which by and by shall find scope and utterance in societies adapted to its workings?

"Ought we not to acknowledge that a social instinct requires to be dethe social instinct requires to be developed at an early age among Catholics more than is now done? I would have this work of teaching the social Christian creed begun at school. In our higher colleges, with their evenings of biggers, with their evenings of biggers and the second school of the second s ings of leisure and endless opportuni-ties for a lay apostolate it is not enough to say one's prayers, receive the sacraments and help to support one's paster—these are all necessary,

but are not sufficient. When the Church has raised to her altars devout laymen it is remarkher altars devout laymen it is remark able that the most illustrious among them have held public offices and did harge social service in their day and large social service in their day and large social service in their day and generation. The heroic leaders of the generation. The heroic leaders of the past were such as St. Edward, St. past were such as St. Edward, St. past were such as St. Edward, St. such a kindly New Year wished me by such a fair-faced lad as you," she soli-Henry, St. Louis, Sir Thomas Moorand others held in gateful remembrance, examples to us all, and O'Connell, Montalembert, Ozanam, Frederley Luca, Windhows ics which were not partisan but liberating and humanitarian, or in the crusade of pity and of rescue inspired by the deepest principles of our

statesmen, journalists, teachers of science and lights in literature, who keep the Catholic Church to the front in these days, and who in more than one country have done and the more than the coffee boilin." That New Year's greetin' did me such a power of good that I'll put two dollar and a half gold one country have done notable deeds against the tyranny of persecuting governments, or, as in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany and Austria, have stretched out their hands to lift up the submerced and give the submerced and up the submerged and give then a fresh chance in the struggle toward civilization. For instances like these, which might be multiplied it is clear nothing would be more feasible; and to spread among all the classes the characteristic works of our society would be a simple means of planting these ideas in youthful minds. But even in elementary schools there are signs that social teaching has admittedly a claim

has been made, for the school class only in book learning does not live up to half its mission.

"The next step is by far the most difficult. How shall these children be taken forward so as to join the ranks of taken forward so as to join the ranks of social effort on leaving the school? It is, as we all know, impossible for the clergy to keep a direct hold upon most of them: and the whole machinery of public Christian law which might avail has been long swept away in modern countries. Nothing is left by voluntary effort. If a lad has strong convictions (and he may have—that is my tions (and he may have—that is my point) on the subject of temperance before he leaves school, it should be comparatively easy to draft him into the League of the Cross; or, at any rate, he would join some association where help to this and similar virtues might be held out to him. I cannot hide my conviction, however, that for the whole range of our elementary schools and classes with which they deal, temperance is literally the one

vital question.
"In our modern world the practical Christianity of our people depends on this: Whether they let themselves down to be seris and slaves of the pubdown to be seris and slaves of the public house or, whether they keep away from it. The greatest hindrance to Mass and the sacraments producing their divine effect is the habit of drunkenness—the continual indulgence in unthrift, selfishness and disorder which this habit carries with it. And every association which encourages so-briety is a branch of the lay apostolate. Temperance is a compendious name for the blameless Christian life, as it bears on our combat against the social evil

on our combat against the social evil in all its forms.

"But here, evidently, it is laymen who can strike the boldest strokes. They should take over the youths that are leaving school, persuade them to enter the brotherhoods of social service and follow them until they do enter them. It is a missionary calling, on which a thousand troubles attend:

but I see none more imperative or more fruitful. Laymen must bring laymer into it, and those who cannot under take the duty in person ought to help by supporting the Catholic literature on these and kindred subjects."

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

B. S. in St. Joseph's Journal,

It had rained in the night. Johnnie sprang out of bed at the first stroke of the Angelus bell. He was to serve the 6.30 o'clock Mass, and dressed hastily, so as not to disturb his tired mother who was still quietly sleeping. he ran out into the arms of the fresh

young morning.
"Glorious after the rain!" he said and so it was. The sky a brilliant, cloudless azure; golden sunbeams just lighting the eastern horizon; a delici-ous coolness in the air, fragrant with the breath of sweet fern and mignonette blooming luxuriously in the grassy canons. It seemed as though the emerald turf on the hillsides had grown softer and greener during the night the drooping feathery branches of the pepper trees still sparkled with crystal drops, their bright red berries shining like coral amid the graceful foliage. The little garden lay a mass of bloom and color at his feet; the world had put on a gala dress; for this was South-ern California and New Year's morn-

loaves. "Happy New Year! said the lad as he sped along. "Happy New Year!" replied the man, his heart touched by the gladness in the boyish face. He felt better and more cheerful all that day for the meeting, and his wife and children wondered what had

changed his usual surly mood.
Old Mrs. Cregan was standing, bon noted and shawled, in the porch of her noted and shawled, in the poren of her cottage as Johnnie passed. "Happy New Year!" he called out. "Are you going to early Mass?"—"Happy New Year to yourself, and many of thim, my boy!" she answered. "I'm for late Mass to day. I just came out to see if the rain done any damage to my flowers—they're all the children I have."

such a fair-faced lad as you," she soliloquized, gathering a large bouquet of beautiful roses. "Half of these will when he comes back on his way from Mass," she continued. "An' there's ducks that does be annoyin' the neig digion.
Again, I might quote the living bors, and send it home by him to his mother for the day's dinner. I'll do it greetin' did me such a power of good that I'll put two dollar and a half gold piece in to-day instead of a dollar bill, so I will." After which she set about

> Johnnie next met a Chinaman with a basket of clothes on his head. "Happy New Year, Charley!" he laughed. The almond-eyed Oriental opened his eyes wide at the salutation, slow to believe

being on the first morning of the New

will be so pleased; she is so fond of roses, and there are none like yours They had hardly left the house when

New Year's dinner."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Johnnie, deeply touched by this new kindness. "But won't you come and help us eat it, Mrs. Cregan?

"Oh no!" replied the widow. "He has just stepped out with Mrs. Cregan, who has been spending the day with """

Mass. It is lonesome in this place year

in year out."
After leaving her, Johnnie hastened, fearful that his mother would be wondering what had detained him. Before he had gone many steps he heard a

gruff voice calling:
"Hello, boy! Hello, I say!"
As the boy turned to face the speaker his face flushed, and for a brief moment the bright eyes seemed clouded; but he remembered that his mother had told him he must always be very civil to owner of that same voice, and it was with his usual hearty manner that he

"Well, well! I 'never get an invitation to dine out. New Year's or any other day. I'm a lonely old man. I like fowl pretty well, but I have only corned beef and cabbage every day for dinner. I can't afford duck. But I'd like to know how it feels to be invited somewhere to dinner. Eh, boy?"

Johnnie hesitated. He knew that this man's presence would throw a the New Year's feest, and the like man and a good man, too. He's

was not certain whether his mother worth all the lots in this town at \$100 would be pleased. But something in the half sad, half quizzical expression him." of the cold gray eye appealed to his kindly boy nature, and he said, im-

pulsively: "Come, then, and help us eat the duck. There will be enough for four." Then, with perhaps the faintest touch of sarcasm, which his hearer did not fail to understand, he added: "You know it will only be coming a little earlier, Mr. Potts; for mother will be

expecting you this evening."

"Ha boy! You knew I was expected, did you?" replied the old man. "I believe you are genuine.

No, no; I'll content myself with my usual fare, and you may eat your din-ner in peace. I'll be along about nightfall to settle up the matter. By I'll be along about made when I met you?"
"Happy New Year!" said the boy.

"Say it over again."
"Happy New Year," repeated John-

nie, "and many of them!"
"Go into the house, boy. Your
mother is watching for you at the win-

mother is watching for you at the window," was the only reply the old man made, as he hobbled off.

"Happy New Year, mother!" exclaimed Johnnie, opening the door, and half smothering her in his embrace.

"Happy New Year," my darling boy!" she replied. "Was that old Mr. Potts talking with you at the

street, and while we are eating break-fast I'll tell you all about it, and the flowers and the duck and old Mrs. Cregan. She is coming to take dinner with us to-day. And if you just prepare everything I'll watch the duck beautifully while you are at Mass."

While Johnnie is relating his story we will tell the reader something of the history of the family. After the death of her husband, two years before, the bank which held the larger part of Mrs. Allen's small fund failed, leaving her. Allen's small fund failed, leaving her with an income of barely \$500 a year. Still she had been very brave and cheer catching the fattest duck she could ful under her misfortunes, until she was see. Scotch," as he was commonly called, held a mortgage on her house and lot, which would fall due on this very New Year's Day. She had vainly thought of some means of paying it off, and there wide at the salutation, slow to believe that anything in the shape of a small boy could have been so polite to "Charley." "Hoppee! hoppee!" he replied, bobbing his head up and down, and went on his way with the comfortable feeling that at least one "Melican boy" had treated him like a human heing on the first morning of the New at and her work as the property of the salutation. ant and her voice as cheerful concrete Christian virtues, as applied to the society in which we live and of which we are members. When, then, I hear of temperance pledges given to children, of penny banks and practical lessons in cleanliness, order and decency, I perceive that the ly teachers in our schools are being led under the direction of the clergy to fulfil an apostolate which is certainly theirs.

"Happy New Year, Father Lane!" said the boy as he entered the sacristy. "Happy New Year, my child, and God loves you; love Him in return. His delight is to be with you; let it be solved to accept the inevitable; for, after all, their world was in each other. As the boy proceeded with his narrative and rosy cheeks. I will give you a special memento this morning."

"Mass over, Johnnie hurried away. Mrs. Cregan was waiting for him at the lyter and son. Sarely the angel of the lessed eternity. Accustom your-to-late which is certainly theirs."

direction of the clergy to faint an apost direction of the clergy to fai

anywhere."

"And here is a fine fat duck that I killed and picked since you went by. Take it home with you; it'll do for your New Year's dinner."

"Oh, thenk you thank you!" or howed!"

come and help us eat it, Mrs. Cregan?
Mother will be so glad if you do. It
must be lonely for you here."
"I'll take you at your word,
Johnnie," she replied. "Tell your
mother I'll be along with her from last
Mass. It is lonesome in this place year
Mass. It is lonesome in this place year. woman to make things look like this. It would go hard on you to give up this little place now, wouldn't it, Mrs.

"Indeed, it would," Mrs. Allen replied, "but I see no alternative. I have, as I told you before, no means of paying the debt, save in small sums from time to time, and that you will not hear to." "Just so, just so!" was the reply.

"I tell you I am a blunt old fellow, and I'm not going to beat about the bush. I might as well be honest with you. I ain't got much faith in human nature, and, from all my experience, it ain't got much in me. I always knew your husband to be a soft-hearted fellow, and kind of despised him for it. It don't work in this world. But when I see a boy like yours—bright, manly, cheerful and brave under all circumstances, not ashamed to pass the time of day with the poorest and meanest (I've been a-watchin' him), pleasant to severy one he meets, and runnin' errands for you, and waitin' on your priest regular; more'n all, perlite to "I tell you I am a blunt old fellow, with his usual hearty manner that he said:

"Happy New Year, Mr. Potts! I hope your gout is better."

"My gout will never be better," replied the old man, trudging beside him. "And what do you mean by a 'Happy New Year.' eh? Say, boy?"

"Ch, many things! Johnnie answered in the same bright, cheerful way.

"That you may have joy and health and kind friends—everything that is good,"

"Friends? Humph! Health? I parted with that long ago. Joy—joy? Did it ever get you a meal?"

"Perhaps not, sir; but if I were obliged to go without a meal, cheerful—why, that little feller in the same and the same and

ness would help me to forget my hunger."

"Setting up for a philosopher already? How old are you, boy."

"Fourteen, sir, Christmas Day."

"Old for your years and young for your age. Do you know what that means?"

"I con't cay I do sir."

wished me a 'Happy New Year' this very mornin' as if I'd been his grand-father comin' with a purse full of gold pieces! I haven't had such a whole souled greeting as that this many a long year. That's what I call Christian, madam—Christian and kind and genteel; and he must have learnt it from you means?"

"I can't say I do, sir."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Where did you get the flowers?"

"Mrs. Cregan gave them to me for mother. She gave me the duck also. Wasn't it kind of her?"

"Silv of her. Lehould say—nnless to have more money by you—say \$20 Wasn't it kind of her?"

"Silly of her, I should say—unless she expects to help eat it."

"Sne does expect to," replied the boy. "She is coming to dine with us should occur—sickness or the like—to "Well, well! I never get an invita"Well, well! I never get an invita"Well, well! I never get an invita-

Tears stood in the widow's eyes. "Oh, Mr. Potts," she exclaimed, "how

damper on the New Year's feast, and ful man and a good man, too. He's damper on the New Year's feast, and ful man and a good man, too. He's worth all the lots in this town at \$100

Here he produced a package of notes,

neatly tied with dark tape, which he gave to Mrs. Allen.
The door opened and Johnnie made his appearance. After saluting Mr. Potts, he sat down quietly in a corner; for his heart had grown heavy at sight of the old man. But his mother's voice quickly reassured him. She soon explained the situation, and boy-like, Johnnie heartily showed his appreciation.

"May I shake hands, Mr. Potts?"

he said, coming forward. "You are a brick,' a real trumph!" he exclaimed, rigorously shaking the old man's proffered hand. "Mother," he con-inued struck by a bright idea, "Mr. part of the breast of that duck left, and lots of cake and blackborry wine. Do have some, Mr. Potts!"

"I'll not oblive:

"I'll

orned beef and cabbage And though blackberry wine isn't to say much of a drink, I'll have a drop of that, too, for the sake of old times; for though you may not believe it, I was once a boy

Scotch " that evening there were two grateful hearts behind it, and I doubt not his own was lighter than it had been for many a day. By dint of econbeen for many a day. By dint of economy and careful management of her resources, Mrs. Allen paid the debt in less than four years. Johanne applied scholar in every respect. Although "Old Scotch" has never set foot in the little cottage from that day to this

something to spare for others not so fortunately situated.

This little tale bears its own moral.

Cheerfulness costs nothing; kindness and good good will to others should be the well-springs of every youthful eart ; so that, as the years go on, in stead of narrowing and contracting, its life currents may expand and become there potent influences toward the happiness of its fellow-beings. Pleasant words seem to mean little, but they often carry messages of comfort to lonely, weary, suffering human creatures, fo saken or neglected of mankind. can tell, dear boys and girls, what sibilities lie in a single" Happy

uncharitableness was the speech of mother and son. Sarely the angel of peace and benediction was hovering over the little household that sunny New Year's morning.

The day passed quickly and pleasant. in His presence, but to appear before Him like bimid and shame -faced slaves, trembling and longlaced staves, trembiling and long-ing to escape in order to find free-dom and consolstion elsewhere. Do not imagine that it is necessary by a violent effort of your mind, or in an ecstatic prayer, to form within you a figure of His adorable person, and that, prostrate in adoration before it, you are to forget your home duties and pass your days in contemplating and praising the Divine perfections. No; all that is required of you is that, without leaving your work, you should be as familiar and intimate with God as you are with your best-beloved friends. Like them He is near you; speak therefore to Him as you are wont to speak to them; confer with Him con-cerning your undertakings, your busi-ness, your hopes and your fears; do this, as I have just said, with openhearted confidence, and believe that silence and reserve on your part are most displeasing to Him.—Father Bou-

> The bitter sorrows of childhood! When sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings.-George Eliot.



### TRAINING OF THE CHILD.

There is no more beautiful thing in ne world than the unfolding mind of a child, and there is no study more interesting. How many parents realize this and how many do their whole duty in the proper training of these young

The mind of a child is a pure white page on which may be inscribed by the parent hand, many brave, unselfish and loving thoughts; but it may also be de-faced by carelessness, indifference to the child's welfare, and thoughtless acts on

It is dangerous to yield even once to an unreasonable demand, or a selfish re-quest- No matter how young the child nay be, he is none too young to be taught self-denial and respect for the rights of others. He may be made to learn early n life that he cannot have every thing he wants, that there is a reason for his

are some, Mr. Potts!"
"I'll not object," answered the old
an. "I've had nothing to-day but
borned beef and cabbage And though
and though should strive to have them learn self-control, self-denial and thoughtfulness. The self-willed greedy man is no favor

r society. He is shunned and disliked, and all be-He is shunned and district, and are because he is doing in his manhood only what his parents encouraged him to do in his childhood, when they yielded to all his whims and made others give him whatever he asked for. The grave wrong done the child in infancy by father or mother, proves a damage and an evil or mother, proves a damage and an evil

things in the training of young children clined." We must think of the end for which the child was created. If we wish im to go through life pure and noble would see him possess; and to do means constant prayer, unceasing watch-fulness, and heroic devotion on the part of the parents, or those in charge of the

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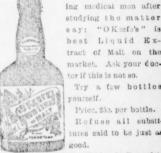
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