

CHAIRS WITH YOUNG MEN

SICK CALLS

Many a man leads a careless, reckless life which finally terminates in sickness either of long or of short duration.

So he goes along, day after day, sin clutching him harder and harder, his conscience becoming indurated and not at all responsive to the sacraments.

He does not want to admit the gravity of his physical peril. When others talk to him about calling the priest, he pretends to get angry, and tells them, "There is time enough for that, I shall be up and around in a few days, but then I will go to confession and begin a new life."

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In cases of serious illness what is your duty to the sick person? Simply this, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Any priest of experience will tell you of the whispering dread of one of his parishioners who is sick in bed.

It is for the best of one of his parishioners who is sick in bed. He does not know that you are coming. Don't feel offended if he should not receive the sacraments.

Before this speech was finished Ruth's cheeks were burning. What kind of an offering was the garment she had sent out to day?

That waist should be sent out to day? She had sent out to day? She had sent out to day? She had sent out to day?

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At one o'clock, an aide did it up for her little brother to carry to Mrs. Elwood. When the girls came along Ruth was ready to go to the concert with them.

On her way home she passed the tiny shop where her friend, the cobbler, lived. This wise and kind old man was used to all the children in his part of the town.

She told him of the piano playing, of the perfection of the great artist's work. But it appeared that Uncle Peter, too, had heard great artists. He told her some of those of a past generation.

"What a beautiful thought," cried Ruth. "I wish I could worship that way. My joy, my work, and my worship, would be all in one."

"Ho!" said the cobbler. "It is so with everyone of us. Our work and our worship are one. And unless we are united in the one, the other is a vain thing."

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watching over us night and day with more than brotherly tenderness and affection.

Ah, me! how lovely they must be Whom God has glorified; Yet one of them, O sweetest thought! Is ever at my side.

DECADENCE OF RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS

Religion being the sum and substance of all the ties that bind man to God, it ought naturally to find expression in every department of his life.

The same is true in regard to the family. There is a tendency to relegate religion to the care of the individual as purely private concerns.

Family prayers, family Communions, assistance at Mass in the family pew, the seeking of a father's or a mother's blessing, joyful birthday reunions are no longer honored in practice in many homes.

As the ceremonial of the Church is the expression of its faith so are religious customs in the home an expression and evidence of the belief that animates it.

Do away with the ceremonial of the Church and you weaken faith; for our composite nature calls for an outward expression of our inward belief.

Remove the Catholic atmosphere of the home by banishing the external evidences of faith from the domestic hearth and you sap religion at its very fountain head.—Church Progress.

FRANCE AND ITS EXILED RELIGIOUS

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The occasion merits special remark here, because of the large number of religious who have distinguished places in the annals of France's history.

The speaker's words bore resemblance to the hidden horror of the son of a Frenchman, who had been betrayed in the newspapers of the world at the date of its happening.

Three priests of the Society of Jesus, a Marxist, and Sister Marie, Superior of the community of the Sisters of Charity, still happily toiling in that difficult mission, were awarded distinctions reserved for those whose heroism deserves special recognition.

It is a very little thing, but it is very little thinking done. You may not believe this, but any psychologist will tell you that when you say "I think so and so about a thing, the chances are that we have not thought about the matter at all."

Sometimes in the course of life a heavy sorrow enters in that stays us in our weakness, that checks us and holds in control. By the event we see existence in this world with a new view.

It is not all pleasure, high grand freedom, not all "think as you wish and do as you will." This teaches us restraint and brings back forcibly to us that the ruler is the Eternal King, and not our own self-centered will.

Perhaps the cost was great, but perhaps, too, had it been lighter we would have remained unmoved, and the expense of the sacrifice had been in vain.—Intermountain Catholic.

There is a type of time-serving, apologetic Catholic, fortunately growing less numerous, yet unfortunately still among us. He is, to his own manner of thinking, always better than the Church.

It is not a bad fellow—he is simply wrong. He is constantly that of one who is always wondering how his Protestant friends will look at this or that action of his Church—never that of one who knows his Church to be always right in fearlessness and heedless of what others in their ignorance may think.

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doing harm. He would be amazed to learn that his milk-and-water Catholicism is a scandal. He would rather die than be guilty of an act of conscious dishonesty, yet he is wholely in the attitude of the head of his diocese, nor of the head of his parish. And yet he would be genuinely shocked if you said he was untrue to his Faith and practice.

Such men are a weight upon the Church's life and an impediment to her progress ten thousand times more than the poor sinner who is occasionally forgiven, but who loves his Church, and stands straight up to be counted with her in all that she says and does, unquestioning, uncompromising, loyal and true, throughout her life.

The Catholic Church is a fond mother to even the weakest of her children; but the Puritan or the toady have never been at home under her roof.—Mist.

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NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS. Relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less. Absolutely harmless. 25 cents a box.

neglect of church going. Meanwhile the business interests of the country compel hundreds of thousands of men to stay away from church on Sunday under penalty of losing their positions.

Only work of absolute necessity should be done on Sunday, and employers with a conscience should, even in that case, so arrange matters as to give their workmen an opportunity to attend church.

In the police and fire departments of our cities there should be no insuperable difficulty put in the way of men who (if they are Catholics) are bound to attend Mass on Sunday.

A man who is given an opportunity to attend his religious duties is likely to be a much more reliable and conscientious workman, a much more loyal and faithful police officer, a much more daring and dependable fireman, than he whose religious feelings are dulled and blunted by having to forego, Sunday after Sunday, the spiritual refreshment and comfort of religious services.—Sacred Heart Review.

HOMELY MEDITATIONS

Cultivate the great art of leaving people alone, even those you think you have a right to direct in the minutest particular.

Courtesy is the crowning grace of culture, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood.

True benevolence seeks the benefit of its object; true affection finds its highest happiness in loving; true excellence is most concerned about the value of its work.

Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener.

To be of the life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have done your best.

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doctors had pronounced his case hopeless. He was writhing with pain; beads of perspiration stood on his face from weakness and agony.

He had not yet made up his mind to confession, for he was only about seven years old. He was an only child. The parents were not rich, but the poor loved their children as tenderly and devotedly as do the wealthy.

He was a good-looking boy; his complexion was fair and delicate, and the sickness gave a tinge of rose to the cheek and a brightness to the eye.

He was a mild, uncomplaining little fellow, contrary to what one would expect from the petting usually bestowed on an only child. "Oh my! Oh my!" was all he would say, as he looked up to his mother with eyes and face expressive of intense suffering.

As I entered the bedroom the mother knelt at the door, and, with her hands flung out, cried: "The doctors have given over my poor child, but from his danger, I found the boy well instructed; and when about to anoint him, I told the mother and the child of the effect of the sacrament, and suggested a few words of prayer, giving shape to their aspirations. On returning next day I trembled to meet the mother, because if the child had died she would have lost her senses, and yet, from his dangerous condition, I could scarcely expect anything else. I met her—there was a wildness about her; it was a frenzy of gladness. 'Glory be to God from that time yesterday everything has remained on his stomach! He hasn't vomited once since; and he has slept well, too. Thanks be to the good God, my poor child is left to me!' And, in fact, from that day forward the boy improved steadily.

The Scare-crow of Catholicity "The bad Catholic," says St. Peter's Net, "is the scare-crow of Catholicity. In the eyes of the non-Catholic world he represents the faith quite as much as the practical Catholic, and so the odium of his misdeeds, political and social, are visited upon the Church. He may have ultimate faith, that is a faith that calls for a priest on his death-bed, but faith without works is dead. His life, devoid of a living practise of his faith, brings forth only rotten fruit. He not only is not a Catholic, but he is un-Catholic."

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