





is fortified to resist those temptations which, especially in the period of adolescence, threaten the gravest danger to the moral life.

This intimate connection of religion with morality is no new idea for the Christian; nor should it be new for any American citizen who has really understood the original spirit and interest of our institutions as these were conceived by the founders of the republic.

GOD SHOULD HAVE A PLACE IN THE SCHOOL.

But if God is thus the source and safeguard of our liberties and of all the other blessings which we as a free people enjoy, should He not have a place in the school which undertakes to train the child in the duties and rights of American citizenship?

The answer given to this question by the Catholic school is the only answer consistent with the principles on which our government is founded.

It is the practical application of the thought expressed by Washington in his Farewell Address: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity religion and morality are indispensable supports."

Now, our country with all its progress and its prowess is neither so strong nor so far advanced toward the ideals of its founders that it can dispense with "national morality."

HE KNEW HOW TO DIE

We believe it was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said something to the effect that other people may know how to live, but Catholics certainly know how to die.

He was a good Catholic and a brave fighter, and he'd come from the sunny shores of Guadeloupe to die for France. When they amputated, they didn't look to see that there was a hall in the back, and it was that that killed him.

After all the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture as true measures that of harmony and music.

THE FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION

The priests stood waiting in the holy place, Impatient of delay (Isaiah had been read), When sudden up the aisle there came a face Like a lost sun's ray;

A silence for a moment fell on all; They gazed in mute surprise, Not knowing what to say, Till Simeon spoke: "Child, hast thou heaven's call?"

"Yes; heaven sent me here. Priests, let me in!" (And the voice was sweet and low.) "Was it a dream by night? A voice did call me from this world of sin—"

"Leave father, mother," said the voice, "and win"; (I see my angel now) "The crown of a virgin's vow." I am three summers old—a little child.

"Yes, holy priests, our father's God is great, And all His mercies sweet! His angel bade me come— Come thro' the temple's beautiful gate;

"Unto me, priests, and all ye Levites, hark! This child is God's own gift— Let us our voices lift In holy praise." They gazed upon the child In wonderment—and Simeon prayed and smiled.

And Joachim and Anna went their way— The little child, she shed The tenderest human tears. The priests and Levites lingered still to pray;

That night the temple's child knelt down to pray In the shadows of the aisle— She prayed for you and me. Why did the temple's mystic curtain sway?

And twelve years after, up the very aisle Where Simeon had smiled Upon her fair, pure face, She came again, with a mother's smile,

After all the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture as true measures that of harmony and music.

THE WEIGHT OF THE SOUL

It is not so very long ago since the intellectual aristocracy of Europe was startled and not a little disturbed by the discovery that the human soul existed.

However, science has now dared a step further in her relentless march towards her unknown goal. Another Continental man of science has apparently had time amid the distractions of the war to discover that not only does the soul exist, but that it is possessed of a perceptible weight.

The discovery is not altogether an original one; prophets of science have claimed as much before; but this time there can be no doubt. The learned scientist in question made his discovery by the very simple process of placing a dying soldier upon a weighing machine.

Then the student of nature's secrets tried the same experiment on a dying cat. But herein was made manifest the fundamental difference between man and those lower animals whom science has taught us to regard as his ancestors.

It is also reasonable to presume that we shall be able to calculate with equal exactitude the difference between human beings. For though the speculation of the past may have spoken of all souls as being of an equal value, we can hardly in the light of modern research presume them to be of equal weight.

It is, however, any one wishes to ascertain the weight of his own soul, his course is clear. He should make a journey to the laboratory of the scientist to whom we owe this epoch-making discovery, and request the eminent man to allow him to be placed upon the weighing machine.

He will presumably also know whether it is damned. But this information he will probably not be in a position to impart.

Here is a story and a marvel with which to conclude. One day a man was—if the Agnostics will excuse me—dying. It is a thing that happens to man. The hierarch who attended the ceremony adjured him solemnly with the question: "Unfortunate man, do you not believe in the soul?"

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

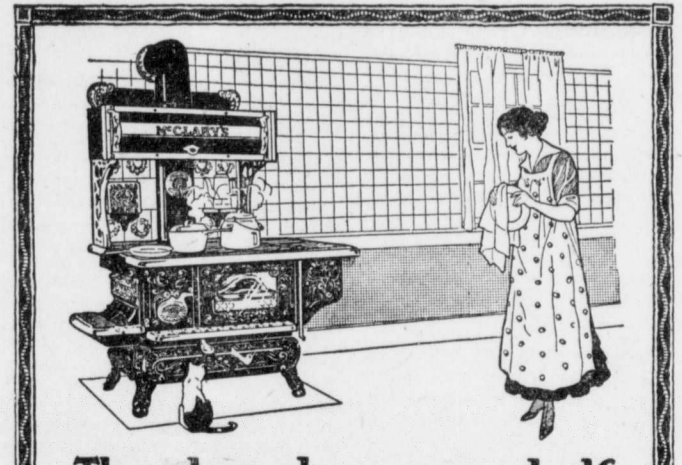
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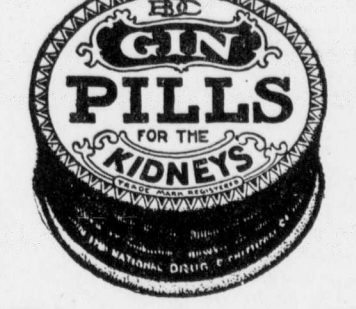
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## FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond  
 TWENTY THIRD SUNDAY AFTER  
 PENTECOST

A LIVELY FAITH THE GREAT WANT  
 OF THE AGE

"For she said within herself: If I shall touch  
 only His garment, I shall be healed." (Matt. ix. 21.)

Our text is singularly expressive of that for want of which the Christian world of today languishes. It expresses a lively, simple faith, so little felt in the world of today. May we not with truth say that Christianity can point to the want of this as the great source of all the evils with which it is infested. How universal is the reign of Satan and Sin among Christians; how few, comparatively speaking, give themselves to that business on which their eternity depends? Why is this so? Is it for want of faith in the truths taught by our holy mother the Church? Or is it for want of the desire to do the good which she commands? Or is it for want of the strength to do the good which she commands? Ah, dear people, this source is to be found in the deplorable fact that their faith though whole, is lulled asleep, or is, perhaps quite dead. A sleeping faith, much less a dead faith, has little, if any effect upon their lives, and places little or no restraint upon their passions. Only the faith that is fully awake; only the faith that is full of life, can wield a truly Christian influence over the life of a man, and compel his passions to obey the promptings of Christian propriety. The secret, therefore, of the fervor and earnestness of some, and the spiritual sloth and general laxity of others in the same parish, in the same congregation, is a lively faith in the former, and the deplorable want of it in the latter. Hence, to argue from particular instances to general ones, we must say the same of the whole Christian world.

Nothing, indeed, of glory in the lives of her children in the past would the Church have to point to, were it not for the lively, simple faith which actuated them. A source of tears rather than one of joy would their lives, like those of many of the same household, be to her without this sterling and all-vivifying virtue. So is it in the present. Those of her children that are constantly actuated by a lively, simple faith are her joy, her great consolation, but those that want it are her disgrace. So, too, shall it be in the future. Without virtue a man's life becomes daily more and more estranged from things divine, lives oblivious of them, and never once sees them in their true, attractive light. Hence, no salutary influence whatever have they on his moral conduct. This virtue is the source of all good to a man's soul; the want of it is the source of all his evils. The soul actuated by a lively faith is ever mindful of God's divine presence; is diligently watchful, fervently prayerful, ardent in hope, and burning with divine love. Her horror for sin is such that she becomes a truly God-fearing and God-loving soul in her the legions of hell have an unconquerable foe; her shield is proof against their fiery darts; her helmet is impenetrable; her sword of the spirit is two-edged, and, by consequence, the terror of her enemies. O, dear people, it should be the effort of our lives to acquire this virtue. This is that heavenly wisdom with which all good things will come to us. It should be the object of our most heartfelt desires, of our most earnest seeking, and our most fervent prayers. But mark this and ever be mindful of it. By far the most effectual means of acquiring a lively faith, is to seriously think, and think frequently on divine truths. To this end, all should religiously avail themselves of the instructions and sermons possible for them to hear. They should devotedly listen to what is said, and allow it to sink deep into their souls as food for after, as well as present, serious thoughts and considerations. All who may be prevented because of unavoidable circumstances from hearing frequent instructions and sermons, should have recourse to religious books, which should never be wanting in any Christian home. They should maturely think on what they read, and thus give it time to take deep root in their souls. Family reading, especially on Sundays, and particularly for those who cannot hear sermons and instructions frequently, cannot be too highly recommended, or too strongly insisted upon as the duty of heads of families. When seriously considered, the great Christian truths relating to God and eternity are admirably soul-moving. They fire us with a holy zeal for our sanctification, rarely, if ever, otherwise attained. Every age had its good Christians and bad ones, its saints and sinners; every parish had them, and every parish has them to-day. The former have been in the past and are to-day a source of great joy to the priest; the latter have been and are the great grief of his life. The fundamental cause of their different lives is that the good Christian thinks himself into a lively faith, but the bad one does not; the good Christian's life abounds with the rich fruit of a lively faith, but the bad Christian's life is deplorably barren for want of such faith. Let us ever seek, pray, and think for this heavenly wisdom—a lively faith.

## TEMPERANCE

ought to be abstainers

Certainly all doctors should be teetotallers, for alcohol in any dose, however small, is a narcotic poison, and the nation would greatly benefit by increased efficiency of medical service if all doctors were total abstainers, just as the public would enjoy a notable freedom from accidents if taxi drivers and motorists of all sorts and conditions were also teetotallers. As regards the custom which still lingers, oddly enough, of using alcohol as a drug, there is no question that no doctor should use the products of the liquor trade; or speak of them, as though they were "tonics" for they are not. Innumerable victims have not unjustly attributed their fatal misfortune to advice given by a doctor in his haste.

If alcohol is to be used as a drug, it ought to be employed like other narcotic drugs, namely, in measured quantities, in combination, and in a prescription of limited period. But no doctor can or should be restricted by law in any way in his choice of a remedy. If he assumes the grave responsibility of advising any one to take a drug, he must certainly have the whole pharmacopeia from which to choose. No one who has closely investigated the action of alcohol in recent years prescribes alcohol. It is rapidly disappearing from both hospital and private practice. This great improvement and progressive advance in medical work is the outcome of our better recognition, not only of its invariably adverse effects, but also of the unreasonableness of using a very bad drug when there are so many infinitely better ones to hand. When to this scientific position we add the immense losses caused to the nation by this drug, every one will feel relief when it is abolished by civilization. — Sir Victor Horsley, M. D., in the Daily Citizen.

SOME OF CHICAGO'S DRINK  
 WRECKAGE

The general superintendent of United Charities in Chicago, Eugene T. Lies, in a letter to the Chicago Post, (Feb. 14) showed that intemperance was the cause of poverty in one case in every nineteen dealt with by the United Charities (1,150 out of 22,105 cases.)

"Further," says Mr. Lies, "the 1,150 instances of intemperance means simply the number of clear cases of hard drinkers easily discovered by United Charities' field workers in the families dealt with. It does not mean that this necessarily covered all the intemperate persons in these families, for all these are not in the homes waiting to be counted when our workers get there, nor are they all reported freely and voluntarily by the members of the family actually seen by the workers.

"Besides the many more hard drinkers whom we did not discover with the naked eye, there were doubtless hundreds of other persons in these families who were spending altogether too much money for intoxicating liquors, which, if applied to the food, shelter and clothing needs of their wives and children, would have kept them in more comfortable condition. "Finally, without a doubt also, many of the other unfortunate circumstances and disabilities discovered last year by our charity visitors were bound up with the drink evil. Just how much we cannot say. On this point we are conservative. But authorities a plenty would point out that at least some of the 4,031 cases of 'acute illness,' some of the 1,356 instances of chronic physical disability,' of the 132 cases of epilepsy,' 653 instances of insanity and feeble-mindedness' and other misfortunes were attributable partly to drink either in the individuals themselves or in their progenitors."

## A CANDLE TO SAINT ANNE

"Last night I had an adventure," said Morris, the veteran journalist, who has wandered all over the country, a free lance of the press, now a reporter for some great metropolitan daily, again an editor of a little country weekly, then a special correspondent in war time, or engaged in gathering material for magazines, a trafficker in words, keen of mind, facile of pen. "Not a strange experience, at least of late, for to me life has become a book of romance; and a sense of adventure is with me constantly, like the smell of the salt sea as you march over the sand dunes of Monterey or the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod. But first of all, I must go back to where we started; to do this is the great secret of all true stories. It is the secret of the story of the human soul, which is the most fascinating romance in the universe.

"I belong to the most romantic of all professions, and the most sordid and material. But that is another side of it. All my life I have sought for adventure, for the enrichment and strengthening of soul that comes from the stimulation of new and vital interests, thrilling events, fresh experiences. I sought the ever receding, ever-dawning horizon of a life, not static but dynamic. Anything and everything but the otiose, the formal and unchanging! Like an Athenian of old, I was devoured by the thirst for new things, yet despite exceptional opportunities

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 Because They Did Her Good

Rochos, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.

"I suffered for many years with terrible Indigestion and Constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-lives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-lives".

I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-lives" and I want to say to those who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation or Headaches—try "Fruit-a-lives" and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

given me by my profession, the skies were growing leaden, the color was washing out of all flowers, the tedium of existence was upon me, as the tide of time began to break upon the fatal shoals of my fortieth year." Morris ran a starchy finger through the graying fringe of hair that rings his bald skull—and romance began to be a discredit—fable, adventure was impossible. Every door I opened, with the hope that on the other side there might be a trail leading toward new lands, shut me within windowless walls; every path I have tried ended in a *cul-de-sac*. So it was with the door marked "Socialism," which was to have given me entrance into a new life of service and song. So it was with the door bearing the legend, "Art for Art's Sake." Within, there were sights and sounds which when their false magic ebbed were not what decent people could safely hear or see. Then too there was the dusky path at the beginning of which was a sign, "Occultism." There were indeed many adventures to be found even a short distance adown that trail; but these adventures belong to that book of which some English writer speaks, Arthur Machen. I believe, "Memoirs to Prove the Existence of the Devil." I was forced to withdraw from all these paths and doors, at last, as you know, God opened to me the door of His Church.

"Then a strange thing happened; strange I mean to me; not at all to the Church, which for twenty centuries has been opening its door to all sorts and conditions of men, and which is not easy to surprise. This strange thing was that instead of reaching the climax of my adventure in life, as I somehow expected, I had reached only the beginning of a wonderful, living book of romance. New things crowded in on all sides. Fresh interests clamored for attention. Instead of settling down into a rut, in place of accepting the cut-and-dried, and becoming a cog in a formal and unchanging mechanism, as so many of my friends assured me would be my fate, all kinds of discoveries and explorations were awaiting me. Perhaps a man who comes late into the Faith, has the special blessing given him of returning in part to his childhood, of seeing things with the light of dawn upon them, and he finds all things in his new House splendidly strange, and wondrous and beautiful. To those born and brought up in that great House no doubt matters proceed more calmly; but I know that for me to enter a new church for the first time is a fascinating adventure, or to visit a seminary, a monastery, a chapel in a Catholic cemetery. Shall I ever forget my first retreat in a Jesuit novitiate, or a clothing ceremony among the Carmelites? I hope and trust not; and all these adventures are but types of those inward voyages of adventure which a passage of St. Teresa will open up for the soul, or the words of some liturgical prayer. There is no end to it; of course not, for it is a foretaste of eternity."

"But the candle to Saint Anne?"

"I am coming to it, fast. There is a local shrine, as you are doubtless aware, erected in honor of St. Anne, the mother of Our Lady. It is in a little church out near the sand dunes not far from the Golden Gate, above which the Franciscan Father Palou began the story of San Francisco with a sign of the cross, like a tale of medieval chivalry, or a prayer, when he planted the Cross on Sutro Heights one hundred and fifty years ago, at a time when Washington was fighting King George on the other side of the unexplored continent. Every year there is a novena to St. Anne in this church, and at the foot of her image there is a pile of crutches and leg-irons left by children who once were cripples. The church cannot begin to hold the people who throng to the novena. It is a noble sight. Like the rosary procession of the Dominicans, like the wonderful pilgrimage of the Third Order of St. Francis to the grave of Serra a few years ago, like many another sign, it testifies to the strength of Catholicism in California, a land, I like to dream, that some day will be the Ireland, the France, the Italy of the New World in its frank, abounding testimonies to the Faith. It is also a land of paganism, the new paganism but that is another story."

"I happened to be present on the last night of the novena. A

Dominican Father preached, after the prayers; Benediction was to follow, that ineffably beautiful rite. The church blazed with lights; hundreds of candles were burning on the altars and before the shrine, while electric lights supplemented their golden glow with a white flood of brilliancy. How the people prayed! How they vibrated to the words of the preacher! Faith filled them; faith thrilled them; faith lifted their minds and hearts toward Almighty God. Then, all of a sudden, the electric lights went out, producing a queer, silent shock in all of us, a sense of uneasy surprise, even a sort of fear. For the preacher had told us in heart-borne language of the raging world without the sanctuary; the battlefields of Europe and Asia, the desolated and violated holy places of Mexico, the unrest and the poverty and the crime and the ungodliness of our own dear land, and, as he spoke, our thoughts were busy with the horror of a few days before, when the anarchist's bomb exploded in the 'preparation parade' on Market Street. It was like a sort of omen, the dying of the light. But that feeling quickly fled.

"Had we been in almost any other place than this, we might have been in darkness, plunged in fright, perhaps rushing each other in panic. But the candles to St. Anne, the candles burning before the Lord of St. Anne, our Lord as well, these candles were still burning; these candles, lighted in the catacombs, that had burned down twenty centuries of time before the door to eternity! And how much more beautiful was this light! How much more living! Electric light is cold and unfeeling and unchanging, like death, and selfishness, and pride of intellect; but candles are warm, and quick, and neck, constant as love. They burned in their glory and their golden peace. Fled was the garish artificial glare. Marvelously efficient, no doubt, is electricity; but how dispensable, how uninspiring! How little the Church really needs it! Rome which banishes it from the altar. How impossible to use an electric bulb as a figure of sanctity, as a symbol of a soul; but how natural to use candles in imaging the saints! Mary herself was a candle spent for Christ, a holy woman has written; and the spirits of the just upon earth burn themselves out upon the altar of service to the Lord.

"Then, in the midst of the soft and shimmering beauty of the sacred glow, the 'O Salutaris Hostia' was sung and the living God shone upon His adoring worshippers; and I, the wanderer who had found my home, thanked Him as I bowed my head for all His goodness, mindful too that among the candles there burned one for me, in honor of St. Anne, mother of Mary, through whom we reach Christ." — Michael Williams in America.

WHAT RELIGION  
 HELPS

Mr. Ian Malcolm, M. P., speaking at the annual congress of the General Association of Church School Managers and Teachers at Brighton, England, emphasized the need and value of definite religious instruction by reference to what is happening in France:

War, he said, does one of two things to a man, either it deepens his religious sense or it expels it altogether. Which it does depends enormously upon early training. He had noticed the occurrence of both of these phenomena in the French Army since the beginning of the war, and among French people behind the lines, but immeasurably the greater number of the cases that he had heard of had been of men deepened in their convictions, or returned, perhaps after long desertion, to the colors of Christ. Before August, 1914, France as a nation seemed to be straying very far from the fold of the Church.

But the war had changed all that, changed it for good. Now there were quite 40,000 priests serving in the trenches; Mass was celebrated daily under fire, in forests or dug-outs or stables, in all parts of the line; the churches in the rear were never empty; the cathedrals and churches in all parts of France are now filled which used to be practically deserted. There was no mistaking the signs of the times in France; there was a tremendous religious revival, for the French have realized that glory to God comes before peace on earth. He had seen regiments and battalions bowed in worship, silent, shrouded congregations at all hours, prostrate in prayer and intercession. They were not moved to such devotions by any ethical, indeterminate, undominational, new-fangled theories of a higher life. No, they were just practicing the religion taught them by their mothers and their village priests in their childhood—a religion based upon the most definite, the most dogmatic principles of the Incarnation and the Atonement; that was what they wanted in time of trouble. No shadowy substitutes, or short cuts, or compromises could give them the courage that they needed in the trenches or in the home; so, under the thunder of the guns or stunned with grief, they turned again, like children to their mother's knee, and clasped in faith the outstretched hand of the Man of Sorrows.

If you do not desire much, little will seem much to you, for small wants give poverty the power of wealth.—Democritus.

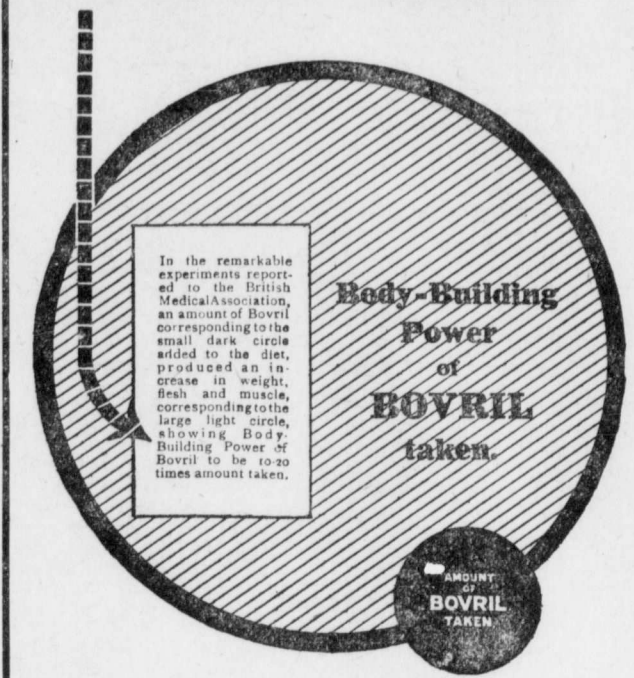
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I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write it day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.  
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MISTAKES

The fellow who is always looking for mistakes on the part of others is sure to make glaring ones himself and he naturally brings more censure upon himself because he is so critical of others.

It seems to be a general law that the man who is continually looking for little slips of the other fellow does not give full time to his own work, with the result that he leaves more "openings" than the man who attends to his own business.

It is a dangerous thing to draw attention to the shortcomings of others.

It has a boomerang effect. If you keep yourself out of wrongdoing and conduct your own affairs properly you will find that you have a job which requires all of your thought and time.

The man who scatters his shot never gets anything worth while.

You can never advance your own interest by drawing attention to the failures of the other fellow.

The man who wins out is the one who aims at a certain spot, keeps this as his beacon light and uses all his energies in an attempt to reach it.—Exchange.

THE HABIT OF THRIFT

How much do you save every week? If you have no bank account if you are not getting ahead, if you are not acquiring the habit of self-control, if you are not laying by something towards going into business for yourself or towards a competence for your old age, if you spend all you make, if you have no cash on hand to tide you over a time of sickness or of unemployment, or of hard times, you are a financial failure.

"The element of thrift," said the late Marshall Field, "is sadly neglected by young men of the present day, and the tendency to live beyond their incomes brings disaster to thousands. A young man should cultivate the habit of always saving something, however small his income."

It was by living up to this belief that Mr. Field himself became the richest merchant in the world. When asked by an interviewer, whom I sent to see him on one occasion, what he considered the turning point in his career, he answered: "Saving the first \$5,000 I ever had when I might just as well have spent the modest salary I made. Possession of that sum, once I had it, gave me the ability to meet opportunities. That I consider the turning point."

Young John Wanamaker, by hard work and severe economy, saved \$100 while he was employed in a clothing store where he had worked for years for \$1.50 a week. By a wise real estate investment his \$100 became \$2,000, and with this sum he started in the clothing business for himself.

Save something out of your earnings at whatever sacrifice. If young Wanamaker could do this out of a meager \$1.50 a week, any young man can live on, say, nine-tenths of what he earns and can save the other tenth.

"If you know how to spend less than you get," said Franklin, "you have the philosopher's stone." The great trouble with many young people is that they do not acquire the saving habit at the start, and never find this "philosopher's stone." They do not learn to spend less than they get. If they learned less than they get, they would have little difficulty in making themselves independent. It is the first saving that counts.

Many rich men tell us that it was much harder to get their first \$1,000 than it was to get hundreds of thousands later. John Jacob Astor said that if it had not been for the saving of his first \$1,000 he might have died in the almshouse.

A blank form which I received recently calling for information regarding applicants for high-class positions contained these questions: "Does he have a bank account?" "How did he earn his money?" This is a further proof of the fact that business men attach great importance to an employee's capacity to save as well as to earn money. A habit of thrift establishes confidence in a man's character. Employers know that a young man who saves his money will naturally have many other good traits.

Every dollar an employee saves places him in just so much better position relatively to his employer. It cuts the distance between them by so much. It adds so much to the employee's independence; makes him so much less a slave to conditions, so much more independent and self-reliant.

Many employees never think of trying to lay by anything at all because their salaries are small. They reason that since they could save but a mere trifle each week or month it would not be worth while to make any sacrifice to do it. So they get into the dangerous habit of spending everything as they go along.

Now, thrift is not so much a question of saving a large amount as it is the principle of saving. This is what counts most. Employees who spend everything as they go, little realize the tremendous power in a growing savings account. Even a little saving is not only a wonderful help toward independence, but it means so much added power of self-restraint, the curbing of self-indulgence. It means so much gain in self-mastery, in will-power, in self-respect.

The habit of saving is one of the first essentials of success. It shows a desire to lift one's head out of the crowd, a desire to stand for something in the world, to be independent, self-reliant, one's own man. In other words, the habit of thrift means character; it means stability; it means self-control. It is a proof that a man is not a hopeless victim of his appetites, his weaknesses.

The moment a young man begins to save systematically and appreciates the true value of money he necessarily becomes a larger man. He takes broader views of life. He begins to have a better opinion of himself. Trust takes the place of doubt. His savings are the actual demonstration that he has not only the ability to earn, but also to keep his money, and it takes greater wisdom to hold on to money than to make it.

There is no one thing, aside from honesty, which will cut such a great figure in one's life as the ability to finance himself on a sound, scientific basis of thrift. Every youth should have a thorough training in the value and wise use of money.

A multimillionaire who is a self-made man, tells me that not five men out of 100 who have made money, manage to hold on to it. They lose most, or all of it sooner or later.

The failure army today is largely recruited by people who are there because they never learned the value of money or how to handle it.—Catholic Columbian.

then," he said, "since it is only repeated effort that brings good results."

This is true along any line of work you may pursue. The art of accomplishing a task skillfully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to discourage us, however, but rather to increase our desire to succeed. It is true that "no great thing was ever lightly won."

A boy who, early in life, sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonderful results. "That son of yours is a born farmer," remarked one man, approvingly, to another, as he noted the energetic manner in which the lad performed his task.

"John always does his level best at everything," was the reply.

That is really the secret of the whole matter—our level best, and stopping at nothing short of it. Lately a man who had distinguished himself in war was being entertained in a home, where a bright-eyed lad sat at his feet, eagerly listening to the conversation.

"Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "of what are you thinking?"

"Sir," was the answer; "I mean to be a great soldier like you."

"Oh," he said as he laid bare a hidden scar, "are you willing to pay the cost?"

Time after time are we to perform the duties assigned us. Our work may not be marked by human eye, and it may seem of minor importance even to us; but if in it is thrown the energy of heart, of will and of mind, some day it will count, and the one talent will have been multiplied as the great Giver intended.—Intelligencer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HONOR TO THE ARMY

Thirty-fourth street was crowded, hot and dirty. The Woman Who Saw hurried along to catch her train, conscious of weariness and depression. Suddenly at Sixth avenue a little band of ragamuffins scurried around her, six or eight little boys in various stages of undress, all a uniform grimy brown in color and each carrying a strip of lath—one with his in his hand, the others carrying theirs over their shoulders. On they swept, with the utter unconcern of their surroundings which the child of the streets acquires, darting from the curb and apparently, doomed to destruction in the middle of the crowded avenue.

On the instant the big policeman saw them around he swung, holding up two commanding, impassable hands, stopping the traffic so suddenly that the nearest taxi slid, striking its engine, and the big truck horses on the other side came within an ace of sitting down, so suddenly were they pulled up by their outraged driver, who at once began to tell the policeman what he thought of him.

"Ah! wait a minute," said the big man, still holding up his hands. "Can't ye let these fellers go by? They're soldiers! Look at the sword this one has got!" He grinned at the leader of the urchins, who grinned back at him as he scampered across the sidewalk with others. Away they ran, shouting. Then the big policeman waved his hands and let the waiting traffic through.—Evening Sun.

TWO FACES

Have you ever seen a person who had two faces? I have seen such people. These strange folks can change their faces whenever they wish.

One girl I met first at Sunday school and then visiting among her friends. The face she had on at these times was sweet and kind, so that I thought her a pretty girl. I supposed that she always wore such a face, for people are supposed to have only one. But one day I went to her house, and just think! She had on a face that was so ugly and cross-looking, I hardly knew her. She changed quickly, but not before I saw it. If she had worn that face out in company, no one would have liked her; but I learned that it was her home face.

A little boy I know has the finest face, all smiles and sunshine, that he puts on whenever he can have his own way. But just let some one cross him in anything, and instantly he puts on a face covered with pouts and frowns. And he will wear that ugly face until we are all very tired of it.

Another boy I knew had one face that he used when he worked and a very different face that he wore when he played. His work face was long and the corners of his mouth drew down. It made him look very unhappy. And to look at him made mamma sad. But his play face, which he put on when he could play ball or go fishing, was so round and smiling that you would think him the happiest boy anywhere.

I know a man who had two faces when he was a boy, but now he has just one, and it is the ugly face. That is the way all these two-faced people get. I would rather have just one smiling face and wear it all the time.—True Voice.

TIME AFTER TIME

Two boys stood close beside a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building. "That seems like nice work," said one to the other observingly, as he watched a mechanic driving, with well-aimed force, nail after nail into place.

"Yes, I should like to be a carpenter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the other boy.

The workman paused, his hammer lifted midway, and smiled. "You would never do for a mechanic,

WHY THE CHURCH HAS EMBER DAYS

Ember Days are three days at the beginning of each of the four seasons of the year which the Catholic Church sets apart as days of fasting and prayer. They are the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays following the first Sunday in Lent, Pentecost, September 14, and the third Sunday of Advent.

The institution of the Ember Days goes back to the earliest times of the Church. The immediate occasion for their introduction seems to have been the practise among the Roman pagans of holding special religious ceremonies at the beginning of the sowing, vintage and harvesting times to ask their deities for a plentiful harvest. The Church, when converting heathen nations, has always tried to sanctify any practises which could be utilized for a good purpose.

The purpose of their introduction by the Church is twofold. They are intended in the first place to thank God for the blessings obtained during the season just ended, to dedi-

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW

We Catholics believe and know that God has spoken. He has revealed Himself through the written word which is the Bible, and still more through the unwritten word committed by the Apostles to the Church and handed down in what is called Tradition. It is not for us to pick and choose what we like in Revelation, to accept what appeals to our understanding and reject what does not. We are bound to receive it all because God is the author of it all. This is the Catholic point of view.

The other point of view is that a man is free to believe what satisfies his reason and no more. These things in Scripture which he can accept as a logical being he does accept, and those things which do not fit in with human knowledge and experience he casts aside. This is the religious attitude of the great mass of Protestants of the present day. It is the necessary sequel to the rejection of authority and the substitution of private judgment.

The stock saying of Protestant writers from the beginning has been that the Reformation emancipated the human mind from ecclesiastical tyranny and from intellectual slavery. One of their favorite phrases is the "dignity of man," which the innovators of the sixteenth century are supposed to have discovered and for the first time to have properly appraised.

These two viewpoints will of course forever clash, violently. There is not, there cannot be, a middle ground. But it is a distinctly good thing that modern Protestantism sees this more clearly all the time. It makes for the state of mind which an ever-growing number outside the Church are coming to assume, that if there is a supernatural religion in distinction from the natural religion of the individual, if there is an objective body of truth as distinguished from the subjective beliefs of the person, it is to be found in Catholicism and nowhere else. A conversion from Unitarianism was recently reported in the Catholic Universe of London and the convert who has been brought up not to acknowledge the divinity of Christ, says:

"From my boyhood I have always felt or believed that if the Scriptures were the Word of God and that if Christ was God, logically I must accept the literal rendering of the Scriptures and acknowledge that the Catholic Church is the Church of the Scriptures."

In other words between Unitarianism and Catholicism there is no *via media*. If you accept the divinity of Christ and His supreme authority to teach, you cannot be satisfied with any of the intermediate Protestant forms because all of these admit in one degree or other the right of the individual to judge. A convert from Unitarianism is not an eccentric, an abnormal type. He is strictly logical in his process of thought.

The essential error in so-called liberal Christianity is that it makes the individual conscience the supreme judge of what is religious truth. Many Protestants in good faith do not stop to analyze it, but this really means exalting the human intellect to the plane of God's intellect. They would not pretend that the human mind is capable of comprehending all that God knows to be true, yet they do not hesitate to throw out in God's Message whatever, according to human knowledge, seems to them unreasonable. The Catholic bowing his understanding to the Infinite Understanding, not expecting to comprehend many things in Revelation because they belong to the ken of God alone, is called an "intellectual slave." May it not be said that Protestantism in "raising the dignity of man" has depressed correspondingly the dignity of God?—The Catholic Convert.

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cate to Him the new season and implore blessings for it, atoning at the same time for the sins committed. The other object is to ask God to send zealous and holy laborers into His vineyard, good priests into His Church.—The Monitor.

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