

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WORTH WHILE
It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song...

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

Speaking before the Social League of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Friday, March 1, former Ohio State Senator Robert J. O'Brien, of the Queen City, said in part:
"Whatever you choose as your vocation along life's path, you will never find the obstacles too heavy if you proceed with 'honesty' your slogan..."

MISDIRECTED ENERGY

There are nearly 22,000 living graduates of our oldest university, Harvard; and a recent census shows that more than a fourth of them are practicing law.
Of these 6,000 lawyers, how many are known to you as leaders in the battle for better civilization; how many have enlisted and won renown in the effort to make life easier and happier for the 75%...

THE MILDNESS OF A SAINT

It is related in the life of St. Francis of Sales, that he was, even as a child, of a mild disposition. His elder brother said of the three sons of his father: "We three should make a capital salad dressing—Jean, the vinegar, Louis, the salt, and poor Francis, who cares for nothing but gentleness, would do well enough for the oil."

Yet, when a student at the University of Padua, Francis, something of a name as a fighter in putting several riotous colleagues to flight at the point of a sword; and the same elder brother, as the irritable Bishop of Chalcedon, once felt the sting of a tongue which was not always gentle.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

APRIL 15.—ST. PATERNUS, BISHOP

St. Paternus was born at Poitiers, about the year 452. His father, Paternus, with the consent of his wife, went into Ireland, where he ended his days in holy solitude. Paternus, fired by his example, embraced a monastic life in the abbey of Marnes. After some time, burning with a desire of attaining to the perfection of Christian virtue, he passed over to Wales, and in Cardiganshire founded a monastery called Llan-patern-vaur, or the church of the great Paternus. He made a visit to his father in Ireland, but being called back to his monastery of Marnes, he soon after retired with St. Scubillon, a monk of that house, and embraced an austere anchoritic life in the forests of Selcy, in the diocese of Coutances, near the sea, having first obtained leave of the bishop and the lord of the place. This desert, which was then of great extent, but which has been since gradually gained upon by the sea, was anciently in great request among the Druids. St. Paternus converted to the faith the idolaters as far as Bayeux, and prevailed upon them to demolish a pagan temple in this desert, which was held in great veneration by the ancient Gauls. In his old age he was consecrated Bishop of Avranches by Germanus, Bishop of Rouen.

APRIL 18.—ST. APOLLONIUS, MARTYR

Marcus Aurelius had persecuted the Christians, but his son, Commodus, who in 180 succeeded him, showed himself favorable to them, and of regard to his Empress Marcia, who was an admirer of the Faith. During this calm the number of the faithful was exceedingly increased, and many persons of the first rank, among them Apollonius, a Roman senator, enlisted themselves under the banner of the cross. He was a person very well versed both in philosophy and the Holy Scripture. In the midst of the peace which the Church enjoyed, he was publicly accused of Christianity by one of his own slaves. The slave was immediately condemned to have his legs broken, and to be put to death, in consequence of an edict of Marcus Aurelius, who without repeating the former laws against convicted Christians, ordered by it that their accusers should be put to death. The slave being executed, the same judge sent an order to St. Apollonius to renounce his religion as he valued his life and fortune. The saint courageously rejected such ignominious terms of safety, whereupon Perennis referred him to the judgment of the Roman Senate, to give an account of his faith to that body. Persisting in his refusal to comply with the condition, the Senate was condemned by a decree of the Emperor, and beheaded about the year 186.

APRIL 19.—ST. ELPHAGE, ARCHBISHOP

St. Elphege was born in the year 954, of a noble Saxon family. He first became a monk in the monastery of Deerhurst, near Tewkesbury, England, and afterwards lived as hermit near Bath, where he founded a community under the rule of St. Benedict, and became its first abbot. At thirty years of age he was chosen Bishop of Winchester, and twenty-two years later he became Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1011, when the Danes landed in Kent and took the city of Canterbury putting all to fire and sword, St. Elphege was captured and carried off in the expectation of a large ransom. He was unwilling that his ruined church and people should be put to such expense, and was kept in a loathsome prison at Greenwich for seven months. While so confined some friends came and urged him to lay hands upon his tenants to raise the sum demanded for his ransom. "What reward can I hope for," said he, "if I spend upon myself what belongs to the poor? Better give up to the poor what is ours, than take from them the little which is their own." As he still refused to give ransom, the enraged Danes fell upon him in a fury, beat him with the blunt sides of their weapons, and bruised him with stones until one, whom the saint had baptized shortly before, put an end to his sufferings by the blow of an axe. He died on Easter Saturday, April 19, 1012, his last words being a prayer for his murderers. His body was first buried in St. Paul's, London, but was afterwards translated to Canterbury by King Canute. A church dedicated to St. Elphege still stands upon the place of his martyrdom at Greenwich.

APRIL 20.—ST. MARCELLINUS, BISHOP

St. Marcellinus was born in Africa, of a noble family; accompanied by Vincent and Dominus, he went over into Gaul, and there preached the Gospel, with great success, in the neighborhood of the Alps. He afterwards settled at Embrun, where he built a chapel in which he passed his nights in prayer, after laboring all the day in the exercise of his sacred calling. By his pious example as well as by his earnest words, he converted many of the heathens among whom he lived. He was afterwards made bishop of the people whom he had won over to Christ, but the date of his consecration is not positively known. Burning with zeal for the glory of God, he sent Vincent and Dominus to preach the faith in those parts which he could not visit in person. He died at Embrun about the year 374, and was there interred. St. Gregory of Tours, who speaks of Marcellinus in terms of highest praise, mentions many miracles as happening at his tomb.

THE HANDS OF THE PRIEST

There is something we prize more than gems, more than gold—More than earth's rarest treasures, its beauty, its raven, its brown. Be it fairer than lilies, or withered and old. It hath ever a blessing, a charm of its own.

'Tis the hand of the priest, of our father in God, No king's can compare with its dignity grand: Every saint of the Lord who this dark earth has trod Owe life everlasting to that holy hand.

A marvelous grace from its touch ever rises—God's mercies are centered its pure palm within.

'Tis the hand of the font—'tis the hand that baptizes, Releasing men's souls from original sin.

'Tis the hand that absolves when the penitent kneels In the sacred tribunal, in sorrow and shame.

To the ear of the priest all his errors revealing, Wins pardon and peace in the Crucified's name.

Again ev'ry morning, when the gift of all gifts, The lamb on the altar is slain, sacrificed—

'Tis the hand of the priest that enfolds, that uplifts, The body and blood of our God, the Lord's Christ!

'Tis the hand that sustains, that gives food to our needs, When we flock, in our hunger, to God's holy shrine.

For the priest, like the Master, the multitudes feeds With the manna from heaven, the bread all divine.

When life is fast ebbing, time's drama swift closing, And the joys of this earth over pass'd, The Christian in Death's gloomy shadows reposing, By the hand of the priest is anointed at last.

Well then may we prize it—this treasure of ours—May bless and adore it, night, morning and noon, Whether wither'd and old, fairer, sweeter than flowers, Thank God for the hand of our Saviour, our Lord!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

BELEATED RECOGNITION

Tucked away in the columns of the Congressional Record are likely to be passed over amid the great issues that agitate the land at this time, is the story of an effort for national justice that deserves a proper chronicle. The heroism of Catholic Sisters during the Civil War, as in the Crimea, where they first made their self-sacrificing labors manifest to a large wayward hand with that greathearted woman, Florence Nightingale, is a serial classic. You may read in the histories of that struggle, in the memoirs of commanders and correspondents the little classics of self forgetting service that shed over the glory pages a light of beauty that "was never to be lost or land." The narrative of the "minister's angels" in women's form who did their great yet humble part on the battle field and in the hospital. It must be said in all fairness that the men who did the fighting have done the Sisters justice. It is even true that the little stories told at many a fireside after the war closed have been one of the great influences that quenched the flames of bigotry and prejudice and helped men of different creeds to see each other aright. No real man could lie on a bed of pain after the battle and be nursed back to life and strength by the Sisters and go forth among men and say that the Church that produced and trained such women as these was not a boon to any land. But in a national and public way, for one reason or another, the heroic work of the nuns went without recognition. Bills were introduced and noble speeches were made in Congress, but they all came to naught. But finally, in the fullness of time, a young Congressman from Rhode Island in the cemetery of those Alma Mater on the Hill of St. James rest the bodies of men who died for the Union, addressed himself to the task of seeing to it that the noble Religious who merited so well of this nation should receive an adequate memorial in the Capital of the nation. The long and persevering effort of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in this matter should not be forgotten. They kept the topic alive and used their influence to bring it to a successful issue. This happy result has now been attained. The House of Representatives has passed the Bill to erect in Washington a memorial to the Sisters who served as nurses during the Civil War. Senator Weeks of Massachusetts was the spokesman for the Bill in the Senate and his wise and eloquent advocacy had much to do with setting forth its timeliness and propriety to his colleagues. There is a pertinent lesson in this narrative for the Catholics of the United States. It is this: do not forget to work for adequate recognition of those who have done great things for this nation, for all who merit it, but especially for Catholics. This is a national duty. If we do not exert ourselves to perpetuate in a

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JEWS PLEDGE AID TO CATHOLIC FUND

Protestants and Jews of New York are co-operating in the campaign now under way in the Archdiocese to raise the sum of \$2,500,000 for the Catholic Soldiers' Welfare Fund. Prominent Jews met at the Waldorf-Astoria and pledged themselves to subscribe a total of \$15,350. Many Protestant ministers throughout the metropolis appealed to their congregations to aid the campaign. Approximately 5,000 teams are now at work soliciting funds. Harry Payne Whitney, a non-Catholic, contributed \$50,000, and a pledge for the same amount has been received from John McCormack. Another subscription was that of Mme Galli Curci for \$500. The campaign was opened at the Hippodrome. Cardinal Farley and many distinguished clergymen and laymen attended the meeting. President Wilson had sent a telegram in which he cordially recommended the campaign. The President's message follows: The White House, Washington, Gentlemen—As Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy I heartily approve your plan to accumulate a fund to be spent for the spiritual and moral welfare of our soldiers, and I am very much gratified to know that your effort, while born of the charitable impulse of a single church, is non-sectarian in its scope and purpose, and intended to confer a fundamental benefit upon all those whose mental, moral, and physical health is our solemn concern. Sincerely yours, WOODROW WILSON Cardinal Farley was visibly affected by the affectionate welcome which he received. He characterized the meeting as the most inspiring sight

A HAIL MARY IN THE HOUR OF DEATH

One of the chaplains at the front relates the following beautiful, though tragic, incident: "And let me tell you about the power of prayer to the Blessed Virgin. One night I was walking from trench to trench and met a soldier, who did not recognize me as a chaplain since I had my cloak buttoned. 'What regiment is yours?' I asked. 'The Twenty-third,' he answered, and, believing that I was a soldier, asked me the number of mine. 'Oh, I belong to them all,' I replied. 'Then you are a chaplain, Father?' he questioned. 'Yes.' And after a short time he made his confession. But he was still disconsolate. 'You believe in God and in your country?' 'Yes, but I left an old mother at home and I am so afraid that I will be killed tomorrow and she will be left alone, the soldier answered. 'Let us then kneel down and say a prayer to the Mother of God, who will console your mother in your absence,' I pleaded, and he consented. We said the Hail Mary on our knees there on the battlefield at night when the Germans were shelling our trenches. But he never finished the prayer. When we both came to the pray for us now and at—his hour of death has come and gone. A German missile had done the work."

BLESSED THOMAS MORE

Blessed Thomas More is beginning to be appreciated at his true worth by his non-Catholic fellow countrymen. In reply to the question put by a London magazine, "What is the greatest deed of valor?" Mr. E. Ashmead Bartlett points to that moral hero, "in his case," he writes, "it was conscience that drove him to a supreme act of bravery, where every other inducement was working in favor of the broad and easy road. He refused to affirm the title of Henry VIII, as supreme head of the Church, and by a statute passed in 1534, such refusal was interpreted as treason. The monarch had triumphed over the whole field, but its power was brought to an abrupt halt when face to face with the unyielding conscience of a single man. The heroism of Sir Thomas More is the type to which not individuals

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only, but nations, must conform if they are to obtain true greatness.—St. Paul Bulletin.
He who feasts every day feasts no day.—C. Simmonds.
Many men live as if they had no souls. In their traffic of this life they scheme as if they were to live forever. In their preparation for death they trifle as if there were no life beyond the grave.—Cardinal Manning.

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