

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE FRIENDLY HAND
When a man ain't got a cent, an he's feeling kind of blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let the sunshine through,

THE PRICE OF EXPERIENCE
You have to pay for experience. Some men buy it with the best years of their lives and do not even have the melancholy satisfaction of leaving it to their heirs along with their wealth.

FINDING ONESELF
We permit so many hindrances in our lives—circumstances, environment, our lack of education, our poverty, all these things fetter and hamper us till we are held down to positions of mediocrity as by a weight. Fear controls our actions.

WHY THEY ARE LUCKY
"Whoever can sell a book in that town is a wonder," said a salesman recently on his return from a Western town. "I was a week there, and took only half a dozen orders."

TEN MASTERFUL RULES
A Chicago business owner has drawn up a list of rules which he calls the Ten Commandments and posted them over his establishment. Here they are:

- Rule 1.—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end.
Rule 2.—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short and a short day's work makes my face long.
Rule 3.—Give me more than I expect and I'll give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.
Rule 4.—You owe so much to your self that you can't afford to owe any-

body else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.
Rule 5.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women can't see temptation when they meet it.
Rule 6.—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.
Rule 7.—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employee who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.
Rule 8.—It's none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.
Rule 9.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.
Rule 10.—Don't complain if I complain—if you're worth while correcting you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK
JANUARY 21.—ST. AGNES, VIRGIN
MARTYR
St. Agnes was but twelve years old when she was led to the altar of Minerva at Rome and commanded to obey the persecuting laws of Diocletian by offering incense. In the midst of the idolatrous rites she raised her hands to Christ, her Saviour, and made the sign of the life giving cross. She did not shrink when she was bound hand and foot, though the gyves slipped from her young hands, and the heathens who stood around were moved to tears. The bonds were not needed for her, and she hastened gladly to the place of her torture. Next, when the judge saw that pain had no terrors for her, he inflicted an insult worse than death: her clothes were stripped off, and she had to stand in the street before a pagan crowd; yet even this did not daunt her. "Christ," she said, "will guard His own." So it was. Christ showed, by a miracle, the value which He sets upon the custody of the eyes. Whilst the crowd turned away their eyes from the spouse of Christ, as she stood exposed to view in the street, there was one young man who dared to gaze at the innocent child with immodest eyes. A flash of light struck him blind, and his companions bore him away half dead with pain and terror.

JANUARY 24.—ST. TIMOTHY, BISHOP, MARTYR
Timothy was a convert of St. Paul. He was born at Lystra in Asia Minor. His mother was a Jewess, but his father was a pagan, and though Timothy had read the Scriptures from his childhood, he had not been circumcised as a Jew. On the arrival of St. Paul at Lystra the youthful Timothy, with his mother and grandmother, eagerly embraced the faith. Seven years later, when the Apostle again visited the country, the boy had grown into manhood, while his good heart, his austerities and zeal had won the esteem of all around him; and holy men were prophesying great things of the fervent youth. St. Paul at once saw his fitness for the work of an evangelist. Timothy was forthwith ordained, and from that time became the constant and much-beloved fellow worker of the Apostle. In company with St. Paul he visited the cities of Asia Minor and Greece—at one time hastening on in front as a trusted messenger, at another lingering behind to confer in the faith some recently founded church. Finally, he was made the first Bishop of Ephesus, and here he received the two epistles which bear his name, the first written from Macedonia and the second from Rome, in which St. Paul from his prison gives vent to his longing desire to see his "dearly beloved son," if possible, once more before his death. St. Timothy himself, not many years after the death of St. Paul, won his martyr's crown at Ephesus. As a child Timothy delighted in reading the sacred books, and to his last hour he would remember the parting words of his spiritual father, "Attend to lectio—Apply thyself to reading."

JANUARY 25.—THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL
The great apostle Paul, named Saul at his circumcision, was born at Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, and was by privilege a Roman citizen, to which quality a great distinction and several exemptions were granted by the laws of the empire. He was early instructed in the strict observance of the Mosaic law, and lived up to it in the most scrupulous manner. In his zeal for the Jewish law, which he thought the cause of God, he became a violent persecutor of the Christians. He was one of those who combined to murder St. Stephen, and in the violent persecution of the faithful which followed the martyrdom of the holy deacon, Saul signalled himself above others. By virtue of the power he had received from the high priest, he dragged the Christians out of their houses, loaded them with chains and thrust them into prison. In the fury of his zeal he applied for a commission to take up all Jews at Damascus who confessed Jesus Christ, and bring them bound to Jerusalem, that they might serve as examples for the others. But God was pleased to show forth in him His patience and mercy. While on his way to Damascus, he and his party were surrounded by a light from heaven, brighter than the sun, and suddenly struck to the ground. And then a voice was heard saying, "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute Me?" And Saul answered, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and the voice replied, "I am Jesus, Whom thou dost persecute." This mild expostulation of Our Redeemer, accompanied with a powerful interior grace, cured Saul's pride, assuaged his rage, and wrought at once a total change in him. Wherefore, trembling and astonished, he cried out, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Our Lord ordered him to arise and to proceed on his way to the city, where he should be informed of what was expected from him. Saul, arising from the ground, found that though his eyes were open, he saw nothing. He was led by hand into Damascus, where he was lodged in the house of a Jew named Judas. To this house came by divine appoint-

ment a holy man named Ananias, who, laying his hands on Saul, said, "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus, Who appeared to thee on thy journey, hath sent me that thou mayest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Immediately something like scales fell from Saul's eyes, and he recovered his sight. Then he arose and was baptized; he stayed some few days with the disciples at Damascus, and began immediately to preach in the synagogues that Jesus was the Son of God. Thus a blasphemer and a persecutor was made an apostle, and chosen as one of God's principal instruments in the conversion of the world.

JANUARY 26.—ST. POLYCARP, BISHOP, MARTYR
St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, was a disciple of St. John. He wrote to the Philippians, exhorting them to mutual love and to hatred of heresy. When the apostate Marcion met St. Polycarp at Rome, he asked the aged saint if he knew him. "Yes," St. Polycarp answered, "I know you for the first-born of Satan." These were the words of a saint most loving and most charitable, and especially noted for his compassion towards sinners. He hated heresy, because he loved God and man so much. In 167, persecution broke out in Smyrna. When Polycarp heard that his persecutors were at the door, he said, "The will of God be done;" and meeting them, he begged to be left alone for a little time, which he spent in prayer for "the Catholic Church throughout the world." He was brought to Smyrna early on Holy Saturday, and as he entered, a voice was heard from heaven, "Polycarp be strong." When the proconsul besought him to curse Christ and go free, Polycarp answered, "Eighty-six years have I served Him, and He never did me wrong; how can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?" When he threatened him with fire, Polycarp told him this fire of his lasted but a little, while the fire prepared for the wicked lasted forever. At the stake he thanked God aloud for letting him drink of God's chalice. The fire was lighted, but it did him no hurt, so he was stabbed to the heart, and his dead body was burnt. "Then," say the writers of his acts, "we took up the bones, more precious than the richest jewels or gold, and deposited them in a fitting place, at which may God grant us to assemble with joy to celebrate the birthday of the martyr to his life in heaven!"

JANUARY 27.—ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM
St. John was born at Antioch in 344. In order to break with a world which admired and courted him, he in 374 retired for six years to a neighboring mountain. Having thus acquired the art of Christian silence, he returned to Antioch, and there labored as priest, until he was ordained Bishop of Constantinople in 398. The effect of his sermons was everywhere marvellous. He was very urgent that his people should frequent the holy sacrifice, and in order to remove all excuse he abbreviated the long Liturgy until then in use. St. Nilus relates that St. John Chrysostom was wont to see, when the priest began the Holy Sacrifice, "many of the blessed ones coming down from heaven in shining garments, and with bare feet, eyes intent, and bowed heads, in utter stillness and silence, assisting at the consummation of the tremendous Mystery." Beloved as he was in Constantinople, his denunciations of vice made him numerous enemies. In 403 these procured his banishment; and although he was almost immediately recalled, it was not more than a reprieve. In 404 he was banished to Cucusus in the deserts of Taurus. In 407 he was wearing out, but his enemies were impatient. They hurried him off to Pythius on the Euxine, a rough journey of nine hundred miles. He was assiduously exposed to every hardship, cold, wet, and semi-starvation, but nothing could overcome his cheerfulness and his consideration for others. On the journey his sickness increased, and he was warned that his end was nigh. Thereupon, exchanging his travel-stained clothes for white garments, he received Viaticum, and with his customary words, "Glorify be to God for all things. Amen," passed to Christ.

IRELAND AND DANTE
It was to a monastery founded by an Irish monk that the exiled Dante repaired to write his masterpiece in the quietude of the cloister. There was a sort of Celtic temperament in the poet himself. He did not deny himself the satisfaction of seeing many of his enemies and some of his friends in the infernal regions. But this little manifestation of spleen doubtless accentuated the success that greeted his poem from the first. I can well think that it stimulated the contemporary appetite with a spice of topicality and malice.

IRELAND AND DANTE
Ireland, by the way, has always preserved the scholarly bond with Dante. Among his most devoted students have been Irish priests and bishops. Have we not heard that a Munster prelate of outstanding fame, lately mourned by a grateful country carried Dante in his brain? Thus it should be. The poet drew his inspiration—as did Shakespeare and Tasso—from Catholicism. He is one of the towering figures whose names alone refute the little minds that accuse the Church of ignorance and darkness. And leaning on the Church he moves sublimely down the centuries.—The Monitor.

A LITTLE PETITIONER

In the little village of M., pleasantly stored away amid the big and orange groves of the sunny mountain-land that encircles the historic city of Trent, the Reverend Pastor was preparing a little band of boys for First Holy Communion. It was in the autumn of 1915, and on Christmas Day they were to receive into their hearts for the first time the Babe of Bethlehem. The youngest of the band, a lad scarce five years old, often surprised the priest by his bright, clear answers, full as they were of childlike faith and piety; and his modest behavior and sincere devotion in church edified all.

Vigilio—the child was the boy's name—was this of the poor but very pious parents. At the outbreak of the war his father was called to the front, where he had been kept ever since. Towards evening, when darkness had set in, the boy daily went to the village church. The priest noticed this, and in order to observe the boy more closely, he one evening hid behind the curtain that separates the sanctuary from the altar platform. Silently and on tiptoe Vigilio came up, knelt down just below the sanctuary lamp and began to whisper: "Our Father, who art in heaven. * * * * * Then stretching out his arms he prayed louder and more fervently: "Dear Jesus, protect my father on the field of battle, let him soon return home unharmed. And put an end to the war, dear Jesus, I pray Thee."

Then the boy suddenly rose, dragged a chair to the altar platform, scrambled up, laid his hands on the altar table and bent over to the tabernacle. "Come, dear Jesus," he whispered, "I must speak to You; come out, I must tell You something, come, come * * * * * He earnestly looked up to the tabernacle door and listened attentively. The gleam of the sanctuary lamp fell on his golden locks and illumined his boyish countenance glowing with eager expectation. "What are you doing here, my dear child?" Oh, Father, I wanted to call Jesus out from the tabernacle to tell Him that He should soon bring my father home from the battlefield and put an end to the war—but the Lord Jesus did not come out, and the child burst into tears.

The good priest gently stroked his curly locks and, bidding him dry his tears, said: "Even though Jesus did not now come out to you, He will soon come into your heart and then you can tell Him everything and ask Him for everything you wish."—The Monitor.

ICELAND IN CATHOLIC DAYS

For 550 years Iceland was Catholic. The introduction of Christianity reads like a romance. In the year 874, a party of twelve men, led by Vitthy—upon which stood an Augustinian monastery during several centuries. There were six other monasteries and two convents for women in Iceland during its Catholic days.

Its Catholic period reached from the year 1000 to 1550. There were two episcopal sees: that of Skalholt, in the south, with twenty-nine secular incumbents; and that of Holar, in the north, with twenty-two Bishops.

THE CONDITION OF THE WORLD

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN
Back of the religion of the Roman Empire, as the empire became more organized and more cultured, was a philosophy, and philosophy was to the world a gift, the immortal gift of the Greek. No man by using reason alone has been able since the days of Greece to attain the heights that these men reached; no man since the golden days of Greece has been able by reason alone to equal these men who made the name of Greece immortal. And still what did they accomplish? Cicero, the greatest of the Roman philosophers, the inheritor of the wisdom not only of Rome, but also of Greece, tells us in the opening chapter of his book on the "Nature of the Gods" that so many theories have been advanced concerning God and His nature that that it would be tedious even to enumerate them. And yet when he proposed to himself the question of man's spiritual nature, when he proposed to himself the question of man's immortality, he hesitated after deciding that man had a spirit, after deciding whether or not that spirit was immortal.

Their conception of God was vague, their ideas of man's nature and his immortality were hazy, and as a consequence they had very vague ideas of man's relations to God; of man's relations to his fellow man. Reason thus left to itself after a long time reached some solution of the basic questions of human life, but this solution was so weak, so alluring, so

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incomplete, so erroneous! Men were followers, on the whole, either of Epicurus or Zeno. One taught that the end of life was pleasure; the other that the end was virtue. Those who followed the doctrine of Epicurus could simply refine corruption and egoism; and while the doctrine of the Stoics produced really great men, these men were, in the main, subject to illusion, weakness and vanity.

Into a world therefore dominated politically by Rome's empire, dominated religiously by paganism, dominated philosophically by the wisdom of Greece, which took on the practical turn of mind of the Latin in the Roman world, was Jesus Christ born on Christmas night more than nineteen centuries ago.—Archbishop Hanna.

GOD'S LOVE

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him I love so well; I look my last upon His small and radiant prison-cell; O happy lamp! to serve Him with never ceasing light! O happy flame! to tremble forever in His sight!

ALTAR LILIES

Shrine of moonlight dim immerst, Stillness no shadow stirs, Dewy lilies, soul athirst, Solitary worshippers; O fulfilled of beauty lean Nearer to humanity; Yield your staidness serene, One with mortal's soul to be.

Ne'er your chalice ye raise In vain suppliance on high, When 'neath heaven's starry gaze, Forth your fragrant spirits sigh; O or ere the moment pass, Breathe the secret, lest the years Evermore withhold, alas! Consummation's silent tears.

BOOK SHOWED THE WAY

STORY OF CONVERSION OF REV. JOHN D. WHITNEY, S. J.
The recent death of Rev. John D. Whitney, S. J., a former president of Georgetown University, recalls the singular circumstances of his conversion to the Church, says the Ave Maria. As a child, he was forbidden ever to enter a hall in his native town when Catholic services were held there, his parents being strict Congregationalists (long years afterwards, he himself said Mass in that same hall).

"The day of departure came. We weighed anchor, set sail and started for home. While we were drifting lazily up Long Island Sound I was surprised, while below, to hear the boatswain's mate call away the third cutter. It was a most unusual thing to lower a boat under these conditions, and I ran up on deck to see what it all meant.

"I found that the bride had dropped a book into the water and the executive officer, who was on deck at the time, had ordered the boat lowered to rescue it. As soon as we officers learned the cause of the commotion, we smiled at the executive officer's gallantry and turned away.

"The next day when we arrived in New York, the lady, Mrs. S., left the book on the wardrobe table. I was curious to see what had been the object of this remarkable rescue. I took up the book and I found it was 'The Invitation Heeded.' I read it over and over again with ever-increasing pleasure and satisfaction. I had found the source and seat of authority."

Father Whitney was received into the Church the same year, the author of the book (Rev. Dr. James Kent Stone, now Father Fidelis, of the Passionists) being his godfather. "The Invitation Heeded" has been translated into French and doubtless other languages, and has been instrumental in numerous conversions to the Faith.—Sacred Heart Review.

Many persuade themselves that they have no true sorrow for their sins if they do not practice many and great corporal austerities. Let us learn, nevertheless, that he does a good penance who studies to please God alone, at all times and in all things. This is a very perfect thing and of great merit.—St. Francis de Sales.

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