CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HE MADE US FREE

As flams streams upward, so my longing thought Flies up with Thee,

Thou God and Saviour who hast truly Life out of death, and to us, loving,

brought A fresh, new world; and in Thy sweet chains caught, And made us free !

As hyacinths make way from out the My soul awakes,

At thought of Thee, like sap beneath the bark : As little flowers in field and park Rise to the trilling thrush and meadowlark. New hope it takes.

As thou goest upward through the nameless space

We call the eky. Like jouquil perfume softly falls Thy

It seems to touch and brighten every place; Fresh flowers crown our wan and

weary race, O Thou on high.

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no more joy Upon earth's sod

Life would still be with us a wound or toy, A cloud without the sun, -- O Babs, O

A man of mother pure, with no alloy, O risen God!

Thou, God and King, didst "mingle in the game," (Cease, all fears : ceasa!) For love of us,-not to give Virgil's fame

Or Croesus' wealth, not to make well the lame, Or save the sinner from deserved

shame, But for sweet peace !

For peace, for joy,-not that the slave might lie In luxury, Not that all woe from us should

always fly, Or golden crops with Syrian roses vis In every field; but in Thy peace to

And rise,—be free! -MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN THE REALLY POOR MAN

A man is poor : If he is without friends. If he has low flying ideals.

If he has a guilty conscience. If he has lost his self respect. If his morals are questionable If he has lost his grip upon him

If he lacks education and refine-If he is selfish, uncharitable or

If he has forfeited his health for

It his mind and soul have been It he has traded away his character for his money.

If his wife and family do not love If he has a disagreeable disposition

that makes enemies or repel people. If making money has crowded out the cultivation of his esthetic faculties .- From the New Success Mag-

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE SERIOUS PESSIMIST

Cultivate a sense of humor. To elevates us a little above it. If you pane in the big old-fashioned living-can laugh, outwardly or inwardly, room, and frowned aggressively at the "This too shall pass." Cultivate a wise indifference, a genial remoteness, a kindly and human aloofness. It you are with overbearing people, or those who sting and irritate you or if you are placed in huntilisting circumstances, get a grip on yourself and use your "mule power," make up your mind to "grid and bear it "until the affliction is "I donne," Hope replied, without overpast. It cannot last forever.

Keep away from cults of bitterness. If your religion is one of gloom and dread, get rid of it, "There be gods many and lords many," says the Scripture. If your God is a Detective, a cruel Monster, a Tyrant, let him go. Find a God who is a Father, a friend, a Saviour. Here, then, is your problem. Don't regard yourself as "a victim" of heredity, or circum-stances, or temperament. Your life is not a prison sentance. It is your job. Go to it! And look pleasant.— By the Spectator, in the Examiner.

GOOD TO REMEMBER

Never be idle. Make few promises. Never speak ill of any one. Live up to your engagements. Be just before you are generous. Earn money before you spend it

Good character is above all things Keep your own secrets if you have any.

Never borrow if you can possibly

Never play at any kind of games of

Keep your promises if you would be happy. Make no haste to be rich, if you

would prosper. When you speak to a person look

him in the face. when you are old.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Ever live (misfortune excepted)

within your income.

Small and steady gains give competency and tranquillity of mind.

Good company and good conversa tion are the sinews of virtue. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by yourself .-Michigan Catholic.

MAKING TIME

One of the commonest complaints among people, busy and otherwise, is: I have no time. When there is a letter of friendship to be written, or a favor to be done, or a duty to be fulfilled-not so often of course, when there is a question of a meal or of enjoyment or of something we like a grand picture! I read about it in to do, our little self-justification the Picture Magazine." machine is always ready with the convenient excuse: "No time!"

The truth of it is that, on account

of the way in which we arrange or do not arrange our lives, there may often be a great deal to the assertion. But in this regard, we might take a little hint from great and busy men, whose many duties and manifold achievements astound us and make us ask : Where did they get the time to do it all ?

A man of that stamp was Father Thomas E. Bridgett, C. SS. R., a busy missionary, and still the author of many books. We catch a glimpse of his secret in a little incident taken from his life.

Father Bridgett had great diligence in study. One day a companion came to him, complaining that he would love to study, but could get no con-

"If I were to wait for some considerable free time," answered Father "You angel!" she said. "G Bridgett, "I should never study at Faith a kiss—a nice French kiss." all; my study consists in utilizing the scraps of time I find between one

occupation and another."
On another occasion he said that he believed that, were he to write the ways and means by which he turned. compiled his book, "Our Lady's is. Isn't compiled his book, "Our Lady's Dowry," it would indeed be a curious

Using the scraps of time! It is a good hint to mark in your diary for January 1, 1921,—to be referred to often in the course of the year.—The

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ECCE HOMO

Tied are His hands with the coarest rope,

His eacred body bruised and torn ; There before Pilot covered, He stands. With mantle a soldier has worn.

Crowned is His head with the crown of thorns, And blood o'er His forehead and

His heart blood for the human

And His eyes they piercs my very heart And the soul of me do their read : So full of compassion, sorrow, pain.

And for loving hearts do their plead They seem to tell me, "I died for you, For your sins and for you alone.

Heavy the cross and weary the way, That I might for your sins atone."

-H. K. GIBBON THE USE OF LENT

Faith Greenwell pressed her basee the funny side of a thing always freekled nose against the windowyou are superior. Don't take your flower garden out in front, where alself, nor others, nor events too seri ready crocuses, jonguils and other epring flowers were beginning to lift their heads above the ground.

Hope made no answer. Her face was buried in her favorite story-

What are you going to do for

leoking up. "I hadn't thought much about Lent."

"You'd better be thinking about it tomorrow's Ash Wednesday." Slowly, Hope raised her eyes and looked at Faith. Beautiful gray eyes they were, under long curling

lashes. 'We ain't grown up ladies like mother and Aunt Betty," she began, and Charity joined in.
"we're just children. We don't "You don't like have to keep Lant."

Of course, we don't have to fast. But we ought to do something or give up something for Lent; you

know we ought to. 'Well, what are you going to give

'The dessert that mother always has

on Fridays."
"And you hardly ever touch egg custard! That ain't anything to give up — something you don't like. You up - something you don't like. ought to give up something you love, or do something you hate to do.

That's keeping Lent."

Faith thought for a long minute. "There isn's anything I hate like getting up early, Hope. Honest to goodness, I hate it worse than poison. Even it the flowers and things are beginning to come up out there in the garden, it's cold, just the same, and sometimes it's awful dark at six o'clock. But I'm going Save when you are young, to spend to the six-thirty Mass," she beamed.

"Bet I don't miss a single morning. You watch and see !"

Hope was very proud of Faith, and some of her pride shone in her eyes as she smiled back at her. Even if her nose was peppered with Then such freckles, she was very pretty Hope was Lent.

thought, and the smartest girl in the fifth grade. The grandest thing you could do, ith! You feel good all day when you've been to early Mass."
"You haven't said what you were

going to do," persisted Faith.
"I'm going to Mass, too. But its going to be the children's Mass."
"You don't have to get up early to

go to that." I know. But that ain't all. I'm going to save my moving picture nickles for my mite box for the Easter offering. Even if Snow White comes I won't go to see it. And that's

The little girls had not thought of what Charity would do for Lent. Indeed, they had not counted her in at all. Charity, the pet of the family, a little girl of five, with laughing brown eyes and golden curls — the dearest and brightest and best of them all.

But Charity bad listened with close attention. There on the rug before the fire that burned brightly on the living room hearth she de cided what she would do for Lent. Presently she left the fire and went over to the window where Faith and Hope wers.

"An' I'm goir' to give up candy for Lent, an' give my pennies to the blind man on the torner." "Charity pulled at Faith's skirt to

attract her attention, and repeated what she had said. Then it was that Faith lifted her up in her strong young arms.
"You angel!" she said. "Give

Charity obeyed. But you needn't give up any. thing for Lent, precious. You're too

little. "I isn't too little," Charity " I'm mos' as tall as Hope Isn't I, hope. An' can't I teep Mass. Lent if I want to ?" The small girl to whom Charity

had appealed took her away from Faith's arms. 'Course you can if you want to!' Then she smiled at Faith, over the

top of her curly head. Charity will keep her Lenten resolutions better than either of us will. Just you wait, Faith, and

The first two weeks of Lent slipped by. Faith had not missed the sixthirty Mass a single morning. Hope had passed her favorite movingpicture star without as much as a glance at the inviting bill-boards in front of the Arcadia; already the mite box held out promise of being filled to the top by the time Easter came. And a day never passed that had not given Charity her opportunface
Is flowing, in large, thick drops so plaining that she had "gived up candy for Lent." The old blind man on the corner began to marvel at the regularity with which pennies dropped into his tincup. He knew it was a child who gave most of them, for once he had touched her soft curls as he blessed her for her charity, and once Charity had stopped to

> But the weeks began to drag them selves out as mid-Lent draw near. "Will Easter ever come?" Faith and Hope complained one Friday

afternoon as they stood again at the living room window and gazed disconsolately at the down pour of rain. All morning heavy clouds Dear me, here's Lent again, breaking up all our fun! What's the use
of Leut, anyway?"

Faith Greenwell pressed her behalf. All inbrining heavy clouds
thung low in the sky, and as the
wind rattled the window-panes and
howled dismally down the chimney.

"I just believe I'll give up going to the six-thirty Mass and try something else. Mass is grand, once you better all day for having gone. But it's getting there. I most froze turning that corner by the church this morning

"It ain't half as hard to get up early as it is to have to miss Snow White," Hope snapped. Faith was interested at once. "Is Snow White coming?"

"'Course it's coming. Don't everything come in Lent? Charity looked up from the kitten

that she had succeeded in dressing up in a doll dress, and was trying to coax into taking a nap on the rug before the fire. "Tish, tish all the time!" she

This made Faith and Hope laugh, 'You don't like fish, angel?" Faith said, and moved over to the

"No, I doesn't," came the emphatic reply. 'I have tish."

Then a shrill whistle sounded and

the door bell rang. The parcel post man!" Faith and up?" sighed Hope, and reluctantly closed the story-book.
"Egg custard!" Faith grinned.
"The parcel post man!" Faith and the continued together, and the before our eyes the picture of the room to the front door.
"For you, Charity," Faith said as

she closed the front door.
"Get the soissors. Somebody get the scissors to cut the cord with ecissors.

'Here they are, Faith." thick wrapping paper.
"Candy!" she whispered.

to see what she would say.
"A box of candy for you, Charlty,

from Cousin Billy," smiled Faith.
"And see," Hope chimed in, 'all tied up with a bow of blue ribbon!"

Charity's eyes were star lit as she reached out her hand for the box.

'For me!' she dimpled. "Frum
Tousin Billy!"
Then suddenly she remembered it

"How Delicious"

is the opinion of all who have once tried

If YOU have not tried it, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto

"O.h! An' I gived up candy for example which we might safely Lent !" Hope stooped down and laid two

loving arms about the child's small the inglorious death on Calvary shoulders. 'S'pose you just taste it, Charity?

But Charity shook her head. day. Mother'll teep it for us," she resurrection as the final proof of the smiled brightly. "I've gived up divinity of His mission. There were emiled brightly. candy for Lent."

The door closed on Charity.
"What do you know about that!" This from Hope as she stared wide-eyed at the closed door. "Charity, just five years old, depriving herselt of that grand box of candy, and being so sweet about it, too! Honest, Faith, I'm ashamed of my grumbling at having to miss Sno * White."
'And I'm ashamed, too, Hope of thinking of giving up Mass in the

mornings.' Then and there in the glow of the grate-fire, Faith and Hope renewed

their resolutions. Easter Sunday found Faith and Hope and their mother at the earliest And it was in the Church of Saint Philip Neri that the whole world seemed to have awakened to a new and joyous life. The sombre purple that had been in evidence in the sanctuary since Passion Sunday had been removed. Tall wax candles burned brightly between the Easter lilies that decked the main altar, and other white flowers were everywhere. Then, when the ringing of small silver toned balls filled the church, and the "Domine non sum dignus" had been said, very devoutly, the little girls left their pew and, accompanied by their mother, knelt before the big white altar to receive

the Risen Saviour. "Isn't this just the happiest Easter we ever had?" beamed Faith, when later that day she joined the rest of the family out on the front porch. "I wouldn't for anything have missed going to Mass every morning during Lent !" Hope helped herself to a second

then beamed on all of them. "I'm awfully glad I saved my money for the mite box. The nickles rolled out when it was opened at Sunday-school this morning. I know there were most a hundred !

piece of candy out of Charity's box,

Faith stretched her eyes and looked at her mother. Maybe not that many." Hope blushed, "but there were lots of nickles in that mite box."

"An' I'm so glad," piped Charity that I gived my pennies to the blind | The triumph of life over death; man on the torner when Lent was here. This is the goodest candy!"

I believe mother's the gladdest of all of us this morning," Faith observed, as she watched her mother very closely. "Why are you so glad

today." "Because these forty days have taught my little girls the use of In the tremplous blue on Lent. Is not Lent a blessed season, mountains, get up and go down to Saiot Philip after all?" And this time her The opaline mist on the wold; Neri's," Faith began; "you feel mother's smile went beyond her as In the tinkle of brooks through she fixed her eyes on the three Through self-denial you of them. have learned the use of Lent. Without its lesson, and with resolutions broken, would Easter have found you half so glad?"

No, mother !' The little girls went over to where their mother sat in one of the big porch rockers, all three trying to

crowd into her lap at once.
"My three cardinal virtues!" she whispered softly, as she tried to hug all three at once. And it was on the top of Charity's golden curls that a kias fall.—Elegan Lindon a kiss fell. - Eleanor Lloyd in Rosary Magazine.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

Holy Mother Church asks us each year to turn aside for forty days from our ordinary pleasures and recreations to study in sackcloth and crucified Master; she asks us to retrench the legitimate pleasures of our every-day life, so that by suffering we may conform ourselves to Him whom the world looks upon as It was Hope who produced the the King of the Five Wounds, the Man who bore our iniquities, and who showed us as none other could while Faith clipped the cord that the saving and salutary utilities of tied the box up, Hope tore away the penance.

During one tragic week Holy Mother Church follows our Blessed The two older children looked at Saviour through the Passion. She each other, then down at Charity shows Him to us led out to be scourged, rejected by His people, spat upon and crucified. And we know that He suffered all this for our instruction. His human life was the model to which all men were to conform their lives. He knew, as the Apostle tells us, "what was in the heart of man," and having created the world, He knew what the world was, and therefore none other was in a better position to set us an

follow.

But after all the suffering, after after the utter rejection by His reople. He arose on the third day as He had promised. Frequently 'I'd rather teep it till Easter Sun- log His life He had appealed to His those who doubted it during His lifetime, and many others, after having accepted it for a time, fell away during the events of Holy Week. But He did arise on the third day, thus giving us the most irrefragable proof that He was what He claimed to be-the Messias expected by the world. The Apostles and the early Fathers of the Church always appealed to the resurrection as the most unshakable argument not only for the divinity of Christ but for the divinity of His work. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain," St. Paul cried out with a loud voice to a

listening world.

The history of the Church is nothing else than a continual resur-rection from the dead. Before the War, people said that the Church was moribund, but we find that in the trenches men came back whole heartedly to the practice of their faith. The presence of so many priests in uniform beloed greatly in

We look into the future with confidence that it will reveal a new day for the Church, Perhaps never before in her history has she wit nessed a more profound and far-reaching revival of the religious sense among men of every class. Dispensing as she does the only genuine Christianity, the stream of conversions which during the War became so great, will go on increas-ing. The promise of Our Lord that there shall be one shepherd and one sheepfold " seems to be on the verge of fulfilment. For this resurrection of the religious sense feeling of the masses we should be eternally grateful, especially on the day which recalls to our minds that great miracle which is the best argument for the divinity of our holy Faith.-Rosary Magazine.

THE SPLENDOR OF LILIES

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies. And sweet as the violets' breath, Comes the jubilant morning

Easter And fresh from the earth's quickened bosom Full of baskets of flowers we bring.

And seatter their satin-soft petals To carpet a path for our King. In the countless green blades of the

meadow,
The sheen of the daffodila' gold;

In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture, The river's strong sween to the see Are signs of the day that is passing In gladness to you and to me.

Oh, dawn, in thy eplendor of lilies, Thy fluttering violet breath; Oh, jubilant morning of Easter, Thou triumph of life over death! Then fresh from the earth's quickened

bosom Full backets of flowers we bring,

WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS MOMENT?

During his retreat, preparatory to his ordination as priest, St. Francis de Sales, we read in his life, formed certain resolutions that he kept for the rest of his lifetime.

One of these is very interesting and

auggests a very practical mode of action for ourselves. It requires no peculiar conduct, no mysticism, no austerity. The resolution reads "Make every moment of the day be a preparation for the morrow's Mass, in such a manner that should any one ask me: 'What are you doing at this moment?—I may be able to answer in all truth: 'I am prepar-

ing to celebrate Mass. Such a resolution put into practice would bring calm and true peace into our lives; such a resolye applied to the matter of our daily Holy Communions would make them bring rich fruit of virtues into our days.—The Liguorian.

Life is not for a mere passing pleasure but for the highest unfold ment that one can attain to, the noblest character one can grow, and for the greatest service that one can render to, all mankind. In this, however, we will find the highest pleasure, for in this the only real pleasure lies. There are no short-

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