CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HARP OF IRELAND Dear harp of my country! in dark-ness I found thee,

proudly, my own harp, I unbound thee gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song !

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness waken'd thy fondest, thy live-

liest thrill, But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers. sweet wreath of song is the

last we shall twine. Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers touched by some hand less

unworthy than mine : If the pulse of the patriot soldier or

Have throbb'd at our lay, 'twas thy glory alone-

heedlessly over, wak'd was thy own.

-THOMAS MOORE HUMPING UP YOUR BRAINS

It is probable that if boys could any action. hump up their brains as they do their bleeps, and say boastfully, "Feel of that, will you!" they would take much more kindly to mental training, a leading educator fells us. But the brain is shut away in a bony case, where they cannot see it or touch it, and there is no visible sign that it grows in strength and vigor. Boys too easily think of it as something fixed and uralterable, too easily conclude that they are born either bright or dull, and will continue either bright or dull to the end of the chapter. Arguing from this premise, says this educator, they are likely to decide that education is acquiring information which a bright man does not need in order to get along, and which a dull man can make no use of—

in either case superfluous. But that is not the way to think either about the brain or about education. The brain should be thought of as something that can be as easily developed as the biceps. It is important and advisable, of course, to have supple, strong, quickly responding muscles, which will do rapidly and easily whatever you ask of them: but they cannot do their best work except under a good master and their master is the brain. You cannot even play athletic games well without a good brain. Then train your brain; keep it at oblems until they seem no longer hard; make it quick, smooth working, sure, capable of long effort Take the brain that nature gave you and bring it to its highest

efficiency. Education should be thought of as a means to this end. To impart information is not its purpose. That difficult problem in arithmetic which will never have its counter part in actual life, does for the brain exactly what a difficult athletic feat does for the body. It "supplies" it. Education supplies mental training; is is to the mind what the gymnas. ium is to the body. Each serves the same end-development. It is as silly to ask the practical use of Latin as to ask the practical use of

Imagine what the muscles of a an analogous condition when you are a man, exercise it now ! — Catholie Transcript.

BUSINESS HONOR

Unless the employer is breaking the law, doing something which is legally dishonest and acknowledged to be wrong, the employe has no right to betray him, to spread broadcast the secrets of the business or to talk over confidential matters with his associates or even with any member of his family.

The salary paid to the employe is not only for work. It is for loyalty

It you are opposed to the policy of the business in which you are en-gaged, even if it is not dishonest, you with that firm, you have no right to betray any confidence that is reposed in you, or to repeat any private conversation, or in any way to dis-close secrets of the business, and when you leave that concern you still maintain eilence. You have taken your employer's money. and he has paid you to consider his

business confidential. If the business with which you are associated is dishonest, and opposed to accepted public policy, if it is injurious to the public at large and unmistakably wrong and criminal, unmistakably wrong and criminal, its still a question whether you have a right to betray your employer place like this."

I am sorry, Sister," he said, laying a golden Louis on the five centime piece, "that I cannot afford any more place like this."

while taking his money. while taking his money. As an "I cal employe you are an "accessory after fat man. the fact," not necessarily as bad as your employer, but second to him in criminality. You should leave, and leave immediately. That That

is the solution to the difficulty. Some business men, and some moralists, claim that you have no right to betray your employer who is dishonest, even after you have to the officer, whose favor she had severed your connection with him; sought for assiduously, but in vain, subconsciously; for as she looked up but the majority of honest men believe that it is one's duty to reveal remark. crime and to expose dishonesty for the good of the community. At any rate I think that no one would which he answered her.

justify you in drawing a salary from

If what you are doing, or what you ness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island to stay, and, if you do remain, you are as dishonest as the man for whom you work. After you have left, you may or may not, as you see fit, bring to the attention of the proper authorities the dishonesty of the house, witnessing against it, not as an employe, but as a

citizen. There is not, however, either a moral or a legal reason why you should not, when troubled with doubts, consult with ethical and reliable friends, or others, who are competent to advise you. For example: Let us suppose that the transactions of the house with which you are connected appear to you to be dishonest, although you are not absolutely convinced that such is the case. You then have a right to consult with competent outsiders, as you would with your attorney : but do not gossip about your busi glory alone—
It was but as the wind, passing trust, those who will consider what you say as strictly confidential. Do not jump at conclusions. Do not gather?" said his neighbor, who had assume upon hearsay that the firm not yet taken part in the discussion. for which you work is not honorable. Investigate before you move or take

Don't handle dishonesty in a dis-

honest way. There should be no difference between personal and business honor, Business is not entitled to any special license.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE KERRY SONG There's grand big girls that walks An' some that's gone to glory

That have been praised beyond their worth To live in song and story. O ! one may have the classic face That poets love to honor, An' still another wear the grace

O' Venus' self upon her; Some tall and stately queens may be An' some be big an' merry-Och! take them all, but leave for me One little girl from Kerry!

Sure, Karry is a little place, An' everything's in keepin' The biggest heroes of the race In little graves are sleepin'; An' little cows give little crame, Fur little fairies take it, An' little girls think little shame To take a heart and break it. Och! here's a little Kerry lad That would be O! so merry It but your little heart he had, O! little girl from Kerry!

THE NUN OF THE POOR Posted up on the dining room door of the Grand Hotel at Ixe-les Gaines was a notice that could not fail to catch the passer's eye. As the stream of visitors drew near they paused, single or in groups, to read what was written on the door; and then passed on, commanting each in his own way upon what he or she had read.

The Sisters in charge of the Home for the Aged will make a collection during dinner today."

It was a recognized institution and the habitues of the place accepted it as such; but some of the newcomers began grumbling at the continued calls that seemed to be made upon their purses.

"What bad luck!" said one lady, man would be who had sat in a chair since the age of ten. It you do not want your mind to be in day later I should have escaped it. My cure ends tomorrow.'

"Then, on the contrary, I think you are lucky, even in spite of the collection," was the reply. "I know I wish I were leaving this week. I've never known such a place for making money fly. This hotel is iniquitously dear, I consider. And, tuen, there are the baths and the doctor, and 'tips' expected by every one. The shops, too, are so tempting. One never goes out without buying something; and, no matter what one spends on one's clothes before coming, one has always to be getting

new things here." "It's enough to rain a Ccoesus!

groaned a third. And on top of it all," chimed in should immediately consider a the first speaker again, we are change; but, as long as you remain expected to contribute to their local charities. The last straw, I call it."
"My dear lady, I agree with you there," said a stout, prosperous look-ing man, who up to this had no chance of joining in the conversation. "I know these institutions are nacessary and very excellent, I dere say, and I subscribe regularly once a year | poor. to more than one in my own neigh-borhood. But beyond that I draw a

Yes, yes," agreed several others; "help those at home certainly. But the little nun.
it is really rather too much to expect "I am sorry, Sister," he said, laying

'Toat is just what it is," came the you.' chorus of agreement.

"Especially when one would so apparently left the Sister unmoved;

Italian officer, dryly. 'I am so glad you agree with me,

quite oblivious of the sarcasm of his There was, however, more than a touch of contempt in the smile with

"I am afraid I was merely voicing a dishonest house and at the same the general thought, not giving my time furnishing evidence against own opinion," he explained politely. Then what is your opinion?" she

> "I think that one should give what one can whenever one is asked for a deserving charity such as this

> home," he replied. " A bad system, sir; a most pernicious doctrine!" exclaimed the fat man, who again managed to get a hearing. "Why are the old people hearing. "Why are the old people these Sisters are begging for in a home at all? Why are they not selfsupporting citizens, like ourselves? Because they have been improvident, idle, extravagant. Through their own fault, sir, I say—through their

own fault."
"Vice is the forerunner of misery," announced another man, senten

tiously. "That I grant you," rejoined the officer, addressing the last two speakers at once. But it is equally true that there are also many who, after working all their lives, find themselves destitute in their old age through no fault of their own. Besides, there are many who could not get work; or who, getting it, could not do it from ill health or for other reasons."

You are a believer in luck, "To a certain extent I am," answered the officer. "And you, sir -what do you think about this

collection? "You ask my opinion, do you?" repeated the professor—for professor he was, writ large on every line of his shrivelled, sallow face. "My opinion is that those who are deter-mined to get on, do so, sooner or later, no matter what obstacles may arise in their paths. As for so-called charitable institutions, I consider them superfluous and undesirable.

Before the officer had time to dissociate himself from sentiments so contrary to his own, a priest, who up to this had sat in silence, bent for-ward and addressed the professor

They are mere harbors for imposters,

beginning with those who undertake

with a quiet courtesy.
"Let us hope, professor," he said, that you may never come to see the charity of such imposters."

The advent of another group of visitors, full of gossip concerning a Russian grand duke who had arrived at Ixe the previous day, changed the conversation abruptly; and in a moment every one was busy discussing the prince and his suite; after which the Russian dancers, the leader of the latest ballot at the Casino, and finally the never-ending theme of luck and play at the gaming tables served in turns as topics of The distasteful subject of the col-

lection had been for the moment for-gotten, when the door of the diningroom opsned to admit two of the Sisters whose work had given rise to such adverse criticism. The elder of the two was tall and pale, and her businesslike directness showed that long use had! inured her to some extent to the unpleasantness of her task. To the younger it was evidently an ordeal that nothing less than heroic obedience could have made her face. Her long lashes dropped on the wildrose flush of her cheeks, and her little white hands trembled as she held her empty plate toward the person nearest to her. In spite of the previous grumblings, most of the guests were generous in their contributions, and notes and silver soon arose in goodly piles on both plates. The formula of thanks of the elder nun was repeated by the that her beloved old people would have all they needed now for some

The Italian officer, who sat at the end of the long table, as he quietly watched the gray clad figure coming toward him, wondered what was familiar to him in the graceful dignity of the younger Sister's move But his musings were rudely interrupted by the voice of his neighbor, the professor. The little Sister had held her plate out to him with the usual form of request.

"A donation for our old people, for God's sake, please!"
With an intentionally ironical bow, the man had drawn his purse and had laid a single cent amongst the

other money. That," he said in a contemptuous tone, "is all I feel called upon to give to idlers and drunkards—and fools." 'He had raised his voice, and the exaggerated contempt that he put into the last word draw attention to the fact that he intended to include in it the Sister herself as well as the

As the professor spoke the Italian officer sprang to his feet, and the on lookers caught the flesh of anger in his eye as he bent in a bow before

are like this."

for your admirable charity. I should
'I call it an abuse," went on the be honored," he continued, "if you would allow me to shake hands with

The professor's insulting words had much prater keeping one's money in but as for an instant, she raised her one's own pocket," added a young eyes to this young man who had courage enough to make himself the champion of the servants of God, he subconsciously; for as she looked up he realized why she had brought back to him a winter, some three or four years gone by, which he had spent in Rome.

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"Oh, hush, hush, please !"

The two exclamations were spoken at once, but those near at hand had heard the name he had spoken—the name of a princely family long famed for bravery and brains and unswerva fool for Christ's sake.

her hand in the officer's outstretched palm. But, bending, he raised to his lips, first those little white fingers, then the work bardened one of her ignore his recognition of his former

tity, had suddenly shown him the pitiful ignorance, the cowardly insolence of his act and words. He was fanatically anti-religious, and anti-Chrisand for the moment his fanaticism had overwhelmed his instincts as a gentleman. But only for an instant. Before the door had time to close he was on his feet. The Sisters, seeing him standing before them, paused, and immediately he

should hear:
"I must apologize for what I have just said and done"—and now he, too, bowed as he spoke. "And especially to you, Sister, whom I intentionally insulted. I can only beg of you to accept my sincere apology," (He laid a hundred franc note on the plate on which the elder Sister bed subtract the sider. Sister had gathered the whole collection together), and an offering less unworthy of your acceptance for your work of-of heroic charity."

herself, but thinking only of her old people's needs, smiled up at him in And, avowed atheist, boasted anti-

his long past youth. Sister," he said, and he caught at

her gray habit as she moved away, following year; but his labor was "if you forgive, will you say a prayer ended and he had only to await his

Cartainly, monsieur," she replied, and her voice was soft and musical like the voice of a child. "I will get will pray," she added in a lower tone, "that God may teach you how to pray for yourself."

Then the door closed and the two Sisters passed out of sight .- The Youth's Magazine.

SAINT PATRICK

The early years of Ireland's glorious apostle were spent in bondage. Tradition has it that at the age of sixteen he was carried off by pirates and sold as a slave to an Irish chief tain whose flocks he tended in what is now Antrim, in Ireland. God sent vision to the lonely shepherd wherein he saw a Catholic nation spreading its branches like a tree to the uttermost ends of the earth, even to lands yet undiscovered. The young man did not grasp what the vision meant; the future centuries were to understand it batter. He was admonished to fly from his cruel master to the sescosst where he should find a ship at anchor. After much disappointment and suffering he succeeded in boarding the vessel and sailed for home.

His ambition now was to become a priest and carry the doctrines of Christianity back to the pagan Irish. He had learned to love that people, and he wished to give them a knowledge of the true God, a noble way of requiting the sufferings he had endured among them. With this object in view, he began a period of training of mind and heart which was to last for thirty-eight years. This would seem a long time to live in obscurity and arduous study, but Patrick was to become the protoapostle of a nation of apostles. was to be the model of the eight hundred Irish saints who were to be presented to the world in after centuries as models of Christian perfection. He was to be the first of the magnificent line of Irish bishops, who were to fill the world with the fame of their learning and holiness. He was to be the model of those hun dreds of thousands of Irish priests who in future ages were to be part and parcel of their people, who were

to follow their flocks to every clime instructing them, consoling them in their misery and sorrow, and giving them the hope of justice in a better land beyond the grave. Patrick was, in a word, to be the model of those ing loyalty to God. If a member of leaders and counsellors of a nation that family was a fool-well, she was which, in the forcible language of Cardinal Manning, is "the most pro-foundly Christian, the most energeti-The collection was finished, and now both Sisters stood together for a moment. The younger one had laid earth."

The Irish apostle was relatively an old man when he reached Ireland for the second time-this time not as a slave but as a conqueror. He began to preach and to draw thousands from to open the door and let them go. His sudden exclamation had not been There are few scenes in history more intended to reveal what the Sister thrilling than that which took place preferred should remain unknown on Tara Hill on Easter Sunday, 433. and all he could do now was to Leoghaire, the chief king of Ireland, was there surrounded by his druids. his tributary princes and the chief It had all happened so quickly that the Sisters were in the doorway before those around had grasped what had taken place under their ing his breast, Patrick stood before own eyes. Only the professor under this assembly and began to speak of stood it thoroughly. Something in a God unknown to those pagans, stood it thoroughly. Something the Sister's demeanor, her calm repeating almost literary the the Sister's demeanor, her calm his prototype, the Apostle of the dignity, had impressed him; and, his prototype, the Apostle of the Gracian Areopagus to proclaim to the Athenians the existence of the

Unknown God. The holy man was now at work With a tongue of fire he sowed the the Irish people; but something more was required to make it fructify in their hearts. Paul plants : Appollo gives the increase. Patrick retired to a mountain to fast and pray, and spoke, so that every one in the room | there, like Moses on Sinai, like John on the banks of the Jordan, he spent weeks in penance and supplication until he had definitely obtained from God for the Irish race the gift which it was ever after to hold as a priceless

treasure, the gift of the Catholic faith.
After he had put the Church in Ireland on a firm footing, ordaining clergy, founding dioceses, building churches, and establishing schools he set out for Rome, the center of Catholic unity, the fountain head of Catholic authority, to give an "Thank you sir! May God reward you generously!" answered the elder sister, simply; whilst the younger without a thought of his rudeness to man had changed the destiny of a whole nation. Out of a little people living on an island on the western coast of Europe he had created one of the great apostolic races whom Christian as he was, for a moment he God has employed for the past fifteer went back to the trusting beliefs of centuries to carry the Gospel mes sage to the four corners of the world

St. Patrick returned to Ireland the reward. He went to his grace, a peaceful and honored conqueror Fifteen hundred years have gone by empires and kingdoms have risen our old people to pray; and I, too, and fallen; revolutions have changed the face of the earth; and yet the green as the hillsides on which he exercised his apostolate. Every year his name and fame resound from thousands of pulpits, not merely in Europe, but in Australia, Africa, Asia, wherever Irish exiles have set foot, and nowhere more enthuciastically than in Greater Ireland-the new world of America.

Strange historic fact! No blood was shed while Patrick preached the Gospel: not one of his immediate followers received the crown of martyrdom; but his preaching implanted the spirit of martyrdom in the hearts of his children. This spirit lived on and quickened when the days of persecution came; it consoled the Irish when they lay under the feet of tyrante: it prepared their nation for the martyr's crowa, the grandest gift that can come from hand of God. Nations like individuals, may wear that precious crown, and the time came when the Irish nation, weary and worn after centuries of persecution for her fidelity to Christ and His Church. lay down in a martyr's grave, hidden in her own blood. But conquered Never! She kept the faith and she has it still! In this twentieth century the children of this disbanded nation are as proud of their Catholic faith as their forefathers were the day their apostle Patrick. Is it too much to ask the great Apostle of the Irish to continue to hold in his keeping the children of his predilection?-E. J. D. in Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

It is a thought to make us very grave, that this life of God holds us like a hand and penetrates us like a sword. It is always the same, yet never monotonous. Illimitably out-spread beyond all imaginary space, is full, complete, intense, in every point of space, at every point of time. . . . How shall we hope to measure the Kingdom of Glory, when it is to be measured only by the Divine Magnificence ?-Father Faber.

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