

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HARP OF IRELAND

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee. The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers. This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.

HUMPING UP YOUR BRAINS

It is probable that if boys could hump up their brains as they do their biceps, and say honestly, "Feed of that, will you!" they would take much more kindly to mental training.

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.

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.

Imagine what the muscles of a man would be who had sat in a chair since the age of ten. If you do not want your mind to be in an analogous condition when you are a man, exercise it now!

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 and honor.

If you are opposed to the policy of the business in which you are engaged, even if it is not dishonest, you should immediately consider a change; but, as long as you remain 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 discuss secrets of the business, and when you leave that concern, you should still maintain silence.

Some business men, and some moralists, claim that you have no right to betray your employer who is dishonest, even after you have severed your connection with him; but the majority of honest men believe that it is one's duty to reveal crime and to expose dishonesty for the good of the community.

At any rate I think that no one would justify you in drawing a salary from a dishonest house and at the same time furnishing evidence against that house.

If what you are doing, or what you are associated with, is in your opinion dishonest, sever your connection at once. You have no right to stay, and, if you do remain, you are as dishonest as the man for whom you work.

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.

Don't handle dishonesty in a dishonest way. There should be no difference between personal and business honor.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE KERRY SONG

There's a grand big girl that walks the earth, An' some that's gone to glory, An' have been praised beyond their worth.

Sure, Kerry is a little place, An' everything's in keeplee; The biggest heroes of the race In little graves are sleepin'.

THE NUN OF THE POOR Posted up on the dining room door of the Grand Hotel at Isle Les Gaiques was a notice that could not fail to catch the passer's eye.

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, turning to her neighbor. "If only that stupid collection had been just a 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 indubitably dear, I consider. And, then, there are the baths and the doctor, and 'tips' expected by every one.

"It's enough to ruin a Croesus!" groaned a third. "And on top of it all," chimed in the first speaker again, "we are 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-looking man, who up to this had no chance of joining in the conversation. "I know these institutions are necessary and very excellent, I dare say, and I subscribe regularly once a year to more than one in my own neighborhood. But beyond that I draw a line."

"Yes, yes," agreed several others; "help those at home certainly. But it is really rather too much to expect us, who are only birds of passage, to support their poor for them in a place like this."

"I am so glad you agree with me," said the first speaker, turning quickly to the officer, whose favor she had sought for assiduously, but in vain, quite oblivious of the sarcasm of his remark.

"I am afraid I was merely violating the general thought, not giving my own opinion," he explained politely. "Then what is your opinion?" she asked in a tone of surprise.

"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.

"That I grant you," rejoined the officer, addressing the fat speaker 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.

"You are a believer in luck, I gather?" said his neighbor, who had not yet taken part in the discussion. "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 shriveled, fallow face. "My opinion is that those who are determined to get on, do so, sooner or later, no matter what obstacles may arise in their paths.

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 forward and addressed the professor 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 Isle 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 ballet at the Casino, and finally the never-ending theme of luck and play at the gaming tables served in turns as topics of conversation.

The distasteful subject of the collection had been for the moment forgotten, when the door of the dining-room opened 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 unpleasantry of her task.

"Thank you, sir! May God reward you generously!" answered the elder Sister, simply; whilst the younger without a thought of his rudeness to herself, but thinking only of her old people's needs, smiled up at him in gratitude.

"Sister," he said, and he caught at her gray habit as she moved away, "if you forgive, will you say a prayer for me?" "Certainly, monsieur," she replied, and her voice was soft and musical like the voice of a child.

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 drew attention to the fact that he intended to include in the Sister herself as well as the poor.

"I am sorry, Sister," he said, laying a golden Louis on the five cent piece. "That I cannot afford any more for your admirable charity, I should be honored," he continued, "if you would allow me to shake hands with you."

The professor's insulting words had apparently left the Sister unmoved; but as, for an instant, she raised her eyes to this young man who had courage enough to make himself the champion of the servants of God, he saw that tears were trembling on her lashes. But this he noticed only unconsciously; 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 heard the name he had spoken—the name of a princely family long famed for bravery and brains and unswerving loyalty to God.

The collection was finished, and now both Sisters stood together for a moment. The younger one had laid her hand in the officer's outstretched palm. But, bending, he raised to his lips, first those little white fingers, then the work-hardened ones of her companion, before moving backward to open the door and let them go.

It had all happened so quickly that the Sisters were in the doorway before they had grasped what had taken place under their own eyes. Only the professor under stood it thoroughly. Something in the Sister's demeanor, her calm dignity, had impressed him; and, following in the officer's act of homage and the discovery of her identity, had suddenly shown him the pitiful ignorance, the cowardly insolence of his act and words.

With a tongue of fire he sowed the seed of the Gospel in the minds of the Irish people; but something more was required to make it fruitful in their hearts. Paul plants; Apollo waters; but it is God alone that gives the increase. Patrick retired to a mountain to fast and pray, and 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 account of his stewardship. What a wonderful accomplishment! With-out the shedding of blood, this old 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 God had employed for the past fifteen centuries to carry the Gospel message to the four corners of the world.

St. Patrick returned to Ireland the following year; but his labor was ended and he had only to await his reward. He went to his grave, a peaceful and honored conqueror. Fifteen hundred years have gone by; empires and kingdoms have risen and fallen; revolutions have changed the face of the earth; and yet the memory of Patrick is as fresh and as green as the hillsides on which he exercised his apostolic life. 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 enthusiastically 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 compelled the Irish when they lay under the feet of tyrants; it prepared their nation for the martyr's crown, the greatest gift that can come from the 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 disinherited nation are as proud of their Catholic faith as their forefathers were the day their apostle blesqued it to them on Croagh 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.

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. In whose flock he tended in what is now Antrim, in Ireland. God sent a 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 better. He was admonished to fly from his cruel master to the seacoast 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 doctrine 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 prota-apostle of a nation of apostles. He 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 hundreds of thousands of Irish priests who in future ages were to be part and parcel of their people, who were

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