

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NEW YEAR

This is stocktaking time. Business men are looking over the goods they have on hand, to see how much is left and what condition it is in. They are also turning over the well-thumbed pages of their books, balancing accounts, calculating profits and losses. From time to time, they sit back in the chair and allow the past year to flit by in their imagination, and the vision is not without pang over lost opportunities, over profitable deals and investments missed at times when a competitor was more wide-awake than they, and so on; and then comes the determination to allow nothing like that to happen in 1915.

In the spiritual order there must be stock-taking, also. This is a business that concerns everybody. Its profits are incalculable, its risks are manifold, for war never ceases and there is no neutral zone, and its losses are the only real calamities of human existence. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" Sensible men will not allow this season of spiritual stock-taking to pass by without making a serious effort to find out exactly how they stand in that spiritual mart wherein we are all placed by Him Who entrusted to each of us a certain portion of His goods, with the command, "Trade with it till I come."

We, too, must sit back for a while and allow the year 1914 to pass in review before our mental gaze. Most of us will find that we have been guilty of neglect and of waste—neglect of grace and waste of time.

The Saints tell us that we live in an atmosphere of the grace of God. In a condition of spiritual health and vigor, we should be drawing into our souls at every moment an increase of strength and vitality. But this demands that we be wide-awake and on the watch, that no portion of the good gifts of God pass us by. It requires conscious and deliberate effort; for God Who made us without our own co-operation, will not save or sanctify us except on condition that we do our share. How often have we heard that saints become saints by doing their ordinary actions, fulfilling their ordinary duties, in the best possible way and for the best possible motive; that is, for the love of God? And the secret of it, too, has been disclosed to us by our Divine Lord Himself, when He said that we ought always to pray. Here then is the first thing we all notice in our survey of the past year. We have not prayed, or we have not prayed well. Let us set that right for the coming year. By fervent morning offering we shall place ourselves in the presence of God each day and shall remind ourselves when the clock strikes, when the Angelus bell rings, when temptations and troubles assail us, that there is One at our side Who can help and Who loves us and wills that we succeed and be happy. We will not forget our act of charity, our short aspirations of love and of trust in Him from Whom alone all blessings come.

Then there is the item of waste to be provided against. We have been wasting in the most reckless fashion the most precious of earthly possessions—Time. On our bed of death what would we not give for one hour of the precious time which we allow to hang so heavily on our hands, which we sometimes want to "kill," as we rightly call it! In Hell what would not the lost souls give for one hour, for one day! We must say with the poet:

The lost days of my life until to day,
What were they, could I see them at my feet?
Lie as they fall? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or such supple waters as in dreams must cheat
The undying threats of hell, athirst away?

The time is fast coming when the view of our past will have ceased to be profitable in the way of stimulus and inspiration for the future. One moment of time rightly used may win eternity. It could advance us and place us far ahead on the road of spiritual progress. And there are moments of crisis, psychological moments, on which one's whole future depends, in which it is to be decided whether we are to be generous and successful workers for God or worthless failures. God alone knows when such moments come. But the man who has allowed himself to lose sight of the value of time, to waste the precious moments without pang, will not be ready when the hour of destiny strikes. We have been like heedless children in our squandering of these golden coins, which are the swiftly passing moments of our lives. "Redeem the time," say the inspired writer.

The men who do things, who make their mark in the world, who leave the impress of their minds and characters upon their fellowmen, are the men whose days have been full of good deeds, the men who have realized that time is gold, and that it is nobler and manlier every way to wear out than to rust out. Let us ask God to impress deep in our minds a sense of the value of time, and to give us the untiring energy to use it well for Him.

Here then are two results that every man's spiritual stock-taking ought to yield; first, pray well and

often; second, waste no time.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SACRIFICE

Noel Sanford was determined to get an education. He had gone as far as the Tullyville school could carry him. An omnivorous reader from the time he could put syllables together, his excursion into the realms of history and literature had taught him even at the early age of fourteen that education meant opportunity; that other things being equal, a man well equipped mentally had a far better chance of success than one who had not been so trained.

His widowed mother's resources were all too scant to supply their ordinary necessities, yet Noel's future, spelled him one word, and that was success.

How to attain this goal was his present anxiety; for the nearest high school or academy was fifteen miles away in the city of Burton. He must have money to pay for the trolley ride there and back, to pay for books, and for tuition as a non-resident.

He was asking himself how this was to be done as he drew near home and opened the gate, when his dog bounded rapturously toward him.

It was impossible for Noel to pass on without stopping to fondle and caress this almost constant companion of his daily life.

"Gem! Gem! Nice old fellow! Help your friend to solve this knotty problem." He patted and rubbed the little fellow with affectionate touch.

As if in answer to his appeal, his mother, who stood in the doorway a witness of this scene, spoke hesitatingly "Noel, the Warner from Burton motored through here to day. They stopped to watch and admire Gem; just at that moment the little fellow was opening the gate for him."

He was the trick you and I are so proud of—and when Mr. Warner saw him stand up, put his paw on the latch, press it, and then come in, he remarked to the gentleman with him, that he would give \$50 to own such a cute little animal."

"Well, he can't have my dog," declared the boy with asperity, and gathering his pet to him with sudden jealousy, he moved off to the barn. He buried himself of wood for his mother. He tried to whistle vigorously to shut out the obtruding thought of selling Gem, and thus reaching a definite solution of the vexed question.

It was Wednesday night. The schools opened Monday. In vain Noel and his mother schemed over ways for the boy to earn the needed money. They were forced in the end to the conclusion that work in Tullyville and school in Burton were an impossible combination. Then Noel became very quiet. His appetite vanished. Gem was not allowed out of his sight.

At last on Saturday morning he took down his cap, and with slower movement reached for the leading strap, to which Gem's collar was attached.

"It's no use, mother," he declared in a lifeless, despondent tone. "Gem must go." The boy went out hastily accompanied by his pet, who was delighted to anticipate his master's expedition by joyful leaps and caresses. Partly by walking, partly by a lift from a good natured farmer, Noel found himself at Mr. Warner's house in Burton three hours later; and soon was concluding his bargain with that gentleman in person.

"Fine little animal!" averred Mr. Warner, complacent over his new possession, and he counted and handed to the boy five ten dollar bills. With inaudible thanks, Noel crushed the money, and turned to the door. That sagacious animal stood on his hind legs, placed both paws on the boy's arm, and looked into his face with a long whine. This dumb comforter knew his little master was in trouble.

One great scalding drop stole down the boy's cheek, as he patted Gem's head. Then he went out with hasty step.

He never explained to his mother where he passed the remainder of that day, nor how he accomplished a distance back to Tullyville. When he opened the door of his home, the evening shadows were gathering. He found a cheerful fire crackling on the hearth, the table set for the evening, and incomprehensible marvel, Gem lying by his mother's rocker! Both sprang up in joy at his return.

"Oh, Noel! I am so glad that you have come. I have so much to tell you. The boy, speechless and exhausted dropped into a chair. Gem licked his hands with delight; barking, wagging his tail, and in various ways showing his excess of happiness.

"Why, Noel, after you left his house this morning, Mr. Lyman Warner made all sorts of inquiries about you. The result of his investigation influenced him to return your dog this afternoon. He is a director of the trolley company, and he brought a free scholar's pass for you. Then it appeared that for some time he has had under consideration the founding of a four year's scholarship in the Burton School for the Tullyville boy, who reached the highest standing. I believe that his mother used to live here, and the idea interests him on that account. Well to come to an end of this wonderful tale, having heard about your high percentages, he determined to found the 'Studley Scholarship' at once,

and you are entitled to it. So on Monday morning you can start your new career."

Down on the floor sank Noel Sanford, overcome with joy and fatigue. One arm was thrown around Gem. The dog cuddled close to his tired master, and soon sleep embraced them both.

The recumbent figure was unconscious of the watchful care which supplied the needed covering, and of the happy light which beamed from the mother's eyes as she read visions of the future in the embers on the hearth.—Catholic Bulletin.

TECHNICAL TRAINING

IMPORTANT WORK, MUCH TALKED OF ELSEWHERE, HERE QUIETLY AND EFFECTIVELY DONE

New York Tribune, Dec. 20

Printing and beauty, printing and quiet, printing and religion. Reminiscence of the old days, when dark cowled monks sat in inspiring gloom in their labor of love, is the industry carried on by the "White Sisters" of Quebec. In this modern day of inkiness, noise and excitement in the printer's domain, it is startling to find a complete bookmaking establishment in a nunnery, in a bright, clean and soothing retreat.

And it is not men who are engaged in this work, but the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and young trades novices, poor girls who are being trained to earn their living in occupations that are congenial as well as profitable. Young girls learn to do efficiently this work of men, and make it one of beauty and real pleasure. They learn the most advanced methods connected with the art.

IN VIRGINAL WHITE WALLED ROOMS

They manipulate the heavy machinery, the complex workings, the simple and intricate electric devices, the type setting and all ink-defying processes and yet their white robes remain unsullied. In a virgin white walled room, hung with pictures of the Madonna, the saints and many crucifixes, snowy clad Sisters, whose flowing white draperies give them an ethereal air, operate the massive machinery with all the dexterity of expert pressmen.

It is a kind of vocational experiment, this school, for the girls may pass from one field of work to another, in order to ascertain which they most like and for which they have greatest talent. And there are many branches. Besides the actual printing there are the presses, the bookbinding, the lithographing, the illuminating and the proof-reading departments.

EXQUISITE ILLUMINATING

They are taught proof reading in both French and English. Although most of their work is modern, many of them are taught the art of illumination. Very beautiful bits of work have these calm and loving laborers turned out, striving with as much care and as little worldly ambition as did their masculine forebears.

They study the old times, learn from them and originate on their own score. The novices have ample opportunity in which to work out their own destinies under the gentle guidance of the Sisters. Sitting on stools learning to set type, or bending over tables folding pages or trimming edges, they are busy and happy under the kindly influence of their instructors and co-workers. In the cheerful and subdued beauty of the convent, with its snowy walls, its long, arched windows and soft, white curtains, with its crucifixes on the walls, and its incongruous accompaniment to the frequent recital of prayers.

LOVE REFLECTED IN THEIR WORK

More striking even than the beauty and cleanliness of their surroundings is the spirit of cheer and joy, the indicators of art instead of labor, with which even the most primary and in ordinary factories disagreeable tasks are attacked, the same love of the work which characterizes an illuminator at her exquisite task.

Probably it is this love of the labor for its own sake that makes these religious toilers produce a work which is quite distinctive, as the value of old rugs and old paint ings lies not wholly in their age, nor in their workmanship, but in the bit of personality which somehow adds immeasurably to the charm of the effect. And the beauty and the quiet patience, the sincerity and the atmosphere of this printing establishment have all combined to make these books different and particularly desirable.

They are printed by hand on linen paper of the finest quality and are beautifully illustrated, and many of them illuminated. And the covering, too, that deceptive indicator of the inner soul of the book, has been cared for with extremely artistic results. The Convent Press is known in Catholic circles in Canada and the United States for the excellence of its work.

VALUE OF VOCATIONAL EXPERIENCES

Although this branch is of the greatest interest, because of its seemingly incongruity and because it is an absolutely unique institution, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary conduct establishments in every part of the world, their mission being to train poor girls to earn their living in not an incongruous fashion. And in each of them young students may try various tasks in order to assure herself fairly well

that she is choosing the proper vocation.

There is one main requirement for acceptance into the factory schools—the girls must be poor and quite unable to pay any tuition and forced to earn their own living. They are accepted by the White Sisters and trained with an enviable thoroughness. Each pupil is sent forth a specialist, who knows and understands her work and who has learned more than just work while studying in the peaceful homes of the Sisters.

TO TURN OUT RELIABLE SPECIALISTS

Each branch of this sisterhood has its specialty. One has the time honored nun's specialty of embroidery, another the equally ancient one of lace making, where, as in Southern France, they sit placidly and sew and soild resolute pupils. Others teach plain sewing, weaving, printing, bookbinding, illuminating, rug making, tapestry weaving, mosaic work, and, in fact every kind of work possible for women, including even farming and dairy work. Out in the country regions they learn about the care of animals. They tend gardens and advance to the profession of landscape gardening.

LEARN QUICKLY UNDER LOVING CARE

In New York the Franciscan Missionaries conduct a sewing school, an atelier and a day nursery. Their little school is crowded with young girls who are being taught everything from the first holding of the needle to the most intricate stitchery. Their modest convent is at 228 East 45th st., and is of easy access to the poor, for whom it was established. The problem of specializing in a vocational school for a city was not very difficult, for the enormous and constant demand for embroidery and fine and plain sewing seemed at once to point that out as an easy and congenial occupation for the trained worker.

Young, inexperienced girls enter the school and quickly advance from the hemming of a towel to the embroidery of the finest of trousseaux. When they have reached the required excellence they are admitted to the atelier and become real workers at full wages. The sewing school and day nursery are free to children of the poor, regardless of race, creed or color.

NAPPER TANDY

NAPOLEON SAVED HIM FROM ENGLAND'S CLUTCHES

Wherever "The Wearing of the Green" is heard—and there is no civilized spot on this earth where its stirring strains have not awakened the echoes—the name of Napper Tandy is familiar. But James Napper Tandy was something more than a poetic creation, and in England, a little over a century ago, he was regarded as a person dangerous to the well being of the British empire. Tandy was of good family, high education and comfortable fortune, and was born in Dublin in 1740. He took an active interest in the Irish politics early in life, and became prominent in the United Irishmen. Certain patriotic expressions, made in public, caused his expulsion from the Dublin Volunteer Artillery, and two years afterwards he was imprisoned on an order of the House of Commons for having sent a challenge to the solicitor general.

Anent this incident, Wolfe Tone remarks in his journal: "It is but justice to an honest man, who has been persecuted for his firm adherence to his principles, to observe here that Tandy, in coming forward on this occasion, well knew that he was putting in the most extreme hazard his popularity among the corporation in the city of Dublin, with whom he had enjoyed the most unbounded influence for twenty years, and, in fact, in the event, this popularity was sacrificed."

In 1793 proceedings were begun against him for distributing a tract called "Common Sense," which contained severe strictures on the Beresford family. Finding also, that a bill had been introduced against him for inducing the "Defenders" of the County Louth to join the United Irishmen, he fled to the United States. He lived in Milington, Del., until 1798, when he went to France to be at hand when the time for action in Ireland came.

Napper Tandy was given the provisional rank of general, and embarked with a small body of Irish refugees in the frigate Anacreon for Ireland in September of that year. The Anacreon landed at the Island of Arran, off the coast of Donegal, where, hearing of Humbert's defeat at Ballinacree, Napper Tandy disembarked and sailed north to avoid British cruisers. He landed in Norway, and tried to reach France overland, but was arrested in the city of Hamburg at the instigation of British spies.

The local authorities surrendered him as a prisoner claimed by England. But the Hamburgers paid dearly for this despicable piece of work. Napoleon, who was the first consul, reclaimed Tandy as an officer of the French army, and declared that if a hair of his head were touched, an English officer of equal rank should be hanged. Instead of executing Tandy as a "traitor," the English were glad to exchange him with Napoleon for an English prisoner of war. Napoleon levied a fine of 400,000 francs on Hamburg for its breach of neutrality in surrendering a French officer. Tandy spent the remainder of his life in Bordeaux, France, where he died in 1808 aged 68 years.—Buffalo Union and Times.

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ALMOST PERSUADED

The Missionary

Two of our greatest English writers, Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of the massive dictionary that bears his name, and Robert Louis Stevenson, whose body rests on a lone isle in the southern Pacific ocean, were "almost persuaded" to adopt the true Faith. Honor Walsh has given us a beautiful picture of the place occupied by these illustrious authors close to the Kingdom of God.

Now, Johnson and Stevenson, dissimilar as hewn marble and golden tracery, were yet alike in two characteristics: both were artistic in words; both—if the term be permissible—were the most Catholic of Protestants. Although living in the days when No Popery fanaticism had reached its wildest worst, Dr. Johnson was a consistent defender of Catholic doctrine and practice, publicly advocating his belief in the sanctity of the Mass, in the efficacy of intercession through the saints, in the reasonableness of purgatory in the consoling charity of prayers for the dead. To the day of his death he offered daily prayer for the repose of the soul of his wife. Indeed, it is well known that the busy doctor went so far as to say that a man converted from Protestantism to Catholicity is sure to be sincere, while a Catholic who has turned Protestant is not to be trusted. "He gives up so much of what he has held sacred that his 'conversion' can hardly be sincere and lasting."

As for Stevenson, he had lived even a decade longer, it is more than likely that he would have knelt at the altar of the ages. He had all of the well-attested symptoms of the convert to be. With much conflict of mind and soul he had escaped from the dreary swamp of Calvinism; he grew more Catholic every day of his later life. Not to mention his glowing tribute to Father Damien, his condemnation of the self-enriching Protestant missionaries and his reverence, admiration of the nuns, his personal life in its later, better years, so humble, so devoted, so patient, so self-denying, was ideally Catholic. After he had visited the leper island of Molokai and witnessed the labors of the Franciscan Sisters, he wrote the eminently Catholic eulogy of self-sacrifice:

To see the infinite pity of this place, The mangled limb, the devastated face,

The innocent sufferer, smiling at the rod— A fool were tempted to deny his God.

He sees, he shrinks; but if he gaze again, Lo, beauty springeth from the breast of pain.

He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores And even a fool is silent and adores.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES CONTRASTED

In the current number of the "Hibbert Journal," a Protestant writer, Dr. Meyrick Booth, has an article, dealing with birth-rate statistics in the course of which he pays to Catholic married couples a tribute that, as the figures he cites show, they well deserve. In regard to the United Kingdom he points out that, whilst between the years 1881 and 1891 the decline in the birth rate in England was rapid, in Dublin it actually rose by 9 per cent. and in all Ireland by 3 per cent. In British towns, the smallest decrease is in those where Catholics are most numerous, as in Liverpool, Salford, Manchester, and Glasgow; and a similar difference is witnessed between London boroughs. Furthermore, whilst among Protestant families the birth rate was 3.74 to each marriage between 1871 and

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efforts have been spared by Germany and Austria to influence the Holy See in their favor.

The English bigots represented by the Northern Council of the Church Association would have England forego the advantages she would derive from being officially represented at the Vatican. Blinded by their bigotry, they would rather see England suffer than receive help in any form from the Holy See.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

KIND WORDS AND KIND DEEDS

Sometimes a very little thing upsets our peace of mind; and again a very little thing will give us a happy day. Realizing this, we should do our share in saying kind words and doing kind deeds. There is no one too lofty in station or too learned to be insensible to kindness. "A pleasant, friendly greeting gives me courage to begin the day," said a worker who had achieved much. "An appreciative word makes me feel that my labor is not in vain." "We are all like children in that respect," commented the head of the college. There are some things we never outgrow, and indeed it would be ungrateful not to appreciate a kindly thought. "The greatest thing a man can do for his heavenly Father," wrote a lover of souls, "is to be kind to some of His children."—Sacred Heart Review.

There is a big difference between a wish and a dogged resolution.

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