

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

QUITTING

How much grit do you think you've got? Can you quit a thing you like a lot? You may talk of pluck; it's an easy word...

drink has become a practice or a habit, abstemious abstemious abstemious not only a test of will power, but also a preventive of possible excess.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

MARCH 11.—ST. EULOGIUS, MARTYR St. Eulogius was of a senatorian family of Cordova, at the capital of the Moors in Spain. Our Saint was educated among the clergy of the Church of St. Zolius, a martyr who suffered with nineteen others under Diocletian.

and tolls; and the Church reckons him one of her four greatest doctors, and reveres him as St. Gregory the Great.

MARCH 17.—ST. PATRICK, BISHOP, APOSTLE OF IRELAND

If the virtues of children reflect an honor on their parents, much more justly is the name of St. Patrick rendered illustrious by the innumerable lights of sanctity with which the Church of Ireland glories during many ages, and by the colonies of Saints with which it peopled many foreign countries; for, under God, its inhabitants derived from their glorious apostle the streams of that eminent sanctity by which they were long conspicuous to the whole world.

neophytes, who were yet in their white garments after baptism. Cortic massacred many, and carried away others, whom he sold to the infidel Picts or Scots. The next day the Saint sent the barbarian a letter entreating him to restore the Christian captives, and at least part of the booty he had taken, that the poor people might not perish for want, but was only answered by railleries.

"There is good fortune in a third attempt, and this one was successful. At awful cost, the point was captured; and the stretcher-bearers going out to where the general lay wounded, found him praying, with his Rosary in his hands."

AT A DRAUGHT

M. Rene Bazin, in the Echo de Paris, is responsible for the truth of the following: Jean Gelineau was wounded one morning at day break. He was sniped as he passed from the communication trenches into those his comrades occupied.

"But the lieutenant told us to bring you in," they insisted. "It is a command, get it done." And the wounded man set his teeth to bear the movement in silence.

"They raised him as gently as they could and carried him to the dressing station, which was half a mile away. Two of his friends went with him, and also the lieutenant who had a weak spot in his heart for the big Vendean, whom he looked upon as his best soldier.

"Is that you, sir?" Gelineau asked as he was borne along the edge of the rutty track.

"Yes, Gelineau, it is I," replied the lieutenant. "Can I do anything for you? Do you want a drink?"

"It is my Rosary, sir," explained the wounded man. "It is in the right hand pocket of my tunic."

The lieutenant put his hand into the pocket indicated, and, without stopping the little procession, he placed the Rosary in the nervous, though uninjured, fingers which were held out to receive it.

The officer's eyes travelled down to where the Rosary beads were slipping through the fingers, more used to planting grain than to the work of destruction they had had to carry out that day.

"Halt!" the lieutenant gave the word; and the little party stood still, and gently lowered the stretcher onto the dusty remains of moss beside the roadway.

The lieutenant moved forward a pace, then paused and bowed his head, for the Rosary had fallen onto the ground. And the stretcher-bearers saw that the man they had hoped to save was dead.—Ave Maria.

Riches either serve or govern the possessor.—Horace.

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THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it; And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile...

A wholesome spread, for a slice of Bread, The Kiddies "just love" CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

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SOLDIERS' ROSARIES

TWO EDIFYING STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR

It was one of the comparatively few occasions on which there was an opportunity for a cavalry charge. The squadron was drawn up, and was impatiently waiting the orders from headquarters to advance.

"The general was no longer a young man; but, with the energy of youth, he leaped on his horse, reforming what remained of the regiment, and urged them to a new attack.

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HOW SIN DESTROYS BEAUTY

One of the most beautiful pictures in the world is "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. Jesus sits at the table with His twelve Apostles. It is said that the artist sought long for a model for St. John, the beloved disciple.

All the Apostles were painted now save one—Judas the traitor. Da Vinci went from place to place, looking for some debased man who would be suitable as a model. He was walking one day on the streets of Milan, watching the faces of the evil men he chanced to meet, when his eyes fell on one who seemed to have in his features the character he sought.

OUR FACES

"My boy," said a wise father, who knew how to play and be a chum with his twelve-year-old boy, "you do not own your own face."

One of the effects of original sin was to weaken the barriers which separated man's nobler nature from his lower proclivities. Body and soul, intellect and will have experienced the debilitating effect of that first great offense.

CHECKING PASSIONS

These-called passions usually enjoy unrestrained operations in those persons whose physical exuberance is unchecked by the stern mandates of reason and will.

DETROIT FREE PRESS

St. Eulogius was elected to succeed him; but there were some obstacles that hindered him from being consecrated, though he did not openly his election three months. A virgin, by name Leocritia, of a noble family among the Moors, had been instructed from her infancy in the Christian religion by one of her relatives, and privately baptized. Her father and mother used her very ill, and scourged her day and night to compel her to renounce the faith.

MARCH 12.—ST. GREGORY THE GREAT

Gregory was a Roman of noble birth, and while still young was governor of Rome. On his father's death he gave his great wealth to the poor, turned his house on the Caelian Hill into a monastery, which now bears his name, and for some years lived as a perfect monk. The Pope drew him from his seclusion to make him one of the seven deacons of Rome; and he did great service to the Church for many years as what we now call Nuncio to the imperial court at Constantinople.

A CERTAIN PRINCE NAMED COROTICK

A certain prince named Corotick, a Christian in name only, disturbed the peace of his flock. This tyrant, having made a descent into Ireland, plundered the country where St. Patrick had been just conferring confirmation on a great number of

KNOWING OUR LEADERS

By John Talbot Smith

It would be interesting to discover how many of even our educated Catholics know that the Catholic body has any leaders. The hierarchy is the body of ecclesiastical rulers, and all Catholics know them as such; but in addition there are rulers in civil and secular life who, by their talents, their success, their experience and their devotion, are entitled to respect, attention and a following such as men like Taft and Roosevelt get from their respective admirers. How many know them or pay them any attention whatever? Now not to know the leaders means practically that a nation has none. If we try to call up among the Catholic body names which mean something to the entire Catholic American world, whose shall they be? The executives of Federation, the Knights of Columbus, the Foresters, ought to be outside their respective circles? Admiral Benson and General Barry are of the Catholic faith, but how many know it? For the general Catholic crowd, when these and similar names are mentioned, the speaker must explain their character and standing. Even political leaders, men in the fierce light that beats upon thrones, men like former Gov. Ernest Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Chas. of New York, have to be explained to the multitude. Along with this phenomenon goes another: the ignorance of our people concerning the leaders of the past. The most picturesque figure of colonial days was the first Bishop of Baltimore, John Carroll. His career had a savor of romance. He was a native of Maryland, a member of the Jesuit community and an aristocrat. He acted as agent for the Congress in the days of the war for independence and was intimate with the leaders. He was consecrated Bishop in England and took his seat about the same time that Washington became President. He sent to that gentleman the first address of the Catholics in the Republic to any person of distinction. In this address he congratulated the President and the nation upon his acceptance of the office, and placed at his disposal the devotion and the service of the 50,000 Catholics under his care: which drew the reply from Washington that he could never forget Catholic aid in the recent war, both from France and Spain and the natives, and the wish that Americans would never forget it. A companion prelate in leadership was Archbishop Hughes, of New York, who filled the public eye from 1838 to 1864 as no prelate before or since—a splendid and towering figure, aggressive, eloquent, confident, fearless and a tower of strength to his people, and to the Federal Government in the Civil War. His career was a real romance. Yet they who praise the deeds and virtues of these men must explain them to their hearers. One priest named his parish hall Newman, and another priest named his Brownson, and both had to explain at length the efficacy of these unknown names, to dilate upon their grandeur, and to describe the glory which they had shed upon the Catholic name in days of distress and struggle. Brownson lived long in New York and Boston and died in Detroit. When he became a Catholic he suffered a double exile; leaving the people whom he knew and coming to the people who never knew him. He was pensioned off like an old cavalry horse and turned into a Detroit pasture. Now only certain of the clergy and a few journalists recall his name. Of course Catholics who are ignorant of the present leaders will hardly be acquainted with leaders of the past. The other day in Chicago a woman died in the Columbus Hospital whom the world would have heaped with remembrances had she belonged to its circle. Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini was her name, she was sixty-seven years old and for nearly half a century she had been working like a battalion in behalf of the distressed Italian emigrants of America. In that period she founded a religious community to carry on the work, and saw it grow from nothing to 2,800 members. She built nearly one hundred institutions in Italy, Spain, France, England, Argentina, Brazil and the United States. Who ever heard of her except the few concerned? She was an administrative giant, beside whom the personages who strut across the stage look like marionettes; yet their names fall glibly from the lips of the Catholic crowd because they meet them in the daily papers. Not knowing their natural leaders the people never make any demand for their services until grave necessity arises. For a time the Hon. Martin Glynn was Governor of the Empire State and stood full in the public eye. Since he failed of election he is no longer known. Yet it would be difficult to discover a more elegant, forcible, entertaining and effective speaker. His oratory enjoys both finish and power. Those who have heard him know it, but nobody else does. There is little or no demand made upon him for the grand occasions when words carry far. If not to be acquainted with their natural leaders means that a people has no leaders, what a curious situation for the Catholic body in America! Is it because they know no leaders that none appear upon the horizon? Must a talented Catholic first win leadership in secular life before the languid eyes of the Catholic body turn toward him with recognition?

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A SAMPLE OF OUR WORK

Ruthenian Catholic Mission, C. S. S. R., Yorkton, Sask., Feb. 14, 1918. Very Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. Two years ago we started to build a church for the Ruthenians in Melville, Sask. The money we collected then was used to pay for the lots on which the church is located, and we got the lumber on credit. From that time, by every means, we collected money to pay for that lumber, but we met with great difficulties. The number of Ruthenian Catholic families is now just twenty; it was forty-two years ago. Not only that, but the financial situation is such that it is almost impossible now to get a cent. You will understand that better when you know that Rev. Father Pander is in such a situation that he must sell the Separate school.

Before the new year, the Lumber Company sent a man to tell me that the company cannot wait any longer and is determined to sell the church. I thought that that notice was not so serious, but now I see that there is no joke in it, and that something must be done to save the church. Our devoted Bishop, Mgr. Budka, sent me \$100 for the church, and I was happy enough to receive \$200 for the same purpose. Now to pay the balance we must have \$380. I thought, Dear Rev. Father, that perhaps you will be able to help us. I did not ask your help before because I know that there are perhaps other places poorer than ours. But in this case, I am afraid that the Presbyter-

ians are looking after our church. There was a Presbyterian agent there for the Ruthenians and now he is gone, but I think the Presbyterians would buy our church, if we cannot pay the balance. I would ask you, Dear Rev. Father, to be kind enough to help us, if possible, in this trouble. Hoping a favorable answer, I remain, Dear Rev. Father, Your humble servant, N. M. DECAMPS, C. S. S. R., Superior.

The above letter with its sad story came to us. It was no use to tell the good priest that our prayers were offered up for his intention. The following letter from Father Decamps the Redemptorist Superior explains our action.

Ruthenian Catholic Mission, C. S. S. R., Yorkton, Sask., Feb. 26, 1918. Dear Reverend Father O'Donnell:—I received, this morning, the letter of His Grace Mgr. Budka with your check of \$380.00 for the Melville Ruthenian Church. Please accept the expression of my deepest gratitude for the same.

Coming to our help with that money, you have saved a church for our people and put an end to our anxiety about this new parish. Once more, let me thank you very sincerely and may God reward your reverence for his charity. Rev. Father Boels went to Melville, this afternoon and will look to the church's trouble. Believe me, Dear Reverend Father, Your humble servant, (REV.) N. M. DECAMPS, C. S. S. R.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

Table with columns: DONATIONS, Previously acknowledged, S. M. M., Forest, 1 00, E. D. Devine, Carleton Place, 1 00, H. Keating, Chatham, Nfld., 5 00, John Garmundson, Tracadie, 5 00, Andrew Mooney, Little Harbor, 1 50, J. C., Screiber, 5 00, Subscriber, Black River Bridge, 3 00, INTENTIONS, Jas. Graham, St. Marys, 2 00

ST. PATRICK

Oh glorious saint of Erin, Whose wondrous work and word Implanted deep in Irish hearts The faith of Christ, the Lord! O'er all the earth thy children Thy sweet protection claim, And loyally they keep the love Of dear St. Patrick's name.

For centuries thy people Have bowed beneath the rod Of cruel wrong, but never yet Have they forsaken God. For Ireland's faith has never failed, And in her darkest night, Her children brave have kept the faith And struggled for the right.

The seed which thou hast planted Now blooms in every clime; Thy tears and prayers, St. Patrick dear, Have made its strength sublime. While other nations barter Their God for power and gold, The faith of Irishmen remains As loyal as of old.

—CARDINAL O'CONNELL

DIED

CALL.—At the Mayo Bros. Hospital, Rochester, Minn., on Tuesday, Feb. 22, 1918, Arthur Patrick Call, youngest son of the late Wm. Call, of Picton, and Mrs. Call, of Wellesley street, Toronto. May his soul rest in peace.

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