

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

'TIS OCTOBER

When the leaves of the forest are changing to red, And the Rosary sounds for the living and dead; When seed-wheat for next harvest is scattered around, And the green turns to gray on the sod-covered ground, 'Tis October.

When the evenings are chill and the mornings are white; When the summer's fierce heat yields its withering blight; When we think of the winter ahead with concern, And the dead who are sleeping in sanctified urn, 'Tis October.

Then I linger with love on each well-fingered bead Of my Rosary's decades and dream Of some friend of old-time, and I pray for his soul, That it soon may attain to its heavenly goal, In October.

O pray for them, pray, and may Heaven grant release To each loved soul in prison and give to them peace; Use the month of the Beads for the peace of the dead, And may God shower blessings on every head, In October.

-J. T. McDOUGALL

THE HIGH PLACES

The lives of successful men who have frequently been great men illustrate in remarkable manner what by many is falsely regarded as a platitude.—namely that with few exceptions all rise from the ranks to prominence and influence in the history of their country.

We recently read in the papers of the action of the President of a railway company who requested all the men in conference with him who had risen from the ranks to stand up. And every man arose.

We are sometimes disposed to think that Abraham Lincoln and the type which he represents were symbolic of a generation that is past, and that such characters could not exist today. Not at all. Experience shows that the man of energy and courage, starting at the lowest rung of the ladder of success, must eventually attain the top if he does not pause to look backward and pity himself. Self-pity is a fatal deterrent to success as the history of civilization aptly proves.

Speaking at the commencement exercises of one of our leading colleges this June, a man now prominent in the world of letters well illustrated this spirit of perseverance which every time wins the coveted prize. Citing his own case, he averred that he had not received the opportunities of a college education, and urged the young men before him to make the most of theirs. And yet we venture to assert that few if any of the youth addressed will attain a more enviable record in the services of humanity than him who gave the excellent advice.

The trouble with most men seems to be that obstacles prove too much for their courage. The enervating spirit of the age which is inured to ease and comfort and inimical to anything like hardships, is a stumbling block in the path.

Marcus Aurelius understood human nature quite well when he warned against the easy path. "Begin the morning by saying: 'I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, the arrogant, the deceitful, envious, insolent. All these things happen to them because of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I can neither be injured by them, nor can anyone fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman nor hate him.'"

No man can hurt another so much as he can hurt himself if he so disposes, and no man hurts himself more than he who fails to live up to the best of his capabilities.

There are an infinite number of little occasions which help to put a man out of tune at the beginning of his day and disgust him somewhat with life and its complexities. He sees about him those who are inclined to sit back and take things easy, and to put forth the least effort with the expectation of the greatest reward. Men are rude, impolite, heedless, dishonest, lazy, and he is supposed to be kind, polite, thoughtful, honest and industrious. He sits beside another in the train, and the edge of a newspaper is persistently thrust into his eye. He stands on the platform of the subway, and is rudely knocked into a post in the mad rush for precedence. He sits in the office of the manufacturing concern where he has worked for fifteen years and plots while someone else receives the profit of his patience. He finds that one whom he trusted has betrayed him. He tries his best and is overwhelmed by sickness, debt or some other unkind circumstance. On all sides he sees other men equipped with the means whereby they may ascend the ladder of success more swiftly. He himself must climb slowly and painfully up.

On the spirit with which he meets these adverse circumstances wholly depends his hope for the future. And what difference does it make, did we but regard things rightly, whether he reaches the top or whether

through no fault of his, he remains half way down the ascent? So that he light up some dim corner of the world with his little candle of a faith serenely shining and a peace that cannot be overthrown by all the forces of the world,—has he not done his part? Not all may hold high places, and the little candle throws its beams far into the night.

Success is often ephemeral, while the peace of a good conscience is something which shall not pass. It is the sole possession which can be kept without agitation in this restless racing world.

There is something in all life untranslatable into language, the philosopher tells us. There are many apostles of the successful life whose names do not appear in the lists of successful men, whose achievements are not lauded from the house-tops: "Without pomp, without trumpet, in lonely and obscure places, in solitude, in servitude, in compunction, in privations, trudging beside the team in the dusty road or drudging a hireling in other men's cornfields,—schoolmasters who teach a few country children for a pittance, lone women in dependent condition, matrons and young maidens, rich and poor, beautiful and hard-favored, without concert or proclamation of any kind. . . . There are many such isolated souls who, in spite of defeat or apparent failure, reach a very high place in the interior citadel and leave their mark on the world.

The poet, standing on the Bridge at midnight, looked over the sleeping city and in spirit saw passing to and fro the great restless throng. Each carrying his burden, "of sorrow," and passing to the dim beyond. And some of these walked with heads upright, and faces shining, albeit their garments may have been poor and their burden most onerous. And others there were who walked aimlessly, while on their faces was written greed, discontent, unrest. They passed, leaving only footprints and a great silence. Nobody cared whether they journeyed nor whether they would return.

And some of these, although they walked not in the high places of earth, yet walked toward a Place that is very high.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MY BEADS

Sweet blessed beads I would not part With one of you for richest gem That gleams in kingly diadem; Ye know the mystery of my heart.

For I have told you every grief In all the days of twenty years, And I have moistened you with tears, And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed, And joys have died; but in my needs Ye were my friends, my blessed beads! And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief, My weary fingers wandered round Thy circled chain, and always found In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell Of inner life, to all unknown; I trusted you and you alone, But ah! you keep my secrets well, Ye are the only chain I wear— A sign that I am but the slave, In life, in death, beyond the grave, Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

—REV. A. J. RYAN

SPIRITUAL COURTESY

It sometimes happens that those who may be the most exact in the courtesies of social life unconsciously treat Our Divine Lord in a manner that they would by no means use to their most casual acquaintances. Perhaps you have noticed it, perhaps not; yet I am sure you will agree with me when I point out a few of these lapses from good manners, says Hallam in The Grail.

Some years ago I entered a church during the noon hour with a non-Catholic friend. There were a goodly number of people there who had stepped in during their dinner hour to pay a visit to Our Lord. On leaving the church I asked my friend if it were not edifying to see so many giving a few minutes to prayer out of their short leisure. I was disagreeably surprised at her reply:

"The well," she said, "to be perfectly frank, I was far from edified. True I saw beads passing through their fingers, and their lips moving; but neither kept pace with their eyes. Every person that entered the church seemed to be scrutinized by those already there."

I had not noticed it, and told her so. "Then spare a minute from your own prayers next time, and notice," she said. For herself she had frankly entered the church to see its beauties, not being a Catholic—yet she had bowed her head in prayer for a few moments. She frequently visited our churches, "for the artistic delight," she said, and had always noticed the same thing.

"Do you mean to tell me?" she asked earnestly, and I thought a little wistfully, "that all those people really believe that Christ is Himself in His Own flesh and blood there on that altar?"

Of course I assured her that not the slightest doubt existed in their minds.

"May God pardon them," she replied. "They seem to treat His presence with as much indifference as if He were the janitor."

I winced at her statement. Her expression seemed almost a blasphemy! An angry retort rose to my lips; but, on catching the expression on her face, I restrained it.

To her that faith was denied. So stupendous a fact as that of the Real Presence was beyond her comprehension; but that anyone could believe it and not be prostrate in adoration was beyond her comprehension! (She has since been received into the Church.)

But indeed is there not some degree of truth in her accusation? If the figure of the Sacred Heart were to assume flesh and blood and descend from its pedestal to the altar steps what would be our demeanor? Should we not indeed

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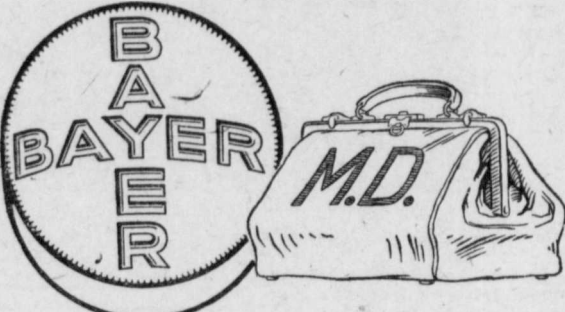
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In a soul's union with God nothing is lost which she unites with Him.—Benson.

prostrate ourselves at those Divine Feet? If we knew that Our Lord would assume for but one hour that appearance of the form of the human body that is there present; would we have one glance for anything or anybody but our Divine Saviour?

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60,000 YOUNG AMERICANS DIE

Each Year—From Old Age Diseases —Due Largely to Faulty Food

PROFESSOR McCOLLUM, of Johns Hopkins University, says these old age deaths, from diseases of the heart, blood vessels, kidneys, brain, digestive organs etc., have doubled in thirty years, and that younger persons are every year being attacked. McCollum also says 10% of all deaths are due to tuberculosis, and "this condition is largely due to faulty food."

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Conditions are identical in Canada and all civilized countries where the same foolish food habits prevail.

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