

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A NEW WAY TO SPELL LUCK

"Do you know," observed the young man, "I think all talk you find in newspapers and magazines about success being a man's own making is tommyrot, nothing more. It's luck."

"What do you mean by luck?" I asked him. "Why, what everybody else means of course. Just plain, simple every day luck," he responded.

"Yes, it was luck, but a luck any one may have. In the first applicant we see a desire for the position, a desire perhaps backed by a great need, which, in itself, held to and rightly directed, will bring success."

"The idea of luck is one of the most seductive fables a man has. What is it? Try to reach it, to analyze it, and you will find yourself grasping thin air."

"You take a walk into the country and are brought to a post which bears the announcement that the land is for sale. You notice how level it is, and your mind instantly beholds it laid out into squares, and studded with pretty homes."

"In less than ten years you have seen that country place converted into a beautiful suburb, with the land selling for more per foot than you would have paid for an acre."

"Should you not rather say: 'Just what was not my luck?' remembering your impulse."

"Have you not found it so, in small things? You want to write a letter, but your pen is broken or your ink is gone."

rush off and get the missing articles. You write something that it were better you had left unwritten, and more harm than you can ever catch up with has been started.

You meet a young woman, and something draws you to her; you feel that you would like to know her better; but you remember that she is too high above or too far below your station, or some such trifling consideration, and your affinity passes you by."

You must not jump at the conclusion that I want to direct your actions, great and small, by every sudden impulse, or the conjunction or want of conjunction, of things. Not at all. But it seems reasonable to suppose that the soul recognizes what is best for it, and that if we had our material senses sufficiently well attuned, we should be able to interpret the soul's suggestions, and act on them as they are given."

Try spelling Luck with these words and see what it will bring you: Listlessness, Urbanity, Carefulness, Knowledge.—Catholic Telegraph.

SHIPWRECK ON LIFE'S OCEAN

Life is often compared to a voyage upon an ocean, and human beings are the vessels that sail upon it. In the distance there is a shore which all should reach because upon it is the beautiful city of the heavenly Jerusalem, where there is rest and happiness. This city is resplendent with its streets of gold, and its walls built of precious stones, and its gate of the purest pearl; it is adorned like the bride for her spouse (Apoc. xxi, 2). On that shore all must land and be safely harbored for all eternity. Unfortunately many make shipwreck before they reach it, and are swallowed up by the sea. The very mention of shipwreck has a terror about it. What scenes it calls up in the imagination! Who can be indifferent to such a calamity? It will be well to ponder it in time so as to escape its actuality.

Many make shipwreck at the commencements of the voyage, i. e., in childhood. The mariner who pursues his course carelessly when the waves are running high must beware lest he be swallowed up in the billows. Many men hoist the sail in their youthful days and let the ship take its own course. The heart of childhood, we are told, is all mirth, and we speak of giddy youth as a period given up to thoughtlessness and frivolity. How heedlessly children go to places where danger awaits them where sin lurks to entrap them! How rarely they watch over their senses, what liberty they allow to their eyes and ears! How regardless they are of the warnings of parents and priests! The consequence is that they make shipwreck early in life. "A fool will laugh at sin" (Prov. xiv, 9). Look back upon your own early years. Perhaps you, too, have suffered shipwreck in your childhood. Think of what happened with certain companions, in certain out-of-the-way places. Perhaps your guardian angel had to hide his face for shame on your account.

Many ships are lost soon after launching because they fall into the hands of pirates. In former times travelling was very insecure on account of the great number of pirates that infested the seas, and many a vessel was captured by them. Pirates have become rare upon the seas, but they are all the more numerous on the sea of life. Who and what are these pirates? They are the corrupters of youth, they are men "who call

evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness" (Is. v, 20). They are the men who "speak sweetly with their lips, but in their heart lie in wait to throw thee into the pit" (Ecclus. xii, 15). They are at times unprincipled servants, at other corrupt companions, or again even brothers and sisters. How often, alas, the little boat falls a prey to pirates! Has it not happened to some of you, that you were robbed of your innocence in your boyhood and taught to do wrong by some bad companion? With bitter sorrow you look back upon that day.—Rev. Joseph Schuen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SILVER MADONNA

Majestic yet serenely sweet in mien the Virgin held in her arms the Divine Child. It was a goldsmith's masterpiece. And this marvelous statue was the property of an atheist and an antiquarian, who valued it only for its artistic beauty.

Little Lucille, the antiquarian's niece, discovered the silver statue among the curios on one of her uncles' shelves.

"Tell me, uncle," she said, "if you do not love our Blessed Mother, why do you have her statue?" And since you have it, why do you not put it in your room and say your prayers before it every night?"

"It is only children who say their prayers," said the uncle. "When you are grown up you will forget yours."

"Oh, no, I won't. Mamma says we must say our prayers every day as long as we live. Don't you ever say the Our Father and Hail Mary?"

"Never!"

"Then I know what awful thing will happen to you," said the child, with big tears in her eyes. "We must keep the promises we make at our First Communion if we wish to go to heaven."

"The atheist was uncomfortable. 'Be quiet, child. Only naughty boys on the street talk about hell.'"

"But you don't want to go there, do you? That would be awful, awful! Didn't you have a mamma who made you kneel down, and put your hands together, and talk to God, when you were small?"

"The antiquarian was deeply touched. 'Go to bed, little one,' he said. 'and remember that I told you that saying prayers was all nonsense.'"

"Uncle, since you don't love our Blessed Mother, since you never talk to her, will you let me have her statue? May I have it now? You can't want it, since you don't love her and I want it much, for I love her dearly."

"The antiquarian opened the glass case and placed the statue in the child's arms."

"Now go," he said, "and sleep soundly until morning."

An hour later the uncle was still pondering on his niece's words. Her childish reasoning had quickened tender memories of the past. His heart grew tender. Suddenly he arose and went to the child's room. He opened the door gently, then paused astonished.

On the table spread with a clean cover stood the beautiful statue, and around it were vases of flowers and lighted candles. Before it, in her dainty white nightgown, knelt Lucille, her head bowed on her arms. She had fallen asleep in the midst of her prayer. The picture was a charming one.

The old man gently lifted his niece and placed her in her bed. The half-awakened child murmured the prayer she had been repeating when sleep overtook her: "Dear Blessed Mother obtain for Uncle Herman the grace of conversion. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost—"

"Amen," said the antiquarian. And he gently covered his niece, then knelt in turn before the silver statue.—The Magnificat.

JAPANESE CHILDREN

The one thing that Japanese children must learn in their homes is perfect obedience.

A little American girl was playing in the street with some Japanese children.

"Mary," called her father from the house, "come in." As she paid no attention, the others thought she had not heard, and began to say to her, "Your august father is calling you."

"I don't care," said Mary. The children stopped playing, and looked at her in astonishment. Her father called again. This time she answered crossly: "What for? I don't want to come in."

At this the children picked up their playthings, and hurried home talking excitedly all the way. "Rude little foreigner! Bad little girl!" they said, and they would not play with her.

THOUGHT OF MOTHER

A boy, who afterwards became governor of the state of Massachusetts, once came near being drowned. The boat in which he was sailing was capsized, and he had to swim more than a mile; but he finally reached the shore in safety; and when he reached home and told his mother what a long distance he had to swim she asked him how he managed to hold out so long. "I thought of you, mother," replied the boy, "and kept on swimming." The thought of mother helped him in the moment of his greatest need, and thus saved his life, not only to himself and to his mother, but also to the state and the nation.

The thought of mother has saved many boys and girls, men and wo-

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Catholic chooses as the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children a woman of his own faith, the wish-bone Catholic "would like to do so, were not" other considerations of higher importance now-a-days "while the vertebrate Catholic is careful about the character of the plays he sees and the nature of the dances he shares in, the wish-

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN

A well known priest had preached a sermon on the joys of heaven. A wealthy member of his church met him the next day and said: "Father, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is."

BE THANKFUL

God gives us gifts that should evoke expressions of gratitude. When there is lacking in us a disposition to say "thank you" to God, there is no other authority over us to compel us to say the words. Being left to our own sense of obligation we suffer in character and happiness when there is missing the thankful spirit. It is true, the expression of thanksgiving may be perfunctory, the words merely conforming to the custom of politeness, but the genuine sense of gratitude is more likely to be developed by expression than by silence. Well it is to have a Thanksgiving Day to remind us of the duty of saying "thank you" to God.

TWO TYPES OF CATHOLICS

To divide the human race logically and adequately into two great classes is not difficult. All mankind, for example is composed of those who fiddle and those who do not. Quite as perfect would be the division made by separating those who ride in airships from those who do not, or by placing in one category all who are fond of caviar and in the other all who consistently abstain from that delicacy. There has lately been evolved by an unknown genius another classification of the human race that is, beyond all cavil, not only thoroughly adequate, but which throws besides such a flood of light on the conduct of life that Epictetus himself might well have been the author of the epigram.

"The human race," observes this nameless sage, "is composed of two great classes of men: Those with a real backbone and those who have instead merely a wish-bone." Admirably expressed! And how true! But how few, alas! are those who form the first class, the genuine vertebrates of our species, men of principle and resolution, doers of the word, the Bassanos of the world, the Loyolas of sainthood. With those on the other hand whom this wit's analysis places in the second class the world is but too well furnished. Their spines are wish-bones, they are lotus-eaters, Hamlets of real life, heavers only of the word. They remind us of the grammarian's periphrastic conjugation, for they are always "about to act" acturi sunt.

In Catholic circles, too, both types of men are of course proportionately represented. There are the staunch and fearless children of the Church, for instance, who firmly refuse to conform in conduct or opinions to the lax moral standards of the day. But there are Catholics of another kind who "would like to" live up faithfully to the teachings of their Mother, but it is "really so hard to do so nowadays; they have not the courage." While the vertebrate Catholic shows his appreciation of his Faith by sending his boys and girls to Catholic schools and colleges, the wish-bone Catholics who "would like to" do the same, but the imaginary social or commercial advantages of the opposite course make him falter; while the vertebrate

bone Catholic "would like" indeed to be stricter in these matters, but then "everybody goes" and "they are all dancing them;" and while the vertebrate Catholic selects his reading well informed on the Church's attitude towards questions of the day, the wish-bone Catholic "would like to" do some serious reading, and "would like to understand his religion better, but he really cannot resist the allurements of the last "best seller" and the cheap magazine.

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For two years I was an invalid, incapable of work of any kind, sixteen months of this time I was unable to move without the assistance of a crutch and a cane. During this time I was treated by all our local doctors as well as taking treatment from a specialist in Chicago, but did not improve any, and had about given up hope of ever being of any use again, when a friend advised me to try GIN PILLS. This I did, and with a two months treatment was as well as ever I was. This was four years ago, and I have had no return of my trouble since.

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Wish-bone Catholics of the kind thus described have always been numerous, of course, in the Church, for her children, it must be remembered, are also children of Adam, but is there not reason to fear that in our day the type is growing altogether too abundant? However, they are an easily influenced race, these wish-bone Catholics, and perhaps even more fearless and aggressive than they are their example would stiffen the spine of many of our wish-bone Catholics. Who knows?—America.

Pain and despair and heartache cast you down for a while but afterward they help you to understand.

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