

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT DO YOU SEE IN OTHERS

Down there lies a great heap of stuff that has just been brought up out of the earth. It looks to the casual observer like stone and rust and every-thing else that we do not like to touch for fear that we will soil our fingers. What can they be planning to do with that pile of earth?

You go that way a little later and the pile is all gone. You ask what has been done with it, and you are shown a basin brimful of pure gold.

"This is what we found in the heap dug from the ground. How? Why, we washed it and washed it and separated the gold from the earth, and here it is."

Pure gold from the pile of dull-bronze earth? It took the man with an eye which was looking for gold to find the pure metal in the earth. Our eyes never caught the gleam of a single grain of the shining stuff. We saw only the particles of rock, the black dust, and the bits of waste material.

What do you see in those you meet from day to day beautiful home in the city a young man went away out into the country one day, where a friend lived. He walked nine miles to reach the home of that friend and when he reached there he found a little company of young people gathered for an evening together.

These are the friends of the one I love. They are his friends; they shall be mine. And he joined with them in their games and made himself just like one of their number.

Did he win their hearts? How could it be any other way? He saw the pure gold in them, and they loved him for it. There is pure gold in every heart. Are you looking for it? Or are the only things you see the little peculiarities which all men have. Dust or gold. Which are you looking for? You will surely find what you want to find in men.—True Voice.

THE TRAMP'S TEMPERANCE SERMON

A tramp asked for a drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage, one of the young men exclaimed: "Stop, make a speech. It is poor liquor that does not loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed the drink. As the rich liquor coursed in the blood he straightened up and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my blighted manhood. This blighted face was as handsome as yours. This shambling figure once was as young, for I, too, once had a home and friends, and position."

"I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect into a cup of wine, and, like Cleopatra, now it dissolves, then quenches in down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and pure as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighted curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, when I was a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends, and position."

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SELF-CONTROL

A proud, irritable, discontented and quarrelsome person can never be happy. He has thrown a tempestuous atmosphere around himself, and must forever move in the regions of storms. He has employed sure means to embitter life, whatever may be his external circumstances. He has been the architect of his temper, and misery must be the result of his labor.

But a person who has formed his temper and disposition of mind after the right model, who is humble, meek, cheerful and contented can commonly find friends when overtaken by the storm of life. It should therefore be our early lessons to subject the passions appetites and desires to the control and guidance of reason. The first are the gales to impel us in the voyage of life, but the last ought still to set at the helm and direct our course.

The stream, when it slowly descends with a hoarse murmur from the mountain, and ripples through the plain, adorns and enriches the scene; but when it rushes down in a roaring and impetuous torrent, overflowing its banks it carries devastation and ruin along with it; so, when the passions, appetites and desires are kept under due restraint, they are a useful and felicitous part of our nature; but when they are allowed to rage with unbridled fury, they commit fearful ravages on the character which they were fitted to adorn and exalt.

We must watch over the first movements of the heart, and not indulge with secret complacency in imaginations which we would be ashamed to avow. If we wish the stream of life to be pure, it ought to be our aim to pre-serve the fountain whence it flows un-polluted. Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITIES

Many a man when come to middle life and not as prosperous as he had hoped, lays all the blame on luck. He complains that he has had no chance in life. Everything has always been against him. Other successful men have had opportunities that never came to him.

Did these men observe their past life closely, it would often be found that they had missed the opportunities which they had. A boy is sent on an errand which he polter on the way. He may neglect to be polite when delivering his errand. Or he may not perform the errand in the manner he was told. He thus loses an opportunity to make a good impression on the one to whom he has an errand and on the one who sent him on that purpose. He has played him for that purpose. He has missed a chance to form good business habits of exactness, promptness and courtesy.

Some young men think that if they can steal a half an hour of their employer's time, or shirk a duty, they have made something for themselves. They are missing opportunities for success. They are not habits for which a man is promoted. They cannot follow such manner of working unknown to their employers. A wrong spirit in their work is sure to betray itself. The employer knows who is earnest and zealous in his business. Every employe is working the best he can for himself?

Every young man has an opportunity to save a little from his salary. If his salary is small, he should spend little. He can dress plainly, and spend little in amusements and self-indulgence. The habit of self-denial gives strength to character, which is an important factor in gaining success.

WHAT WILL MAKE YOU GLAD? When the years have slipped by and money is run back over the path you have trod, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

And you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, everyday things of life, that you served the best you could in life's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way: "I know I can trust him; he is true as steel."

You will be glad there have been some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms the fountains would dry.

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up, the sky would be filled with poison one vapors and life would cease. You will be glad that you stopped long enough every day to read carefully and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those He loves. You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against the evil things men said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay the words winged with poison.

You will be glad you brought smiles to men, and not sorrow. You will be glad that you have met all the hard things that have come to you with a hearty handshakes, never dodging out of them but turning them all to the best possible account.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

INFLUENCE OF BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS A boy can turn a smiling face into dollars. A happy face is a factor in success. But how can a boy get a face saturated with sunshine? It cannot be done in a day. We must think beautiful thoughts every day, until we fix a habit. "Whatever things are lovely, think on these things."

I saw a boy the other day who woke up cross. He began to scold, and his shirt was too big, and his collar was too small, and his "four-in-hand tie" would not fit into its place, and his shoes hurt his feet, and everything went wrong. I wanted to get a "snap-shot" of his face, but I did not have the kodak handy. He set everything in the house "by their ears." The boy was thinking of unlovely things, and his face was ugly. If he had gone with that face to get a job, any employer would have shied at him. This chap is a handsome fellow, and he is clever and lovable most of the time, but on this particular morning he was "in the dumps."

Now, if a fellow is caught with a sour face once in a long while, he can be deemed himself as he grows older. But suppose a fellow day for a week, the first that he knows he will have a chronic case of the "dumps." Then no employer will have him around. That sourly heart has made a sourly face, and what boss wants to have a boy near him with a thunder-cloud on his brow? Lovely thoughts make lovely faces.

If a boy falls in love with nature, his thoughts will become great and lovely. The best brains of the last nineteen hundred years have acknowledged the heavenly majesty of the magnificent thoughts of the Bible. Daniel Webster put a Bible under his head for his dying pillow. His imperial brain bowed down before this book.

Abraham Lincoln's mind was developed on the farm, and the light of the woodfire burning on the hearth of the log cabin.

Any boy can have noble and lofty thoughts in a store, or a mill, or a factory. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Our thoughts mold our characters.

When I was in college I had, as one instructor, the president, who was one of the greatest men I ever met. He began as a poor country boy. For some years he lived in an obscure little village. He worked faithfully in his study, and read great books, and thought profoundly on great subjects; one day he was amazed to be called to become a college president. He grew intellectually and spiritually as he wrestled with the great problems of life. One day I heard him say these sublime words, "The soul is an enigma; God is its solution."

A boy's mind is like a loom, and every day he can weave beautiful tapestries of thought, or he can weave nothing but worthless rags. Quickly we become like the thoughts we love.—W. G. Partidge, in Boy's World.

AN OLD IRISH PRAYER The universal night prayer of the children, beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep" is only about one thousand years older than Protestantism, although many of the misinformed appear to believe that it is of Protestant origin, says the Dublin Irish Catholic. The old, old Catholic prayer runs back to the golden time when Eire was Eirie, and there have been wilder surmises than this that St. Patrick taught it to the children of the High King at Tara, that St. Columbkille bore it to Iona, and that St. Aidan carried it from Iona to England when he founded Lindisfarne Abbey.

HER SKIN SEEMED ON FIRE

Every Other Treatment Failed But "Fruit-a-lives" Cures

GRAND LAC, QUE., Jan. 2nd, 1910. "My wife was greatly distressed for three years with chronic Eczema on the hands, and the disease was so severe that it almost prevented her from using her hands. The doctor gave her several ointments to use, but none of them did any good. He also advised her to wear rubber gloves and she wore out three pairs without getting any benefit. As a last resort, I persuaded her to try "Fruit-a-lives," and the effect was marvellous. Not only did "Fruit-a-lives" entirely cure the Eczema, but the Asthma, which she suffered from, was also completely cured.

We both attribute our present good health to "Fruit-a-lives." N. JOUBERT. "Fruit-a-lives" will always cure Eczema or Salt Rheum because "Fruit-a-lives" purifies the blood, corrects the indigestion and Constipation, and tones up the Nervous System.

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The lion then joyfully led the donkey and the loaded camels to monastery. The monks greatly marvelled at this return and discovered that the lion was innocent of the charge imputed to him of having destroyed the poor ass.

Shortly after this the traders themselves appeared at the monastery. They asked pardon, and for the theft of the ass offered part of the oil they were bringing.

The saint freely forgave them and they departed. But the lion remained ever faithful, gentle and tame, and till his dying day never again overstepped his duty. Rev. Abbot Charles, in Our Dumb Animals.

EARLY JESUIT MISSION TO IRELAND

It is interesting to note that in the early days of the Society of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola sent missionaries to Ireland. Of this fact we are made aware in the following extract taken from the most recent biography of the great soldier saint by that illustrious litterateur, Francis Thompson. He tells us: "While the foundations of the Society were being securely laid in Rome another mission had gone forth from it, besides the great Indian mission and the Spanish mission. It was a mission to Ireland."

"Ireland was now bent beneath the first furious blast of the English Reformation; the arm of Henry VIII, and his terms the Minister Cromwell had been stretched forth ruthlessly across the narrow seas; all clergy who refused the royal supremacy in religion were driven to flight or hiding; Mass and the Sacraments were become penal; the nobility as a whole had bowed to the King, and the blind Witchcup, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland was an exile in Rome. An emissary from the stricken country (Raymond, conjectured to have been Redmond O'Callagher, Bishop of Killala) besought ecclesiastical aid for the wretched priesthood and people. The Archbishop of Armagh, in 1541, the first year of Ignatius' Generalship, added his voice, and asked Pope Paul to send a Jesuit with power to dispense, give the Sacraments, and sustain the persecuted Catholics. Broet and Salmeron were chosen, after a delay caused by the death of Codure, who had first been named in Broet's place. They were sent with the full powers of Papal Nuncios.

"The Missioners reached Ireland by way of Scotland. At Sterling Castle they saw the Scottish King, who promised fidelity to the Pope against the influence of Henry VIII, and gave them commendatory letters to the people of his Isles. They reached Ireland in the beginning of Lent, 1542. They landed in disguise, and their progress through the island was a stealthy progress; for not only were they in danger themselves, but they brought deadly risk on any who should be convicted of harboring them. Save one, all the chiefs had submitted to Henry, and were sworn to hand over to him any recalcitrant priest or Roman emissary who should fall into their power. So much was this the case that they found the Irish terrified at their coming; they had to sleep under a bush, and were not allowed to be seen by those who sheltered them, and it was only by slow degrees that the cowed people took heart of grace. But the new Jesuit fervor presently warmed and animated the abandoned people; the priesthood, hunted down and decimated, in perilous retreat, courage and hope from their ministrations and exhortations. In thirty-four days they completed their covert visitation of hapless Ireland, going through the entire country. But their news was on their track; the Viceroy knew of their coming, and a price upon their heads was set. A writ of confiscation and death heeded them. Back to Scotland they needs must go, and here, too, was no stay for them; Henry had stirred disaffection and revolt throughout the land; the shadow of the coming Jesuit Reformation set already deepening over it. The retreated to Paris, where they found a Papal commission to transfer their Nunciature to Scotland. But the order was quickly rescinded when Pope Paul learned the state of that country, and they pursued their way to Rome—not without trouble, including temporary arrest—caused by fresh war between France and the Emperor.

"In Rome, the blind Archbishop of Armagh was moved by their story to revisit his stricken country. But the

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The saint freely forgave them and they departed. But the lion remained ever faithful, gentle and tame, and till his dying day never again overstepped his duty. Rev. Abbot Charles, in Our Dumb Animals.

EARLY JESUIT MISSION TO IRELAND

It is interesting to note that in the early days of the Society of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola sent missionaries to Ireland. Of this fact we are made aware in the following extract taken from the most recent biography of the great soldier saint by that illustrious litterateur, Francis Thompson. He tells us: "While the foundations of the Society were being securely laid in Rome another mission had gone forth from it, besides the great Indian mission and the Spanish mission. It was a mission to Ireland."

"Ireland was now bent beneath the first furious blast of the English Reformation; the arm of Henry VIII, and his terms the Minister Cromwell had been stretched forth ruthlessly across the narrow seas; all clergy who refused the royal supremacy in religion were driven to flight or hiding; Mass and the Sacraments were become penal; the nobility as a whole had bowed to the King, and the blind Witchcup, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland was an exile in Rome. An emissary from the stricken country (Raymond, conjectured to have been Redmond O'Callagher, Bishop of Killala) besought ecclesiastical aid for the wretched priesthood and people. The Archbishop of Armagh, in 1541, the first year of Ignatius' Generalship, added his voice, and asked Pope Paul to send a Jesuit with power to dispense, give the Sacraments, and sustain the persecuted Catholics. Broet and Salmeron were chosen, after a delay caused by the death of Codure, who had first been named in Broet's place. They were sent with the full powers of Papal Nuncios.

"The Missioners reached Ireland by way of Scotland. At Sterling Castle they saw the Scottish King, who promised fidelity to the Pope against the influence of Henry VIII, and gave them commendatory letters to the people of his Isles. They reached Ireland in the beginning of Lent, 1542. They landed in disguise, and their progress through the island was a stealthy progress; for not only were they in danger themselves, but they brought deadly risk on any who should be convicted of harboring them. Save one, all the chiefs had submitted to Henry, and were sworn to hand over to him any recalcitrant priest or Roman emissary who should fall into their power. So much was this the case that they found the Irish terrified at their coming; they had to sleep under a bush, and were not allowed to be seen by those who sheltered them, and it was only by slow degrees that the cowed people took heart of grace. But the new Jesuit fervor presently warmed and animated the abandoned people; the priesthood, hunted down and decimated, in perilous retreat, courage and hope from their ministrations and exhortations. In thirty-four days they completed their covert visitation of hapless Ireland, going through the entire country. But their news was on their track; the Viceroy knew of their coming, and a price upon their heads was set. A writ of confiscation and death heeded them. Back to Scotland they needs must go, and here, too, was no stay for them; Henry had stirred disaffection and revolt throughout the land; the shadow of the coming Jesuit Reformation set already deepening over it. The retreated to Paris, where they found a Papal commission to transfer their Nunciature to Scotland. But the order was quickly rescinded when Pope Paul learned the state of that country, and they pursued their way to Rome—not without trouble, including temporary arrest—caused by fresh war between France and the Emperor.</