

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TO A NEWLY ORDAINED PRIEST

Thou clad about and coronated with power!
On whose young brow,
That was so clear of care this latest hour,
The awe of Christ's anointing shineth now,
What mystery
Hath just been wrought and perfected in thee,
When, like a flame,
The Holy Ghost upon thy spirit came!

A subtle splendor shines upon thy hands,
That late were kissed
By the sweet unction's heavenly balm,
And blessed
And bound with virginal and jealous hands.
Now, in thy face,
As in St. Catherine's in the olden story,
My wondering eyes can trace
The very look of Christ's beloved glory.

What new and leaping love assails thy heart,
That now must be
Compassionate of all earth's misery,
And sealed to Christ, from fleshly loves apart!

Thy lips are fragrant with the Bread of peace,
Thy breath
Is sweet with healing for the hearts of men,
Even to the doors of death
Thy voice can make the sinner clean again;
And at thy word, the spirit carked with woe
Will leap and laugh like suns upon the snow!

O consecrate
To more than archangelic ministry,
What offices and powers, glad and great,
Have sudden bloomed and fruited full in thee!
Thy youth is crowned with what supernatural state!

From His unutterable height,
Enthroned in splendor, Christ is listening
For thy stupendous summons. Thou canst bring
His living Self from that celestial light.
Henceforth, each morn, from thy pure hands will rise
The savors of th' eternal Sacrifice!
Now Mary smiles on thee, thou happy one,
For unto thee hath passed her earthly care.
In thy close hold to bear
That Hope and Joy who is her very Son!

—EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S. J.

GHOSTS WHICH DESTROY HAPPINESS

The man who lives under this terrible shadow of impending danger, with dread that something is going to happen to his business, his family, or himself, is in no condition to ward off the evil before which he cowers. His mental attitude lowers his vitality, lessens his powers of resistance, vitiates his efficiency, and ruins his resourcefulness.

I once met some people traveling in Europe who said they did not enjoy their travels because they were worried about affairs at home. They said, if they only knew how things were going there, and that everything was right in the store or factory, if they only knew that those dear to them were safe and well, and that nothing would happen to them, if everything was prosperous, they could enjoy themselves. But this constant anxiety, this absence of assurance, kept them in a state of semi-terror.

Nothing will stunt one's growth, and starve and strangle his vitality, like living in the constant atmosphere of fear.

Many people live so perpetually under the dominion of this demon, that they never develop normally. As children, their lives were starved and stunted; they were inoculated with the germ of fear way back in childhood when the mother was constantly reminding the little ones of terrible results which would follow if they did this or that. Fear shadows were constantly projected into their susceptible little minds, until the demon became so thoroughly entrenched in their lives that it follows them through the years like a hideous ghost, hovering round to destroy their peace of mind and happiness. "Every ugly thing told to the child, every shock, every fright given him, will remain like splinters in the flesh to torture him all his life-long. Anxiety, fear, horror, will twine themselves round these memories.

We all know how violent fear has bleached the hair in a single night, and how terror of some great impending doom or danger has taken years out of a life in a few days. Many soldiers have died in battle who thought they were mortally wounded, when

they had not been touched by the bullets or shells, and when not a drop of blood had been drawn.

Fear is a canker worm which is always gnawing in some form at the heart of many people.

As a nation we are too sober, too sad, and take life too seriously. Our theology, our creeds have too much anxiety and fear, too much of sadness and seriousness in them, and too little of joy and gladness; too much of the shadow, and too little of the sunshine of the soul.

When I was a boy in New England, I lived with a clergyman and his wife [who scarcely ever smiled. I got the impression that ministers were not supposed to laugh. The faces of the minister and his wife were long and sad; they always seemed anxious about the future. They carried a great load of anxiety for the welfare of others' souls. Everything was solemn and sad about their house, and when I ventured to laugh, one Sunday, the minister told me I had better be reading my Bible.

The most fearful waste of energy in human life is caused by the fatal habit of anticipating evil, of fearing what the future has in store for us, and under no circumstances can the fear or worry be justified by the situation, for it is always an imaginary one.

What we fear is invariably something that has not yet happened. It does not exist; hence is not a reality if you are actually suffering from a disease you have feared, then fear only aggravates every painful feature of your illness and makes its fatal issue more certain.

The fear habit shortens life, for it impairs all the physiological processes. Its power is shown by the fact that it actually changes the chemical composition of the secretions of the body. Fear victims not only age prematurely but they also die prematurely.

Fear comes from the consciousness of weakness, the possibility of our not being able to cope with the situation which we dread when it arrives. If we knew we would be equal to it we should not fear it.

Sensitive, nervous people, and those who are physically weak, suffer most from fear. We all know how imagination tends to exaggerate everything, and people with sensitive, nervous organizations, and those in feeble health usually imagine that the worst possible will happen. Strong, robust health itself will kill a great many fears which cause intense suffering when the vitality is low and the power of resistance is weak.

Quit worrying, fearing things that may never happen, just as you would quit any bad practice which has caused you suffering. Antidote your fear thoughts by holding persistently the thoughts that tend in the opposite direction.

The chemist quickly destroys the corrosive power of an acid by adding its opposite—an alkali. We can neutralize a fear thought just as quickly, by applying its natural antidote, the courage thought, the assuring, confident thought.

Many people struggle very hard to overcome their fears by sheer force of will power, by suppressing them. This cannot be done. The only way to neutralize fear, to crowd it out or kill it, is by applying its antidote holding persistently the courage thought, the confident thought, the thoughts directly opposite to the thoughts you fear.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LIGHT OF THE OTHER DAYS

Off, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;

The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dim'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken;
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—THOMAS MOORE

HER INFLUENCE FOR GOOD

"She makes me want to be good," said a young girl of a teacher under whose influence she had lately come. It was a testimony to the silent power of a pure, strong character, a life that without much preaching in words taught daily by what it was. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness," but oh, the blessedness of those whose presence awakes hunger and thirst in others.

THE LEADER

The boy who is not asking favors or gifts or loans; who stands on his own feet and does not want other folks to prop him up, is the one who is going to be a leader instead of a follower; one upon whom others will depend, instead of being a dependent himself.—True Voice.

ART OF FORGETTING

As time goes on, and we go on with it—more rapidly than we like—it becomes necessary to cling tenaciously to the remembrance of a few things and forget a great many others. The mind—the average mind—has not room enough to hold all that has been learned, observed, experienced in the course of a lifetime. It must let many things go, to make space for the rest. And the first things to forget are the failures, the disappointments, the crumbling of our idols upon their feet of clay, the hard knocks dealt us in the jostling concourse of the broad highway. The things to remember are the multi-fold blessings that have been our portion from the beginning—the kind face, the hospitable welcome, the thought that was taken for us even when we did not take thought for ourselves, the sympathetic understanding that our own and found an excuse for our shortcomings.—Philadelphia Ledger.

GOD'S WILL AND OUR WISHES

One of the most important lessons of life is to learn to value the things of real permanent worth as compared with the things adapted to satisfy us for the moment only. Parents and teachers would have the young prize their studies, because an education fits one for usefulness and happiness in after life. The hearts of the young, however, are apt to go out in wishes for pleasure and amusement. And many, rather than forego their recreation, sacrifice their intellectual training. As time goes on the lesson of this folly comes home, but at an age when it is too late to repair the evil done.

So it is in spiritual matters. Our Heavenly Father wishes us to learn the beauty and worth of truth, righteousness, love and goodness. We feel the want of these undoubtedly, but what is apt to fret and worry us most is the want of things that will make our earthly life more satisfactory—riches, honors, and pleasures. That we should have our wishes for these things ungratified is one of the conditions of learning to value more precious things. Our natural desires are only too often traitors, leading us to seek for things which, if they could be gained, would be a hurt to us, for their possession would prevent us from learning to value the heavenly and spiritual.

Let us think of this when we find our hopes disappointed and our wishes ungratified; it will serve both to increase our content and make us more active and useful in this life, and, besides, prepare us for the enjoyment of the world to come.—Young Catholic Messenger.

SAINT FINBARR'S ISLE

Irene Donlon in Sunday Companion

Nearly every province or townland in Ireland has its own shrine or holy well, which is associated with one or more of the holy men or women who made that country famous as "the land of saints and scholars." Of these, perhaps none has been more celebrated than the Shrine of Saint Finbarr in the southwestern part of the County Cork.

Away up in the mountains, from the top of which you get a fine view of the Bay of Bantry and the Atlantic Ocean stretching far to the west, there nestles in peaceful solitude the little body of water, Gougane-Barra, celebrated in song and story. Not a sound breaks the stillness, except the harsh caw, caw of the crow, or the shrill cry of the raven, or the rapid rush of the mountain streams, tributaries of the River Lee which has its source in the lake. In the center of the lake is the small island on which Saint Finbarr, the first bishop of Cork, and his

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monks built their church and monastery. Here he was wont to retire for prayer and rest from his many labors.

Today a stone causeway connects the island with the mainland, and on the site of the Saint's own hermitage a pretty chapel has been built. You are shown the circular piece of wall—all that is left of the church built by the Saint and the monks. Stations of the Cross have been so arranged, that the pious pilgrim, when making the Stations, visits eight of the cells of saints who either lived in or visited the monastery.

Thousands of people come from various parts of Europe and Ireland annually to visit this shrine, not only on the feast day of the Saint, but on every Sunday in the year; and it is edifying to see them passing devoutly from Station to Station, or praying at the large cross. Before leaving the pilgrim drinks from the well which supplied the Saint and his monks with "nature's beverage." That the water is blessed is believed by many, for many cures have been effected through its use.

The peasants tell of a wonderful serpent that lived in the lake before Saint Finbarr came, and he was such a fierce monster that he frightened the good monks to such an extent that Finbarr banished him to a loch (lake) on the top of Mount Gabriel. It seems that his serpentship was not very well pleased with his new home, for they tell you that ever since, his hideous form may sometimes be seen on a rock gazing longingly down on the lake which the poet Callanan has immortalized by his song, which is so beautiful that we quote a few lines:

"There is a green island in lone Gougane-Barra,
Where Allua of song rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valled Desmond, a thousand wild fountains,
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains."

Habits form the character, and the character forms the countenance. God made the features, but each man makes his own countenance.

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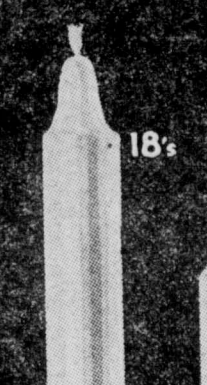
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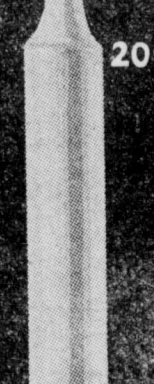
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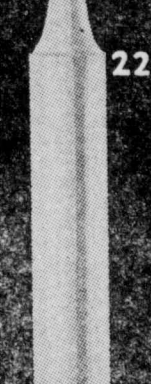
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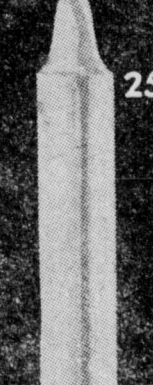
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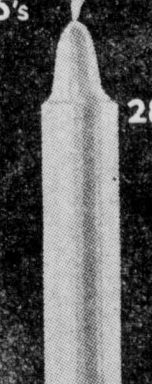
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