CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Let me but love my love without disguise Nor wear a mask of fashion old or

Nor wait to speak till I can hear s

Nor 'play a part to shine in others' Nor bow my knees to what my heart

But what I am, to that let me be And let me worship where my love

And so through love and worship let

For love is but the heart's immortal

To be completely known and all forgiven, Even as a sinful soul that enters

And let me find in loving thee, my best.

HOLD ONS

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act. Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to speak harshly.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of Hold on to the truth, for it will

serve you well and do you good throughout eternity. Hold on to your temper when you

are excited or angry, or others are angry with you. Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best

wealth .- The Guardian. "WHAT IS WORTH WHILE"

Whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be. If we can rid ourselves of all untruth of word, manner, mode of life and thinking, we shall rid our lives of much rubblsh, restlessness, and fear. Let us hide nothing, and When girls begin to rhyme, we shall not be afraid of being found Why they should always with the shoul Let us put on nothing, and we shall never cringe. Let us assume nothing, and we shall not be mortified. Let us do and say nothing untrue, and we shall not fear to have the deepest springs of our lives sought out, nor our most secret motive analyzed. Nothing gives such upright dignity of mien as the consciousness, "I am what I pretend to be. About me there is no makebelieve."-The Tablet.

BE TRUE

Love is the greatest of human affections, and friendship is the This old world ever saw. chaste, fragrant flower that springs from it. Don't be too sensitive as to the little failings of your friend. People who are too easily offended are gathering for themselves the clouds that hide from their view the eyes oper. She doss not let her sunshine of lite. Would you throw life centre around herself, but away a diamond in the rough simply rather considers the useds of others because it pricked you? It is very easy to lose a friend, but a new one, will not come for the calling. 'There are no friends like the old friends, Even though they have of friends, not knowing that if they ties, from her walks as themselves were more true, more work a store of incidents and inforgenerous, others would be more loyal. generous, others would be more loyal. -Catholic Bulletin.

HIS LOSS

man stood in the highway of life and looked ahead. He knew that he had been richly endowed by nature, with physical strength, with personal charm, with intellectual power, and with talent. The great prizes of life were within his reach. All he had to do was to keep going forward, steadily, persistently. But along the way there were diversions, the more tempting, because they carried the threat of danger. "See the man you years old. can be," said a voice, quiet and clear, good in the community, honored and

happy.
Another voice spoke, more subtle and alluring: "You can have all those prizes, and you can have the diver-

The man smiled. A knowing look appeared in his face. Life was going

to be interesting. A dozen years later the man stood in the highway of life. He looked ahead. Those prizes were still in sight; but they seemed to be as far away as they had been before.

That voice spoke, quiet and clear: "See the man you still can be. The man shivered. He did not

'It is not too late."

up? There are other joys waiting for you, just as great. And the prizes are still there. Already you have had a good share of success among one day, said :

The man looked away and laughed. Life was good. He would go on es he had been doing. Why should he

not take pleasure as it came? way of life. Youth was gone now.

He was in the middle years. On his face and figure he had left the mark

of what he had done and what he had coasting and skating being just at felt and what he had thought. It was as if he had written to the world a message of what he had become. His figure was heavy. His face was sad.

There was duliness in his eyes.

Quiet and clear came the voice:

in spits of himself, he saw a man of his own height and of his own years, with health in his cheeks and brightness in his eyes, and manhood in his "I'll tell you," said Tom Barton, bearing, the whole appearance expressing a noble maturity.

They were no longer in sight.

"Never mind," said that other voice, wonderfully subtle and alluring. "I have compensations. You and I belong to each other. Come

and I will make you happy.

The man resisted. "You have destroyed me," he cried. "You made those prizes you promised me?"

The voice broke into a mocking

ousing.

The man became reproachful. But

At the end of life, as the man lay besotted, he heard that quiet voice,

See the man you might have been."
Distinctly he saw himself, old now, with gray hair and with a smooth brow, and with a face scrane after the storms of life, surrounded with his wife, old like himself, and his children and the children's children honored, beloved, happy.

'Why didn't I listen to you?" he whispered. That other voice broke in, laugh-

'It isn't what I've come to that is my greatest torment," the man cried out. It's what I've missed. It's what I might have been."-- John D.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

My dad says he can't understand Why they should always write about "My Mother" all the time.

He says in most girls' magazines, On some page or another, You're sure to find a poem written All about "My Mother."

You never flud a word to say How good their dad may be, It's "Mother's this" and "Mother's that." As far as he can see.

And so next time I write a poem 'Twill be about my "paw,"
The dearest, bestest, sweetest dad

-E. McGuane, in St. Joseph Lilies THE GIRL WITH OPEN EYES The interesting girl is one who goes through the world with her

and tries as Ruskin says so well,

"to please people, and to serve them in dainty ways. The girl who has mind enough to be interesting has mind enough their faults and failings, is it not one of the duties of friendship to over ing friends. No bit of knowledge, look the unpolished edges of the gem? escapes her, she garners from her Some people talk of the inconsistency | readings, from her social opportuni-

> sion demands. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world today. Let artifice, sham or pretension enter into the nature of such a weman and she would become at once a most unwelcome guest, where she is escaped.
> now bidden and eagerly sought for.— Tom 1

Catholic Columbian.

TRUE MANLINESS "Please, mother, do sit down and

Mrs. Liscom, looking pale and and the man looked through the worn, was moving languidly about years, and saw himself with the trying to clear away the breakfast prizes of life in his grasp, a force for she had scarcely tasted. She smiled and said :

You, Fred, you wash dishes ?" mother," replied "Yes, indeed, mother," replied red: "I should be a poor scholarif Fred: it so many times. Just try me.

toes from the cellar for the dinner and washed them, and set out for

Frad's father was away from home. and there was some cold meat in the pantry. Mrs. Liscom found it an subtle and alluring than it had been before: "Think of the joys that have been yours. Would you give the second in this way the so-called Reformers, who tore hurried home from school, set the

"Well, madam, it's my opinion that flicis.

"quiet" had been secured, nor haw the boy's heart bounded at his words.

this time in perfection. Besides his, his temper and his patience had been severely tried. He had been in the habit of going early to school and staying to play after it was dis-missed. The boys missed him, and their curiosity was excited when See the man you might have been." their curiosity was excited when The man tried to look away. But he would give no other reason for not

"I'll flud out, boys — see if I don't!"
S) he called for Fred to go to school "Yes, I see," the man replied in a low voice. He looked for the prizes. walked lightly and looked through walked lightly and looked through the kitchen window. He saw Fred standing at the table with a dish

cloth in his hand. Of course he reported this at school, and various were the greetings poor Fred received at recess. 'Well, you're a brave one to stay destroyed me," he cried. "You made at home washing dishes." "Girlme sell myself to you. Where are boy!" "Pretty Bessie!" "Lost, your apron, haven't you Polly!" So take me, dear, and understand my worst,
And freely pardon it, because confessed.

And seed.

The voice broke into a mocking laugh. "Some one else must have captured them while you were carfessed." But his consciousness of right and the more violently he talked, the live for his mother helped him. more that voice mocked. "You can't While he was struggling for selfmake yourself miserable, when you can forget all about this little disappointment?' heard the insulting taunts of his thoughtless schoolmates. The boys received notice during the day that Fred must not be taunted or teased in any manner. They knew that the teacher meant what he said no further trouble.

> "Fire! Fire!" The cry crep out on the still night air, and the fire bells began to ring. Fred was awakened by the alarm and the ing and mocking. "See what you've | red light streaming into his room He dressed himself in a moment almost and tapped on the door of his mother's bedroom, "It is Mr. Barion's house, mother. Do let me go," he said in eager, excised sones. Mrs. Liscom thought a moment. He was young, but she could trust him, and she knew how much his heart was in his request. 'Yes, you may go," she answered, "but be careful my dear boy. If you can help, do so but do nothing rashly." Fred promised to follow her advice, and

hursied to the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Barton were not consolate): "The at home. The house and the two children had been left in charge Pious couls are of the servants. The fire spread with fearful speed, for there was a high wind, and it was found im-possible to save the house. The called upon.

"Where is Katy?" be asked Tom. Katy is in the house!

'In what room?" asked Fred. "In that one," answered the boy, pointing to a window in the upper We po but for instant action.

The staircase was already in flames.
The second floor might fall at any the entire world, more than thoumoment, and Fred knew it. But he trusted in an arm stronger than his because divine: we offer God to God! own, and silently sought help and guidance. A ladder was quickly brought, and placed against the house. Fred mounted it, followed by the hired man, dashed in the sash War came fear for the loved ones. of the window, and pushed his way Every morning the church was filled; into the room where the poor girl there seemed to be a perpetual lay almost suffocated with smoke. suuda. Time wore on; people He roused her with some difficulty, became used to the War and the carried her to the window and placed her upon the sill. She was away. Most parishes marked the inetantly grasped by strong arms same fact, of people flocking to daily instantly grasped by strong arms same fact, of people flocking to daily and carried down the ladder. Fred Mass for a time, thus clearly provfollowing as fast as possible. They had scarcely reached the ground before a crash of falling timber told them the danger they had barely

Tom Barton never forgot the lesson of that night; he came to be-lieve and act upon the belief, in after years, that marliness is in "Please, mother, do sit down and let me try my hand," said Fred Liscom, a bright, active boy, twelve his friend, Fred, whom he had treated so cowardly .- True Voice.

HER PROPER PLACE

The Catholic Church is the mother of modern civilization. She was the moving cause of its baginnings, she I couldn't when I've seen you do bore its infant weakness in her bosom, she saved it from the early A look of relief came over his and the late barbarian invasions, mother's face, as she seated herself she brought it well on along the in her low rocking chair. Fred ways of its adolescence. The pitiful washed the dishes and put them religious revolt of the sixteenth cenin the closet. He then swept the tury tore a great part of the Christitchen floor, brought up the potathe Catholic faith, and impartial historians are more and more conceding how great was the misfortune to the progress of civilization itself.

Those who read carefully the admirable contribution of Cardinal task to prepare dinner. Fred Gasquet will real ze how closely the lawor troubles of the present are constill jars society with dreadful con-

you would have been very sick if you had not kept quiet."

The doctor did not know how the unterpy religious revolution is the

heep your eye on this Brand



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the foster mothers of learning, she prayer must mount to Heavenwas great in secular science no less than the sole keeper and appointed guardian of the science that is from nos! perimus ? And the L What we should remember and dwell upon at this time is the truth that this eminence of the Sacrament. Church in art and learning is her normal and proper state, and that her dispossession is an abnormal and a wrongful thing. It is right for the Church to be the chief patroness and protector of art and science, because she watched over their beginnings, nursed them to vigor and gave them the strength of Christian principle, the beauty of Christian thought. is useful, because Christianity is the noblest inspirer of art and science, and because art and science ere the precious auxiliaries of worship and and so the brave little boy had as powerful when they aid the Faith as they are dangerous and insidious

when they attack it. There was some excuse for Catho lies not to hold the pre-eminence in literature, science, art, when they were a persecuted and distracted people, driven over the face of the earth. But it is time for us to reassert the queenship of the Spouse of Christ. Her proper place is at the summit of all that is beautiful and good .- The Queen's Work, St. Louis.

OUR SHIELD

Dark, unhappy days are fast approaching : such as men have rately, perhaps never, seen.
Our Lord Himself said to one of His faithful servants, (S. Benigna Consolata): "The world is racing

Pious souls are striving to avert the calamity, drawn down on us by creature with the Creator. the world's sing. Children are made

called upor.
There is another way to touch the servants ran about, screaming and lamenting, but doing nothing to any Heart of our heavenly Father we purpose. Fred found Tom outside have so grievously offended. We can offer Him His own beloved Son, Jesus Christ. Our Lord and to the above seemed to have no thought but of his own escape. He said:

"Kata is in the said:

"Kata is in the said: all; and you, My creatures, refuse this infinite Gift to your own incom parable loss, a loss sternity alone can

> We possess this divine Treasure in It was no time for words, the Biessed Sacrament. We can offer It to God in hely Mass. The

Don't say: "I have no time to go worshippers, one by one, dropped ing that they could come, when they willed it.

Now, in the present state of things, we should assist not only at one Mass at home, but mentally, at all Masses the world over, by simply saying, every morning: God, I offer Thee, through the inmaculate hands of Mary, in the love of the Holy Ghost, united to the divine Highpriest, Jesus Christ: all the Masses of the entire world, in order to call down Thy Mercy on my country and all nations." Repeat the offering at evening prayers, for Masses will be going on, all through the silent night, in the other hemi-

If, in all countries, thousands of Catholics would make such an offer ing twice a day, God's just wrath could not be appeased. Au illustrious navigator was on the point of being wrecked in a dreadful storm. Snatching in his arms a little child he held the unconscious babe up toward the thundering sky: "O God," he cried, "we have sinned and merit no mercy, but take pity on this inno cent child!" The storm subsided and the ship safely reached harbour.

If the sight of a guiltless infant touches the Heart of God; what may we not hope, if, increasingly, we offer Him Bis own divine Son Think how the world, however

wicked, is shining with countless white Hosts and gold or silver chalices held to heaven! We must raise the cry that will rend the skies: "We have slaned, but see here the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world! In the name of Jesus our divine Ransom, take pi y on us! He is your Son and our Brother!"

All the world over, the Catholic's humble and fervent supplication should rise up to God. The voice of our loving confidence must drown the hineous clamour of sin. From

treasured and kept the classic litera- lordly manors and thatched cottages ture. Her great universities were from schools and nurseries the same with the elevation of the "Sacred nos ! perimus ! And the Lord will hear the cry, as on the sea of Galilee -G. K. in Sentinel of the Blessed

> NEWMAN'S PROFESSION OF FAITH

Cardinal Newman's profession of faith in the Catholic principle of asceticism reads as follows: "O my Lord Jesus, I believe, and by Thy grace will ever believe and hold, and I know that it is true, and will be true to the end of the world, that nothing great is done without suffering, without humiliation, and all things are possible by means of it. I believe, O my God, that poverty is better than riches, pain better than pleasure, obscurity and contempt etter than name, miny and repreach better than honor. My Lord ask Thee to bring I do not on me, for I know not if I could face them; but at least, O Lord, whether I be in prosperity or adversity, I will believe that it is as I have said I will never have faith in riches rank, power, or reputation. I wil never wish for what men call the prizes of life. I will ever, with Thy grace, make much of those who are despised or neglected, honor the poor, revere the suffering, and admire and venerate Thy saints and confes-sors, and take my part with them in spite of the world.

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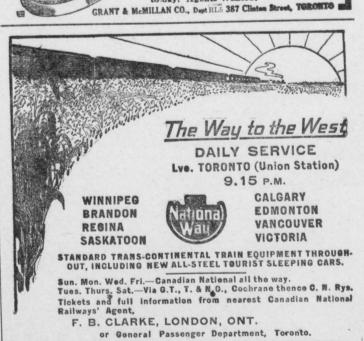
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