

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OF USE TO OTHERS

We all dream of doing good. We think that, if we had plenty of money, we would use a good portion of it in philanthropy. But many who have these dreams, do actually little or nothing with the means they have. They are too selfish to make sacrifices of their own petty comforts or luxuries in order to contribute to the welfare of others.

Besides, it isn't money that counts most in life or does the most good. It is love. The man who gives himself, his sympathy, his care, his forbearance, his example, his time, his experience, his labor, his affection—gives more than the millionaire who writes out a cheque of six figures. He gives more than the widow's mite.

Strangely enough, it is not our fortunes, so called, but our misfortunes which chiefly are turned to account for our fellow men. It is out of our own mistakes and hard experiences that we bring help to others. No one has half lived until he has suffered. No one can look with a completely intelligent eye on the needs, the difficulties, the temptations of others until he has himself walked the same path, and no one can preach the possibilities of triumph better than he who has himself overcome.

Anyone who studies his own life, or the lives about him, will find that the disposition and the power to be of use to others are a growth of the dark days rather than of the bright days that come to us. Affluence and prosperity seldom teach sympathy, or move to a keen appreciation of the burdens others are bearing. Niggardliness and selfishness are not the sins of the poor. Those who know the pangs of hunger are the most willing to share their last crust, and the large family of the crowded tenement is the most ready to crowd a little more for the sake of some orphaned child or neighbor in distress. When James and John asked of our Lord high places in His kingdom, He offered them not rank nor glory, but a share in His cup of suffering. By the way of the cross He redeemed mankind, and whoever follows Him in service will be sure to find most of his ability come through travelling that weary road.

Much of the meaning of our sorrows and disappointments, our sorrows and temptations, lies here, and it is a thought that should make us strong to endure. The soul that really longs to be of use to others must be content to receive its accolade of pain. It is from our own griefs and trials that we learn the tenderness, patience and sympathy that are of more worth to the lives with which we come in contact than any gift of gold. It is from our own toils climbing over obstacles that we learn the faith and wisdom that give hope and courage to other hearts. Few of us will ever have millions to bestow on the world, but out of our experiences of lack and hunger and battle—if we but let them make us strong and sweet we may gather treasures that shall make us a blessing to those who come within the scope of our influence.

HELPFUL AND UNSELFISH

We want to commend to all, and especially to the boy, the following extract from an editorial in the Rochester Democrat:

"The higher law of remembering the interests of others is quite as fruitful of good results in business as in politics. The boy who starts out in life with the record behind him as having been helpful and unselfish in his battle with the world. We cannot do for others without doing for ourselves, although it is not every one who has the vision to grasp this fact. But it is the inevitable law of compensation."

There is perfectly sound doctrine. The rule of selfishness cannot, in the very nature of things, turn out a fair destiny for individual, city or nation. If it could there would be no God in Israel. And yet we all ignore the law all the time. We push and grab and trample over a brother as if that was the law of the falling stone, the white blossoms and the blue skies.

But the boy—notice that. He is helpful and unselfish "at home, he is a winner in life; if he is not, he is a failure. But that to a test in every family and see if it is not true in gospel. The great value of a family is to make the test—to see if a boy is a cloy or a spirit. It cannot be made too soon.—Ohio State Journal.

THE TOO EASY PATH

If you were asked to day to name the things in your life for which you are most thankful, health, home, friends, education and the free land of your birth would doubtless be among them. And then, if you are the ordinary, your enumeration might end with a little sigh of regret at thought of some acquaintance whose calls for gratitude seem to you far greater than your own—some one with opportunities for travel and enjoyment which you do not possess, with money to buy many treasures for which you long. Yet it is quite probable that one of your greatest blessings is that you have not the too easy path.

There are certain tropical islands where the natives scarcely know the need of labor for a subsistence. The climate is so mild and salubrious that little is required in the way of shelter or clothing, and the soil is so productive that it does not demand cultivation to produce food. The land is a natural paradise, but the inhabitants do not belong to a high

type of humanity. Heroes, the great inventors, the wise men who make the world better and more worth while for living in it never come from such countries. "Lying in the shade and eating the ripe fruits that drop into the mouth" does not make characters of any force or value.

"I envy your chance," said a young graduate to his classmate, a few months since. "We both are going into the same profession, but you will have to fight your way and win your place, while my father's money will be back of me all the time. Oh, yes, I can say I will fend for myself, but all the same it will be only a sort of sham battle. I have not your incentive."

He was old enough to feel that his father's wealth, always ready to supply every need, was a handicap to his best effort, and he was not yet wise enough to realize the possibility of so using it as to make life a grand success. The too easy path is not a desirable path. It is not the path that tends to develop power or build up a strong character. If your pleasures do not lie ready-made to your hand, if successes are for your winning instead of dropping at your feet, if you are to learn the value of time and money by honest earning, thank God for it.—Catholic Columbian.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE

There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man, among men, is like sunshine to the day, like gentle renewing moisture to parched hearts. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continued good humor. As well might fog and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow of heart or brain but will lift sooner in its presence. It will sometimes seem difficult to keep the countenance of peace and content but the difficult will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken arrows. It comes to us as providentially as good, and as a good if we rightfully apply its lessons. Who will not then cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness, by peevishness and sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befalls us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortunes; if death robs us of dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before to the blissful bowers where we shall meet to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do better and bear every duty and burden by being cheerful. It will be your comfort in solitude, passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy and pure heart.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WHITE SCAPULAR

There was a priest in the accident ward of the State Hospital. He had just given the last sacraments to a dying patrolman; and as he passed to the door between a row of beds, he saw on one of them a little ghastly chap, so blood stained and bandaged that he looked like a small wounded soldier.

The priest stopped and read on the chart at the bed head: "Vestry, a blackback aged twelve, compound fracture of skull, etc., etc.—contusion of face, etc. Supposed to be a mulatto. Residence unknown."

From the pillow a queer little foreign face stared up at him—old fashioned as a brownie's—but with a soft reverence in his velvety eyes.

Could the child be a Catholic? As if in answer to the mental query, the poor little lad thrust his one sound hand into his bosom and drew trembling forth—a white scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel!

"Madonna mia!" he whispered feebly.

The priest fell on his knees beside him. He had studied in Rome, and spoke Italian.

The absolution was pronounced, the Holy Vintum administered; and through it all the little Genoese held fast to his scapular.

"It is a piece of Blessed Mother's mantle," he answered quaintly when the priest asked him why he loved it; and then "Is Madonna Mary very beautiful?" and "Shall I see her soon, Padre mio?" "Ah, yes," he sighed, wandering a little. "I am thy child, good Mother! I shall always wear thy scapular, (making an effort to lift it to his lips). Take me." There was an odd catch in the breath, his head dropped, and a gray shadow crossed his face.

"Died of shock," said a passing surgeon.

But there was a tear on the priest's cheek as he closed the boy's wide-open lids over that look of admiration and awe as at the sudden sight of something astounding new and lovely.

"His eyes have seen the Queen in her beauty!" he murmured; and

then reverently laid back the little white scapular upon the dead child's breast.

A BIT OF BOYISH KINDNESS

A man, leaning heavily on his cane, dragged himself painfully along a crowded street. Reaching the curb he paused, fearing the attempt to cross the roadway. The busy passers-by hurried on. No one offered to assist him, fearing to intrude, perhaps, or too pre-occupied to notice him. Up the street came a cheery-faced boy. The paralyzed man extended his hand to the stranger boy. The good lad took the hand and placed it kindly under his arm. Leading him carefully over the road through which autos were speeding, the boy bade him a polite good bye and was gone.

Blessings on the lad! May he ever meet kindness upon his way through life.

MOTTOES FOR BOYS

The School of Printing at the North End Union, Boston, produces large cards suitable for framing, bearing effective mottoes for a boy's life to-day. Here are some of them. Framed they would make good decorations for the walls of a boy's room or a boy's club. Written or printed on a card and stuck in a boy's bureau they would suggest good things to think about. One advantage of them is that they do not preach in ways that boys dislike, but do put their lessons in ways that boys would remember.

The boy who does the little thing well is making himself ready to do the big thing better.

Blessed is the boy who has found his trade and gets busy.

What a blessed thing it is to be able to turn up cheerfully after one has been turned down.

Be a live wire and you won't get stepped on; it is the dead ones that are polite for floor mats.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

Unfortunately a swelled head does not hurt as much as a swelled thumb.

A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same.

Burning the candle at both ends is a poor way to make both ends meet.

Come in without knocking and don't knock when you go out.

STEVENSON AND THE NEWSBOY

According to Robert Louis Stevenson, American possessors and "uncivil kindness which is perhaps their most bewildering character to one newly landed." In his book, "Across the Plains," he tells of an experience with a newsboy which seems to bear out his assertion:

"It was immediately after I had left the emigrant train, and I am told I looked like a man at death's door, so much had this long journey shaken me. I sat at the end of a car, and the catch being broken and myself feverish and sick, I had to hold the door open with my foot for the sake of air."

"In this attitude my leg debarrated the newsboy from his box of merchandise. I made haste to let him pass when I observed that he was coming; but I was busy with a book, and so once or twice he came upon me unawares. On these occasions he most rudely struck my foot aside, and although I myself apologized, as if to show him the way, he answered me never a word."

"I chafed furiously, and I fear the next time it would have come to words. But suddenly I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and a large juicy pear was put into my hand. It was the newsboy, who had observed that I was looking ill, and so made me this present out of a tender heart."

"For the rest of the journey I was petted like a sick child. He lent me newspapers, thus depriving himself of his legitimate profit on their sale, and came repeatedly to sit by me and cheer me up."

Mr. Stevenson remarks that in such a long journey a great deal of a traveler's comfort depends on the character of the newsboy, and tells this pleasant story of another boy he met on his journey.

"The lad who rode with us in this capacity from Ogden to Sacramento made himself the friend of all, and helped us with information, attention, assistance and a kind countenance. He told us where and when we should have our meals, and how long the train would stop; kept seats at table for those who were delayed, and watched that we should neither be left behind nor yet unnecessarily hurried."

"You who live at home in ease can hardly realize the greatness of this service, even had it stood alone. When I think of that lad coming and going, train after train, with his bright face and civil words, I see how easily a good man may become the benefactor of his kind. Perhaps he is discontented with himself, perhaps troubled with ambitions. Why, if he be knew it, he is a hero of the old Greek stamp; and while he thinks he is only earning a profit of a few cents, and that perhaps exorbitant, he is doing a man's work and bettering the world."

WIT IN THE SCHOOL

In England a schoolboy's blunder is called a "howler." Why, nobody seems to know. The public school teachers of Missouri assembled in St. Louis recently exchanged samples of their pupils' brilliant sayings. Here are a few of the most scintillating:

A boy in a St. Charles (Mo.) school had been reproved by his teacher for coming to school with dirty hands.

"What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands like that?" the teacher asked.

"I wouldn't say nothin' at all," was his answer. "I'd be too polite."

Think

of something hard to clean then try

Old Dutch Cleanser

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C. A. Hawkins, of the State Normal School at Maryville, tells of an answer to a question in geography. Asked what the Behring Straits were noted for, a boy replied they were "noted for their width for being so narrow."

The following composition on Oliver Cromwell was submitted by a boy in the third grade of one of the little schoolhouses in Southwest Missouri.

"Oliver Cromwell was an Englishman. He was a great warrior. He got mad at his king. He cut his king's head off. Soon it came Oliver's time to die. He said if I had done for my Lord what I did for my king I would not be afraid to die."

William Robertson, superintendent of the Maplewood schools, tell this one:

One of the children in the English class was asked who Lazarus was.

"Lazarus was a leopard, a man with spots," was the child's answer.

W. D. Vaughan, of Montgomery City, says an entertainment was being held at one of the colored schools and a boy was asked if there was a good crowd.

"No, sir; not much of a crowd," he said. "They is all confidential tickets."

LOUIS PASTEUR

REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT CATHOLIC SCIENTIST OF FRANCE

The Times of London recently printed a leading article on "Pasteur and Lister," in which, apropos of the seventeenth anniversary of the death of Pasteur, it insisted on his place "on the heights with Darwin," and reminded the reader that "to think of Pasteur is to think also of Lister."

That is certainly so, for Lister said again and again that he got his inspiration from Pasteur—that he had been on the wrong track until Pasteur "threw a flood of light" on the right one. In 1880, by a final experiment at Chamonix, Pasteur established once and for all the principles of aseptic surgery. In 1865 came Lister's first use of carbolic acid. The last meeting of these two men, whose benefaction to humanity is inestimable, was on the occasion of Pasteur's jubilee.

"Thanks to you," asserted Lister, "there has been a revolution in surgery which has taken away its terrors." Humanity, says the Times, will continue to salute Lister; but Pasteur must be included in the salutation.

But to think of Pasteur is to think of something more than his association with Lister. When, seventeen years ago, Pasteur ended his great career by a death full of pain, yet full of peace, France recognized that she lost in him not merely a man of genius, but one endowed with the intimate domestic virtues which add to the lustre of even such a reputation as his.

His career is easily divisible into two parts. The earlier was all un-

questioned discovery, acclaimed success, and admired beneficence. He healed the flocks and herds of France. He saved the life of the silk worm; that little spinner lived to spin the innumerable threads of a national industry again. He saved the spoiling wine-bins of the South. To no other did the France of peace and the peasant owe so much. But over the last twenty years of that courageous life a very war of controversies has raged. He did the things just named. But has he safeguarded men, women and children from the worst of deaths? There is no one bold enough to answer. Admiring nations cover their uncertainty by increasing the rhetoric of the enthusiasm. The temperate phrase of certainty is impossible; therefore the exaggerated phrase is used, to very weariness. But that Pasteur fought hydrophobia, whether he beat it or not, is admitted. As a discoverer he is among the immortals. The spectroscopic and the germ theory have altered two sciences in our time, and the germ theory is due to his genius.

But we do not end here. The scientific men of France are not always to be found among the sons of the Church. Perhaps Pasteur himself was not wholly in sympathy with little movements on the surface of French Catholicism; and that he did not repeat the shibboleths of some of the journalists is probable enough, since he was from time to time the object of their criticism. But Pasteur did not depute to writers, however zealous for their own kind, the custody of his conscience; nor did he accord to the fashions of the moment, however much they suited others, a conformity which would have been in him only an insincerity. Such a movement as that for the building of the Church of the National Vow, at Montmartre, had, of course, his homage, and his name was on the list of its first founders.

When Pasteur went to London, a few years before his death, he had a great reception at the Medical Congress. But delighted as he was with the enthusiastic sympathy of his English colleagues in the art of healing, he was still more delighted by the opportunity he then had of sitting at a banquet beside Cardinal Manning. That was a banquet, one of the few of his life, which the Cardinal looked back upon with equanimity—with something more. There were many things akin between these two great men, utterly divided as were their interests, their methods, their measurements perhaps of what was very worth while. But there was the true note of Manning in a saying of Pasteur's in advanced years. He said that what he hoped soon to attain to was—the faith of the Breton peasant. And then as a further advance he might hope to achieve—the faith of the Breton peasant's wife.

President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University still poses as the prophet of a new religion. He is more than the prophet he is dubbed by old infidels like himself; to him self he is a god.

From the very nature of religion, which is a golden band binding the soul of man to his Creator, the fantastic Harvard president must, in his grey-haired infamy, undo God to make place for his own divinity. Oh, the blasphemy and madness of it all! In a few years his bones will be dust and his queer brain will be a playground for wriggling maggots, the while the great God who gave us truth will serenely reign in His undiminished and everlasting glory!

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