

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE ORATOR FORGETS HIMSELF

The hardest thing for the public speaker to overcome is self-consciousness. But no orator can make a great impression until he gets rid of himself, until he can absolutely annihilate his self-consciousness, forget himself in his speech. While he is wondering what kind of an impression he is making, what people think of him, his power is crippled, and his speech to that extent will be mechanical, wooden.

Even a partial failure on the platform has good results, for it often arouses a determination to conquer the next time, a resolution which never leaves one. Demosthenes' heroes, Cicero, and Disraeli's "The time will come when you will hear me," are historic examples.

It is not the speech, but the man behind the speech, that wins a way to the front. One man carries weight because he is himself the embodiment of power, he is himself convinced of what he says. There is nothing of the negative, the doubtful, the uncertain in his nature. He not only knows a thing, but he knows that he knows it. His opinion carries with it the entire weight of his being. The whole man gives consent to his judgment. He himself is in his conviction, in his act.

One of the most entrancing speakers I have ever listened to—a man to hear whom people would go long distances and stand for hours to get admission to the hall where he spoke—never was able to get the confidence of his audience because he lacked character. He seemed to be swayed by his eloquence. There was a great charm in the cadences of his perfect sentences. But somehow they could not believe what he said. The orator must be sincere. The public is very quick to see through sham. If the audience sees mud at the bottom of your eye, perceives that you are not honest yourself, that you are acting, they will not take any stock in you, no matter how eloquent you may be.

It is not enough to say a pleasing thing, an interesting thing, the orator must be able to convince; and to convince others he must have strong convictions.

Very few people ever rise to their greatest possibilities or ever know their entire power until confronted by some great occasion. We are as much amazed as others are when, in some great emergency, we outdo ourselves. Somehow the power that stands behind us in silence, in the depths of our natures, comes to our relief, intensifies our faculties a thousandfold and enables us to do things which before we thought impossible.

GREAT OCCASIONS PRODUCE ORATORS

Great occasions, when nations have been in peril, have developed and brought out some of the greatest orators of the world. Cicero, Mirabeau, Patrick Henry, Webster and John Bright might all be called to witness to this fact.

The occasion had much to do with the greatest speech delivered in the United States Senate—Webster's reply to Hayne. Webster rose up in immediate preparation, but the occasion brought all the reserves in his gift, and he towered so far above his opponent that Hayne looked like a pigmy by comparison.

The pen has discovered many a genius but the process is slower and less effective than the great occasion that discovers the orator. Every crisis calls on ability, previously undeveloped, and perhaps unexpected.

No orator living was ever great enough to give out the same power, and force and magnetism to an empty hall, to empty seats, that he could give to an audience capable of being fired by his theme.

In the presence of the audience lies a fascination, an indefinable magnetism that stimulates all the mental faculties, and acts as a tonic and energizer. An orator can say before an audience what he could not possibly have said previous to going on the platform, just as we can often say to a friend in animated conversation things which we could not possibly say when alone.

Chemicals are united, a new substance is formed from the combination which did not exist in either alone, the speaker feels surging through his brain the combined force of his audience, which he calls inspiration, a mighty power which did not exist in his own personality before he rose to his feet. No public speaker ever forgets that first, surprising feeling of confidence.

Actors tell us that there is an indescribable inspiration which comes from the orchestra, the footlights, the audience, which it is impossible to feel at a cold mechanical rehearsal. There is something in a great sea of expectant faces which awakens the ambition and arouses the reserve of power, which can never be felt except before an audience. The power was there just the same before, but it was aroused.

THE MAGIC POWER OF ELOQUENCE

In the presence of the great orator, the audience is absolutely in his power to do as he will. They laugh or cry at his pleas, or rise and fall at his bidding until he releases them from the magic spell.

Wendell Phillips so played upon the emotions, so changed the convictions of Southerners who hated him, but who were curious to listen to his oratory, that for the time being he almost persuaded them that they were in the wrong.

When James Russell Lowell was a student, said Webster Story, he and Story went to Faneuil Hall to hear Webster. They meant to hoot him for his remaining in Tyler's cabinet. It would be easy, they reasoned, to get the three thousand people to join them. When he began, Lowell turned pale, and Story lived. Webster's great eyes, they thought, were fixed on them. His opening words changed their scorn to admiration, and their contempt to approbation.—Success.

TRUE LOYALTY

Think over your own experiences of human life: the times when you have sensed a friend, when those who had professed affection and devotion and love, turned away with this or that excuse, that business or policy or absence

on a journey prevented, or a thousand similar reasons for failing you at the moment which alone could prove the friendship. The trouble with most people, especially with our people, is that when they get something, it is very dear to their hearts, and when they secure a little recognition, it is very precious to their souls. Perhaps our people can be excused for this more than any other nation, because no other race has been deprived through so many centuries of the chance to acquire this world's benefits or possessions. But, nevertheless, disloyalty is one of the most disgraceful characteristics of man kind. It is the thing that shatters faith in, and respect for, human nature. If anything can be said to have embittered a slight moment in the life of Christ, it was the disloyalty of those friends in the Garden of Gethsemane, who "could not watch with Him the little hour."

Lowell in his wonderful poem on "The Present Crisis," has caught up and crystallized the world's wisdom and philosophy on this subject. I advise you all to read that poem, and read and re-read it. It would be well for teachers to teach it to the children whom they have in charge, so that their lesson may be learned, and its influence passed on from generation to generation. This is what Lowell says of loyalty:

Once to every man and nation Comes the moment to decide, In the strife of truth with falsehood, For the good or evil side; Then it is the brave man chooses, While the coward stands aside, Doubting in his abject spirit, Till his sword is crucified. Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, They were souls that stood alone; While the men they agonized for Stood serene and down the future, Saw the golden beam incline, To the side of perfect justice, Mastered by their faith divine— By one man's plain truth to manhood, And to God's supreme design.

Therefore, my friends, the next time a battle is joined, do not look to see whether your cowardly leaders are in the van, but seize a musket yourself and march "for the glory of the Lord."—H. B. Mahony in Catholic Columbian.

As he was out most of the days that were pleasant, his mamma trained him to always answer when she called, so he would say, "I am here," and Hector would always watching. But one evening, just before dark, the other boys were playing with the dog, and Ambrose wandered along the road looking for freckles, as he had seen the other boys doing, and he had learned at his mother's knee the true meaning of happiness, and whenever he came to her in tears to show her some boyish trouble, she would comfort him by saying gently, "Felix, my little son, God does not want us to be always happy here. If we really love Him, we should be willing to suffer sometimes for Him on earth, that we may be truly happy with Him in Heaven."

Thus taught, the boyish heart of Saint Felix expanded as a flower, in the sunshine of God's love. At school and at play he was a favorite, until on a certain day it became rumored that he was a Christian. Felix heard the rumor but forgot it almost as soon as it was spoken and went about his study and play as happily as before.

One fine morning, soon after the blow fell. He was on his way to school and the path he was following led him through a cool dim stretch of wood, then turned abruptly to the great Roman temple, that deep peaceful happiness that comes from God alone. The sunlight playing through the gnarled old trees, the dewy fragrant blossoms at his feet and the soft morning breezes blowing about him spoke of joy and content. A snatch of song was on his lips, and his sandaled feet scarcely pressed the moss grown feet.

Suddenly through the trees he caught a glint of steel. Two soldiers were coming toward him. His heart stood still. For one instant he halted in fear. Then he braced himself with the sweet bravery of a soldier of Christ. Behind him lay the peace of the woods, before him stood, but the victor's palm was happiness eternal.

The soldiers grasped him roughly by the arms. "The judge calls for you," one said roughly "come."

The lad obeyed. By their side he traveled the old Roman highway. Curious eyes turned to gaze at him, but he never saw them. His thoughts were fixed on the trial to come.

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One by one the boys were questioned and one by one they gave their answer. Felix was condemned to be beaten to death with clubs. Throughout the long terrible torture, when the blows were heaviest, the mother's heart beat in earnest prayer for her boy. As he fell at last, exhausted and dying at the feet of the judge, he smiled feebly toward her.

A long ray of sunlight lit up his white face and she caught the scarce whispered words, "Mother, I am so happy." The dark eyes closed, there was a softly drawn breath, and the eager, boyish soul sped forth to enjoy forever Mary Adelaide's heart, in the Magdalen.

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Recently President Taft awarded to Miss Nettie Caskey of Fairmont, Ind., a bronze medal for heroism displayed in saving a baby's life. The interstate commerce commission voted the Indiana girl the right to wear the bit of bronze. She is the second girl to be awarded for "promoting the security of travel upon railroads," for which Congress has provided the award of suitable medals.

Now, it isn't every day that a sixteen year old school-girl dashes down a rail-

road track in the very face of a swiftly rushing oncoming train, and grabs a tiny baby from the very jaws of death. But that is the race life Nettie Caskey ran on the afternoon of March 19 last, when her three-year-old niece strayed from the yard onto the railroad track.

The limited was coming around the curve, the shriek of the whistle came and Nettie's ears at the same time that she saw the baby toddling down the track upon a high embankment. She literally flew to save the baby. As the locomotive rounded the curve the engineer saw Nettie running toward the tracks, but looking directly into a sinking sun he could not see the baby ahead. The baby smiled and cooed as she watched the train coming. She even ran to meet it.

When almost upon the child the engineer saw the baby and applied his air brakes, opened the sand valves and reversed his engine, but too late to stop before striking the spot where the little one stood, now trampled with terror and surprise.

Just as it seemed certain that death had overtaken the baby, Nettie reached her hand, grabbed the little one in her arms, threw herself on the tracks, and with her precious burden down the embankment as the limited rushed by.

Such an act of heroism is worth more than a mere medal. It is worth publishing in the papers, and it is worth a letter to Nettie Caskey lauding her deed of valor, and asked her to tell the little men and women, and the big ones, too, something about herself, so that we might all get better acquainted with her. Her letter is the typical letter of a modest schoolgirl.—Milwaukee Journal.

A FAITHFUL DOG

Ambrose was a very active little boy for his age, for he seemed never to be still. He was only two and a half years old, yet he went along the road and picked berries in his little cup, always followed by the dog, Hector.

You see, he lived in the country, about a mile from the little town, and his papa worked in a sawmill near by, where he was the engineer. The train went by only a little distance from the house, but there was a woods between the track and road and a steep hill to climb, so his mamma never thought that Ambrose would go beyond that track.

As he was out most of the days that were pleasant, his mamma trained him to always answer when she called, so he would say, "I am here," and Hector would always watching. But one evening, just before dark, the other boys were playing with the dog, and Ambrose wandered along the road looking for freckles, as he had seen the other boys doing, and he had learned at his mother's knee the true meaning of happiness, and whenever he came to her in tears to show her some boyish trouble, she would comfort him by saying gently, "Felix, my little son, God does not want us to be always happy here. If we really love Him, we should be willing to suffer sometimes for Him on earth, that we may be truly happy with Him in Heaven."

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not so much to attain higher perfection as through fear of falling away and of losing Christ. "I chastise my body and bring it into subjection, lest perhaps while I preach to others I myself should become a castaway" (I Cor. 9:27). We made of finer clay? Chastisement of the flesh does not necessarily mean the discipline used by moral heroes. But chastise ourselves we must or become castaways. The Church lays down the law of fasting and abstinence. It is the easiest form of chastising our bodies. It is the milk given to the babes, to the moral infants. Meat is for the strong. Meantime if we refuse the milk, what can we take?—Sacred in St. John's Calendar, Brooklyn.

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD'S TOAST

Some time ago in Boston at a banquet, one of the young ladies passed a class of wine across the table to him, and he said, "I don't drink wine, but I'll drink to the ladies." The poet laureate and voice trembled, as he said, after taking the wine from the jeweled hand, and looking into the laughing blue eyes of the young lady:

"Miss, this is a difficult task you have given me, but a soldier's duty is first to obey orders, and I shall try to drink a toast to Woman—not in that, however, which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish—and her sons to drunkards graves, and perhaps, her daughters to lives of shame. No, not in that, but rather in God's life-giving water, pure and chaste, clear as her intentions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, strong and sustaining as her love. In the crystal water I will drink to her, that she remain queen in the empire she has already gained as the mistress of the world, built up and enthroned in the homes and hearts of the world. I will drink to her, the full-blown flower of childhood's morning, the one true worship of God, to assist her, who in childhood clasps our little hands and teaches us the first prayers to the great All Father; who comes to us in youth with good counsel and advice, and who, when our feet go down into the dark shadows, smooths the pillow of death as none other can; to her who is the flower of flowers, the pearl of pearls, God's last—but God's best gift to man—woman, peerless, pure, sweet, royal woman: I drink your health, in God's own beverage, cold sparkling water."—New York Freeman's Journal.

A PRIEST FOREVER

It was a rainy night. The occasional flashes of lightning only served to reveal the density of the darkness without. Streams of water rushed along the curbing of the paved streets which were deserted except that now and then a monster touring car, storm proof, would splash noisily by. Within the parish residence was cheerful. The lights shone brightly, from every window in the parlor, in the hall, in the pastor's study and even the kitchen showed signs of unusual activity—for it was the pastor's anniversary and a few of his flock ventured out in the evening when the sky showed signs of clearing to be present at the annual reception which he held for them and to offer a word of commendation and cheer to help him bear the trying duties of his pastorate. In the parlor the piano responded to a gentle touch and, though hearty applause greeted the close of each number, one who had observed the hum of voices and the ripple of light that accompanied the music would be inclined to think that the young folks gathered there appreciated the player's efforts less for her art than for the protection the music offered to their conversation. Upstairs in the priest's study a group of men sat smoking and discussing the various topics of interest that the occasion suggested to their minds. And what a wealth of thoughts a lighted cigar and cheerful company will inspire! The priest had joined the group who were being amused by the stories told by one of their number whose Irish humor made him a welcome guest at every gathering. For the priest's amusement the priest was induced to tell again his latest and best yarn. Inspired by the special request he reeled it off in his matchless way and the company that had just laughed themselves tired were helpless to resist the humor of the story as told a second time.

"Out in the hall the telephone rang but no one answered. It rang again a long, loud ring and the priest responded. The laughter had subsided and all could hear the priest's part of the conversation. "She's very weak?" he said with rising inflection and, after a pause added, "I'll go at once." Taking his cravatette and hat he turned to his guests and said, "You will excuse me for a while," and was gone.

All was silent in the room. The music ceased below. The puffs of wind blowing the rain against the window, the lightning flashes splitting the inky darkness, revealed the condition of the weather. "A priest forever," someone

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but this July the anniversary is to be kept quite beyond ordinary custom by a great open air gathering in Battersea Park, thus recalling the memorable Hyde Park demonstration at the Manning centenary three years back, writes the London Tablet. Now, as then, the arrangements are in the hands of the League of the Cross—the League of the Cardinal's own raising and love. "My brave household troops," he used to call them.

The Presbyterian Assembly which met recently at Ottawa gave credit to the Catholic Church and particularly to Archbishop Bruchési of Montreal for the fact that the province of Quebec leads in the matter of temperance. It was pointed out that in the lower provinces sixty-nine per cent of the municipalities are dry, while in Ontario out of 812 municipalities only 431 were without the legalized sale of liquor.

"It looks as if the younger generation would soon become altogether given up to temperance," says a writer in an English society paper. "Not only at clubs and places where men must do congregate does one remark this, but even at dinner parties and balls, where lemonade and barley water are far more in demand than the alcoholic beverages without which our fathers and grandfathers never thought of eating a meal. In fact, for instance, that a dinner party to a dozen guests was given by a very exalted couple indeed a week or two ago, and to champagne at all was provided, because experience had shown that hardly a glass would be consumed."—Sacred Heart Review.

Some Sins and their Origin

Many of the sins of which we are guilty originate in the wrong use of right things. What is gluttony but the wrong use of appetite? Envy is the degenerate spirit of emulation. When its object is an evil or wrong, anger is a noble feeling; it is a deadly sin when it vents itself as revenge or hatred. Covetousness is self-love, seeking advantage at the expense of the welfare or happiness of another. We shall find that nearly all the muddy streams in our lives begin in the spring which God made to be pure and sweet and crystalline.

While we can never sink down too deep into the abyss of our own nothingness, we can never with too absolute abandonment fling ourselves over the dizzy brink of the mystery of God's love.—Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

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