

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SACRED HEART

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red blood, A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for food!

THE HEART OF LOVE

Man are cowed or broken by authority; they are crushed by tyranny; they are ruined by the jealousy or envy of others, but they are made willing captives by the power of love.

The love of man is but a faint and distant reflex of that infinite yearning which is love divine. Human love and affection rests upon apparent good, or upon real good, which exists in a subject, mingled with much gross.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the center, the source and the fountain, the head of the divine love among men. It is not merely a meaningless symbol; it is the embodiment in human form of all that Christ has suffered for the sake of love.

During the month of June our Holy Mother, the Church, bids us recall the great deeds of our first Hero, of Him Who died upon a cross that we might be spiritually freed from the bondage of hell.

he might be; and there were occasions when he was disobedient and lazy. Like every normal, healthy boy, he loved to play, and was fond of fruit and candy and other things sweet and good to eat.

Then began his rapid journey along the path to sanctity. Self-denial, obedience, rigid regularity, boundless charity transformed him completely. Devotion to Our Divine Lord upon the Cross, and, particularly, to Our Lady of Sorrows, marked all his waking hours.

What an attractive exemplar is offered the ordinary youth by this simple sketch of the life of St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows! How edifying and encouraging to the average boy or young man! The careers of many, very many of the saints were so marked with such extraordinary austerity and such marvelous achievements, that the every-day mortal feels that imitation is far beyond his ability.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A MORNING OFFERING

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! Through Mary's Heart most pure, Each sorrow that today my heart is fated

To suffer and endure; Each grief that shall encompass me with sadness, Each pang of pain and loss, I place upon the rugged crest of Calvary, Beside the saving Cross.

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! Each thought of mine today; I offer Thee the deeds of all the hours,

The words that I shall say; My heart and mind my hand and brain I bring Thee, With perfect love and trust, And beg of Thee to brighten with Thy graces

My pathway through the dust. O Sacred Heart of Jesus; in the noonday And at the evening's close, When every sun-ray as it strikes the hillsides

A lengthening shadow throws, Make strong my heart to battle for Thy glory And win the sweet reward— And place within the shelter of Thy kingdom, The welcome of my Lord.

HEROES

George was reading his history and lost to all the world, for George was a boy, and a boy loves his dinner and tales of Indians almost as well as his dog. The part of the history which George was studying dealt with the early Jesuit missions among the Indians.

"George," called his mother, "this is the third time that I have told you to go and see to the furnace. It needs coal. You know you have to attend to it, so why must I keep everlastingly nagging at you to get you to do your duty?"

George closed the book. "Great guns," he cried, "can't you let a fellow read a few minutes in peace? I was reading all about Father Jogues and the Indians. Believe me, he was some scout!"

"I wonder," mused his mother aloud, "how long you would last if it were you, instead of Father Jogues who had been sent as a missionary to the Indians."

"I'd last longer than he did," asserted George, "for I'd club those redskins to death if they tried half the monkey shins on me that they did on him."

"But he wanted to be a martyr," answered Mrs. King. "Well, I don't," confessed George. "I want to be a hero."

"Why, sure you can, mother. Every guy wants to be a hero, but only saints want to be martyrs, and I don't want to be a saint."

"Don't worry," answered his mother, with a smile. "From present indications there is no cause to worry that a halo will surround my George's head. But about the hero business: What makes a hero, George?"

"Doing things," replied George, "and doing them well." "Yes, doing things—doing one's duty faithfully and conscientiously, not hectoring about consequences. Doing things, and doing them well, as, for instance, attending to the furnace."

Worth Every Cent of its Cost



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he never speaks of God and rich people without getting very angry. This story gave the good lady an idea. She made the child promise to say "Our Father" ten times, and sent her home laden with food.

A month later, the child came to see her benefactress, her face radiant with time. "Madame, papa would like to see you, but he is afraid to come here."

This difficulty was soon overcome. Mme. L.—hurried to him. She found the surroundings as poor as ever, but the man's face wore a look that expressed the change that had taken place in his heart.

"Madame," he said respectfully, "I can't tell how it happened, but I hardly know myself. On hearing the child say 'Our Father' and 'Hall Mary,' I was at first impatient because she said them so many times."

Thus, by means of the prayers of a child, a soul was saved and brought to God.

CORPUS CHRISTI

There is no holier, no happier Feast than that of Corpus Christi, the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament, the "Body of Christ."

Well, George, replied Mrs. King, "attending to furnaces is a duty; it may be a plague, as you say, but we won't argue about that. It is a duty, a disagreeable one if you will, but a duty nevertheless. Fidelity to duty is the training that makes a hero."

As Mme. L.—was walking along a street of Lyons, one cold day, she saw a little girl about seven years old, half clad, dipping something in the icy water of a fountain. Curious to know what the child was doing, the lady approached her.

"What are you doing, little girl?" she asked. "I'm washing my dress." "You should put on another one while you do it!" said the lady.

"I guess what mother said is about right," he told himself, "and if I want to be a hero I'll start training. Duty first and dreams afterward will be my motto."—Extension Magazine.

Catholics have much to thank their Eucharistic King for during the Blessed Sacrament days of the year of Victory, 1919. They have much to do also by way of reparation for the coldness, studied indifference and deliberate neglect of a great mass of men, swayed by the spirit of the times and the bad example of their leaders.

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UNREASONABLE PRAYERS

Many persons seem to imagine that if they pray for what they want, Our Lord is bound to grant their petitions. They do not always allow Him the liberty of judgment which they would not think of denying to any human friend; and His failure or delay to respond as they wish annoys them.

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