OCTOBER 9, 1909.

some men seem to drink in knowledge through their very pores. They absorb it everywhere. They are always studying people, reading human nature, imbibing knowledge from every source.

biling knowledge from every source. Everybody they meet must contribute something to their store.

We often see these people who have never been to college, and have had very little regular schooling, and yet are wonderfully well posted. They are able to converse well upon all sorts of subjects because they go through the world with their eyes open, their ears open, their minds open, their perceptions alert. Their lives are enriched by this constant alertness and the absorptive power of all the mental faculties.

How few people appreciate the wonderful opportunities of every-day life for storing up wisdom that is priceless!

Among the greatest needs of this

storing up wisdom that is priceless!

Among the greatest needs of this country to-day are writers and speakers who can show the possibilities of adult education. There is a very general conviction that if one does not get his education during the few impressionable years of his youth, the opportunity is gene forever. Nothing is more false.

This impression is due in large measure to over-emphasis of the importance

ure to over-emphasis of the importance

of mere ability to commit to memory.

of mere ability to commit to memory. But this is not so essential in acquiring an education as the ability to observe, to think, to generalize; the power to grasp ideas with vigor; to analyze them. While it is of the utmost importance to get the grounding of one's education early in life, and before one settles down

to his life work, yet there are some advantages, if one only has grit, deter-mination, and application, in getting an

education when the mind is more mature

Men Who Balk Under Heavy Loads.

This morning I saw a pair of horses which had evidently become discouraged by being hitched to loads that were too

by being intened to loads that were too heavy for them. At the start they did their best to go forward; when the driver struck tham with his whip they made an effort to pull; but one could see that their spirit had been broken;

the long struggle with unequal burdens had caused them to lose their confidence

and their grip, and after awhile they ceased to make any effort to move. I have often seen other horses loaded

they could not start the load, they would

ever give up trying.

Everywhere in life we find people like

The buoyancy and cheer and enthusiasm have gone out of their lives. They have

When You Have Found Your Place.

You will be happy in it—contented, joyous, cheerful, energetic.

The days will be all to short for you.

Dinner time and closing time will come

You will not feel humiliated because

you are a farmer or a blacksmith, or a

before you realize it.

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deepening.
Your work will be a perpetual tonic to you. There will be no drudgely in it.

You will go to your task with delight and leave it with regret. Life will be a glory, not a grind.-Success.

Tire Themselves Getting Ready.

Washington Irving tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap, and ran so hard, that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill, and had to lie down and rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill.

A great many people exhaust them-selves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do some-

their lives getting ready to do some-thing which they never do.

It is an excellent thing to keep im-proving oneself, to keep growing; but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old, who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college, and taken a number of nost-graduate courses—but number of post-graduate courses—but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.

He Conquered His Unfortunate Heredity.

How many people are kept back because of an unfortunate family history!
The son of the notorious bandit Jesse James, some time ago carried off the highest honor summa cum laude, in the Kansas City Law School. Judge Silas Porter, of the Supreme Court of Kansas, delivered the address on the occasion.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Adult Education.

Did you ever think of the possibilities of the everyday education, the education which we can all pick up in all sorts of places and from all sorts of people?

Some men seem to drink in knowledge through their very pores. They absorb it everywhere. They are always studying people, reading human nature, im-

Time.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; whilst laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man wealthy, healthy and wise.—Franklin.

Be Men.

Young men, let the nobleness of your mind impel you to its improvement. You are too strong to be defeated, save by yourselves. Refuse to live merely to eat and sleep. Brutes can do these, but you are men. Act the part of men. Resolve to rise; you have but to resolve; nothing can hinder your success if you determine to succeed. Do not waste your time by wishing and dreamwaste your time by wishing and dream-ing; but go earnestly to work. Let not a craven heart or a love of ease rob you of the inestimable benefit of self-culture, and you shall reap a harvest more valu-able than gold or jewels.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Willie's Scholarship. Willie was very anxious to enter college, but his father, though he could well afford it, told him he had much better get to work and earn something. "I never had a college course, and see how successful I have been," he told Willie when he tried to persuade him to

allow him to go.
At last a bright idea came to him. At last a bright idea came to him. The college of St. Andrew's was to give a free scholarship, and any boy would be allowed to compete. After much persuasion his father said he might try, ended with "You won't win it my boy."

Willie thought of nothing else, and waited patiently for the time to general have otter seen other horses loaded beyond their strength; but no matter how heavy their load, they would pull again and again with all their might, stretching to the utmost every muscle, nerve, and fiber in them; and, although

waited patiently for the time to come. One day as he was riding in the cars

two gentlemen, one evidently a Brother.

sat down next to him, and the conversion they carried on came to his ears. "How I wish John Hale could try for the scholarship at St. Andrew's. It would give him the chance of his life. But being an orphan he must look to support himself. Of course, if he had it, those horses. Some have become discouraged by trying to carry too heavy a load, and finally give up the struggle. They spurt a little now and again, but there is no heart, no spirit in their effort. ne could still stay at home, as we could

afford that much."

"Yes," replied the other, "what a pity it is that some societies do not give scholarships to poor boys in homes, for then they would know they were deservbeen tugging away over heavy loads so long that they have become disheartened. There is no more fight in them.

with this they got off the car, and so did Willie, who followed them to their destination, St. Michael's Home for Boys.

That night he asked his father if he

There is no more fight in them.

There are others who, no matter how heavy their load, will never cease in their efforts to go forward. They will try a thousand times with all their might and main; they will tng away until completely exhausted; they will gather their strength and try again and again without losing heart or courage. Nothing will daunt them, or induce them to give up the struggle. When everybody else lets go, they stick because they are made of winning material, the mettle which never gives up.

When You Have Found Your Place. won the scholarship would he grant him a favor. a great one, but one he felt sure he would be pleased to give.
"My son, you have been a good dutiful child, and I will grant you whatever you

The day came. Willie was in church

bright and early to receive Holy Communion before beginning the day which was to decide so much for him, and asking Our Blessed Mother if it was for his good that he win the scholarship.

When the name of the lucky one was

called Willie could scarcely contain himself, for it was he. Joy almost lent him wings to hurry home to tell his parents, and after he had told them he said, "And now, father, I shall make

All your faculties will give their consent to your work; will say "Amen" to your occupation. There will be no protest anywhere in your nature. known to you my request."
"Down in St. Michael's Home there is a boy, an orphan, who was anxious to compete for the scholarship, but the Brothers could not afford to pay for shoemaker; because, whatever your him, I now ask you to give the one I have won to him and you pay for me." You will not apologize because you are not this or that, because you will have found your place and will be

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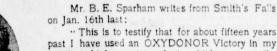
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Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by." How blessed our lives will become

how hopeful our prospects of eternal bliss, if we hearken to that sweet invita-

Joy of the Religious Life.

What a marvellous thing the religious life is, and, above all the contemplative

life, writes the Rev. R. H. Benson. Here are these nuns without one single

thing that in the world's opinion makes

life worth living. There is practically perpetual silence, there are hours to be

supposes, but they are intensely and radiantly happy now in this present time. I don't know what further proof

any one wants of who our Lord is than that men and women find the keenest

and, in fact, their only joy in serving Him and belonging to Him.

The reading of pious books and religious periodicals is a most efficacious

means to lead a Christian life. This kind of reading corrects erroneous im-

pressions, dissipates the mists of doubt, recalls vividly to the mind forgotten or half-forgotten truths and disregard-

ed precepts and gives to it an impulse to high endeavor and noble achieve-

Up the Street and Down,

Up the street and down they pass People, all the 'lay! Man and wife or lao and lass, Sad, or grave, or gay! Here abit of ribbon red, There a bowed and weary head— Hundreds pass each day, 'tis said, Up the street and down.

In among the throng, That their hearts I'd live to know

As they pass along; What their business is to-day— What they have to do or say— As I meet them on their way Up the street and down,

Oh, the world's a busy place,
And they hurry on;
There's no time to know each face
That I look upon;
Yet I wish we had a while
Just to ask and learn, and smile,
As we meet, through every mile—
Up the street and down.
—MIRIAM S. CLARK in Youth's Companion.

The Little Voyager.

the ways are many to Drowsy Land, Some one. I know, would try them all, fis hey, to night, for a big balloon, Big and round, like a silver ball, pthrough the dark it swings along, thown by the night wind's rustling song

Slowly it sways and swings this way, Poising at last, just overhead, When down drops a glimmering rope of light, And anchors it safe on a tiny bed; And climbing the ladder of silver beams, Some one embarks for the land of dreams.

All through the night, in the shining thing, Silent they float through the cool, sweet dark, Reeds they dip in the foamy clouds, Where the summer lightnings glint and spark, And east or west, o'er the wind-swept sky, The twinkling, golden bubbles fly

Do you ask me how Some One comes home again When deep in the west dips the silver sphere? Dh. never a thought do I give to that, Perhaps the sun is the charioteer, only know that the tiny bed

And I'm thinking, as I go

His father was astonished, but seeing the goodness prompting him to make the sacrifice, he gladly told him he lady or gentleman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the

would do as he wished.

Willie went down and told the Brother and John Hale, and great was his joy.

John and Willie became great friends,

John doing all in his power for Willie. One in after years became a great judge and the other became a priest. The Manly Boy.

A New York reporter saw a fat man A New York reporter saw a fat man sitting asleep in a doorway in Whitehall street. About his neck some one had strung a placard on which was printed in big letters, "This flat to let." Most of the passers-by seemed to think, the sight very funny. Many of them stopped and a line formed along the curbetone. Others grinned and hurried on toward the ferries. on toward the ferries.

on toward the ferries.

Presently a young man of Jewish aspect came along. He looked at the sign, which he probably interpreted to mean "Please help the blind," and put a rickel in the man's lap. The spectators did not know what to make of his action. He looked very solemn as he walked up Whitehall street. Whitehall street.

A bright-faced boy about eleven years old came trotting down the street, evidently bound for one of the ferries. He was whistling merrily. He carried two school books under his left arm. When he got opposite the sleeping man and noticed the placard, the happiness vanished from his face. He looked indignant. He ran up to the man, put down his books, grabbed the sign with both hands and tore it from the man's

The sudden pressure of the cord on the man's neck awakened him instantly. He saw friendless in the eyes of the boy, and swiled at him in a maudlin way. Then he got up. His hat fell off, and the little boy picked it up and handed it to him. The man walked out on the sidewalk, with the nickel contributed by the benevolent Hebrew in a crease of his trousers leg. The nickel finally fell out. The boy picked it up and handed it to the man, who smiled again and took off his hat and bowed with ludicrous grace to the little fellow.

grace to the little fellow.

The line of spectators on the side-

walk melted away with grave counten-ances. One passer was heard to say: "I wish I had a boy like that."

Politeness and Courtesy. Politeness and courtesy should be a part of every girl's equipment for the journey toward being a Catholic woman. Some girls have difficulty between truth and politeness, and one often hears them say in excuse for rudeness that they that it would be citing an untruth to be polite to him or her. Now this is a mistake. "Politeness is to do and say

the kindest thing in the kindest way,"
and surely to be kind does not necessitate untruthfulness. In most cases
where young girls show rudeness, a mere
silence would remedy the fault, or the truth spoken in a charitable manner. But girls, when first becoming conscious that they are to uphold the principles of truth, are apt to lose sight of the fact that they can do so gracefully so as to have regard for others. Of course if they cherish hatred, they can-not show courtesy without acting lies; but Catholic girls do not hate anybody or anything, and it is to them we are speaking. When we get the feeling of love and pity for all God's creatures, we

find it easy to be courteous. Politeness and courtesy are almost synonyms of un selfishness and forgetfulness of self in thought for the feelings of others, and surely no trait of the Christian charac-

surely no trait of the Christian character is more beautiful than this.

So if any of our girls have been unintentionally nude through looking at only one side of the matter, perhaps they would like to try being polite and courteous as all Catholics most certainly should do. ly should do.

If You Want to be Respected. Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs

of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Dont' repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

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The Way to Shadow Town,

The Way to Shadow Town.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray;
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.

It sails away at the end of the day
Just as the darkness closes round.

Rest, little hand, on my shoulder—so;
A Beepy kiss is the only fare.

Diffting away from the world we go—
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland.
The raining drops on the window—hark,
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.
There where a mirror is glancing dim
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light.
Silently lower the anchor down.

Dear little passenger say "Good Night."

We've reached the harbor of shadowtown,
—Eugens Field. -EUGENE FIELD.

The Boy With the Hoe.

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap;
Say how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair.
Do you hoe it square?
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds as you ought to do;
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you garner depends on you:
Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap Are you making it straight and clean? Are you going straight At a hustling gait? Are you scattering all that is mean? Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill And dance a step or two, As the row you hoe leads up the hill? The harvest is up to you.

Out in the Fields with God.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday.
Among the fields above the sea—
Among the winds at tlay!
Among the lowing of the herds,
And rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds.
The humming of the bees.
The foolish feers of what may happen
I cast them all away.

I ne rootsh leave so what may happen I cast them all away Among the clover-scented grass, Among the new-moven hay. Among the husking of the corn. Where the drowsy poppies nod. Where ill though's die and good are born, Out in the fields with God.

-Mrs. Browning What's a Heart.

What's a heart? Just a basket for the ills of life, And all its meat— Just a tender net to compass Love, And find it sweet.

What's a heart? Just a key-hole for the Master's key; That winds us well; To show the time of day in heaven, Or night in hell.

-CARL HILTON-TURVEY in Outlook.



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