CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE PRIEST

It was his will—he gave his life to serve; It is his task, a work of charity

lead with flaming torch when mists are low Along the narrow trail that we

His hands are raised, he holds the

tempted heart
Lifting the veil that light may

seemed so real
Passes away forever as they kneel. Out at the place where sea and river meet,

He stands to see each anxious trav-Giving to each a Symbol as they A Sign of Courage that can never fail!

And then as each one turns to wave for their mistakes. He knows the

Holding aloft the cross by which he The entrance to the port to which

And so we hope as that one day does

his loving care!
-Frances De Sales Tobin

HARD WORK BRINGS SUCCESS The quality of your work, the spirit you put into it, determines The thing that I got but added the quality of your life itself. The habit of always insisting upon the best of which you are capable, of always demanding the highest of yourself, never accepting the lower, your second best, will make all the difference between mediocrity or failure and a splendid, successful Are always things that I get,

Many people keep themselves back by self-depreciation, by a lack of this sort of mental attitude. The instant you acknowledge that you are incapable of doing the thin are incapable of doing the thin are incapable. The incapable of doing the thin are incapable of doing the thin are incapable. are incapable of doing the thing you attempt to do, or that anything can permanently block the way to the goal of your ambition, you set up a barrier to your success that no amount of hard work can remove. He can who thinks he can holds true

in every situation of life. substitute for friends, pedigree, influence, and money. It is the best capital in the world; it has mastered more obstacles, overcome more difficulties, and carried through more enterprises than any other impossible.

People who do big things in this world, not only have the faith which does the impossible but they are severe, exacting trainers of themselves. They do not handle them-selves with gloves. They hold themselves right up to stern discipline. They do not allow dawdling, idling. They put a ban on laziness. They fix their eye on the goal and sacrifice everything which interferes with their ambition; everything which stands in the way of their larger success. They know that he who thinks took much of his comforts and hi forts and his ease, his good times with his companions evenings, who thinks too much of the pleasures of the senses will never get anywhere —that such a man is not using the key to success.—The Echo.

CHARACTERISTICS OF AN EDUCATED GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of ea gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. and animal heat without them. The true gentleman, in like manner, habits of dissipation and marred by the imprint of sin.

"Father—I saw the light burning." The voice faltered. "I'm on my way home. I haven't been home for thirteen years. I don't care to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards

topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, It was aft and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, the joy of sacramental grace, left the church assuring Father Falley is conferring. He never speaks of that he would come in the morning himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupul us in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never received in the heat the leaves a peaks of the heat the leaves a peaks of the would come in the morning to Holy Communion.

In vain did God's minister look at his Mass for the penitent of the night before. The usual few and faithful daily communicants were there. The young man was missing. the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair Host.

It is his Strength—a calm and holy peace.

The light of heaven shines upon his face,
And in his heart is everlasting grace!

His disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personal ities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct average. They come to him who seek their towards our enemy as if he were health again;
He prays to God—the gift is then received!

one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed Giving his courage to the weakening to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. If he ensoul,
He teaches how to reach the promised goal.

From ways of sin, he helps the dolent to bear malice. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated of better, perhaps, but less educated of the control of the contr minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting enter in, darkness that before had lean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is

FULFILLMENT

come,
When for the priest Christ will the Was the thing I thought I wanted Was the thing that I did not get; when for the priest call.

Summons send,

There will be those to welcome him

Out there

The thing that I got the Was bitter, was sad, and yet
I learned a wonderful lesson, The thing that I got was empty, out there
Whose hearts when here had known A lesson of more than control, For I left my selfish darkness, I live in the light of the soul.

The thing that I thought I wanted A throbbing pain to the bruise.

And now things that I want And the things that I get sweet;

They leave me with no regret, For I find I have ceased to ask

From the day that he had been ordained. Father Falley had made it a point of honor never to neglect his good-night visit to his Eucharistic Lord. Sometimes after a strenuous day among his scattered Self-faith has ever been the best self-faith has ever been the best late and unspeakably weary, but he was never too late, nor was ever too weary to pay what had become to him his visit of love.

Many a time, too, when busy with his accounts, or various other more enterprises than any other human quality. It is faith that everytime does the "impossible" pressing duties which fall so mer-cilessly upon zealous pastors, an inspiration, almost annoying in its good citizens as without real love inspiration, almost annoying in its insistence, would come to him to make a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament. It wasn't long before Father Falley understood and cherished these inspirations. Invariably he found in the church, as he often laughingly remarked, "a big fish—all ready for the catching." It was during one of these inspirational visits that he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard a low, broken voice asking: "Beyes sittin' in the confessional this mornin', Father?" That was the day the black sheep of thirty years' straying was brought back into the fold. Another time it was a quaint old woman, who after fifteen years of wandering in the quagmire of sin, had developed "a wee bit o' scruple, Father!" And so Father Falley instinctively came to feel that an urgent in spiration followed meant to some wandering soul an urgent grace.

One Friday evening in the early

keys reluctantly. It was really dreadfully late. Why not give up for once the satisfaction of his nocturnal visit? Even as he hestitated the key turned its the learning the bountiful gifts which God has strewn in our mathematical strength and he must be an investigated. itated, the key turned in the lock and the door opened. He turned on the lights of the vestibule and slipped into the last pew to pray. Not ten minutes had elapsed when he heard steps behind him. Glancing up he looked straight into the case. years. His face was stamped by habits of dissipation and marred

too good a chance to miss. Father, will you hear me?"

against unseasonable allusions, or sional to hear the story of thirteen It was after midnight, when the

Saddened not a little, Father Falley was just finishing his late breakfast when a messenger reached him saying that old lady McGraw was in trouble and wanted to see him at once.

had often lady's sad story of real sorrow, and had often consoled her with the assurance that in His own good time God would answer her prayers in His own all-wise way. Father Falley wondered now what the message meant. What new trouble could Mrs. McGraw have ?

When he reached her house, the old lady met him at the door. Her face bore the traces of deep suffering, nobly borne.

"God has answered my prayers, Father. You were right as you always are. God has answered always are. God has answered them in His all-wise way. My boy came home last night—dead An auto killed him.

Father Falley started. Here, in-deed was grief, too deep for passing consolation.

"God's ways are not our ways,"

"God's ways are not our ways,"

forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, and indul"But oh, Father, if I only knew, candour, consideration, and indul-gence; he throws himself into the if I could only have some assurance that all was well with my soul, I could say, 'Thy will be done' and not complain. But come, weakness of human reason as well The priest he sees upon the fading shore as its strength, its province and its strength, its province and its limits.—Cardinal Newman.

Father, you never saw my poor boy. He left home you know, before you

came to our parish."

Quietly, sadly the afflicted mother led the way. One glance at the remains told Father Falley all. His heart once more was raised in a fervent Te Deum for God's infinite mercy. The young man, cold in death, was the young man of the midnight Confession.-Catholic Transcript.

THE FEAR OF GOD

Holy Writ tells us that "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom," and this truth is made to serve the purpose of those who wish to misre-present the Christian attitude towards the Almighty. This is often brought to our attention by those who seem to be ignorant of the meaning of the words. We are told that fear guides us, and that it is because we fear, we attend to our

The attitude of such critics is not The attitude of such critics is not correct, for those who live according to the wishes of the Almighty have nothing to fear. Educated to the knowledge of God's attributes, the good-living Catholic loves God, and indeed, love of God is the principle that should rule his life. There are some (Catholics among them) who probably never would give serious thought to their eternal salvation, did not the fear of God's justice swerve them to the right path. This fear may be compared to the fear of the civil law which provides penalties for its violation. How many are there who would violate the civil law over and over again, did not fear deter them. Is it because there are those who are kept within the bounds of the law by fear, that we should consider al

fear God, the higher principle is to love God, and such is the principle guiding the life of every good Christian; for we have every reason spiration followed meant to some wandering soul an urgent grace.

One Friday evening in the early days of February, a sick call took him miles into the country. It was nearly twelve o'clock when he returned. He fingered the church keys reluctantly. It was really reasoning powers will have no difficult to the spirate of the country of of pagans of his time had full evidence of God's existence, and this from the fact of what they saw around them. What was plain to those pagans—what they saw around them—proved not alone the existence of God, but His infinite providence also; and even they should have loved rather than fewed the

teaches us the love of God for what He is; for Himself alone, even if we the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards will you hear me?"

Will you hear me?"

With a pæan of gratitude echoing in his consecrated heart, the good priest stepped into the confession of the

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Good resolutions are for the weak. It is better to be able to look back to a day well lived than ahead to a

Competition is a good thing; it makes us a little more polite than we should be if we had things all

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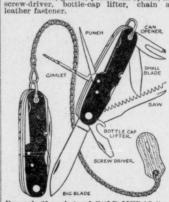
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