

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OUR YOUNG MEN
Lent is nearly at an end. It is no longer the exacting fast that it once was. But mild as it is, it is enough to be a test to show who have spiritual stamina and who are moral cowards.

It demonstrates anyhow that religion is not only for women and molly-coddles. It is also for men. It is for the best traits of the best men. It is a lesson in self-conquest, an experience of the conflict of soul and body, a test of faith, a standard by which to gauge virtue and grace.

OUT IN THE OPEN
Men owe it to themselves to go to the fields and woods and there to get as close to nature as possible. Nature is the great mother, and the boy who plays in her yards is filled with good thoughts, and you can generally rely on him. He breathes in the exhilarating air of freedom and drinks from the streams that are unpolluted by civilization and takes home with him a supply of health and spirits that money can not purchase in a city.

This not only applies to the boy, but to the man. A tired brain is renovated and refreshed by a few hours in the open, and the man who communs with nature and becomes intimate with her has a friend who will never lead him astray. Take to the woods and fields whenever the opportunity presents itself, and if you have boys and girls take them with you. Teach them to shoot and to become familiar with firearms, boats, water and woods, birds and animals, and give them a chance to learn and love nature. If you can not take them, let them go with some one in whom you have confidence. You will be surprised how quickly they will become proficient in woodcraft and how soon they will feel the charm of outdoor life. The open plants the seeds of independence and teaches the young to take care of themselves. Encourage them in this direction and then try it yourselves just as often as you can.

It beats sitting around a club. An hour, a day, a week spent in pursuit of fish, feathers or fur, never forgetting to visit nature all the while, will prove an inestimable blessing to the nerve-fagged man. Let me impress upon you that the act of killing is only accidental. Never take advantage of game. Always give it at least, an even chance, and stop before you have had enough. Remember that there are other days and others coming after you to enjoy the same pleasures. Obey the game laws, but if you have the proper conception of this form of sport and you are a true sportsman at heart, the last admonition is superfluous, as the laws always allow a reasonable length of time for the indulgence, and a liberal limit to the daily and season's bag.—The National Monthly.

THE OTHER VIEW

"Are you sure you have the position you want?" questioned the student who was instructing his young cousin in the use of his camera. "That gives a pretty fair view of the building, but one from the other side may be better. You don't want to waste your material on a view just because it happens to be the first one you strike. Learning to estimate quickly the worth of views from different angles is a part of the business."

It is a part of life's business also, but it is an art that too few take the trouble to acquire, and judgment, temper and conduct are sadly distributed in consequence. The first view of any relation of happening is naturally our own—our side of it, how it affects us, our rights or wrongs in the matter. The ability to take a quick other-side view of it, to think how it must appear from our neighbor's angle of vision, how it would probably strike us if we stood where he stands, would save unnumbered quarrels and acts of injustice. More people break the Golden Rule from failure to think of themselves in another's place and estimate the situation from his standpoint, than from any other cause. The estrangements and jealousies that so often divide households are due far less to intentional wrong or selfishness than to inability to see the other side.

THE STIMULUS OF REBUFFS
Hard conditions, desperate circumstances, great poverty, and hardships have ever developed the giants of the race. The resources, the powerful reserves lie too deep in many people to be aroused, awakened by any ordinary conditions or circumstances. These people are like the great Maximite shells that can be thrown about with impunity, that children may play with, but which require the terrific impact caused by being fired through the steel armor of a warship to explode them. It takes a great crisis, a tremendous emergency to explode the giant powder in many people.

Some natures never come to themselves, never discover their real strength until they meet with opposition or failure. Their reserve of power lies so deep within them that any ordinary stimulus does not arouse it. But when they are ridiculed, "sat down upon," or when they are abused, insulted, a new force seems to be born in them, and they do things which before would have seemed impossible.

POLITENESS
Politeness is like rubber tires on a vehicle. It may not make the road any smoother, but it softens the jolts to the traveller, and makes the journey pleasanter in spite of the rough road.

ALL PLAY
Midnight carousing is not wholesome for the money's business. The mind and body need rest as well as recreation. "All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy" but all play and no work will lead Jack into failure and bankruptcy.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. JOSEPH'S LILIES

It was the month of March, the snow lay thick on the ground around Fred's home. The winter had been a long and dreary one to poor little Fred and his mother since Mr. Graham's death. Since then, poverty had often been near to the snug little home on the hill side, but although mother and son were poor, their home was neat and orderly and they were happy in each other's company. The greatest cross weighing on the poor mother, was that her only boy was weak and delicate. He loved all the beauties of nature, but flowers especially were the past-time of his

long days, while his mother was away. Fred had always had a special love for St. Joseph and now, remembering that March is his special month, he longed to do something to honor his patron. It happened at this time, that Fred's mother was called away to her sister's bedside for she was very sick. This now left Fred more alone than ever, but arrangements had been made that he should remain at night with one of the near neighbors.

Early one evening as he was walking over to the house for the night, Fred struck his foot against something brown and hard; thinking it a stone he boy picked it up but oh, imagine his great joy when on looking carefully, he found it was a lily bulb. Taking a piece of soiled ragged paper from his pocket, he carefully wrapped up his treasure, and then seeing there was not a hole in one of his many pockets, he cautiously put the bulb into it. In his eagerness, it seemed that the early rays of morning would never point the sky with its lights of another day, but after a sleepless night, Fred could scarcely be prevailed upon to wait, for after what seemed an endless time, the dull gray was replaced by brilliant colorings of red, green and blue. All nature seemed to awake to the thrill of the morn. Fred could scarcely be prevailed upon to wait for the early breakfast of the farmhouse, but at last, he found himself at home with his precious bulb planted in a flowerpot, and the pot in the window where it would get the sunlight. Now began the days of anxious waiting, of suspense, of alternate hopes and fears, that perhaps after all the bulb would not blossom.

As the days wore on the bulb thrived and grew strong, but Fred was growing weaker each day. At the end of two weeks the mother returned home, but her loving eyes saw but too quickly the stooped shoulders, the thin hands, the pale cheeks with the spot of red burning in each. His quick nervous manner told her that something was on Fred's mind, but he kept his secret well. Each day he watered and caressed his plant, coaxing it to bloom by the nineteenth day that it might be a feast-day gift for St. Joseph and a surprise for mother.

It was now a week before the feast; the stalk had grown tall and stately and the buds were formed, ready to burst into bloom. Very early in the morning on St. Joseph's Day, Fred was awakened by a strange fragrance in his room. Looking towards the window, he saw his lily all in bloom. Quickly rousing his mother the lad said, "Come, Mother, see my lily for St. Joseph." Then early before the 5 o'clock Mass the mother took the lily to the Church, placing it at St. Joseph's feet, and asking the saint to receive the loving gift of her delicate boy.

Yes, St. Joseph listened and heard the mother's prayer, for even while she offered the gift of an earthly lily, St. Joseph himself culled another flower to bloom in the garden of eternity, for before his mother's return home, Fred's soul had fluttered free from the earthly body enclosing it, and was even then before the great White Throne, a lily of surpassing whiteness and fragrance to live for ever close to its dear St. Joseph.—Fred Riggs in the Nazarene.

AN OLD MAN'S FAITH

Many, many years ago, when it was treason in Ireland to shelter a priest or practice our holy religion, a certain bishop, disguised as a laborer, trudged wearily along a lonesome road in the hills of Kerry. Tired, hungry and footsore, the servant of God prayed for his unhappy country, and her enemies. "How long, O Lord, how long!" he murmured, and then, as if fearful of being wanting in his resignation, he added: "Not my will, but Thine be done."

A turn in the road showed him a faint light flickering in the distance. It may be a friend or it may be a foe," he said to himself, as he proceeded slowly. However, in some unaccountable way, he felt drawn in the direction of the light. Recommending himself to Divine Providence, he left the high road and followed the boren until he came to a neat little cottage almost hidden among the trees.

His knock brought to the door an old lady, whose kindly face bespoke the simple hospitable nature of the Irish peasant. In answer to his quest for lodging for the night, she bade him welcome. After raking the embers that glowed on the grate, she gave him a bowl of sweet, creamy milk. Never in all his life had he tasted anything so sweet and refreshing as that bowl of milk in that mountain cabin.

"I am very sorry, sir," she said, "that I am not able to give you a bed. The only one we have is occupied by my husband, who is very sick."

"I am grieved to hear of your trouble," replied the traveller. "How long has he been ill?"

"A long time, sir." The doctor says he has only a short time to live, and he is over ninety years of age, but he keeps saying, sir, that there is no danger."

"Let me see him, my good woman, and it may be that the words of a stranger may have more effect on him than either you or the doctor."

The woman led the way to the little room and wiping the tears from her eyes with her apron, told the sick man that the gentleman wanted to see him.

The bishop saw at a glance that his hours of life, would, indeed, be few, and after a few words of greeting, he told the old man that he

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TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH

A recent issue of the Morning News of Cairo, a paper printed partly in English and partly in French and edited by Neguib Azoury, contains the following observations on the Christian churches in Cairo from the pen of a Mohammedan. It is interesting to note this contrast he draws between the Catholic Church and the Anglican.

"Egypt is said to be the land of paradox, and one of the most striking paradoxes in Cairo is that the occupying power, units of whose nationality are in this country in their thousands, have two small churches in Cairo, the one about twenty-five years old made just safe, but appearing from the slant of the floor of the body of the church, to be in a curious architectural condition—the other new, and unfinished, with a debt of 900 pounds hanging over it. Over these churches is a bishop geographically inaccessible except after a sea voyage, and described as 'Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem.' On the other hand, during the last seven years the Europeans not under Anglican liberty (for we cannot describe them as under rule) have erected several magnificent churches, not indebted as far as we know."

Then this judicious Mohammedan turns to consider the case of the Catholic Churches—which apparently do not belong to "the English form of Christianity." "But the paradox of the English form of Christianity being so miserably represented as regards its churches in Cairo is not the most startling part of the paradox. Much stranger is it that when any 'ecclesiastical tramp' as we have heard church wanderers called, goes into a Roman Catholic Church like St. Joseph's (to take the

It is your present business to do the present good, even though God means you to do better things by and by.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.

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most important in the center of the European quarter in Cairo, he sees the building thronged at 10 a. m. with a huge congregation, all apparently immersed in devotion whilst High Mass is being celebrated. Here are boys' schools, and girls' schools, marshaled by their teachers, the monks and nuns, and tiny mites seem quite well pleased to remain quiet, often kneeling through a long service—boys of the fidgety age turn with strange attention to the Father who discourses at some length, and with fine declamation in the Italian language from the pulpit. Every variety of old lady seems to have managed to get here, and men of every age, no less devout than the ancient dames. Naturally those between twenty and forty years of age of both sexes abound. No places are allotted or reserved till after the bell stops, or free only in the evening. The man with the gold ring is not placed in front and the man with patched trousers put in a corner; rich and poor are all sitting side by side, also men and women not separated, whilst crowding babies occasionally call out an impromptu versicle. There is a family air about the whole place, and one of deep devotion to the service performed at the altar."

Our thoughts will produce pythons or flowers. We can take our choice between the occupation of snake charmer or gardener.

They who recognize by the light of faith the sovereignty of God in all things will recognize the sovereignty of God in the daily and hourly details of their own personal life and in the changes of their lot.

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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you half your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like the horse was "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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