

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NOT WORTH WHILE
It's not worth while to tinker with a deal that isn't straight.

It's not worth while to sell yourself for anything on earth.
Life judges us by what we are and not how much we're worth.

The tempter cannot bring you joy nor happiness nor friends.
His path that seems so smooth to tread in sorrow always ends.

This lesson once the Master taught when Satan proudly came
And offered Him the world if He would only stoop to shame.

Conscience makes cowards of us all—and so does fear.
If we are afraid to try, if the thought lodges in our brain that we cannot do this thing—we can't and that's an end of it.

Your mental condition must be right, your mind attuned to success, and the battle is half won.
No one admires a cocky, conceited type, but there is a difference between conceit and confidence.

Secretary Daniels recently commended some brave seamen for devotion to duty at the time of an explosion on the armored cruiser San Diego in Mexican waters.
Two of these men, Mr. Daniels says, although "off watch" at the time, entered the fire rooms searching for injured men, and assisted at the risk of their lives in securing the boilers and hauling fires.

How many of us when "off watch" are willing and ready to give needed service? How often we are tempted to shirk the call and ease our conscience with the excuse that we are "off duty!"
We all know men who are sticklers for hours, who are afraid of working overtime, who want to leave the office on the minute, or a little before, and are indifferent to their employer's interests after their day's work is ended.

PUT YOURSELF IN IT
You've got to put yourself into your work if it is to be good work.
Doing it half-heartedly will bring you just about that much success.
You must spend yourself if you want returns, not alone your time and strength, but everything that is in you, must go into this work, if it is to be your life's expression and your hope of a competence.—Catholic Columbian.

THE MASS
"It is the Mass that matters," was a favorite remark of the late Monsignor Benson.
An Irish writer is reminded by it of the time when the Irish people attended Mass at the peril of their lives.
" It is the Mass that matters," they said, as they knelt in driving rain and wind around the Mass Rock on some bleak hillside, or in a mud shieling.
" While all over Europe the Church's majestic liturgy was being celebrated in its entirety and brought year by year to greater perfection," says this writer, " in Ireland the sacraments and the Mass were all that mattered. . . . Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has ever been, and please God, will ever be, the hallmark of Irish Catholicism."—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DEAR MAMMA, SHE KNOWS

My pa, he scolds jes becuz
He says I'm gettin' "tough;"
He says my face is never clean
My hands are always rough;

My pa he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I ruther fool away the time
An' whistle, play an' sing;

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man like him,
Becuz I hain't got any "drive"
An' "get up," "pluck" an' "vim,"

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs
An' says he doesn't see
Where I get all the careless ways
That seem jes' born in me,

My ma she knows most everything
'Bout boys an' what they like;
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites and bike.

HER THOUGHTLESS DARING

My mother was seated in a large rocking-chair, with Laura and me on her lap, in our cozy sitting room, one winter evening at dusk.
The fire was the only light we had, while we were talking over that day's happenings.

After a pause Laura said:
" Mamma dear, we're still waiting for you to tell us a little story, before we turn on the lights and start to study our lessons."

" That afternoon we had received a letter from my aunt stating that grandma was very ill, and we both knew that was what made mamma so quiet and thoughtful.
To Laura's remark she answered:
" No, girls, I'm afraid you'll have to give up your story tonight, I can't think of any right now."

" Nestling closer in sympathetic understanding, we begged:
" Tell us something from your own childhood."

" For a minute mother sat lost in thoughts, then with a sigh she told us the following experience:
" When I was about twelve years old my dearest playmate was a little red cot with light mane and tail.
His name was Foxy. He was beautiful and loving, but—oh, so mischievous."

" One summer afternoon, while mother and I were alone, Foxy jumped the corral fence and ran away.
Our neighbor had not his alfalfa field fenced in; he had over half a dozen horses staked out in it, and that was where Foxy went."

" It was not very far from home. Mother and a neighbor lady, who had just come on a visit, were watching me as I walked after Foxy.
Believing I could easily coax him to follow me home, I considered it unnecessary to ride horseback."

" I soon found I had a hard task on my hands, for Foxy and I, among other games, often played hide-and-go-seek and tag.
He just kept out of my reach, circling round one horse after another.
Every time I thought I had him separated from them, and started homeward, he would gallop past me back to another horse."

" Mother was motioning for me to come and get a saddle horse, but though I had been running so the sweat was trickling down my face, I was too angry over Foxy's teasing to obey her, I had been bragging to the lady by mother's side, how well I had my pet trained.
Though I had only told the truth, I knew she would not believe me if I had to come home defeated.
Tears of anger and mortification nearly blinded me."

" Dear mother had nearly fainted on seeing me rush under the fighting horses, and the other lady was helping her into the house.
" Foxy followed me home willingly, but my pride was all gone.
As soon as I had the colt locked in the stable, I ran in to mother's room, and kneeling by her bedside I begged her forgiveness, not alone for my disobedience, but also for my thoughtless daring, which had come near costing my life."—Catholic News.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

July is the month of the Precious Blood.
Why is the blood of Jesus called the Precious Blood? Because it was the blood of God Himself, veiled under the form of man, and therefore every drop of it as it flowed through His sacred veins deserves our supreme homage, as being united to His divinity.

" We also term it the Precious Blood inasmuch as it was the blood of One Who was not only full of grace, but was Himself the Source of all grace, as that the grace that dwelt with Him was infinite, and the grace that manifested itself through the veil of flesh had no bounds or limits, save those that the mere face of His human nature carried with it.
If, therefore, the blood of the saints is counted as most precious, if we treasure up a piece of cloth stained with their blood, how much more is the blood of the King of saints, precious beyond all price!"

" The Precious Blood is also precious on account of its effects.
One drop of it was sufficient not only to cleanse the world from sin, but to earn all possible graces for all the millions who have ever lived on earth.
How infinite then must be its preciousness! What has it not done for me! It has washed me clean and made me pure, in spite of all my sins.
O Jesus give me an ever-increasing devotion to the Precious Blood.—Rev. F. Clarke, S. J."

POWER OF KIND WORDS
BENEFICIAL BOTH TO GIVER AND RECEIVER
Ruskin said that the training which makes men happiest in themselves makes them most serviceable to others, and his statement would be equally true with its parts transposed; service to others is one of the shortest roads to happiness.
In fact there is no such thing as selfish happiness; subjective thought narrows the mind, self-aggrandizement hardens the heart, tangible things alone do not bring lasting satisfaction.
Spirituality is the essence of greatness, and they who turn sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

THE OUR FATHER

In the ninth chapter of St. Luke it is related that one of His disciples said to Our Lord, " Lord, teach us how to pray, as John also taught his disciples."
And He said to them, " When you pray say, ' Our Father, etc.' "
The Lord's prayer was at that moment composed and recited for the first time by the Son of God Himself.
In its origin, therefore, it is divine.
It was conceived in the mind of Jesus Christ; spoken by the lips and tongue of Our Blessed Redeemer: its words are every one the words of none other than God.
It is for this reason that the Our Father is preeminently the great prayer of the Christian.
No other petition, whether of man or angel, approaches it in sacred sublimity.
Men have been taught how to pray, have even been given the form and words of proper prayer by their divine Teacher and Saviour."

" We may divide the Lord's prayer into eight distinct parts.
The first part serves as an introduction which enables us to present ourselves, in spirit, before God's celestial throne, bowing down in adoration before Him, acknowledging His absolute dominion over the world and all things earthly.
Then follow seven separate petitions, the first three of which relate to God's greater glory, and the last four to our own needs and necessities.
Thus the prayer of all prayers, by its form, expresses upon us the one great truth, which is above all others in importance and vital necessity for ourselves, i. e., that God must always hold first place in our thoughts, words and actions; that we must first seek " the kingdom of God and His justice."
It brings home to us the lesson that the world about us refuses, through malice or indifference, to learn, i. e., that God's greater glory explains everything in life.
It was for the greater glory of God that the earth, and all things therein, were created.
It was for God's greater glory that we were made.
It is for God's greater glory that the world is divinely preserved.
It is for the greater glory that the sun shines, the rain falls, the flowers bloom, the birds sing; that created nature is beautiful, and blessed by the hand of the Creator.
And unless we exercise our highest gift of intelligence to render God's external glory greater, by reasonable love and service, we are failing to fulfil the first and greatest purpose of our having been put in the world.
All other considerations are secondary.
Our health, our talent, our position in society must be subservient to the increasing of the glory of our Maker, else we shall mar the beauty and harmony of the plan of creation."

" The introduction to the Lord's Prayer is the petitioner's acknowledging of the eternal majesty and power of the Almighty.
And yet it is an acknowledgment prompted by love and confidence rather than by awe and fear.
For Our Saviour taught and urged His disciples to have recourse to their God as a Father and not as a tyrant.
We address the Omnipotent not as our King, our Judge, but as Our Father, and this realization of the beneficent Fatherhood of God is the consoling and encouraging idea of our religion."

" All the care, solicitude, tender sympathy and paternal feeling that are found in the human father are to be found a thousand times increased in Our Heavenly Father.
We present ourselves to Him as children, not as slaves.
He is ready to listen to us as a Father, not as a vengeful ruler.
We are not His slaves, but His children, weak, vacillating in our piety, quick to prove ourselves forgetful and ungrateful.
He is not our Master, we are not His slaves.
It is affection and confidence Christ would inspire in us by these first words of the most excellent of all prayers.
Even as the little child trusts and relies upon his human father for relief and assistance in all troubles, anxieties, needs and necessities, so we as children of God are to throw ourselves upon the divine compassion, tolerance and paternal affection of Our Father Who is in Heaven."

" The wonderful lesson that is taught us by the introductory words of the Lord's prayer is a lesson of absolute confidence in God's love for us.
Humble yet not cringing or awestruck we are to depend upon Him, who clothes the lilies of the fields and numbers even the insignificant sparrows, not one of which falls to the ground without the Creator's knowledge.
Surely our prayers should never lack reliance upon God's care for us, if we but remember the address taught us by the Son of God Himself: " When you pray say, ' Our Father.' "—The Tablet.

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a cumulative benefit in it that grows at all points simultaneously.
It is contagious, this plan of conquest.
A man who rises in anger, and finds himself pacified in five minutes, is sure to reflect on the rationale of the bloodless victory.
It dawns on him that it takes two to make a fight, and the small voice within suggests that he cultivate the method by which he was overcome to his own advantage.
Invariably, people are surprised at their self-satisfaction when they first prove that kind words turn away wrath.
Instead of feeling cowardly or sycophantic, they have a strange consciousness of power, a mastery of self and externals, that shows the " folly of a " chip on the shoulder" attitude and confirms the Bible's words: " He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly."

" Kind words act and react on the body.
The recipient is braced for new effort by the kindly interest of his fellow man, he squares his shoulders literally as well as figuratively, drinks in more oxygen—lives a fuller, clearer life.
The speaker feels the current of real, earnest vibrant life within him.
The calmness, purpose, breadth of the objective life are sure to improve one's physical side.
" Pleasant words are as honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones," says the inspired writer.
" What folly to neglect such an opportunity of enriching ourselves by enriching others!"

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it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers?" — St. Anthony's Messenger.

Let us look at the Sacred Heart.
What a simple yet grand lesson it teaches us for the bearing of all pain! " Learn of Me, for I am meek, and humble of heart."

Mary's thoughts were all of, or for, God.
He was all in all to her.
And can we not imitate her in this?
He has told us how we can actually be as a mother to Him—by fulfilling His holy will—and we should strive to feed our minds with the thought of Him, His perfections, His beautiful ways, as Mary did, and so we shall come to love Him, and loving Him we shall never want to grieve Him by preferring our will to His.

A broad mind is indulgent in excusing, diminishing and easily forgiving the faults of others.
It is a mind which understands that human nature is weak and liable to fall, and to fall even frequently in spite of a good will, and that, in the designs of Providence, a man's failings often enter into the work of his perfection, and that we should show neither astonishment nor anger at a man's fall, but should kindly help him to rise.

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WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here?
I thought you left Canada some years ago. My Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto, and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought I had been here in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the floor fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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