

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOD BLESS YOU

God bless you! Words are empty things— We speak and think not of our saying—

This trinity of blessed words Holds all my wishes, oldest, newest, The fairest deeds that can be wrought;

God bless you! Why it means so much, I almost whisper as I say it; I dream that unseen fingers touch

THE "JUST GOING TO" MAN

He was just going to help a neighbor when he died. He was just going to pay a note when it went to protest.

He meant to insure his house, but it burned before he got around to it.

He was just going to reduce his debt when his creditors "shut down" on him.

He was just going to stop drinking and dissipating when his health became wrecked.

He was just going to introduce a better system into his business when it went to smash.

He was just going to quit work while and take a vacation when nervous prostration came.

He was going to provide proper protection of his wife and family when his fortune was swept away.

FRIENDSHIP

You will like the following definitions of friendship. "Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it.

"Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends."

"True friends visit us in prosperity when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation."

"Our friends see the best in us and by that very fact call forth the best in us."

"It is best not to try to get the best of your best friends."

BLIND BOY BECAME A GREAT PHYSICIAN

Several leading physicians of Chicago were holding a consultation one day as to the exact nature of the complaint of a certain patient.

Presently one of the physicians said: "A young man whom I taught at medical college has made a surgical study of this sort of thing. Suppose we see what he thinks of the case."

This happened about thirty years ago, when the young physician referred to, Doctor Babcock, was in the second year of his practice, and much better supplied with hope than with paying patients.

At his former teacher's suggestion, he was called in on the case with the four distinguished physicians. He made a thorough examination, a precise diagnosis, and predicted that the patient had only a short time to live.

The patient did die a few days later; and a post-mortem examination proved that Doctor Babcock had been correct in every detail of his exact diagnosis.

The diagnosis in itself, was remarkable; but there was another fact in connection with it that was even more remarkable: The young physician was totally blind.

cards, using a deck marked by prickings which are not visible from the back, and he is an expert at whist. He typewrites his own letters. In short, he does anything that anybody else can do, except that he does not see.

"You ask how I managed it," Doctor Babcock said in reply to a question. "To me it seems scarcely worth talking about. Of course, I have been discouraged at times, just as everybody is. But I had a wonderful mother; and later I had a wonderful wife. They would not let me stay discouraged."

It is hard to make a person with his sight believe that blindness is not an almost insurmountable handicap. But all of us have faculties which we do not train as fully as we might.

"The real handicap I had to overcome was not blindness. It was the danger of thinking that blindness was insuperable. "In that respect, I believe, loss of sight is just like poverty, ill-health, a skimpy education, the apparent lack of opportunities, or any other obstacle. The obstacle can always be overcome in one way or another, if a man has the will and the wit to do it.—The American Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VERONICA TO THE MOB

"A woman sprang from the crowd and wiped His face with a cloth, and lo! thereon He left the bloody imprint of His countenance."

Yea, even as ye, I followed on the road— I saw Him bear His load, The cruel weight of that o'erpowering Cross;

I saw the sickly sweat, the pitiful loss Of ruby-colored Blood that oozed from Him At every step; I marked His eyes

grew dim, And when He fell beneath your rain of blows, And like Hell's clamor, pandemonium rose,

'Twas then I caught His eye, half-closed with mire, And there ran through my veins, like streams of fire,

A very flood of pent-up tenderness, And I resolved, against all strife and stress

That I would leave my place, And during all, wipe clean His bloody face.

Look ye! this is the keychief that I bore With trembling hands, and placed upon His brow—

Mark ye! now! Ah me!—down to the grave the look He wore Goes night and day before me evermore.

When He gave back this white cloth unto me, His face shone like the moon on Jazer's Sea,

And there were sunset colors 'round His hair, And scents from hidden gardens filled the air,

And then—O hark ye! ye who jeered Him down, And pressed upon His head your mocking crown—

He smiled a wondrous smile; Yea, all your heaped-up torments mile on mile,

As then I glimpsed Him for a moment while, Had marred not ev'n the hem of His poor gown.

I looked again, and all was as before; I saw Him stumble on in travail sore,

And I held in my hands, clutched tight and fast, This cloth that shows Him facing Death at last.

Yea, I, Veronica, am glad that I Wiped clean His woeful face as He passed by. — J. CONSON MILLER

GOOD MANNERS

Good manners are a habit. They rest on self-respect and respect for the personality of others. They are a steadfast method of conduct based on principle. Good manners are much closer to good morals than is ordinary understood. Indeed, the ancient Romans had but one word for both.

The truly educated man will reveal education in his attitude to those about him; in other words, through his manners.—True Voice.

FAITH BACK OF HOPE

Hope is one of the secrets of successful work. If once a man gets into his head the idea that what he does is not going to amount to anything, no matter how doggedly he sticks to his task, his effort will meet with failure. Unless we take a hopeful view, our powers will not be at their best. We must have the stimulus of cheery confidence to do justice to ourselves.

Hope is back of successful effort, but back of hope is faith in God. DO NOT WHINE Do not whine because there is no one to help you get the thing you are after. It does not matter particularly, as far as the principle

goes, whether you want a concert ticket or an education. The point is, that if you want it enough you can get it, whether you have anyone to boost you or not. Young people who sit about complaining that they do not have friends to help them, forget that in a resolute will and unswerving determination, they have helpers that can do for them more than all the world outside can accomplish together.

A GOOD LISTENER

A girl may not be at all musical or well read or clever in any way, but she may become popular simply by being trustworthy, by listening sympathetically to people's confidences and keeping them sacredly locked in her own keeping. Most people, especially young men, like to have some sympathizing friend they can come to when they feel discouraged or elated to unburden their trials or their plans. All the girl has to do is to listen, perhaps to say some words of help or encouragement, but above all she must never repeat what has been told. A girl may be plain in feature, and ungifted with talent, but if she becomes known as perfectly trustworthy and discreet she will generally be preferred to her more entertaining, pretty, but less reliable sister.—Catholic Universe.

DECEIT AND VANITY

No matter where you live, whether in town or city, village or country, you are sure to know Miss Pretense. Always, she is a much-dressed-up, vain little doll. Which would be well enough if she could afford it. The pity of it is that she knows, down in her heart, she cannot afford such a display of finery. So she makes herself miserable by acting an untruth—able to pretend to be something that she is not.

Though she may not know it, she is really not fooling anybody. For her friends and acquaintances know she is not at all the rich young woman she pretends to be. Strangers quickly realize this, too, because nobody, not even astute Miss Pretense, can assume an impossible role.

We have more pity than censure for this deluded little woman. And we wish, sincerely, we could make her understand the value of truth and honesty and frankness. How much happier would she be—how much richer, indeed—if she would just be herself, her real true self. Then she could count her riches in friends that love her and admire her.

It is a genuine misfortune for one to be thought rich and really be poor. But a much greater misfortune to appear to be rich, or to pretend to be rich, and actually be poor. There is no disgrace in honest poverty. One may have very little wealth and still have the noble characteristics of honesty, ambition, sincerity, capability and determination. Poverty cannot rob any of us of our pride, of our lofty purposes and ideals, of our sympathy, kindness and understanding.

The girl in the plain frock, and who belongs to a humble home will be pointed out for her beauty when the richly-gowned girl may be passed by. For the beauty of the one is the genuine beauty of character and soul, of sincerity and of purpose. The beauty of the other is but a tinsel that fails to cover the vanity, selfishness and insincerity of the one who wears it.—The Echo.

"AVE MARIA"

A TRUE TALE OF THE WAR

All of us have heard of atrocious deeds committed during the Great War and wondered how man can be so cruel and so heartless! But side by side with these instances of barbarity which horrify we have, thank God, heard also of acts of Christian and fraternal charity which console.

It had been a day of severe fighting at X—somewhere in France. The night had come, throwing its dark cloak on the dead and the wounded between the enemy trenches. . . Now and then a pitiful moan, a cry for help, would pierce the air; but the death-dealing sky-rockets which illumined the tragic scene, rendered the rescuing of the wounded a most dangerous and difficult task.

Amongst the latter, lying quite helplessly, were two young soldiers still in their teens, a son of Catholic Brittany and the other of Catholic Bavaria. A few yards only separated them. Mortally wounded, and feeling that for him the hour of death was not far off, the poor little Breton began to say the Rosary aloud, in the Latin tongue as he used to say it at the parish church in beloved Brittany.

"Ave Maria gratia plena" . . . thus he went on for a time, and Ave Maria succeeding another without evoking any answer in the stillness of the night. . . At last, aroused from semi-unconsciousness by this plaintive prayer, the young Bavarian grew attentive. But, surely, said he to himself as this mind became clearer and clearer, surely I have heard those words before; the sound is familiar to me. . . Oh! yes, I remember now, they are the words of the Angelic Salutation in Latin. "Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus!" . . . "Sancta Maria, Mater dei, ora pro nobis." . . . It was now the voice of the young Bavarian. A little startled at this sudden intervention, and the foreign

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accent the Breton boy asked: "You German, you Catholic?" "Ja, ich kamaarad, ich Katolik." It was enough. Under the magic influence of that word "Catholic" they forgot that they were enemies a few hours ago; that perhaps they had wounded one another. Through a supreme effort they succeeded in getting nearer to each other, until they were able to shake hands.

Both had done their duties towards their country, both had fallen bravely for it. In their hearts there was no more room for hatred at that solemn hour. They would only remember that they were both Catholics, brethren in the Faith, children of the same holy Mother the Church. After a brief silence, being ignorant of one another's language they resumed the prayer that had brought them together.

"Ave Maria gratia plena," began again the Breton, to which came the response, "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostra. Amen." How long did this beautiful scene last? God and Mary only know. When at last towards the early hours of the morning the stretcher-bearers were able to get near them, they found the Breton dead and the Bavarian unconscious, though still alive and partly covered by the blue horizon "capote" of the French soldier. Before dying the dear Breton had thought of his former enemy and tried to guard him against the cold of the night. Both were carried behind the lines, the one buried, and the other taken to the nearest hospital. Thanks to careful attention recovered, and it was there, when convalescent, that he told to an interpreter the substance of the above beautiful story.

At last the War came to an end, and the prisoners returned to their native land. Today there is in Bavaria a Catholic man, who, as he recites the family Rosary often thinks with emotion of the terrible night he laid on the battlefields of France, when the Breton and he said from their hearts: "Ave Maria gratia plena. . . Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostra. Amen."—P. M. in Southern Cross.

CHURCH FACES RUIN

New Orleans, July 10.—The "Little Red Church" at Destrehan, where the French prince later known as Louis Philippe, is said to have knelt at prayer while visiting Louisiana, is in danger of destruction unless Catholics of this vicinity rally to save a landmark for more than one hundred years and around which tradition has left many a story of faith and piety.

The church was built in 1806, of frame construction, the interstices filled with mortar and brick. It is plastered inside and from time beyond memory the outside has been painted red. The timbers, all hand-hewn and the wooden pegs, used instead of nails, tell another day and generation that labored to build this simple edifice wherein God might be worshipped. The boards are all hand-sawed.

The parish records in the "Little Red Church," which is dedicated to St. Charles and of which the Rev. J. F. Bastly is now pastor, date back to 1759. They are complete from that year to 1875, but many of the later records have been lost. Many distinguished families of New Orleans have their names in the records, for it was at Destrehan that the Chevalier d'Arensburg established his colony of pioneers. Within the cemetery lie many men and women whose names have made history in Louisiana. For years only a small congregation attended Mass at the "Little Red Church," but recently due to the installation of an oil plant at Destrehan, a new church, finer and larger, has been built, and now it is proposed to save the old edifice from ruin and preserve it as a Catholic landmark of Louisiana.

The greatest of faults, I say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

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