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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

FEBRUARY 20, 1909.

What is a friend?
A man is eager for a public office. He is asked if he is a candidate. He replies:
"I am not an active aspirant, but I am in the hands of my friends." What is a What is a friend?

A man is offered a big commission to sell a speculative mining-stock. He says; "I'll see what I can do among my friends." What is a friend?

A man meets a casual acquaintance med Brown, on the street and as they named Brown, on the street and as they walk along together, they encounter a third person, and the first man says: "Let me introduce my friend Brown." What is a friend?

"Let me introduce my friend Brown."
What is a friend?
A man has a pressing debt. He goes
to every person he knows who he thinks
is able and may be willing to lend him
the money, and he returns home without
getting a dollar. What is a friend?
A man is left a fortune and is generous and prodigal. He says: "Nothing
is too good for my friends." Whi'e the
money lasts, he has many companions.
When the last dollar is spent, he is
alone. What is a friend?

Then the last doing is specified.

What is a friend?

A man gets married. A newspaper,
the layedding, said: "The

reporting the liwedding, said: "The Church was filled with relatives and friends of the happy couple." What is

a friend?

A man died. A daily journal, in announcing his death, said: "His wide circle of friends will mourn his loss. His widow and children were left unpro-His widow and children were left unprovided for. They have a hard struggle to make a living. They get no help of any sort—effective sympathy, practical suggestion, opportunity, or direct loan or gift. What is a friend?

Some time ago these answers were given to that same question:
"The sunshine of calamity."

"The essence of pure devotion."
"The ripe fruit of acquaintanceship."

"One who understands our silence."
"Friendship, one soul in two bodies."
"A star of hope in the cloud of ad-"A volume of sympathy lound in

cloth."
"A diamond in the ring of acquaint-

A safe in which one can trust any-"Friendship is the personification of

love and help."
"The jewel which shines brightest in the darkness."
"One who considers my needs before

deservings." "The link in life's long chain which bears the greatest strain. " A harbor of refuge from the stormy

"A harbor of redge from the sectory
"The first person who comes in when
the whole world has gone out."
"One who loves the truth and you,

and will tell the truth in spite of you. and will tell the truth in spice of you.

"One who multiplies joys, divides griefs, and whose honesty is inviolable."

"The triple alliance of the three great powers—love, sympathy and help."

"A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and disaster cannot

The image of one's self reflected in One who, having gained the top of the

ladder, won't forget you if you remain at "A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel,

sympathy, help and love." "One who smiles on our misfortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our bereavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of

and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble."

"One who, in prosperity does not toady you, in adversity assists you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death marries your widow and provides for your children."

These answers do not exhaust the subject. What is a friend?

to do something in disregard of the wishes of his older companion, and was in marked disfavor in consequence. He hung about wistfully, and tried to blot out yesterday and certablish the add out yesterday and establish the old pleasant relations, but all in vain. His questions met the curtest of replies, his remarks and suggestions were received in chilling silence, and his presence was ignored. He went to the window and stood sadly looking out while he pondered the situation. For anyone to keep up such a state of affairs willingly and choose such a frame of mind seemed inexplicable to him, and presently he turned a grieved little face and a pair of earnest eyes upon his friend and

asked wonderingly:
"George, do you really like that old
grouch better than you do me?
It was a question that went straight
to the heart of the matter, and was one that it would be wise for many of more mature age to ask. You who are nursing a grievance, who are letting some petty grudge or misunderstanding bar old happy companionships, who are dark-ening days with gloom and coldness for the sake of manifesting ways. the sake of manifesting your displeasure and maintaining a fancied dignity—do you really like your temper better than your friend? Are moodiness and re-sentment such choice possessions that you are willing to sacrifice relations of kindliness and good cheer for the sake of enjoying them? Which is really of

the more value to you, your grudge of your friend Who is the Best Man?

All useful work is honorable. The best life is that in which the powers of mind and body are most beneficently employed. An indolent life, whether passed in poverty or wealth, is a de-graded and degrading life. No man can ordinarily serve God by any other means than by serving his fellow-men.

About Debt.

I just want to say a word to you

about debt.

Worse, even, than that old scoundrel,
R. E. Morse, is debt. When I was your
age I used to wonder why my mother
made such a point of instilling this
made such a point of instilling this
made into me. I know plenty of age I used to wonder why my mother made such a point of instilling this principle into me, I knew plenty of a sigh; "there is but very little—hard-

men in our town who were in debt to other men, and vet it didn't seem to other men, and yet it didn't seem to bother them so dreadfully. They could get things to eat and to wear and I couldn't see but that they had about as

good a time as any one.

But when I came to know them better I found this was just the outer shell of their existence, and that it inclosed a condition beside which that of mere poverty looks like a picnic in June. And as I grew older and learned more, I discovered that debt was the only true poverty.

poverty.

One may be poor, but so long as debt is kept at bay, one is really rich. It is so easy to go down in debt and so hard to get out of it that mary a young man is caught in the trap before he realizes what has happened. There are always those at hand who are anxious to help you enter the cage, for once in, you are theirs, in their power. Leich M. theirs, in their power. - Leigh M. Hodges.

Contagious Vigor.

"Vigor is contagious," says Emerson "and whatever makes us think or feel strongly adds to our power and enlarges our field of action." Nothing else is so our held of action." Nothing else is so effectual in making us "think or feel strongly" and act vigorously, or the reverse, as the attitude assumed by the body. It is impossible, for example, to manifest any life, energy, or enthusiasm mannest any me, energy, or encussasm while sitting in an easy chair, in a re-clining position, with all the muscles relaxed. There is a suspension of physi-cal energy through the entire system, a letting go, a relaxing of the whole body, and the mind is very quick to respond to the body's invitation to rest and take its ease. It is a law of our being that each part of us tends to correspond with every other part. The hand, the eye, the brain and every other organ of the body sympathize with one another, and a letting down of standard anywhere is an immediate signal for a drop all along

Every one knows how students are affected by the position of their bodies. Children in schools and students in higher institutions or at home can not lo nearly as good work while sitting in a lounging or stooping position as when sitting erect. When they take an up-right position, the mind is vigorous, active and concentrated, and all the mental faculties are on the alert; but the moment a student slips down in his seat and assumes an easy, lounging pos-ture, the signal is given to all the facul ties to leave their strenuous post of duty

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS JACK'S SOWING.

"I'll give you five dollars for that dog," Jack squared his sturdy shoulders and flashed a glance of indignation at the speaker. But in a moment he remembered that Mr. Jackson could not

membered that Mr. Jackson could not possibly know what Nap was to him, and so he said, quite respectfully:

"Thank you, sir, but I could never think of selling Nap. My father gave him to me not long before he died, you see," he went on, in that lovable man-ner of his: "and so, of course, I love him dearly," and the boy stooped and petted the little creature's head, and the dog looked up into his young master's face with his intelligent brown eyes full of confidence and affection.

"All right," said the man carelessly;

"All right," said the man carelessly; "only, if you ever change your mind, the offer holds good. He'd be just what I want—a dog to keep in the house to warn off tramps."

"Thank you," said Jack politely; but if the offer had been fifty, instead of five dollar, he would have been no more

five dollar, he would have been no more

Money to him meant candy, and tops, and balls and fish-hooks; and could all the bats and balls, and candy, and tops, and fish-hooks in the world make up

iest: What is a friend?

For the best, brightest and wittiest answer received, a book will be given, What is a friend?

What is a friend?

The sea answers an insulators in the bill for Nap?

He had gone up to the farm on the hill-side for eggs, as he did generally, two or three times a week, but it seemed to be could hardly breather. Which?

There had been a disagreement between the two boys on the preceding day—the younger had done or neglected to do something, in disregard of the land to the process of the land to the

ing me to sell Nap! the boy exclaimed when, as they sat together for supper that evening, he told her of Mr. Jackson's offer. "Nothing in the world could make me do such a thing, and you

could make me do such a thing, and you wouldn't let me, even if I wanted to."

"No," she replied, looking over at the manly little face opposite her, all flushed now with excitement; "no I cannot imagine you ever doing such a thing as to sell Nap. But, Jack, dear, if for any reason you had wished to do so, I should not have said a word. He is yours—quite all yours—to do with as you choose. I have no more to do with him than Mr. Jackson himself.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference," said Jack, with a long breath, "for I'd never do such a thing."

for I'd never do such a thing."

for I'd never do such a thing.

It was a few weeks later that a missionary, who had been living for many years in Alaska, came to preach in the little church which Jack and his mother attended; and he told such sad stories of the ignorance of the people there, and the dangers and hardships which attended the lives of the missionaries, and yet of the fine work which was being done in spite of that, and of the were more means provided, that the little boy's heart was all aglow with interest and enthusiasm, as well as the hearts of a good many of the people. And it was decided that a collection should be taken on the Sunday follow. still better work which might be done And it was decided that a confection should be taken on the Sunday following, and that every one who had been present at the service should try to tell everyone who had not been there, that the offering might be as large as

Both Jack and his mother felt that they must do all that they possibly could for the good cause; and so they had one of their confidential talks over the fire that night, as they always did when any matter of importance was to be decided.

"I don't believe that there is much

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ly more than twenty-five cents, I be

lieve."
"Ah, that's too bad! But I'll tell you
"Ah, that's too bad! bates the rest of what: I'll use my old skates the rest of the winter. You know I had just saved money enough for a new pair. That wil' be a whole dollar-and-a-half for me

to give."
And he looked as happy and excited

as though somebody had made him the offer of a dollar and a half for himself. She had not hesitated to give up the new dress which she really needed, though she had said no word of her in-tention to Jack; but the loving little mother was far more disappointed about the ska'es than the boy himself. However, she said nothing to discourage him. and tried to smile brightly and putaway the wish that he might have had his skates; and took the money which he presently poured into ber hands, but dropped it all in her lap the next instant to pull him down into her arms as she whispered, "My brave little lad!"

And so the money for the skates and the money for the dress was laid in "the box," as Jack called the little safe where they kept money saved for such pur-poses, ready for the offering on Sunday; and the two were as happy over it as people generally are who have given

cheerfully.

"Jack," said his mother one Saturday afternoon, "will you go up to Mr. Jack-son's and ask him for some eggs, dear? I find that I have not enough left to last over Sunday, and his are so much fresher than those which we buy at the

So calling Nap, Jack started off up the hill swinging his basket, and wen-dering if that low bank in the west meant snow. He rather hoped that it did, for that would give him a chance to slide, which he had not had since week ago, when the rain washed every particle of snow away.

"I shall not mind so much about the skates if I can slide," he thought cheer-fully, as he trudged along. Nap caper-ing about him, and darting off now and then after imaginary rabbits.
He found Mr. Jackson in the barn.

and went with him up to the loft to and went with him up to hunt the eggs.

"No danger about those eggs not being fresh;" the man said as he turned over the hay and disclosed a nest. "That speckled hen always will get up h lay in that spot. She knows I'll take them every time, and why she doesn't go somewhere else beats me! But those hens don't have any more sense than just that. Well," as they went down again, I

that. Well," as they went down again, I hear you had a missionary down at your church last Sunday. I always thought I'd always admire to see a real live missionary. What'd he say?" And he set himself on the bottom rung of the ladder by which they had climbed from the loft, with his basket between his brees.

"Well," said Jack, with a long breath 'well, he said—"
And then he went on to tell all that

he could recall of what the missionary had said. And he grew eager and ex-cited, and his cheeks glowed and his eyes shone, as they always did when he was very much interested.

"And now," he continued, when the story was finished "on Sunday we are going to take up a collection, and on Monday the morey is to be sent to the missionary. I hope, oh, I hope that there will be a great deal! For they need a great deal, and you know—a

great, great, deal!"
"Ahem!" said Mr. Jackson, looking into the bright, animated little face, "that's something of a story. And are you going to give them something?" He turned his head as he asked the question, and his glance strayed through

a quick, searching look.
"You do, do you?" he said, with in-

terest. "Why, yes, of course I do," replied

Mr. Jackson pulled a straw out of the haymow, and began to chew it.
"How would you like to give \$5, he asked, not looking at Jack now.
"Five dollars! Why, I never had so much as that in all my life—not at one

time, you know."
"But 'spose some one gave you \$5, down now, on the spot, would you give

"Yes, indeed," cried Jack.
"S'pose," went on the man, still not looking at Jack, "that some one-" but there he hesitated; he did not seem to know exactly how to word what he want-ed to say.

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"S'pose that someone offered to give \$5 for something of yours, what'd you do?" suddenly changing the question, "if I said I'd give you \$5?"
"Give me \$5!" cried Jack, the color

in his cheeks deepening, "why, I'd do Would you give me Nap?" Where was all that bright color now? Jack's white teeth came down hard upon his under lip, and his hands suddenly

Sell Nap! No! no! he never could sell Nap!

And yet—that \$5!
"You needn't make up your mind just now; p'raps you'd better ask your moth-er," Mr. Jackson was saying, and Jack

caught at the suggestion.

Perhaps his mother would object to his parting with the dog! But then, at that thought there came back to him those words of hers, spoken on the night when the offer was first made. No, Nap was his to do with as he chose; and what did he choose?

One, two, three minutes passed, and

then a very white little face was lifted "You'll have to keep him shut up for a long time, sir," he said. "He will be

sure to try to get home. "All right;" said Mr. Jackson cheerfully. "You just fetch him in, and shut him up in the seed-room here, and I'll go and get the money."

Mr. Jackson did not at all realize the suffering which poor little Jack was en during; moreover, he imagined that he was being very generous to the cause of missions, and told his wife so that evening, as he sat by the stove watching her tidy up her kitchen.

"I've been helping missions along to-day, wife;" he said, tilting back his chair.
"Well, I'm real pleased to hear that,

"Well, I'm real pleased to hear that, Josiah! Some of the folks were telling me 'bout the missionary who spoke at church last Sunday. I was sorry that we hadn't gone down! How much did you give?" you give?"
"Five dollars, Maria." And then he told her all about it." Why, Josiah Jackson! she exclaimed, wheeling around with her dish-towel in her hand, "do you call that giving to missions? Poor, dear lamb! to think that he was willing to give up that dog that he sets such a lot of store by! I

feel really ashamed of you, Josiah! You were willing he should deny himself for the poor heathen, but you weren't willing to do it yourself!" " But-but-Maria, what do you want

where Nap was making friends with two barn cats, black Rover watching him from the distance.

"Yes," replied Jack, "yes, I'm going to give something, but I wish that it was a great deal more."

Mr. Jackson turned his head, and gave a quick, searching look.

"You do, do you?" he said, with interior work year quickly; but brain did not work very quickly; but finally he looked up, and said slowly: "If I did that, Maria, I'd have to send the dog back, and let him kept the

Mrs. Jackson nodded. "Of course," she said briefly.

"He is a plucky little chap, now I ome to think of it; a right plucky

little chap !' And he took a splinter of wood out of the box, and sat chewing it meditatively

for a long while.

Jack, as usual, had gone straight to his mother, as she sat in the gathering dusk by the firelight. He told her his dusk by the fireign. It is not story as simply as possible, sitting on the rug at her feet; and then—well, it is not our business to spy into what went on there in the darkening room; but presently the little mother bent down and

sently the little mother belt down.

"Dear," she said, "you endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and good will surely come of it."

And Jack lifted up the head, which had been buried in her lap, with a long, deep breath of relief. It was such a deep breath of relief. It was such a comfort to hear that, after he had—well,

after he had acted, a moment ago, not quite as he thought a soldier should. The next morning, in the village, Jack's mother met Mr Jackson. "I'm going to give that boy of yours back his dog the next time he comes

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up for eggs, ma'am," he said. "I've been thinking it over, and I reckon I'll give By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L.

that much to missions."
"No. if you please," she replied gent-"Jack has made that his offering and we must not spoil it." "Ahem! ma'am, ahem!" said Mr

Jackson, and went his way.

That night as Jack and his mother sat together, a queer little note was brought to Jack, which he opened and read, and then passed to his mother with

shining eyes:
"See here, little chap," it began you've opened my eyes to some things You were willing to give up your little dog for the heathen, and somehow that's set me to thinking about a lot of things. I guess I'll feel it some, but I think the
Lord means we should feel giving to
Him and mission folk; so you just take
this other \$5.00, and pop it with yours.

Your faithful servant,

JOSIAH JACKSON."

"Oh, mother dear!" cried Jack, "isn't that beautiful!"
And the little mother, as she bent to And the fittle mother, as she bent to kiss the glowing face, thought to herself that the seed sown by a faithful little hand had brought forth abundant fruit. —Anna L. Hannah, in The Young Cath-

The Catholic Press Defined.

In an editorial on the subject, the Tablet of Brooklyn thus defined the Catholic press as: "An eternal bond of Catholic press as: "An eternal bond of unity. A channel of communication between the Bishops and clergy and the faithful people. The builder of Catholic thought and Catholic opinion on every question affecting Catholic interests. An organ of appeal and defense. The readiest exponent and defender of the Church's doctrines and practises. The medium of warning against danger to faith and morals. The voice that summons the Catholic people against danger to fatch and morais. The voice that summons the Catholic people to protect their rights. The mirror of Catholic life. The powerful auxiliary of the pulpit and the completement of the parish school. The consecration of the parish school. The consecution of the great modern invention to the serv-ice of the Church. The antidote to the poison of the secular press. The de-stroyer of non-Catholic calumnies and prejudices. The blessing of clean, wholesome, Christian reading for the

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We stall the releaves he the scorn of the Would His welcome be the scorn of the secretary, a request for His ticket and shouts from the tank in the bath depart-were once gay flames.

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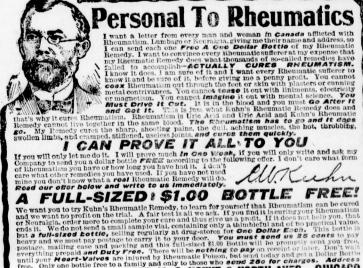
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