

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SONG

If you have loved and lost, lad,
And life's a bitter story;
Stop not to count the cost, lad,
For you have drunk of glory.

But, if you've loved and won, lad,
And life's gold is in your hand,
Go, sing the world a song, lad,
For many hearts are breaking.

O Love's a road of thorns and
briers,
You cannot stop for breath;
It leads to stars and rainbows,
And, sometimes, lad, to death.

But, win or lose in love, lad,
Right bravely greet the morrow!
And sing a song of love, lad,
For love is joy and sorrow.

KNOW THYSELF

Man's knowledge has progressed very far. He has chained the mighty elements of air, earth and water to meet his insistent and increasing demands. He glides through the ether, he is swiftly carried across the continent, he sails over the ocean in whose depths he searches for hidden treasure. He has converted into gems for the embellishment of the race. Constant, vigilant, unceasing effort has been rewarded even though life itself may have been the toll exacted that the conquest might be attained.

Of the wonders of the universe, man's knowledge increases almost daily. But of himself—what can be said? Is it true that he possesses the sound saving common-sense knowledge of the immortal spirit which breathes within him and gives animation to all his senses and members? Alas, no.

"I have been king," said one bred to royal things, "and my only regret is that I have worn a crown."

"I have served my monarch faithfully," said another, "but would that I had served my God as well!"

Know thyself! There is a time in the lives of all men when some startling episode, some unforeseen tragedy, some overwhelming sorrow brings the soul face to face with itself. To many the experience is harrowing. It is unusual. And why? Because, since those far back days of childhood, when they first learned to distinguish between right and wrong, they have constructed between themselves and self-knowledge an insurmountable barrier, a wall of earthly things. And this barrier shuts out the sight of that fair paradise where the soul dwells in serene communion with itself, knows itself, and by this very knowledge rises superior to all else.

Most minutely do business men examine into their financial affairs. No figure on their books is unfamiliar to them. They are able to gauge their future successes by the present state. Comparatively few there are, however, who follow the admirable practice of self-examination which enables them to see themselves as they really are when all untruth and subterfuge and hollow shams are swept away.

A soldier-priest who gave his life in the Great War, said to a group of his men who lay terribly wounded and dying in slow agonies: "If we have hope for this life only, we are the most wretched of men." In a wider sense, these significant and sublime words may be applied to those men who, horribly wounded in their consciences, are content to allow their moral strength to ebb away without making the one supreme effort to save themselves.

Were a soldier in the trenches, says Paul Bourget, feeling his agony too great, to kill himself, what would we think of him? That he was a coward, if he was able to fight. In like manner, the man is a coward who, recognizing his soul malades, refuses to take the means offered to cure himself, so that he may be whole and sound and may exercise a worthy influence on his community.

We are accustomed to hear people say, when some great sorrow has touched them: "Had I only known, I would have acted in far different manner!" Alas, we do not know. But we are happily content to take stupendous chances, to trifle with the most precious of possessions, the immortal being which is stronger than the physical life, and yet a part of it.

A great surgeon has aptly described his sensations while performing a major operation involving the life of one of the greatest scientists of his age. Feeling his way from fibre to fibre, breaking through the network of human bones, amid the bleeding and living flesh he experienced a thrill which exalted him and added new power to his being. The thought that he held within his grasp the very soul which inhabited that living mass of flesh and bone, that his skill alone could preserve it within its human casket, was solemn, inspiring. Having located the projectile which occasioned the trouble, with what infinite delicacy he withdrew it. The miracle is accomplished. The patient will live. What will he do with the life which has been newly restored to him? For the wounded man was a man without happiness, a man without a Creator.

Beneath the window of a great army hospital, the famous surgeon watched the soldier reclining on an invalid's chair. By his side are two crutches. His eyes are bandaged. He came to the hospital blind, with a shattered hip. Through the

marvellous forces of his art, the great surgeon was able to save the hip. He could not restore the faded sight.

It was very sad, yet not so sad as the case of the unbeliever who recovered his bodily health, who found himself whole. And now the great question is—what will these men do with their life? In his marvellous resurrection from a living tomb, will the great scientist recognize the Light which shines on his numbed soul? In silent hours of self examination, will he discover the truth, and having discovered it, will he yield to it a tardy acknowledgment and make his peace with his God?

In the silent hours of blackness, when no longer he can glimpse the faint and lovely sights of earth, faces that he loves, clouds at evening and the noble landscape of his native land,—will the blind soldier, turning the searchlight of truth upon his naked soul, learn the true secret of the happiness he has not yet found in the flush of life and strength? What will these men do with their lives?

A greater miracle is accomplished when the Divine Finger probes the gaping wounds of the human soul, and locates the projectile which has paralyzed its powers. Self-knowledge alone is the skilful implement which can lay bare the wound beneath the Divine Physician's touch.

The invalid recovering from a deadly soul sickness takes on the bloom of life once more. The pallor of exhaustion yields to a flush in the cheeks, a brightness in the eyes.

The miracle is accomplished. The patient lives.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MODEST GIRL

You may sing of the skies that are azure blue,
Of the dizzy mountain height
Of the balmy breeze and the flowers too,
Of the days when the sun shines bright,
But to me the grandest theme of them all
For which my flag I unfurl,
Is a maidenly maid slender and tall
A really modest girl.

Her hair may be gold or a raven hue
Her lips resemble a rose.
Her eyes may be blue or a diamond gray
But she weareth modest clothes.
The blush on her cheeks is a fountain of youth;
She never seemeth a churl,
She's an angel of light, of strength,
and of truth,
This really modest girl.

She is always polite but never is fast,
By fashion she never is swayed;
She's the symbol of love that is steadfast;
This really maidenly maid.
She is modest and pure;
Her love will endure
Even to the end of the world.
So, sing what you please,
But for me, I am sure
To sing of the modest girl.

THE ART OF HAVING TIME

The people who work the hardest and accomplish the most are not those who complain of lack of time. Those who constantly put their time to good use do not excuse themselves from duty on the plea of lack of time. The people who have the most irons in the fire are those most ready to receive and forge another. Goethe, one of the busiest men that ever lived, has said: "Time is endlessly long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one will readily fill it up." And again: "One has always time enough, if he will improve it well."

But we are also to remember what another wise German has said: "Today is the opportunity for enjoyment and work. Knowest thou where thou wilt be on the morrow?" A greater spirit than either has said: "Are there not twelve hours in the day?"—Church Progress.

THE ANT AND THE BUTTERFLY

There is an old adage which says, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," and this is perfectly true as is proved by the old tale of the ant and the butterfly. During the beautiful months of summer the ant worked assiduously laying up a store of food for the winter, while the gaily colored butterfly flitted about from flower to flower endeavoring to fill his days with as much idle amusement and pleasure as he could. It would be time enough to think of winter when the flowers were all dead, and the sun ceased to shine. But alas! autumn passed away only too quickly, and still the butterfly did not commence to prepare for the coming ordeal. The winter came with its snow and frost and the vain, foolish butterfly perished of cold and hunger, while the wise ant lived in happiness and plenty, and successfully weathered the storms until spring dawned again. Although this tale is only a fable, it teaches a very salutary lesson on the result of letting opportunities pass—or, in other words, on the outcome of procrastination.—True Voice.

LOSING WELL

Bob sat in the barn doorway, staring moodily down the road.

When he heard Dick's step he began whistling. Usually Bob was proud of his brother's friendship, but just now that brother was the last person in the world that he cared to see. Still, it had to be done, and the sooner the better. Bob whistled and braced himself for the greeting he dreaded. It came in the form of a hearty hand upon his shoulder and a voice full of cheer.

"It was hard, sure enough, old man; but you'll have better luck next time."

"There won't be any next time," Bob, muttered gruffly. "It's no use."

Dick nodded. "I know, I've been there. Do you remember the time I lost the race I'd been so sure of? I felt just as you do—disgusted—ready to throw the whole thing over. It was Prof. Dana who saved me. He came up and shook hands and congratulated me. I can remember his words now. 'Field,' he said, 'you put up a good race, and next time you'll win; but you've won a bigger victory today in proving yourself a good loser. I'm proud of you.' I wasn't you know. I was black as thunder inside, but that made me think. Sometimes I've thought I didn't get anything in college so valuable as that sentence. It fits in everywhere."

This time Bob nodded.

WHAT HE COULD DO

Two boys left home with just money enough to take them through college. They both did well at college, took their diplomas in the time, and got from members of the faculty letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. When the first boy was given an audience with the head of the firm he presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the president.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and if we have anything of the kind I will write to you."

The other boy then presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" the president asked him.

"Anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The president touched a bell that called a foreman, and the college graduate went to sorting scrap iron. A week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked, "How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the superintendent, "he did his work so well that I put him over the gang."

In two years that young man was the head of a department and on the way to larger salary probably than his friend will ever earn.—The Youth's Companion.

ON CORRECTING NON-CATHOLIC PREJUDICES

Apropos of a decision reached at the recent Catholic Press Association Convention in Indianapolis to establish local Catholic publicity bureaus which are to rectify mis-statements or refute unfounded charges against the Church, is the following utterance made recently by Cardinal Bourne of England and referring to the Vigilance Committee of Westminster Catholic Federation: "I am sure you feel how important it is that when we are setting right our fellow countrymen in cases where they have caused offence, it is always wise to proceed on the assumption that they did not mean it. I should regret very much if the Federation were to attempt, as it were, to pillory our assailants unless they thoroughly deserve it, because so many of the attacks are made through ignorance or by reason of the Nemesis that often pursues an overworked journalist. The unfortunate man has to write an article, at short notice, on subjects which he has not studied, and where the Catholic Church is concerned he not infrequently falls into the error of repeating some prejudice that has grown up with him from childhood. He does not mean to give offence. Those people ought to be treated very considerably, and given credit of not wishing to give offence out of malice."—The Echo.

SUMMER FURS CAUSE SKIN TROUBLE

Appeals to women to cease wearing furs in the summer time have been a waste of effort. There is the argument addressed to their alleged gentler selves to the effect that the useless wearing of furs will lead to the ultimate extinction of fur-bearing animals. Then the fair ladies are told that which they know, namely, that the wearing of furs in the summer makes them needlessly hot and uncomfortable, but sweltering and suffering femininity will not listen. Well, in London hospitals there are just now some thirty or forty cases of "fur dermatitis," a skin disease due to the wearing of furs. The cheap furs are blamed by the dealers, but it may not be far from the truth that furs in the summer time are conducive to the breeding and activity of the microbe that cause "fur dermatitis." If this should be established then the senseless fashion of wearing furs in the summer time will automatically come to an end.—The Echo.

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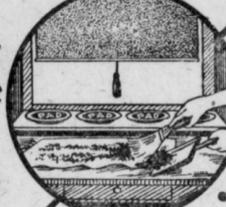
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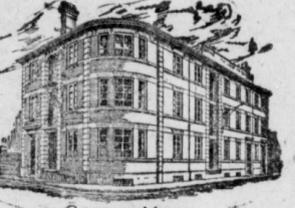


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