

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DID YOU?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man, And bearing about all the burden he can...

A GOOD TURN ELECTED HIM

Kindness and courtesy always pay. They cost nothing, but they invariably bring big returns.

James Davis, for years Congressman from Missouri, told at a Washington Scout celebration the story of how a typical Scout Good Turn had elected him.

"One morning," he said, "when I was about twenty, I was riding my horse into town when I met a boy who had been riding a mule loaded with a sack of corn."

"I dismounted, took off my coat, and put the boy and the corn back on the mule. Then I went on, and forgot all about it."

Nearly twenty years later I was candidate for Congress in the primaries. I didn't have much chance in the 'enemy's country,' but learned that some one there was very busy getting votes for me.

"At the county mass meeting which followed to celebrate the victory, a big, sturdy young man elbowed his way through the crowd to the speakers' stand and held out his hand."

"I don't suppose you know me," he said. And I admitted that I did not.

"Well," he continued, "you may remember a boy and a mule and a sack of corn in the road twenty years ago. Three men passed him before you came along, but you, the fourth, stopped to help the boy and the corn get back on that mule."

"That one little good turn," said Congressman Davis, "elected me."—Catholic Columbian.

A MEMORABLE LESSON

On one occasion, during a journey in Little Russia, while his horses were changing at a certain station, the Emperor Alexander expressed his determination to travel on foot to the next town, ordering his attendants not to hasten their arrangements, but to let him go forward unaccompanied.

"My friend, can you tell me which of these roads will bring me to—?" asked the emperor. The man of the pipe scanned him from head to foot, apparently surprised at the presumption of such a dignitary as himself, and between two puffs of smoke he growled: "The right."

"Thank you, sir!" said the emperor, raising his hat with the respect this unclivil personage seemed by his manner to command. "Will you permit me to ask you another question?"

"What do you want to know?" "Your rank in the army." "Guess," returned the other. "Lieutenant, perhaps?" "Go higher."

"Captain?" rejoined the emperor. "Much higher,"—and the smoker gave a consequent puff. "Major, I presume?" "Go on," replied the smoker. "Lieutenant colonel?" "Yes, you have guessed it at last."

The low bow of the emperor made the man of the pipe conclude he was speaking to an inferior; so without much ceremony he said: "And who are you?" "Guess," replied the emperor, much amused with the adventure.

"Lieutenant?" "Go on." "Captain?" "Much higher." "Major?" "You must still go on." "Lieutenant colonel?" "You have not reached my rank." The smoker now took his pipe out of his mouth: "Colonel, I presume?" "You have not yet reached my grade."

The other now assumed a more respectful attitude. "Your Excellency is then, lieutenant general?" "You are getting nearer the mark."

The puzzled officer kept his helmet in his hand, and now looked stupid and alarmed. "Then it appears to me that Your Highness must be field marshal?"

"Make another attempt, and perhaps you will discover my real position." "His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the officer, trembling with apprehension, and dropping his pipe upon the ground.

"The same at your service," replied the emperor, smiling. The poor officer dropped upon his knees uttering in a pitiful tone: "Ah, sire, pardon me!" "What pardon do you require?" replied the emperor. "I asked my way of you, and you pointed it out, and I thank you for the service. Good-day!"

The good-tempered prince then took the road to the right, leaving the surly officer greatly ashamed and astonished at the colloquy he had held with his sovereign. He never forgot the lesson that day.—The Ave Maria.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

APPLYING THE SERMON

"O! the pastor'd a sermon was splendid this mornin'." Said Nora O'Hare, "But there's some in the parish that must have had warnin' An' worshipped elsewhere; But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin' Troth, then, it is quare!"

"There are women," sez he, 'an' they're here in this parish, An' plentiful, too, Wid their noses so high an' their manners so airish, But virtues so few, 'Tis a wonder they can't see how much they resemble The proud Pharisee, Ye would think they'd look into their own souls an' tremble Such sinners to be. Not at all! They believe themselves better than others An' give themselves airs Till the pride o' them strangles all virtues an' smother's The good o' their prayers."

"That's the way he went at them, an' faith, it was splendid— But wasted, I fear. Wid the most o' the women for whom 'twas intended, Not there for to hear. An' thinks I to myself, walkin' home, what a pity That Mary Ann Hayeses An' Cordelia McCann should be out o' the city This day of all days."

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this mornin'." Said Nora O'Hare, "Though I'm sorry that some o' the parish had warnin' An' worshipped elsewhere; But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin' Troth, then, it is quare!"

TRUE POLITENESS

Politeness is refinement of manners. It is derived from a word which means to polish, and signifies a desire to bring to others the greatest pleasure and the least pain. It is benevolence in little things and consists in treating our fellow beings as we wish to be treated ourselves. In social life there are mutual rights that must be preserved. This is done by united action, and, as a duty, it is called co-operation. When general affairs are considered, the guiding principles of this duty is public spirit; but the virtue takes the form of politeness when the duty is towards individuals whom we meet in the many relations of life.

Politeness is modest, choosing to conceal a courtesy when done; it is benevolent, avoiding what is disagreeable to others and seeking to do what is gratifying to their feelings; it is of personal value, costing little and yielding much; it is of social advantage, for politeness is always necessary to complete the happiness of society; it is natural, being a quality of all who have the feelings of man.

Politeness is often thought to be mere attention to external forms, a matter of bowing and shaking hands, use of compliments, and observance of what is fashionable, but this is a mistaken notion; true politeness is far more dignified than the outer garments of good will. "It has to do not merely with manners, but with the mind and heart. It refines and softens our feelings, opinions and words." Its source is in the moral nature of man, and every external form of politeness has a moral ground on which it rests.

True politeness aims at the real good of mankind, and endeavors to

make every one easy and happy by contributing not only little attentions, but also services of a more substantial kind. This virtue is a coin, tending to enrich him who expends it even more than the one who receives it. It is a refining and softening quality, which polishes rudeness, temper, and arrogance, and helps to make us blameless and harmless and without rebuke.

"Hearts, like doors, can open with ease To very, very little keys; And don't forget that two are these— 'Thank you,' sir, and 'If you please.'"

—The Echo

SAVED BY A PROMISE

On a little island there lived a number of fishermen with their families. Fishing was their only means of support. Among them was a family of five who were noted for their piety and religious demeanor. The mother of this family had a great devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in whom she placed all her trust and hope. As the inhabitants of that island were poor a chapel was built for them by one of the Religious Orders through the courtesy of a wealthy woman, and was conducted by Father Gabriel, a Capuchin priest. This chapel was dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

Mrs. Winton had two daughters and one son, whom she shall call George, who had begun to follow the avocation of a fisherman like his late father. The flock of Father Gabriel dearly loved their pastor, who was so devoted to their spiritual and temporal interests. The Wintons were always among the most punctual of his little flock at all the services as also in all good works.

One day, George came to his mother to implore her permission to join a crew of fishermen who were setting out on a deep-sea fishing expedition. The mother promised him she would give him his answer the next day. Now Mrs. Winton never had taken any important step without consulting the Sacred Heart, so she visited the chapel that evening and kneeling in prayer before the Shrine, asked her beloved Saviour through His Most Sacred Heart to enlighten her son's request. She finally decided to let him go, placing him in the care of Him, to whom we all look for protection. The morning after, she told her son that he might go on one condition, namely that he would promise her to place himself under the care of the Sacred Heart, and that he would daily pray to this Fountain of Love for protection in all his trials. George readily complied with the request of his dear mother and kissing her and all the family good-bye set out to sea with the crew, being careful before leaving to prostrate himself before the altar of the Sacred Heart and implore its protection.

Nothing unusual happened to disturb the even tenor of the cruise until the fifth day after their departure, when a terrific storm arose in the course of the night. The men were roused and ran to their posts in the ship, which was by this time at the mercy of the storm. It was in vain that they worked the pumps and threw part of their cargo into the sea, there did not seem to be the slightest hope of saving the boat. However, they worked away hoping for a cessation of the storm, until towards daybreak when the craft went to pieces, and the crew were deposited on the bosom of the angry sea. It was to all human calculation a losing game for the men, there being no help in sight and their strength being well nigh exhausted. George now bethought himself of his mother's advice and his consecration to the Sacred Heart, and he sent up a fervent prayer to the Source of Grace and Mercy.

As he looked around he saw a plank from the wreck which he laid hold of and with its aid drifted along throughout the morning. He saw his companions sink one by one and in the end found himself alone in the bosom of the ocean. Towards noon the storm abated, and as it did so, he saw a boat coming toward him. He was taken aboard the boat and by the kind treatment of the captain and his men soon recovered from the effects of the strain he had undergone. He made his way home as soon as the opportunity presented itself and after relating his experience to his friends, all agreed that he owed his life to the Sacred Heart of Jesus to Whom he consecrated himself anew. —Michigan Catholic.

An Irish youth was in search of a situation, so he went to the gas-works. As he was proceeding down the yard he was met by the foreman. "What do you want?" he was asked. "Work," answered Micky. "What can you do?" was the next demand. "Almost anything."

"Well," said the foreman, bent on having a joke with the youth, "you seem to be a very smart fellow, but could you wheel a barrel of smoke?" "Yes, certainly," replied Micky. "I could easily do that if you would fill it for me first."

He was taken on. All the doubts of sceptics are as nothing, or as very little, compared with the great doubt which arises in men's minds from the ways of Christians themselves—saying one thing and doing another.—Jowatt.

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