CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"IF I HAD YOUTH" If I had youth, I'd bid the world

I'd answer every challenge to my

mountains stood in silence to I'd try to make them subject to my

I'd keep my dreams and follow where they led me,

I'd glory in the hazards which abound,
I'd eat the simple fare privations

And gladly make my couch upon the ground

I'd want to meet and master strong resistance, the making of money was the essential of happiness in this world.

Desert the hills to walk on common

If I had youth, no fear of failure lurking,

Beyond tomorrow's dawn would fright my soul; Let failure strike, it still would find

me working,
With faith that I would one day reach my goal; I'd dice with danger-aye, and glory

I'd make high stakes the purpose of

my throw, I'd bid for much and should I fail to win it I would not even whimper at the

men would shun; I'd leave the well-worn trails of life

And seek to do what men have never Rich prizes wait for those who never

waver, The world needs men to battle for the truth—

It seeks each hour for stronger it, if things come by chance, that It seeks each hour for stronger

hearts and braver, This is the age for those who still have youth.

-THOMAS COFFEY MAKING MONEY

Two men sat in the railway train on the way to their daily task in the office. For a brief space both were deeply engrossed in the news-paper. But after the columns of paper. But after the columns of the stock page, the radio page, the real estate page and a few other items had been digested, simultan-eously they threw the printed sheets wearily aside and entered into con-

versation. Said the first: "Have you seen Jones lately?' And the second answered: "Yes,

I saw him the other day on the How are things going with

"Why, I should say they were going first-rate. He looks prosper-ous. Had a fine new overcoat, carried a cane and from every indi-

cation he is a successful man.
Lucky fellow . . . I envy him."

"I heard something to the effect
that he was rapidly rising," said
the first speaker. "I should say
he is lucky. He used to be a poor boy with not much of an outlook. Now,—he's got everything in the world to make him happy . . . He's making money. What more can he want?"

The two men left the seat as the train puffed into the station. They mingled with the hurrying throng, unconscious of the fact that they had furnished material for thought for at least one human being.

What more can he want: Before the iron gate that separated the train yard from the inner station, stood a truck, heavily laden. It bore one ponderous burden, a little more than 6 feet long and less than 3 feet wide.

stood abandoned It stood abandoned . . . a stolid wooden box with an inscription written on a large pasteboard tag; a name and an address,-that

On top of the box rested a wreath of gay colored flowers : it presented almost incongruous appearance in its solitary state.

The crowds surged near, very near the gruesome burden that was waiting for a train to come and bear it away to its final resting place. So near that it was possible to see the inscription standing out in bold characters on the printed

And, by one of those weird tricks of circumstances,—the man's name

was-had been-Jones. Whoever he had been, of whatever age or condition in life, his course was finished; he had run his race and reached the goal,—how far they will contribute to your ahead or behind in attainment of the ahead or behind in attainment of the prize, no one could say. And now all his striving was over, and he lay quite still, shut up there in the narrow confines of a plain wooden narrow confines of a plain wooden box, waiting for strangers to come and wheel him away.

" First - rate . envy him."

The disjointed phrase swept through the memory with startling insistence. The two men in the train had passed judgment upon Jones and had awarded him a very high place in the scheme of things.

And meanwhile this other Jones, his namesake, waited here at the gate of the vallway that is the mortal of the vallway that the singing of the hymn, "O Salutaris Hostia," during Benediction is of French origin, and the country had never the vallway that the singing of the hymn, "O Salutaris Hostia," during Benediction is of French origin, and the country had never the vallway that is not generally known, perhaps, that the singing of the hymn, "O Salutaris Hostia," during Benediction is of French origin, and the country had never the vallway that is not generally known, perhaps, that the singing of the hymn, "O Salutaris Hostia," during Benediction is of French origin, and the country had never the vallway that is the mortal or the vallway that is the vallway that the vallway that the vallway that the vallway that the val

What place?
No one could say. But there crept through the soul of one who And gladly make my couch upon the ground

If I had youth, I'd ask no odds of distance,

Nor wish to tread the known and level ways;

The making of money was the essential probability of the making of money was the essential probability. The making of money was the essential probability of the making of money was the essential probability.

And in a worth-while struggle spend my days.

I'd seek the task which calls for full endeavor,
I'd feel the thrill of battle in my veins

I'd bear my burden gallantly and never.

Ital of happiness in this world.

In that marvelously beautiful souvening of Africa, "Les Vaix Hui Orient Dans Le Desert," Ernest Psichari, young and intrepid soldier who fell in Belgium on the 22nd of August of the year 1914, presents the other side of the page, the view of one who in the midst of life.

This is My Friend

The gates of heaven to man below!

Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply! Thy strength bestow."

The France of that day received relief.

THIS IS MY FRIEND

Let me tell you how I made His realized the nearness of death, and after death, the inevitableness of

Eternity,
"Reclining on my mat," he says, "Reclining on my mat," he says,
"smoking my pipe in silence, I
tasted to the full the freshness and
beauty of the night . . . Napoleon
He often seemed to want my

Africa, Land of Silence and of Mystery."

Very far removed, in the wonderful solitudes, was the thought of money and money-making to the young soldier. With St. Francis de Sales, his counting-house became the heavens at night, studded with that mylitide and veriets of brilliant Let me tell you multitude and variety of brilliant stars. And from the contemplation of the wonders of the universe, it If I had youth, no chains of fear would bind me,
I'd brave the heights which older

Him Whose hand fashioned all these mysterious beauties and still guides

> so Ernest Psichari found in the wilderness that which men seek vainly in the busy marts of com-merce, the happiness of which the traveler in the railway carriage

these magnificent suns and moons and stars do not deviate from their pathway, and suddenly come together with a crash? What order and obedience keeps them in their proper course? Is not all this surely the work of an Omniscient Mind and Power?"

Yes. In this mysterious Land of the Sun and Sleep, the young soldier found the mine of riches that shall never he known to Him who grinds the city pavements in the unwearying search for money and the things

that it has power to bestow.

"Always the same skies the same arched vault of opaque blue. It is the heaven of Ptolemy, a great solid sphere with the earth at the point O. But for me, it is the heaven of my first prayers, trembling stars, at the first birth of the night."

What more can man want?-The

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BE KIND

Be kind, for oh! a kind word spoken To those whose hearts are well nigh broken

That kind word is a secret treasure, Where recompense, beyond all measure Waits the great reckoning day.

Be kind, be kind unto thy brother; The love thou would'st have from another Do thou thyself impart.

The kind deed wrought shall pass oh! never, Its blessed fruit remains forever Deep in the Sacred Heart.

kindly word again shall greet When Jesus shall come forth to meet thee When thou His Face shalt see,

The Heart of Jesus has remembered; Kindness," He will say, 'The

"The Kindness,
"thou'st rendered
Was rendered unto Me."

-New Zoaland Tablet WITH GOD

What sweet and strengthening

"These are two little words," said a Christian master to his pupils, "which, graven on your heart, will give you peace, strength, consolation, and hope." Rise with God, and your day will be inscribed in the book of life.

Go to rest with God, and your knowledge will be an antidote to preserve you against vice.

Journey with God, and you will return to your family with a serene brow and a pure heart. Begin your labors with God, and

meritorious.

To die with God is to prepare

. . . a successful leaves the soul a moment's leisure.

—The Pilot.

THE "O SALUTARIS" of the railway,—that is, the mortal part of him, while that which never dies was already in "his own place" of which Peter had spoken so solemnly in the council held after Judas' death.

What place? appealed to episcopal authority implore assistance from the Most High by having the hymn, "O Salutaris," sung during Mass at the moment of the Elevation:

Quae coeli pandis ostium ;

O Saving Victim, opening wide The gates of heaven to man below

Let me tell you how I made His cquaintance.
I had heard much of Him, but had

beauty of the night . . . Napoleon had been wont to say: 'One night in Paris repays all toil.' So in Africa, Land of Silence and of starving and in peril every hour; and He offered me shelter and comstarving and in peril every hour; and He offered me shelter and comfort and food and safety; but I was

At last He crossed my path, and with tears in His eyes He besought me, saying: Come and abide with Me. Let me tell you how He treats me

He supplies all my wants. He gives me more than I dare

He anticipates my every need. He begs me to ask for more. He never reminds me of my past

ingratitude.

He never rebukes me for past follies. Let me tell you further what I think of Him. He is as good as He is great.

His love is as ardent as it is true. He is as lavish of His promises as he is faithful in keeping them.

He is as jealous of my love as He
is deserving of it. I am in all
things His debtor, and He bids me call Him Friend, Jesus Christ.— Robert Hugh Benson.



Answers for last week

COUNCIL CASSOCK STOLE COTTA VOW



And his companion had replied with the characteristic shrewdness of the business world, in commercial parlance as we might say:

To die with God is to prepare one's self a sweet entrance into Paradise.

But one cannot live with God, one cannot feel that the business world, in commercial parlance as we might say:

To die with God is to prepare one's self a sweet entrance into Sunday was the feast of St. Mathew because the with God, one cannot feel that the bottom are the Evangelists (of whom St. Mathew was one) with their symbols. Can you name them? These two pictures at the top are

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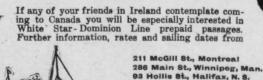
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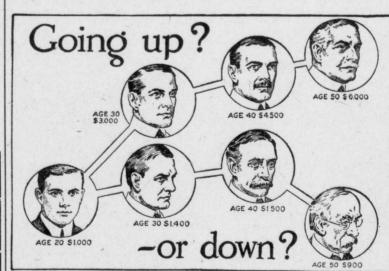
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