

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## THE BEST-LOVED MEN

It isn't all in getting rich, it isn't all in winning a game. A bigger thing than victory is how you've tried to play the game. Success is keeping faith with men and standing true to what is best. And finding joy in humble things and being fit for every test.

The good man need not come to wealth nor need he rise to world renown. Not often is the richest man the best-loved citizen in town. You'll find he walks in humble ways and modest in the garb he wears. And on his back from day to day lies a multitude of cares.

His glory is a generous heart, a voice that carries hope and cheer, a willingness to do his work, a wish to be of service here. He asks no favored place from life, nor shirks the hardships in his way. But meets all men with hand erect and plays the friend from day to day.

The best loved man in any town is honest, manly, brave and true. Sharing his life with all who live, doing what work he finds to do. He may not climb the heights of fame nor come to treasure's golden fee. But he is still accounted great in all God asks a man to be.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

## STORY OF A DAY

The day was weary. There had been so much care. The tramp of many feet, the breath of many sighs, and the pain, ah, the pain, the anguish, of the long, long hours! The morning was long gone by.

Poor busy day how bright your face as you watched the sun rise over the hills behind the mountains top! Softly in your dawn robes you stole out to meet him, whispering in your happiness your bridal vows.

And he gently led you down the mountain side, and together through the forest you passed to awaken the quiet town.

Alas! Better had the forest buried you with all your heart glowing with happiness! Did you not know, poor day, that brides as fair this fickle sun had forsaken?

But now, with all the pain, the heartache and the longing hours are passed.

Man have used your precious moments for their own selfish aims, forgetting your high origin, your celestial union.—Michigan Catholic.

## SUCCESS SLOW IN COMING

Charles Goodyear, who became a millionaire and was the inventor of vulcanized rubber as well as many other forms of the tree sap products, at one time was forced to beg for \$5 to keep him from starving. In 1834 he discovered that rubber could be vulcanized. It was an accident. He attempted to remove some benzene dust from a bit of rubber cloth, and after trying several chemicals tried aqua fortis, a chemical largely composed of sulphuric acid. It failed also, and he threw the cloth away. A few days later he picked it up by chance, and noted the spot rubbed by the aqua fortis had hardened and would stand a degree of heat that would have melted it in its former state.

He applied his discovery, and soon was wearing rubber shoes, coats, hats and other garments, and had a small fortune by the right of his discovery. But a year passed, and his goods were discarded and returned, nothing and broken. He was ruined. He started in again to discover a method that would vulcanize the rubber, and for ten years he kept at it, his life a long misery of hunger and cold and crushing poverty. His success came suddenly and soon he was rich beyond his wildest dreams.—Catholic Bulletin.

## EDUCATION PAYS

The prize fool is the boy who will not go to school when he has a chance, says Spectator in the New York American. Perhaps, however, the first prize ought to be divided, for the girl who will not go to school is just as big a fool.

Every boy has been assailed by the temptation to leave school and go to work. Why bother with books, why putter around with geography and physics and Latin and English literature when one can get \$30 a week clerking in a store? Better, instead of being a schoolboy one can be a young blade, and wear purple socks and silk ties, and collect photographs of actresses and smoke cigarettes and enjoy life. So reasoning the boy stumps into being a second-rater.

There never was a time when an education is as necessary as it is today. The one class that is being pushed rapidly off the earth is the untrained class. When you read about the Carnegies and Edisons and other great men that never went to high school and yet succeeded, just remember that times have changed. Did you ever think of the difference between the training required by a boy fifty years ago who wanted to become a blacksmith and the knowledge and skill now needed by a boy who wants to work in an automobile repair shop?

The untalented boy of today simply has no chance. Automatically the doors of opportunity are closing against the uneducated. A generation or so ago human beings did the dirty work; nowadays the machine is doing the lifting, hauling and

digging, and the men that are wanted are men who can run machines.

The boy who will not go to high school is cutting off all hopes of ever entering any one of dozens of remunerative callings. He can not enter college, go to a first-class medical school to become a doctor or enter an aviation school. He can not be a newspaper reporter nor rise very high in a bank, railroad office, counting house or steamship company. He is damning himself to mediocrity.

The greatest advantage, however, in getting a high school education is not the dollars and cents you will gain by it. Going to school brings you the inestimable benefit of learning to think. It cultivates the intellectual life. It transfers your aims and ambitions over from things that are cheap to the higher satisfactions. You learn to read and to like books. The doors of culture open. And you are put in the way of getting a lot more out of life. It is the thinker who rules. It is brains that count. The man with the mind that is trained to plan, to foresee, to co-ordinate and to judge is the one who comes first, and those who can only do what they are told and follow a certain routine, where they do not have to use their own initiative are inferior.

Go to school! If what I have written here shall induce a boy or girl to go on and finish high school and not waste life by entering too soon and unprepared into the world's combat, I shall be happy.

Go to school.—Catholic Columbian.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## ERIN GO BRAGH

Swift from the East comes the light of the morning. In purple and gold, how it springs from the sea!

And piercing the gloom of oppression and scorn, Throws rainbow-like radiance, loved Erin, o'er thee.

Bright grows the blue of the high dome above thee, Fled are the fogs who brought sorrows to prove thee;

While to the shores throng the children who love thee, And sing thy glad anthem, O Erin go bragh.

Long years of grief kept thy strong bosom aching; Long in thy weal thou watched for the dawn;

The flash of the storm oft resembled its breaking, But deepened the darkness till hope seemed withdrawn.

Never again will the false lights betray thee, Rise, Erin, rise, in thy glories array thee.

True are thy sons, and their faith will repay thee, For all thy long bondage, O Erin go bragh.

Strike the glad harp, let the low note of sorrow Be heard in thy mountains and valleys no more;

Turn, turn in thy joy to the light of the morn, When justice and honor shall reign on thy shore.

Hark to the sounds that arise from each dwelling! Music and song from glad bosoms are swelling.

The peace and the grandeur thus proudly foretelling, That wait on thy waking, O Erin go bragh.

—D. J. DONAHUE

## TWO GIRLS IN A PULLMAN

The old lady across the aisle had fallen asleep again. Her book lay open on her lap, and her head bobbed so energetically that it seemed certain that her eyeglasses would fly off. Indeed, they did slip down toward the end of her nose, adding greatly to the grotesqueness of her appearance.

"Just look," Meg whispered to Pauline, and then both girls giggled convulsively. They were getting a little tired of the journey to tell the truth, and were on the lookout for entertainment. At this particular juncture, nothing more entertaining than the old lady across the aisle presented itself.

"Did you ever see anything so funny?" Pauline's whisper drew the attention of others in the Pullman coach. Pauline was fifteen, old enough, one would suppose, to have outgrown the giggling age. But she had not learned that a sense of humor may need control, as well as a quick temper, or a tendency to dissolve in tears on every possible pretext.

The two girls laughed on, their mirth becoming less and less controlled as the moments passed. Their faces grew red, and their eyes were suffused with tears. And if there seemed a probability that the paroxysm was decreasing in violence, a glance in the direction of the unconscious object of their merriment was enough to set them off again. The other passengers were looking curiously from them to the old lady, some of them smiling as if in sympathy, and others looking as if they found the combination of bad manners and an utter lack of self-control somewhat tiresome.

When the old lady opened her eyes suddenly, it happened to be when the gate of merriment was at its height. She looked straight into two red, convulsed faces, turned her head and saw that the attention of her fellow-passengers was focused on herself, and the young people who apparently were getting so much amusement out of her little nap. She straightened

herself, a slight flush showing in her faded cheeks, put her eyeglasses in their place, and resumed her reading. It was noticeable that the giggling immediately became subdued, and in a minute or two ended altogether. Meg and Pauline at once developed a tremendous interest in the scenery.

The two were on their way to visit a schoolmate, a charming girl whose father was reputed wealthy, but who had remained entirely unspoiled by wealth and luxury. Meg and Pauline were greatly excited by the prospect of visiting in a home of a man many times as rich as they, and were very anxious that in such unaccustomed surroundings, they should not fail to do exactly the proper thing.

The train pulled at last into the attractive spot where Mr. Watt's summer home was situated. There were a number of people on the platform and among them Meg recognized her friend, "There's Eleanor now," she cried. "She's come to meet us. Oh, how glad I am to see her again, the dear thing!"

But contrary to their expectations, Eleanor did not try to meet them the moment they stepped up to the platform. Instead she made an ecstatic rush upon an old lady who had sat across the aisle, and who alighted from the train just ahead of the two girls.

"Grandmother! Oh, grandmother!" The cry in Eleanor's eager voice sent a cold chill to the hearts of the two listeners. For a moment the old lady and the young girl held each other in a close embrace, and then Eleanor drew away from her enraptured arms.

"Excuse me a minute, grandma darling. I expect some of my school friends on this train. Oh, here they are." She ran to meet Peg and Pauline, her hands outstretched and her face shining. But as for the two travelers no one would have suspected them of such a thing as a giggle in all their lives. Their faces were preternaturally solemn, and their looks but inadequately expressed the heaviness of their hearts.

When they climbed into the waiting car, Eleanor performed the ceremony of introduction. These are two of my school friends, grandmother, that I've talked about so often, Meg Ward and Pauline Noble. Then with a sudden inspiration, "Oh, did you get acquainted on the train?"

Mrs. Watt took it on herself to answer that question. She was a jolly old lady and though she had been annoyed when she awoke from her nap and found Meg and Pauline laughing at her, she did not hold a grudge and had no wish to add to the girl's humiliation. "We didn't speak, Nellie," she replied, but "we sat next one another, and I think we can count that as the beginning of our acquaintance." Her smile was perfectly good natured, but in spite of it, Meg and Pauline had never felt so uncomfortable in their lives.

Their visit was only half a success. Eleanor was as sweet and friendly as she could possibly be, and old Mrs. Watt was magnanimous. Meg kept the secret of the little episode on the Pullman, but neither Meg nor Pauline could forget that Eleanor's welcome would not have been so cordial if she had known all there was to know. And when their stay came to an end, it was a relief, on the whole. "We might have had such a perfect time, it is indeed been for our making such a wrong effort," Meg sighed, as they took the train for home, and Pauline's answering murmur came from her breast.

It is a hopeful sign to say the least, that though the girls' light-heartedness returned to them before the summer was over, and their faces were as smiling as ever, neither one has ever suffered from an attack of giggling from that memorable afternoon in the train, till the present. The cure, if not an agreeable one, has proved effective.

## THE HIDDEN TREASURE

Devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, have ever been the favorites with the Irish people. These two devotions are really inseparable, for whether we think of Bethlehem, Nazareth, or Calvary, our love and gratitude pass naturally from Jesus to Mary, and from Mary back to Jesus. No wonder Newman observed that countries which lost devotion to Mary, also drifted from faith in the divinity of her Son. It is of interest to remark that it was on the occasion of a visit to the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, in 1851, that the Venerable Father Byrnes, O.S.A., the Apostle of the Eucharist, resolved to devote his life to spreading devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, and to that visit may, therefore, be traced the foundation five years later of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament, of the Eucharistic League, and of kindred associations.

Though the Irish people still preserve a most fervent devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, it is to be regretted that the practice of visiting the Blessed Sacrament is not so frequent or as widespread as it ought to be. Perhaps some do not realize as they should what the Real Presence means; and there are many who regard the devotion of visiting the Blessed Sacrament as something beyond the ordinary Christian, a practice reserved for the devout. Faithful should correct this mistaken notion. If, as we believe, our Lord is "truly, really and substantially present in the Most Holy Sacrament of our altars," He is there, assuredly, not for the few, but

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for all; and the lives of persons of various conditions and circumstances establish the fact that the poor and the rich, the business man, and the man of leisure, the educated and the uneducated, have alike found before the Tabernacle the peace which the world could not give them.

During the recent War a few persons were in a little village Church just behind the firing line, when a French officer, attended by an orderly, passed up the Church and silently and reverently knelt down before the Tabernacle. There he remained motionless for more than half an hour. When he rose to leave, an American soldier followed him outside the Church, and on inquiry, learned that the officer was Marshal Foch! He was inclined to excuse himself from visiting the Most Holy Sacrament on the ground of being too occupied, it will do us good to recall that incident of the long visit of Marshal Foch in 1918.

Among our own people we meet, from time to time, with touching examples of personal devotion to Jesus in the Tabernacle. Some years ago in County Clare, I met an old man, four score years of age, returning to his mountain home. "Have you to walk all the way?" I asked.

"Surely, you must feel very tired climbing up those hills?" "Well, Father," replied the old man, "when coming down I sometimes do feel a bit tired, but never when coming back." "That is strange," I remarked. "How is it you don't feel tired going back?" "Well, Father, I'll tell you. I go in there" (pointing to the Church), "and I speak a word or two with Him and get His blessing, and then, thanks be to God, I have a new heart and never feel the return journey." "Thanks be to God for every blessing, but above all, for the priceless gift of a simple, lively faith which is the inheritance of the Irish peasant. May it ever increase as centuries roll on, and may the love of the Blessed Sacrament burn as ardently and as trustfully in all hearts as it burned in the heart of that poor old man of eighty years."

The late Father Matt Russell tells a beautiful story that has been often told in prose and verse since it was first recounted more than seventy years ago. The incident occurred in a Cathedral Church in the North of Ireland. We will allow Father Matt to tell the story in his own words:

Many years ago, two children, sister and brother, used to be sent together across the town—an Irish country town—on their mother's errands. No matter where the errand might be, it always found that their homeward way took them past the Catholic Church, for there was in those days only one Tabernacle where Our Lord could be visited in His Sacramental state.

Of course the children could not pass the open Church without paying a visit; at least, the elder of the pair had no notion of doing so, and indeed it must be confessed that it was she who always took care to come so near the Church as to be under the necessity of entering. Her brother, it is true, would hardly have been found there so often. The girl would at once make her way up close to the altar-rails, and there, kneeling within the shadow of the pulpit, she would spend many a happy minute in prayer; while her companion stood afar off, like the publican, who went up into the Temple to pray; but I fear he kept near the door for far less commendable motives, from a sort of lazy, indolent habit, conscious of his unworthiness to kneel nearer. Over little publican used on these occasions to kneel for a short while, as if praying, and then would sit up on one of the benches furthest away from the sanctuary. One day he found the time longer than usual. Why was she so unreasonable as to keep him waiting, waiting? At last, the step of a newcomer on the stone pavement echoed through the empty Church, and then he saw the girl rising from the hidden corner where she crouched close to the altar rails, came smiling to release the little grumbler. Outside she explained: "You know there was nobody there but ourselves and I did not like to leave Him alone!"

Father Byrnes, in one of his addresses to his novices, tells them that they are to be the bodyguard of the King around the altar, and that they are to see that He is never left alone. And if there are in the world any who should be especially anxious to visit Our Lord, to keep Him company, and to lessen His loneliness, it should surely be the members of the Eucharistic League.—Canon Halpin in Sentinel of Blessed Sacrament.

The idle find the days long and the years short.—Dilgort. To have too much to do is for most men safer than to have too little.—Cardinal Manning.

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