

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE COMMON TOUCH

I would not be too wise—so very wise
That I must sneer at simple songs
And let the glare of wisdom blind my eyes
To humble people and their humble needs.

I would not care to climb so high
That I could never hear the children at their play,
Could only see the people passing by,
Yet never hear the cheering words they say.

I would not know too much—too much to smile,
At trivial errors of the heart and hand.
Nor be too proud to play the friend
The while, And cease to help and know and understand.

I would not care to sit upon a throne,
Or build my house upon a mountain-top.
Where I must dwell in glory all alone
And never friend come in or poor man stop.

God grant that I may live upon this earth
And face the tasks which every morning brings,
And never lose the glory and the worth
Of humble service and the simple things.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

THE GREAT WITHIN

I have seen a man of ordinary strength, hypnotized and suspended by hand and ankles on the edge of a chair, support half a dozen or more heavy men on his body. Sometimes a horse is thus supported on a see-saw board placed across the subject's body.

These are mostly mental feats. A man of average strength under ordinary conditions, could no more sustain a twelve-hundred-pound horse or half-a-dozen heavy men while thus suspended than he could fly without a machine. He could not be made to believe that he could do such a thing; yet while under the powerful suggestion of a hypnotist that he can do it, he does it easily.

Now, where did the power which enabled the subject to do this marvelous thing come from? Certainly not from the hypnotist, for he merely called it out of the subject, and it did not come from space outside of him. It was latent in the man himself.

Such experiments give us glimpses of enormous powers in the Great Within of us about which we know very little and which, if we could use them, would enable us to do marvelous things.

Without being able to define it, we instinctively feel that there is a great force within us; a power back of the flesh, beyond the human, that is guiding us; a subconscious soul power which presides over our destinies and which lends us super-human aid when we make a great call upon it when in danger or in an emergency, a desperate strain.

It is this soul power which makes a giant out of an invalid in an instant's time when the house takes fire or some great catastrophe occurs, or when a child, dearer to the mother than life, is in imminent danger. There are many instances where very delicate invalids, who were not supposed to be able to lift up, have, in a fire or some other great danger or emergency, done that which under ordinary circumstances would have been difficult even for the strongest men.

Where did this power come from, almost within the twinkling of an eye? It came from the Great Within, and these instances reveal, as the falling apple did to Newton, a wonderful law. They make it certain that we all possess marvelous powers which we practically never use.

The new philosophy is trying to show people how to discover and utilize this wonderful power in the Great Within of themselves which they have hitherto been unable to use, except in a very limited way.

We none of us know what tremendous things we could do if an emergency great enough, imperative enough, were to make a sudden call upon us.

If we only realized what tremendous forces are locked up in us, we should not be so surprised when a tramp or hobo becomes transformed into a hero almost instantly, in some great railroad wreck, or fire, or other catastrophe.

Most people have sufficient latent force or ability to accomplish wonders, but often only a fraction of this power is ever aroused; it lies dormant unless fired into action by some great inspiration, some emergency, or some life crisis which drives them to desperation and forces them to make a supreme effort.

We are all surprised sometimes in our lives—through some great crisis or when in a desperate situation—to find that a tremendous reserve power comes to our assistance from somewhere; that from the Great Within, from mysterious depths of our nature, comes marvelous powers when the call is loud enough and strong enough.

The time will come when we will be able to use at will all the latent potencies slumbering in the Great Within of us, which we employ unconsciously in a great crisis or desperate situation, but which at

other times it seems impossible for us to reach.

One great trouble is that we do not have sufficient faith in the immense reserve power in our subconsciousness, and do not take proper means to arouse these latent forces to action, although we sometimes see examples of the possibilities of great dynamic forces being aroused in people who never dreamed that they possessed them.

Most people do not half realize how sacred a thing a legitimate ambition is. What is this eternal urge within us which is trying to push us on and on, up and up? It is the God urge, the God push in the Great Within of us, which is perpetually prodding us to do our best and bids us refuse to accept our second best.

When we come into the realization of that great silent, vital energy within us which is equal to the satisfaction of all the soul's desires, all its yearnings, we shall no longer be content with the things of this world, but shall thirst for all the good things of the universe will be ours. No life can be poor when enfolded in the infinite arms, and living in the very midst of abundance.—O. S. Marden.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AIM HIGH!

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the hill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
Some highway to happier make;
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here;
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;—
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
But the best of whatever you are.

—Catholic Bulletin

THE ONLY EVIL HE FEARED

The wicked Empress Eudoxia, who ruled the Roman Empire in the fourth century, led a very un-Christian life, for which St. John Chrysostom never ceased to reproach her, as once St. John the Baptist reproached the immorality of Herod. The Empress tried by every means in her power either to have her revenge on St. Chrysostom, or to win him to her service.

She consulted one of her confidants as to the best means of carrying out her designs upon the holy Bishop. Her confidant told her frankly that there was no way of subjugating the Saint, for he feared only one evil in the world.

"Not if we offer him lavish rewards?" asked the Empress.

"That would be pure loss of time," was the answer. "He esteems riches and honors no more than so much dust."

"Then let us frighten him with terrible threats," said she.

"That would only be worse," she was told. "He has an iron heart which knows no fear."

"Well, let us exile him into some distant bleak land."

"He would care nothing for exile," returned the confidant, "for he declares that the earth is an exile, and his true country is heaven."

"Then I shall cast him into the deepest dungeon," said she.

"You may," answered her confidant, "but you will not chain his spirit; from his prison he will still cry out aloud to you: 'Your conduct is not lawful!'"

"I shall kill him then!" she cried wrathfully.

The Bishop would ask nothing better than to exchange this life for a better one, was the reply.

"Is there no means, then, of representing this man?" asked the baffled Empress. "Can nothing be found which will be hard and bitter to him?"

"Yes," was the slow reply, "there is one thing and one thing only that he fears, and that is an offense against God. If you can induce him to commit sin, you will be amply revenged. But it were vain to hope for such a thing!"—The Liguorian.

STICKING TO THE POINT

A lawyer wanted an apprentice. A number of boys replied, so he looked them over. He found it pretty hard to make a choice.

"Once upon a time," he said, "a farmer was very much annoyed by a huge rat that made a very comfortable living by feeding upon his grain. He tried traps of all kinds to catch it, but the wily rodent evaded them all and apparently enjoyed the game of hide and seek that the farmer had devised. One day, however, as the farmer turned the corner of a haystack, carrying a gun in his hand, he espied the trouble some rodent at the edge of the hay. Instantly raising his gun, he fired, but the blazing gun was dropped among the hay."

Here the lawyer stopped, and looking at the boys he said, "If any of you want to ask a question, write it on a piece of paper, and here are some of the questions that were asked:

"Did he set the hay on fire?"

"Was the stack burned to the ground?"

"Did the farmer have his hay injured?"

"Was the fire engine near at hand?"

"Was the rat killed?"

The boy that asked the last question was chosen because he struck to the point.—Catholic Boy's Club Bulletin.

AS JOHNNY SAW IT

The patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where are you going," read Johnny laboriously, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher. "Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment and the idea seemed to dawn upon him; then he read out triumphantly. "Where are you going little button hook?"

PERENNIAL HOPE

Hope is a man's best friend here on earth. In the darkest hours, it whispers into his ears the happy message of the coming dawn. In the bleak days of long winter months, it speaks to his heart of the sunny spring that is even now stirring under the frozen crust of the earth. In the cheerless days when the face of the sun is hidden by black clouds and gray mists, it gives him assurance of the glorious triumph of light over darkness. At the very brink of the grave, its voice is heard speaking in clear and unequivocal accents of the victory of life over death. As long as hope dwells in the heart of man, no burden seems unbearable, no road seems too long, no path too steep, no night too dark.

Hope has a magic touch which transforms stumbling blocks into stepping stones, burdens into wings. Hope makes us face towards the east where the golden rose of dawn bursts into glory. Hope spills around the horizon splashes of crimson and tips the hills with fire when the valleys are still buried in gloom. Hope makes us catch the fragrance of morn when the night is still lingering on the chilly air. It urges us onward. It quickens our footsteps and puts music into our heart beats.

Easter is the feast of hope and the pledge of happiness that cannot be conquered. It is the promise of light that cannot be dimmed, and of life that mocks the grave. At the sepulchre from which Christ has risen we gather flowers that will not fade and blossoms that never lose their fragrance. There are antidotes for the days when our hearts grow weary and heavy within us and when our feet drag on the rugged and thorny paths of life. One balmy breeze wafts from the empty sepulchre of the risen Christ for the battles that confront us and for the journey that yet lies before us.

There is a wonderful charm in Easter. The very thought of it thrills the soul with a sublime courage that cannot be subdued. The very name rings out like a bugle call that rallies all our energies to one heroic, magnificent effort. Men need the message of Easter; for they need hope, as they need light and the air.

The undying power of Easter lies in its appropriate symbolism. The grave spells defeat for man. In its presence, he is utterly helpless. Here, his ambitions cease and all his plans are wrecked. The grave has but one meaning for man. It is defeat which baffles him and frustrates all his designs. To the grave everything succumbs and surrenders. But that Easter on which Christ broke the seal which death had set upon the grave that changed all this. The grave is no longer the end. It is a beginning. Banners of hope wave over every grave and the flowers of promise grow on its edge. Life can be eclipsed, but it cannot be annihilated. The victory may be delayed, but it cannot be turned into defeat. The good may be temporarily obstructed, but it cannot be conquered. Justice may be impeded, but finally it will triumph. Virtue may be enslaved, but it will break all bonds. The evil may have a brief day of success, but the evening will come and sweep away the last remnants of its short sway. In the moral world, needs have a short and fitful life, but the good plants possess an unquenchable vitality. This is the symbolism of Easter.

The world of today needs the lesson of Easter. It needs more than ever the promise of the final triumph of justice. For, it would seem that wrong and injustice had established their reign on earth and that evil held irresistible sway. The power of evil will crumble before the breath of time. You may bury justice beneath mountains; yet it will rise and confound its enemies. You may bend the right to the ground, but it will rebound with rejuvenated resiliency and undiminished vigor. That is the consoling message and comforting promise of Easter.

This world will have its Easter, even as Christ has had His Easter. It is bound to come. It must come. Nothing can shake our trust in the happy destiny of this world. We do not fear the future. We do not distrust the happy issue. We have no misgivings as to the outcome. Be it ever so dark upon the night follows the dawn.

Christ has had His Gethsemane and His agony. He has had His Golgotha and His Good Friday. But on the wings of time came His Easter and His Resurrection. As

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His sufferings were thickening around Him, Easter was approaching and coming near with silent footsteps. Nations have their Gethsemane. They pass through agony and death. They may be trodden down and ground into the dust. They have their Golgotha and their Good Friday. But they will also have their Easter and their glorious resurrection. That is the law of this world. Easter never comes without Good Friday. But Easter comes infallibly after Good Friday. The way to life, freedom, happiness, joy and triumph, for man and for nations, is over Golgotha.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE HOLY HOUSE

The recent fire which wrought serious damage to the Holy House of Loreto, recalls to a writer in the London Tablet, several former conflagrations which have partially destroyed famous shrines. When in July 1823 the famous Roman Basilica of St. Paul dating from the latter part of the fourth century with its wonderful series of mosaics of the Pope, was burned, the loss from an archaeological point of view was irreparable. But the chief centre of devotional attraction, the then reputed tomb of the Apostle below ground with its marble slab and inscription suffered no injury.

The fire of October 1808 which destroyed the greater part of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, spared the rock of Calvary and many of the devotional stations. Likewise the fire at Chambery in 1532 wrecked the chapel in which the Holy Shroud was preserved, but the Shroud itself, folded in a silver casket, was rescued from the flames, and though the corners were charred, the figure of Our Lord remained practically untouched.

But at Loreto, if reports are correct, the Holy House itself with its ornamental casing and its contents was seriously damaged. The basilica enclosing the little edifice, has apparently not suffered severely, but the black wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin which has shared with the Holy House the foremost place in the devotion of the pilgrims who flock thither every year, is mentioned as having been destroyed. The statue according to pious tradition was transported with the Holy House by angels from Palestine, and has been the instrument of countless stupendous miracles which Almighty God has worked for those who sought the intercession of His Blessed Mother before her miraculous image.

"But whatever be the historical value of the legend which tradition has connected with Loreto," says the Tablet, "no Catholic can have any other feeling but one of respect and sympathy for the great devotion of the many generations of pious pilgrims, who have journeyed to the Santa Casa and there have found comfort for their sorrows and sometimes relief from bodily pains. One of the most remarkable appreciations of Loreto which can anywhere be met with is that of the normally cynical old philosopher, Michel de Montaigne. He visited the shrine in 1582, and his journal shows that he honestly believed in the genuineness of the cures wrought there. Montaigne is fairly to confess that no other place that I have ever visited makes so good a show of religion." He was astonished to note that all lost articles of value were put in a certain public receptacle, where everyone was free without interference or inquiry to come and take his own. He says also that "with regard to such things that you

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