

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Wish for no man's wealth.

"I wish I had his money!" said a young, healthy-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so he wished many a youth before him, who devotes so much time to wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looks up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of ennui and satiety; the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which it is gathered is the only sweat by which it is preserved for enjoyment, for in too literal a sense it is true, that "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Wish for no man's money.

The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young Love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts untroubled by the deep sin of covetousness, beat fondly with your own. None of these things listen for the ghost-tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in men's eyes—only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase greet you—living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. Be wise in being content with competency. You have, to eat, to drink, to sleep, to love, and to be loved. You are rich man's hat. What though he fared more sumptuously? He shortens life—increases pains and aches, impairs his health thereby. What his raiment be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy. Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers; and rocks, and streams, and holy places—know no desecration in the step of poverty; but welcome over to their wealth of beauty—rich and poor alike.

Be content! The robin chirps as gaily as the gorgeous bird of paradise. Less gaudy in his plumage, less splendid in his surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon the barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight is as strong, his notes as gay, and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it. Let us, then, labor and be strong—in the best use of what we have, wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy if he be otherwise.

Education and a Career.

Young people often ask us, "Will it pay to go to college if one is going to be a merchant, a druggist, a farmer, etc.?"

Whether or not a liberal education pays, depends upon the ambition of the inquirer. Do you want to be just as much of a man as possible, or do you want merely to get as much money as you can?

If your ambition is simply to see how many goods you can sell and how much money you can rake together, if you have no desire to reach out into the broad fields, to be known as a man who amounts to something in the world, who carries weight in his community; if you have no ambition to be a man of broad, liberal, progressive ideas; if you do not wish to know anything about your goods before they reach your store, where they are made, or the conditions of the people who manufacture them, and have no desire to better their conditions; if you have no ambition to make the world a little better than you found it, then a college education will probably not do you much good. If it is simply going to increase your capacity to grasp, seize, and hold material things, to get a little more away from others by your long-headed methods; if it is only going to increase your shrewdness, your ability to scheme ways and means of piling up more dollars, then I do not advise you to go. But if you want to be of real help to your generation; if your ambition is to be just as much of a man as possible, to be larger and truer and nobler; if you wish to make the most of the material the Creator has given you, then get all the knowledge you can transmute into real power.

I notice that it has been the broadly educated men that have thrived and improved the world, into which they have entered. As a rule, it has been the boys who have been to college and gained a liberal education who have developed marvelous possibilities of agriculture by their knowledge of chemistry and botany, by their ability to study the effects of climatic conditions upon crops—who have brought fruits and vegetables and cereals to greater perfection by their superior knowledge.

In other words, ignorant farmers have done little else than make a living and pile up a little money. It has been the intelligent, well-read, broadly educated farmers, who have lifted agriculture from mere drudgery to a profession.

In fact, it does not matter what field we consider, intelligence has been the secret of advance. It has been the educated men who have led progress. I can not conceive of a useful vocation where a liberal education will be lost. If a little intelligence is good, if a fair education pays, a wider education, broader culture, will do better.

"My son is going to be an artist," said a proud father; "he does not need to study a lot of scientific rubbish."

Perhaps this father does not know that what he calls "scientific rubbish," measures the difference between an artisan and an artist, the difference between the common and the superb, between mediocrity and excellence. It was what this man called "scientific

rubbish" which made the difference between the works of Michael Angelo and those of a hundred other artists of his day who have gone into oblivion. It was the "scientific rubbish"—studying anatomy for a dozen years—that gave immortality to his statues of Moses and of David, and to his paintings, the "Last Judgment" and "The Story of Creation."

Many an artist of real ability has failed to produce any great work of art because of his ignorance of just such "scientific rubbish." Of what good is an artistic temperament or genius to the sculptor who does not know the origin, the insertion, and the contour of the various muscles, who is not thoroughly familiar with the human anatomy? Michael Angelo thought it worth while to spend a great deal of time upon the anatomy of a horse and upon abstruse mathematics.

What to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the young.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop grunting. If you can not see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

So Long as We Look up We Grow.

"The giraffe once had a short neck—that was all he had expressed of himself—but his pasture ran short and he began to reach up for the palm leaves. He reached and looked, and reached again. This exercise stretched his neck, until it is now long enough to reach the palm tops, so it has ceased to grow longer. As long as he kept reaching out his neck kept growing."

As long as we aspire, look up and not down, as long as we keep stretching our minds over great problems, we shall continue to grow.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Two Fields.

Many years since, in France, it happened that a village curate set forth on a sick-call, accompanied by an acolyte who carried a lighted candle and a bell. The good priest bore in plain sight the celestial gift which promises immortal life. As he passed, the silvery tinkle of the bell called about him men, women and children, kneeling on the ground before the doors of their cottages, praised and adored "Him Who doeth good as He goeth by"; the more fervent joined the procession, which was every moment growing larger.

To shorten the way, for the sick parishioner was gravely ill, and in imminent danger of death, the little troop was about to cross a field of wheat, dotted over with bright poppies, blue bachelor's buttons, and starry daisies. It was sufficient that "the Master had need of it." Has He not the right to dispose of the gifts He has created and lent to man?

With that thought in his mind, the priest had already stepped upon the flower-enamelled carpet, when a man rushed forth and declared that the field was his, and that no one must cross it. "I fear," he said, "that my wheat, which promises so well, will be trampled down, and my harvest ruined."

Thus the inhabitants of a certain city believing themselves compromised by the presence of Our Lord in the days of His mortal life, begged Him to turn His steps elsewhere—as though God could do otherwise than bless those whom He deigns to visit!

At this abrupt speech, the pastor, with his precious Burden, turned to the dusty road which he had left a moment before; but a neighbor, better disposed and knowing how to appreciate the gift of God, hastened forward and whispered to the priest:

"I beg you, father, cross my field; I should be only too delighted. Even if my harvest suffers a little, what matters it? God can bring only blessings with Him."

Thus spoke the true Christian, and the Saviour, with His suite, crossed the little plot. It was sown with beans, then in flower—its owner's sole means of support; but out of his poverty he thought himself fortunate to have something to sacrifice to God.

But the bean-stalks, pressed down for a moment, rose of themselves like waves parted by a skiff, and quickly resumed their natural place. Soon the flowers multiplied, and then gave place to numerous seed pods. The bean field yielded three times as much that year as usual; while the wheat-earns in the neighboring field, although at the same time of harvest they presented the same appearance, were found to be full of foul-smelling, black dust! All had been blighted!

What is more remarkable still, the beans produced in the field which the Lord had blessed proved to be a new variety, never seen before, and which have since been cultivated in many countries, and are known as "Beans of the Blessed Sacrament." They exhibit a tiny ostensorium in red, on a white ground. The circle which represents the Host is surrounded by rays almost invisible to the naked eye, and rested on a pedestal, which grows wider at the base. We ourselves have seen them in different places, notably in Picardy and in Artois, each of these places claiming to have been the scene of the marvel, the poetic fragrance of which has been preserved to us by

tradition.—H. B. C., in *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*.

Teaching Sparrow to Sing.

A series of interesting experiments, in which English sparrows have been taught to sing sweetly, is recorded by Dr. Conrad. The aim of the experimenter has been to determine what are the conditions under which birds learn and cling to their traditional notes.

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ON CRUTCHES.

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE SERMON BY A SECTULAR EDITOR.

At the door of a drinking saloon on a busy street the usual morbid crowd gathered, watching an unfortunate creature upon the ground. It was not a woman fortunately that the crowd was watching, but a man. He was gray-haired past fifty. In falling he had dropped his wooden crutches. Two men of kindly impulse lifted him to his feet and tried to balance his unsteady body and brain upon the crutches once more. In the crowd a cynical voice said: "Wouldn't you think a man on crutches would have sense enough not to drink?" That is the text of this editorial.

We are all on crutches and the best of us is balanced none too well. We have risen recently from barbarism and brutality. Of all human beings on earth now a great majority are still savages in every way. And those that call themselves "civilized" are far more than half animal in their nature. Lying, cheating, prize fights, mockery for the unhappy drunkard and a thousand other daily sights prove that we are only animals still. We are trying to walk as decent men. Our crutches are kindness on one hand and justice on the other. These crutches have been kindly manufactured by our brain. Whatever interferes with the brain knocks the crutches from under it.

Folly made that poor gray-haired man drink when he knew that he needed all of his mind to control those wooden crutches. Nobody knew what drove him to drink at the risk of physical disaster. How much more foolish are other men who know they need all of their mind to balance their moral crutches! Drink destroyed the balance of the man with wooden crutches and threw him to the ground. More surely will drink destroy the moral balance and throw down the mental crutches that uphold us all.

Think this out for yourself in detail. Think of the man who is remarkable for his devotion to his family and to the public welfare. Don't you know that drink makes a man indifferent to all duty? It is possible for a man on wooden crutches to drink and still keep the crutches under him. You may see occasionally, a drunken man keep his balance on crutches or a woman leg. But it is not possible for a man to be a drunkard and keep the balance that his moral crutches give him.

That remark, "Wouldn't you think a man on crutches would have sense enough not to drink?" applies to every man, and, most of all, to the most moral men. We have crutches for the mind—moral crutches—as we have wooden crutches for the body. Remember that the desperate thing about drunkenness is that it knocks the moral crutches from under us, throwing us back to the prostrate brutal animal condition of the past. Remember enough not to drink? It would have sense man, and, most of all, to the most moral men. We have crutches for the mind—moral crutches—as we have wooden crutches for the body. Remember that the desperate thing about drunkenness is that it knocks the moral crutches from under us, throwing us back to the prostrate brutal animal condition of the past. Remember enough not to drink? It would have sense man, and, most of all, to the most moral men. We have crutches for the mind—moral crutches—as we have wooden crutches for the body. 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