

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEP TO THE RIGHT

"Keep to the right, as the law directs. For such is the rule of the road; keep to the right, whoever expects securely to carry life's load."
"Keep to the right, with God and His Word, Nor wander, though folly allure; keep to the right, nor ever be turned From what's holy and faithful, and pure."
"Keep to the right, within and without With stranger and kindred and friend; keep to the right, and you need have no doubt That all will be well in the end."
"Keep to the right, in whatever you do, Nor claim but your own on the way; keep to the right, and hold on to the true, From the morn to the close of the day."

GOLDEN AGE IN A MAN'S LIFE

William Dean Howells, "The Dean of American Letters," who passed away a few months ago at the age of eighty-three, did his best work and the most of it as he neared his sixtieth year, and was wont to say that the golden age, in the lives of those who lived that long, was between the years of fifty and sixty. Writing some years ago, in Harper's Magazine, on this point he said:

"After sixty one must not take too many chances with one's self, but I should say that the golden age of man is between fifty and sixty, when one may safely take them. One has passed them from the different passions; if one has been tolerably industrious, one is tolerably prosperous; one has fairly learned one's trade or mastered one's art; age seems as far off as youth; one is not so much afraid of death as earlier; one likes joking as much as ever, and loves beauty and truth as much; family cares are well out of the way; if one has married timely, one no longer nightly walks the floor even with the youngest child; the marriage ring is then a circle half rounded in eternity. It is a blessed time; it is indeed the golden age, and no age after it is more than silver."

"The best age after it may be that between eighty and ninety, but one can not make so sure of ninety as of seventy in the procession of years, and that is where the gold turns to silver. But silver is one of the precious metals, too, and it need not have any alloy of the baser ones. I do not say how it will be in the years between ninety and a hundred. I am not yet confronted with that question. Still, all is not gold between eighty and ninety, as it is between fifty and sixty."

"In that time, if one has made one's self wanted in the world, one is still wanted; but between eighty and ninety, if one is still wanted, is one wanted as much as ever? It is a painful question, but one must not shrink it, and in trying for the answer one must not do less than one's utmost, at a time when one's utmost will cost more effort than before. It is a disadvantage of living so long; but we can not change the conditioning if we wish to live."

A dozen or more years ago a distinguished English physician, Dr. William Osler, who has since died, created a great furore by saying that the only creative work worth while done by anyone has been done by forty, and that at sixty a man might as well be chloroformed, so far as expecting any further creative usefulness from him. For making this statement he was tremendously abused and ridiculed by the press the world over, but largely because he was misquoted and therefore misunderstood. The press had it that he said every man should be chloroformed at sixty and did not concern itself with the other part of his statement. Nevertheless, a study of the lives of the great men of history would seem to prove conclusively that Dr. Osler was in the main correct in his dictum. We have in mind now only the unquestioned great men, men of the first magnitude. To pass in review a few such we might cite Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon among constructive warriors; Pitt, Hamilton and Jefferson and Bismarck among statesmen; Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, Shelley, Poe and a host of others among poets; Raphael, Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin among artists and musicians; Balzac, Dumas, Dickens and Kipling among novelists and story-tellers. All these had done their greatest constructive work by forty or before. In fact, thirty-seven has been called "the age of genius" because so many famous men—Raphael, Mozart, Byron, Burns and many others—passed away at that comparatively early age.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A FELLOW I KNOW

I know a fellow at our school And he's a good for to fool; He cares no more for class and books Than fishes do for empty hooks; His only business is to play And kill the time in any way.

I know a man lives on our street, The saddest man of all I meet; He goes his lonely-looking way, And has no heart for work or play; For when he was a boy at school, His only business was to fool.

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES

In La Manche, France, there once lived a gentleman whose great aim was to bring up his children in the fear and love of God. He had three sons, Ferdinand, Joachim and Peter. This gentleman gave each of his sons a little garden for himself, to sow what he pleased in it. Ferdinand, who loved bright colors, sowed his plot with peonies; Joachim chose sunflowers, and Peter had a preference for lilies. The father reserved a piece of ground for himself, but did not tell the boys what he had planted. Whenever they inquired, which they did several times, he answered: "Time will tell; wait till you see what will come up."

Spring, for which the boys had been looking anxiously, came at last. The little buds began to open, and the peonies, the sunflowers, and the lilies appeared in all their glory.

Each of the boys took the best possible care of his garden, and no weeds were permitted to raise their heads.

But, my young readers may ask, how was it with the father's garden? Nothing was to be seen in it but green curly leaves, amongst which appeared whitish flowers, which, to tell the truth, looked rather shabby beside their elegant neighbors.

"Ah!" said the youngsters, looking at them with contempt, "Father has surely made a mistake! What queer taste to choose such plants when there were lots of beautiful flowers to be had!"

But spring passed away, and the heat of summer began. The flowers withered and fell off one after the other, until at last there remained no thing to the three brothers but a pile of dry leaves and stalks, which they burned.

The father's turn came. One morning he went out to his garden with the boys and two day-laborers who were provided with spades. They began to dig, and behold; a crop of fine large potatoes came to light. There was such an abundance that the boys had all they could do to put them into sacks as fast as the workmen dug them up. There was a sufficiency for the whole year.

The boys were delighted with their work; but there was some remorse mixed with their pleasure. "Father," said the boys, "we were very foolish; we thought we knew better than you; and when we compared the potato blossoms with the flowers in our garden, we said to each other: 'Father has made a mistake.' Forgive us for our want of respect."

"Oh! my children," said the father, "you are forgiven; but let me caution you for the future not to be hasty in pronouncing judgment. If you judge rashly, and according to appearances, you make sad mistakes. Nearly the same thing may be found amongst men and women as amongst flowers. Those that appear the brightest and the most attractive are not always the best to associate with. Whereas there are many whose hearts are covered by a veil of modesty, and whom you might be tempted to despise if you judged only by appearances.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE NEWSBOY'S DOLLAR

A remarkable and historic 'human interest' story of a first humble note given to a great Catholic undertaking under striking circumstances is related by Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, in telling the story of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States. It is an episode of the first days of the society.

"It was on my way home that the touching little incident of the 'Newsboy's Dollar' took place. Over the story of it, as told in many an appeal, there has been thrown some good-natured doubt, all the Thomases agreeing that it was 'too good to be true'; but true it was nevertheless. This is what happened:

"I did not go back to Lapeer direct as I could have done over the Grand Trunk from Chicago, but to Detroit on the Michigan Central, intending to do some parish business there, and take a Bay City Division train on the same road to Lapeer. I missed the connection and, in a hurry to reach Lapeer, took a train to Port Huron, which had a connection going West.

"At Port Huron there was a wait. I went out on the platform, and met a newsboy who sold papers on the train, and who had been running over the Grand Trunk line past Lapeer for some time. I bought a paper from him.

"There's something in this paper about you, Father," he said. "You had a meeting in Chicago, and you were elected a high muck-a-muck in some new society there. I was glad to read that. You know, Father, I like to see the folks on our line get on well."

"I laughed, knowing that it was a report of the Church Extension meeting that he had read about.

"Didn't you notice the ending of that article?" I asked.

"Not particularly; what was it?"

"It said that I had to raise a million dollars."

"Some job."

"Sure it is. Suppose you hold over those congratulations till I get the million?"

"It was the boy's turn to laugh, which he did heartily as he went off to sell the rest of his papers. Now, the gentlemen who met in Chicago to found the Church Extension Society had forgotten one very important thing. They had given me no money with which to work. True, they began to think of that as soon as they reached home, and the cheques soon commenced to arrive, Father Van Antwerp's coming to me almost as soon as I got to Lapeer. But, quick as Father Van Antwerp had acted, he was too late to be the first donor. The newsboy got ahead of him.

"I was sitting in the car a few minutes later, reading my paper, when I heard him coming down the aisle. He was crying: 'News Journal; News Journal,' and stopping to sell a paper here and there. I did not look up; but the boy stopped beside me.

"Say, Father, he said as he leaned over, with his free hand on the back of my seat, 'Everything counts on that million, don't it?'"

"I was a bit confused, not knowing at what he was driving, but I answered: 'Of course.'

"The boy's hand dropped from the back of my seat. I felt him pressing a bit of paper into mine.

"Say, Father, he went on earnestly, 'in this business a fellow has

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often got to work Sundays. I don't do my share in the church. Here's a mite on that million." "Then he was gone. A little dazed, I heard him back of me calling: 'News Journal; News Journal.'"

"I opened my hand. It was a Canadian dollar bill that was in it. Many a time Archbishop Quigley joked me about that 'newsboy story.' He said once, at a Board Meeting in better days, that I had told it so often to get money out of others that I had come 'to actually believe it' myself. But the story is true. "I felt mightily encouraged by the gift of that dollar. It was not very much toward the million, but it seemed eloquent and brilliant with promise. The boy had read only a few paragraphs about Church Extension, yet he wanted to help. I had not even thought of his giving anything; and certainly had not arrived at the begging stage. The dollar looked like ten thousand to me—one dollar for purchasing power, but nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars worth of hope.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

"All things whatsoever you shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive." During the last week a Protestant young lady came to the rectory and related this story. From her early youth since she was three years old she had been afflicted with a malady that was pronounced by eminent physicians to be incurable. During the twenty years that she suffered this affliction she had received treatment from seventeen different specialists and had expended large sums of money in medicine, but all in vain. Her case was at length pronounced incurable. Three weeks ago she visited a Catholic Church and here prayed that she might be cured, promising to embrace the Catholic Faith if her request was granted. It was granted. She obtained a complete cure, and in fulfillment of her promise she came to the rectory a few days ago asking instructed in Catholicism preparatory to her entering the One True Fold.—Wichita (Kansas) Advance.

The great thing you have to look to is to do God's will in your present state of life. Don't trouble yourself so much about the future. Your work is to be obedient, patient, humble, and gentle to all, and to keep as much as you can in God's Presence.

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