

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AN IDEAL

I wish I were as big a man, As big a man, As bright a man, I wish I were as right a man in all this earthly show, As broad and high and long a man, As strong a man, As fine a man, As pretty near divine a man as one I used to know.

I wish I were as grave a man, As brave a man, As keen a man, As learned and serene a man, as fair to friend and foe.

I wish I owned sagaciousness And graciousness As should a man Who hopes to be as good a man as one I used to know.

I'd be a creature glorious, Victorious, A wonder man, Not just—as now—a blunder man whose ways and thoughts are slow.

If could I only be the man, One half of one degree the man, I used to think my father was, when I was ten or so.

DOING THE HARD THING FIRST If you have anything to do that you ought to do and can do, do it. Do it now. Don't put it off until tomorrow.

When you were in school did you have a special leaning towards certain subjects and hate others with all your strength?

How about your algebra? Oh, yes, you hated that. It was the hardest work you did in the course of the day to get that algebra lesson.

That's the only way, isn't it, and when you have made it a habit to tackle your most unpleasant task first, isn't it curious how you find it not half so unpleasant as you anticipated?

STICK IT OUT "What I learned at the sweeps is what made me," is the testimony of a Yale graduate to the benefit his athletic training had been to him in the life struggle that began after college days.

As I look back on my career at Yale, the four years of intercollegiate rowing stand out as the greatest thing that Yale did for me.

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effort; all the trouble of planning, struggling and striving to overcome the difficulties in front.

They are tempted like the Israelites to go back to the fleshpots of Egypt, to the place in life they ought to leave: its advantages are exaggerated because they are temporarily deprived of them and they have not vision enough to see the Promised Land; they have not courage enough to go forward into the unknown.

We all have Red Sea experiences of one sort or another. Many times in our lives we are discouraged and want to turn back. But the victory is never to those who go backward, only to those who go forward, who form the habit of going on.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS The clouds of dawn rose angry and fire-streaked over the desert.

Little Pete and Big Buck, his father, stood outside their tepee, in the Pute Indian Reservation, watching them.

"Look!" said Big Buck, pointing "the Great Spirit rides! The God of the Indian! The black cloud is his head; the burning cloud is his bright war-bonnet; and the fire-streaks are his arrows. He rides for revenge!"

"Why, father?" asked Little Pete. "Because the reservation agent has threatened Big Buck the Brave. The reservation agent has said: 'Speak no more against the white man, or I will send you far from your people to the reservation of Wabaska.' And so the Indians' God rides to revenge Big Buck."

"But the priest who visits us," protested Little Pete, "the good priest says that up in the clouds no one is angry. He says that the Blessed Virgin lives up there, and she holds always in her arms a Little Babe that she loves and always she smiles and smiles. He showed me her picture—all bright and shining."

"No!" Big Buck scowled darkly. "It is the Great Spirit, and He rides alone, for revenge!"

Big Buck stalked back to the tepee, but Little Pete sat down upon the ground, and thought, Revenge—revenge on the reservation agent!

Suddenly he jumped up, clapped his hands, and started to run. He ran till he came to a corral, on the outskirts of the reservation. When he had come, he took down the bars of the corral, and called "Wise Chief, Wise Chief!"

A shaggy brown pony galloped to meet him.

"Wise Chief," explained Little Pete, patting the pony's nose, "you and I will ride for revenge!"

He climbed on the pony's back, and they rode and rode till they came to the wooden house where the reservation agent lived. The agent was sitting on his front porch, watching his little boy play on a rocking horse.

Pete rode up to the steps. "I will sell my pony to your little boy," he said.

The agent laughed. "Want a fine steed, Freddy?" he asked the little boy, who had left the rocking horse and was admiring Wise Chief.

"Yes!" cried Freddy. "How much?" asked the agent of Pete.

"Five dollars," replied the latter. "H-mm," responded the agent. "That's \$4 too much."

"Good-bye," said Pete, and started to ride away.

"I want it! Aw-wow-wow!" screamed Freddy, making a dash for the pony and flinging his arms round its neck.

It ended in the agent buying Wise Chief—for \$5.

That night Pute Pete woke up and crept softly out of the tepee. The air was clear and starlit, and the coyotes were barking for company. Pete was not afraid. He began to walk away from the tepee; and he walked till he came to the agent's wooden house, and to the house. He hunted all round the house. He hunted all round the house. He hunted all round the house.

In a few minutes he came out by the door, leading Wise Chief by the halter.

As he rode home on the pony, the dawn clouds were rising over the desert. They glowed brightly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Pute Pete, "the Great Spirit is pleased with me!" And he grinned with pleasure at this happy thought.

He grinned again, when, later in the day, he heard loud howls from the agent's house.

"It is Freddy, crying for Wise Chief," he said to himself. "Now I will ride for more revenge!"

He climbed on the pony's back, and he rode till he came to the agent's house. The agent was sitting on his front porch, watching his little boy scream.

Pete rode up to the steps. "Your little boy's pony broke away in the night," he said. "I heard your little boy crying for him; so I hunted for many hours, and at last I found the pony, far over the hills. For \$5 I will give him back to you."

"H-mm," responded the agent. "I begin to see through this game. You keep your pony and I'll keep my \$5. You're the son of Big Buck, aren't you? I thought so; and you're in a fair way to be as troublesome as your father!"

"Good-bye," said Pete, hastily, and started to ride away.

"Aw-wow-wow-wow!" yelled Freddy, kicking his heels on the porch floor.

So the agent bought Wise Chief back—for \$2.50.

That night, again, Pute Pete crept out of the warm tepee. The road outside was dark and the coyotes barked sorrowfully as he walked to the agent's house and to the barn back of the house. He took Wise Chief, as he had taken him the night before; and again he began to lead him away.

The coyotes howled more sorrowfully than ever, which reminded Pete of the way the agent's little boy had howled that morning over the loss of Wise Chief. This reminded him that the Little Babe the Blessed Virgin held in her arms was never made sad enough to cry—the Blessed Virgin protected Him; the good priest said that she protected all children. Could she protect Freddy?

As he was wondering about these things, and trudging homeward, the night faded and the clouds of dawn rose over the desert. They were soft, white clouds, and they rolled themselves into pictures.

One of these cloud pictures looked just like the Blessed Virgin herself, in fleecy robes; and in her arms lay the Little Babe, with a beautiful shining face.

"Oh!" whispered Pete, softly. "Oh!"

He turned straight around, and dragging Wise Chief after him—Wise Chief lagged, because he wanted to go home—made for the agent's barn. When he had the pony tied in the stall, and just as he was locking the door from the inside, he heard footsteps close at hand and a loud voice.

"What's going on here?" shouted the voice.

The barn door flew open wide, and there stood the reservation agent.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the agent. "Big Buck's son! Today you, and Big Buck, and Big Buck's mahali, and all Big Buck's papooses will take the long trail to Wabaska! Go home, scamp, and tell your father that from me!"

"But I—I—have brought the pony back!" pleaded Pete. "I came out of my tepee in the night to steal him away; but when I got out on the road with him I saw the Blessed Virgin—she stood in the clouds and she had the Little Babe in her arms. The Blessed Virgin is good to little children. Then I ran fast to bring the pony back to your little boy, so he wouldn't cry."

"Well!" exclaimed the agent, taking hold of Pete's chin and tipping back his face so that he could look into his eyes. "Well, well! Of all the strange turns! I think—I think I will give your father another chance. Go home and tell your father that from me!"

Pute Pete flew home as fast as he could; and outside the tepee he found Big Buck waiting for him. Big Buck sat watching the dawn clouds fading. Only one cloud was left—one soft and shining cloud.

"The Great Spirit does not ride today!" muttered Big Buck, looking puzzled.

"No!" cried Pete. "No! The Great Spirit has gone, and the Blessed Virgin stands there instead. See her, so soft and bright and smiling!"

Then Pute Pete told Big Buck all about Wise Chief, and the reservation agent, and Freddy, and what the Blessed Virgin had done, and what the reservation agent had said.

"Hah!" grunted Big Buck, staring very hard at the shining cloud. "Maybe the Blessed Virgin's way is better. When the priest comes again to the reservation I will ask him."—Zychariat Mayheir in Rosary Magazine.

TEMPERANCE DRUNKENNESS A GRADUAL HABIT

The habit of drunkenness, like all other habits, is acquired gradually. No one actually intends becoming a drunkard: every one pretends to drink moderately. But constant moderation in drinking is exceedingly difficult, for it requires constant restraint, or self-denial; and this is an impossibility for many, who find it much easier to renounce liquor altogether than to deny themselves any further drink, when they have already enough. Few, indeed, have the courage, the firmness to stop at the proper moment.

Many begin their career of drunkenness under the plea of necessity. "I must take a drink," they say, "because the weather is cold and damp, and I need to keep warm; because the weather is hot, and I feel very thirsty; and it is not good for me to drink so much cold water; because my work is very hard on me, or I feel weak and need something strengthening; because there is no danger for me, for I know when to stop!" Perhaps you do. But the question is: Will you always stop when you know it is time for you to stop? The man who knows when to stop, enters a saloon to get a drink. There he meets some friends, other workmen. These all treat one another in turn, and drink to one another's health. Our moderate drinker who knows when to stop, on their invitation, joins them, for he does not wish to be upbraided with singularity, meanness, scrupulosity or the fear of his wife. He drinks and drinks to his own and everybody else's health, until he has lost the use of his reason!

AN INCONTROVERTIBLE ARGUMENT Catholic people often speak of the total abstinence pledge as a great sacrifice of pleasure, a sacrifice of pleasure, as the giving up of

something which entails a great deal of self-denial. Now it may be correct for them to regard the taking of a pledge to abstain from intoxicants in this way, or it may not, and either answer must furnish an incontrovertible argument in favor of taking the pledge.

If it is true that the taking of the total abstinence pledge makes such a man's life as to call forth an act of heroic self-denial, then it only goes to prove that a dangerous hold liquor has upon that person. When liberty then it only goes to demonstrate the use that person has been making of his "personal liberty."

If to refrain from the use of the intoxicating cup entails such self-denial has become necessary in the interests of self-preservation. In fact the harder it is for one to keep the pledge the more that person should be convinced of his necessity of taking the pledge. And if the taking and keeping of the pledge requires no effort or sacrifice, if it calls for no radical change in one's life, then that person should realize the obligation which rests upon him to set a good example by identifying himself with the temperance workers, by giving companionship to those who are less fortunate, to encourage and strengthen the individual, and to give the cause of Catholic sobriety his most emphatic "imprimatur."

A good deal is being written now-a-days in regard to men meeting with accidents in factories and mines while under the influence of strong drink, or while not fully recovered from the effects of a debauch. The truth had a striking example of the truth of these statements one Monday morning lately. When calling at a house on business he enquired how a certain man who boarded there was getting along and if he was likely to have a job for all winter at the place where he was then working. The lady of the house said she had no doubt that the man would have a position for the winter if he only kept sober. He had been warned to keep sober. He had discovered that morning that he had been drinking in his room during the night. The words were scarcely spoken when the subject of our discussion rushed in with blood streaming from his hand from which hung three mangled fingers. The man did not deny the fact when she told him that if he had not been drinking the accident would have been avoided.

The papers gave an account of the lamentable accident but as usual said nothing about the real cause.

People do not know one-tenth of the harm which is caused by drink, if they did there would surely be a more spontaneous effort to annihilate the custom and the traffic.—Casket.

DENYING CHRIST We have not read George Moore's blasphemous book, "The Brook Kerith"; we do not intend to read it; indeed, it would be sinful for a Catholic to listen to the blasphemies which, judging from the reviews of it, it contains. It is enough to know that it is a book which should be avoided quite as carefully as the rationalistic studies of Strauss and Renan. And there is plenty of good literature to read without wasting one's time and exposing one's faith to danger in reading bad books. It is enough for us that George Moore has set himself the task of undermining Christianity, of proving that Christ was not God, that Christ did not die on the Cross but was taken down from it in a swoon and revived in the tomb by which Joseph of Arimathea brought Him.

We do not argue with George Moore. He has always been a law unto himself. And it makes little difference to the world whether he denies Christ or not. We do not have to read him, and the fact is that very few do read him. But it is a very different matter when reviewers stand sponsor for his blasphemies.

One reviewer in the Transcript goes into ecstasies over the book. "He has sought the Bible," says the reviewer of Moore, "he has sought all the legends and historical tales of the time of Christ that are none the less believable because they lack its canonical authority." And again: "Mr. Moore is a great imaginative artist. Even when he is dealing with stark realism, he does not fail to throw a gleam of fantasy around his scenes and characters; here in 'The Brook Kerith' which in its conception and working out touches the furthest imaginative reaches, he almost convinces us of the truth of what he is writing.

"None of us, no matter what our prejudices, can say, unless we are convinced that there is no law but the law of miracles, that the events narrated in this story could not have happened. In many respects they are even more plausible than the accepted story." In other words George Moore has as much right to write a gospel as any of the Evangelists!

It is one of the signs of the times in religion outside the Catholic Church. Christianity has been played with fast and loose. The bluff is put forth of absolute devotion to the Word of God. The Bible is everything. And then the avowed defenders of it proceed to interpret it, to emasculate it, to tear it into shreds, to make it agree with what they think it ought to say.

George Moore has but put their thoughts into a novel. He thinks Christ was a good man. Wonderful concession! As if Christianity were

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nothing less than loyalty to the memory of a man who confesses that he had deceived himself. Call it rationalism or Unitarianism or what you will there is still that anti-Christian spirit that hides itself under the profession of Christianity. No man that rejects the Divinity of Christ is a Christian. It is the height of presumption to pretend anything else. And how true that is is evidenced by the fact that the Transcript can allow several columns to a glorification of a book in which Christ is made to confess that much of what He said on the Cross in the most solemn moments the world has ever seen seemed to Him "evil and blasphemous."—Boston Pilot.

WHAT THE GRACE OF GOD CAN DO

"I would rather follow a friend to the grave than hear he had taken such a step." These words were once uttered by a celebrated man commenting on the conversion to Catholicism of someone he knew. "Could any statement be more emphatic in its expression of hostility to the Church?" asks the Sacred Heart Review.

"Yet, a few years later, the man who made it became a Catholic himself; and he was, before his death, the leading churchman in England; for it was none other than Cardinal Manning that had once been so firm in the belief that the Catholic Church was to be avoided. Time and the grace of God wrought a change in this great man, and he was received into the Church, April 6, 1851, 'with the fullest conviction of reason and of conscience,' as he wrote to Robert Wilberforce, that the Catholic Church was 'the one true fold and Church of God on earth.' The history of conversions is full of such instances."

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life but needs it and may learn.

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