

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOOD CHEER

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.
 'Twas not given for you alone— Pass it on.
 Let it travel down the years,
 Let it wipe another's tears,
 Till in heaven the deed appears;
 Pass it on.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

There are many bughorns which men dread to encounter in everyday life. There is possible ill-health, loss of money, the ill outcome of some cherished enterprise, the death of a loved one, the uncertainty attendant on the most noble undertakings. . . . these, and many more. Men fear nothing so much as failure. Nothing is so disappointing as failure—except success.

The statement would seem to be a paradox at first sight. But introspection and experience alike teach that if success is dear to the heart of man and delights him as nothing else can do, it is usually futile to bring the attendant peace of mind which it would seem to foretell.

It is a very small world in which to do wrong, though, if a man do a little good in his lifetime, it is soon mislaid and trodden under the feet of the newcomers.

It is a very small world in which to flaunt success in any ambition or enterprise, and the attendant good which comes of it is soon swallowed up in the misery of trying to hold on to it and in evading the shafts of criticism, of envy and of illwill, which are directed toward it from all sides.

The spirited enterprise of men who bear honored names in history illustrate the truth of this axiom. To all, perhaps without exception, came one day the stern realization that success is dearly bought. For sometimes its attainment meant that the best years of life were spent in the tremendous effort of striving. If the motive were pure and the object worthy, there was some consolation in the knowledge of a clear conscience. But if, as usually happened, there was more or less dross mixed with the gold, the gain was in no degree proportionate to the loss.

One of the greatest generals the world has ever known experienced in striking manner the futility of success and the bitterness of failure after a long series of marvelous accomplishments seemingly beyond the power of mortal man to attain.

All the force of his genius had been directed toward the conquest of a virgin city toward which his ragged half starved army moved with restless discontent seething in their hearts. Their mighty leader, in his ambition, had remembered all things in their proper time and place—all save the fact that his gigantic army was made up of men and not machines. He forgot or cared not that, in the approaching frosts of a Northern winter in Russia, the sheer clothing of summer days was insufficient to warm the limbs or to sustain the enthusiasm of tired and discontented souls. Swelled up by the magnitude of his successes, he recked little of these things, deeming all men proud to obey his military code.

Soon after daylight on the appointed day the army moved toward the city. "The suburbs were deserted. The houses stood with closed shutters and locked doors. Not so much as a dog awaited the triumphant entry through the city gates. Long streets without a living human being from end to end met the eyes of those daring organizers of triumphal entries who had been sent forward to clear a path and range the respectful citizens on either hand. But there were no citizens. There was not a single witness to this triumph of the greatest army the world has seen, led across Europe by the first Captain in all history, to conquer a virgin Capital."

In the midst of the streets shrouded in silence, a man passed on his way to waiting carriage. He was short and stout and squarely built, with head set closely on the shoulders. As he was about to step into the carriage, he turned to survey a rose-red sky above the burning city which lay to the east of him. In his proud eyes there flashed a sudden gleam of triumphal power.

"It was Napoleon at the summit of his dream," looking down the far horizon where the decline begins on the other side toward the deep abyss.
 At the zenith of men's dreams, when success has smiled on their pathway, there comes at times the dim ghost of an undefined fear. Fear of what? One cannot tell. But it may be fear of the awful price which must be paid for success and achievement. The triumph which they had so eagerly awaited—and which they expected was to be so sweet—what has it become?

Strangely enough, there is often something lacking to the happiness which comes after success. There are those, perchance, with whom we had planned to share it. They are no longer within reach of a handclasp or the glimmer of glad sympathy in the eye. There are those whom we thought to dazzle by this achievement. They are near at hand, but, strangely enough, they do not appear to be excited

about us. Our accomplishment is but an atom in the midst of a stupendous accumulation of accomplishments. Today the street rings with the echo of it. Tomorrow it is forgotten, and it is somebody else's turn.

Truly, "all men look at the world from their own standpoint and consider mankind in the light of their own interests."

Nothing is so disappointing as failure—except success. There are many who toiled a lifetime to give joy and security to a loved one. And scarcely had that coveted end been attained when lo! men find themselves alone in their dreaming. Death has outstripped proud and lofty ambition and now mocks at the vain fulfillment of the dream.

"Strong is fate to make, to mar, to end," says the old adage.
 No one would hesitate to decide which man was the happier, the great Captain at whose slightest word men trembled and whose successes in battle were only comparable to those of the great conquerors of old—or the poor soldier of the Old Guard to whom Napoleon was little less than an indomitable spirit and who offered his life gladly for the success which he never lived to ascertain.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"HE NEVER FORGETS"

Do you think because your heart aches
 With a bitter, cruel pain,
 And your life's sweet happy sunshine
 Is shadowed by storm and rain,
 And the music is hushed and silenced
 Till you hear but the undertone,
 That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?
 He never forgets His own.

Do you think that because the sorrow
 All human hearts must know,
 Has come to you or the darling
 You loved and cherished so,
 And things you want have vanished,
 The things you would call your own,
 That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?
 He never forgets His own.

And we're all His own dear children,
 And He holds us all as dear
 As you do your own dear wee one
 Who creeps to your heart so near;
 And if we will only listen
 We can hear His tender tone:
 "Oh, rest in peace, My children;
 I never forget My own."
 —Irish Messenger

MANNERS IN SOCIETY

When a request is made, no matter how slight, it should be given in the form of a request and not of a command. Such expressions as "Please" and "Will you be so kind?" should be very frequently used. When a request has been complied with, "Thank you" should never be forgotten.

Gentlemen should not remain seated when there are ladies or older people in the room. No young people should remain seated when by doing so they oblige older people to stand. Young people should not occupy the easiest chairs nor the most comfortable places in the room when older people are present.

Whispering in company is ill-mannered. Laughing at something not understood by the whole company, or at least by all who would notice the laughing, is very impolite. Exchanging glances or meaning smiles is rude. Boisterous laughter is always rude.—The Tablet.

A TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE

It happened one day in a town of Holland, that a knife-grinder went to the police and declared that a certain ragspicer had stolen his dog. The authorities gave the matter due attention, and learned that the ragspicer in question really had a dog, though he refused to tell how he had acquired possession of him. The case finally came to trial, and the judge, after hearing a statement of facts, said: "Let the dog himself decide the matter. He certainly will know his master."

A long table was arranged, the two claimants sitting at opposite ends, and halfway between them the bailiff, holding the dog by a stout cord. The judge clapped his hands, and the men began to whistle and call, and the bailiff let go the rope. The animal gave one look about the court-room, gazed into the faces of both knife-grinder and ragspicer, then jumped over the table and scampered out of the door as fast as he could. There was great consternation. "Search for him," said the judge, who was now greatly interested in the matter. So a hunt was made, and the dog was found lying peacefully upon a hearth-rug in the house of a gentleman, from whom the knife-grinder, the original thief, had stolen him months before. The ragspicer, of course, had robbed the knife-grinder.

Thus it sometimes happens that those who accuse others of wrongdoing are guilty themselves.—The Ave Maria.

ASK FOR BLESSINGS DURING MASS

The good thief asked for a remembrance on the first Good Friday, and he obtained paradise on the day of his death. During Mass our prayers will be as efficacious as that offered by the good thief,

because, says a spiritual writer, the Mass is the renewal of the sacrifice of calvary.

It is during the Sacrifice of the Mass that graces are gained for all necessities of soul and body. This is the time to pray very much for the welfare of the Church and the spread of the faith, as well as for the conversion of sinners and for the relief of the poor souls in purgatory.

After we have received Holy Communion, or while our Lord is in our souls, we can then ask Jesus for everything, and He will refuse us nothing. During the few minutes after Holy Communion we ought to take advantage of our Lord's presence in our souls to ask for many things, and above all, ask for great graces, so that we may become saints and thereby please the Sacred Heart.

Other times of special efficacy of prayer are our conversations with Jesus before the tabernacle. We can always pray better, and with more fruit, in the presence of Jesus than at any other time. If we want to know how we stand before God, and if we want a guarantee of our progress in holiness, we have merely to ask ourselves. "Do I understand, the necessity of prayers, and do I repeat ejaculatory prayers frequently?" Our progress in prayer will be the measure of our progress in holiness.—The Universe.

CONFESSION

(By Cardinal Newman)

How many are the souls in distress, anxiety or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world! Tell them out they must. They cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to hear them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and can sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is One who thinks of them, and One to whom in thought they can recur, to Whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world.

How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance or of a grant of pardon and the conveyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such is it ever found in fact—the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing.

Oh, what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh, what piercing, heart-subduing tranquillity upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! That is confession as it is in fact.

WHITE CANONS AGAIN IN IRELAND

Dublin, Ireland.—After a lapse of three hundred years, the White Canons, also known as Norbertines, have again secured a foundation in Ireland.
 In 1120, St. Norbert founded the Order of Premonstratensians or White Canons, and in 1125 their first Scottish monastery was established. Between 1143 and 1185, six English houses were created and in 1180 the White Canons opened their first house in Ireland at Carrickfergus, in the diocese of Connor. Ultimately they established eleven other abbeys in Ireland. In the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, these Abbeys were dissolved.
 The new Priory, opened on the feast of the founder of the Order, St. Norbert, is in Cavan County.



Answers for last week: Miracle of the Multiplication of the loaves suggesting the Holy Eucharist. Saint James the Apostle and Saint Anne.



This picture represents last Sunday's Gospel about the good and evil trees. At the beginning our Lord says something about sheep and wolves. See the big black wolf in the picture?

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