

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONE POEM WRITTEN BY FIFTY-TWO POETS

Some time ago an American was travelling in Australia, when he came to a sheep-herder's deserted shanty. In some old papers in the shanty he found a poem which proved to be a literary curiosity. The poem is composed of fifty-two lines and each line is from a different author.

Here is the poem and the author from whose work each line was taken:

What strange infatuation rules mankind. (Chatterton)
What different spheres to human bliss assigned. (Rogers)
To loftier things your finer pulses burn. (C. Sprague)
If man would but a finer nature learn. (R. H. Dana)
What several ways men to their calling have. (B. Johnson)
And grasp at life though sinking to the grave. (Falconer)
Ask what is human life? The sage replies. (Cowper)
Wealth, pomp and honour are but empty toys. (Pergson)
We trudge, we travel but from pain to pain. (Quarles)
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main. (Burns)
We only toil who are the first of things. (Tennyson)
From labor health, from health contentment springs. (Beattie)
Fame runs before us like the morning star. (Dryden)
How little do we know that which we are! (Byron)
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast. (Pomfret)
Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost. (Waller)
For over all things hangs a cloud of fear. (Hood)
All is but change and separation here. (Steele)
To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way. (Dwight)
Sum up at night what thou hast done by day. (Herbert)
Be rich in patience if thou in guinea be poor. (Dunbar)
So many men do stoop to sight unsure. (C. Whitney)
Choose out the man to virtue most inclined. (Rowe)
Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind. (Langhorne)
Defer not till tomorrow to be wise— (Congreve)
Wealth, heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys. (Dr. Johnson)
Remembrance worketh with her busy brain. (Goldsmith)
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again. (Drayton)
On high estates huge heaps of care attend. (Webster)
No joy so great but runneth to an end. (Southwell)
No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear. (Thomson)
Who cast off fear should likewise cast off fear. (Knowlton)
Grief haunts us down the precipice of years. (W. S. Landon)
Virtue alone no dissolution fears. (E. Moore)
Time loosely spent will not again be won. (R. Greene)
What shall I do to be forever known? (Cowley)
But now the wane of life comes darkly on. (Joanna Baillie)
After a thousand mazes overgone. (Keats)
In this brief state of trouble and unrest. (B. Barton)
Man never is but always to be blest. (Pope)
Time is the present hour, the past is fled. (Marsden)
O! thou futurity, our hope and dread. (Elliot)
How fading are the joys we dote upon! (Blair)
Oh! while I speak the present moment's gone. (Akenside)
Lo; though eternal arbiters of things. (Oliphant)
How awful is the hour when conscience stings. (J. G. Percival)
Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast— (J. A. Hillhouse)
The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest. (Mallet)
This, above all, to thine own self be true. (Shakespeare)
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so, too. (Sir J. Denham)
To those that list, the world's gay scenes I leave. (Spenser)
Some ill we wish for when we wish to live. (Young)

SMILE

Everybody in this world has a cross of some kind or other. It may be one thing unseen in the silence of the heart's profoundest depths; or it may be one that is painfully visible to all. To some God gives but one great loss to bear; on others He showers what seems like a multitude of smaller ones.

But, great or small, or one or many, the cross is there, and must be carried. Some bearers wrestle with their crosses with the sharp thorns of repining and discontent; others with the soft blossoms of patience and hope. It is largely a matter of choice, resting with the bearers; but it is the revelation of our experience that he finds his cross lightest who has learned—bitter though the lesson is—to smile with others at his own miseries.

FORGET THE PAST

The constant looking backward to what might have been, instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self-consciousness. This worry for the old past, this wasted energy, for that which no power on earth can restore, ever lessens a

man's faith in himself, weakens his efforts to develop himself for the future to the perfection of his possibilities.

Do in the best way you can the work that is under your hand at the moment; do it with a good intention; do it with the best preparation your thoughts suggest; bring all the light of knowledge to aid you. Do this and you have done your best. The past is forever closed. No worry, no struggle, no suffering, nor agony of despair can change it. It is as much beyond your power as if it were a million years behind you. Turn all that past, with its hours, its weakness and sin, its wasted opportunities and graces, as so many lights in hope and confidence upon the future. The present, and the future are yours; the past has gone back with all its messages, its history, its records, to the God who loaned you the golden moments to use in obedience to His law.—The Tablet.

WHY HE FAILED AS A LEADER

His mind was not trained to grasp great subjects, to generalize, to make combinations.

He was not self-reliant, did not depend upon his own judgment; leaned upon others; and was always seeking other people's opinion and advice.

He lacked courage, energy, boldness.

He was not resourceful or inventive.

He could not multiply himself in others.

He did not carry the air of a conqueror.

He did not radiate the power of a leader. There was no power back of his eye to make men obey him.

He could not handle men.

He antagonized people.

He did not believe in himself.

He tried to substitute "gall" for ability.

He did not know men.

He could not use other people's brains.

He could not project himself into his lieutenants; he wanted to do everything himself.

He did not inspire confidence in others because his faith in himself was not strong enough.

He communicated his doubts and his fears to others.

He could not cover up his weak points.

He did not know that to reveal his weakness was fatal to the confidence of others.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER AND CHILD

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand,
And guide where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—

The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

We'll walk in a sweet-rosie garden out there.

Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air.

With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,

No questions or cares to perplex you.

There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,

No patching of stockings to vex you.

For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,

And sing you asleep when you're weary.

And none shall know of our beautiful dream.

But you and your own little dainties.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head

In the room that's soothed me so often.

And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead.

A song which our dreaming shall soften.

So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,

And away through the starlight we'll wander—

Away through the mist to the beautiful land—

The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

—EUGENE FIELD

DON'T BE A SHIRK

Boys, never let your mother carry coal, beat rugs, or go to the store when she is tired, if you can do the work for her. Show your appreciation of her by drying the dishes in the evening, so that she may get an opportunity to rest.

Girls, you can at least make the beds, straighten the living room, and in the evening wash the dishes even if you are attending school. On Saturday and Sunday you have your opportunity to learn to cook and clean and to give your mother a little play time.

Sometimes your mother wants to be so very kind to you that she tells you you need not help. The next time she does it remember your manners and fall to work. Outsiders judge you largely by the way you treat your mother.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE "DON'T CARE" ATTITUDE

The "Don't Care" attitude is an offense that can not be overlooked. People who are sorry can be forgiven almost anything, but it is hard to excuse even a slight slip in those who are indifferent.

Some young folks on being discovered in wrong doing, seem to feel that they improve matters by declaring that they don't care. As a matter of fact, this makes a trifling offense inexcusable. In these days of crowded street cars, we are bound to be jarred and jostled, but the quick apology minimizes the offense. But when in a street car the other day, a young boy stepped on the feet of an older man, and then said gruffly, "If your feet were where they belong they wouldn't be stepped on," he made a slight accident almost beyond pardon.

If you have done a little thing that has made trouble for another, do not be afraid to show your regret. Often it is not the original offense that rankles so much as the fact that the offender does not care.—F. H. S.

HABIT OF INTERRUPTING

Can we not learn a little more self-restraint when others are talking, so that we may cure what is really a national habit; that of interrupting? Watch any group and see how rare is a good listener; how rare is that supreme of all courtesies—to let another talk without interrupting.

Most of us are utterly unconscious of the manner in which we refuse to allow another to talk and to finish what is being said without interruption. And yet there is not a more beautiful form of courtesy than which permits another to speak and finish before we begin.

And by the same token there is nothing more inconsiderate, more distinctly rude, than to break another's talk and take from another the opportunity which is his or hers.

Next to what we wear, we show our inmost selves more truly by our behavior in conversation, than in any other contact in life. It is the man or woman of fine instinct, of a regard of the nicety of an occasion, who permits another to finish what he has started to say, who exercises that self-control that stamps the person of gentle birth and does not interrupt.

GOOD BEGINNINGS

For the benefit of any boy who finds himself believing a beginning counts for little, let me tell him a little story, says Uncle Ned to his boy readers in The Leader recently. Some workmen were lately building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. In laying a corner, one brick, either by accident or carelessness, was set a very little bit out of line. The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher it went the more insecure it became. One day when the tower had been carried up about 50 feet, there was a tremendous crash! The building had fallen! All the men were buried in the ruins, and all the previous time and labor were lost, the materials wasted, and what was still worse, valuable lives were sacrificed, and, think of it boys, yet so strong! But were they not active members of that ancient and world-wide tyranny, the "Romish Church?" Such were the thoughts passing through my boyish brain. But there were to be many years of bitter doubts and anxious questionings before I turned my footsteps to a place where all roads lead at last.

The brown-robed monks, too, were very interesting to me. I almost loved them; they were so gentle, patient, and yet so strong! But were they not active members of that ancient and world-wide tyranny, the "Romish Church?" Such were the thoughts passing through my boyish brain. But there were to be many years of bitter doubts and anxious questionings before I turned my footsteps to a place where all roads lead at last.

Start in now—do not say: "I shall make a good beginning next week." Do it now! Do not be like the man who decided to write a great poem—and indeed he had the capacity and genius to do it; but he spent his whole life in gathering material for the poem. When friends were wont to say to him, "Why don't you begin?" You are getting on in life, and after awhile you will be too old to write the poem." And he would keep saying, "Tomorrow I will begin." One morning the papers announced his death, his work all undone; he lay dead amid the magnificent materials he had with which to begin the poem—but his tomorrow never came.

HOW I FOUND THE TRUE CHURCH

By William E. Kerish, in Catholic Times and Opinion.

People have often asked me to tell what led me to embrace the Catholic Faith. I answer the question by saying that it was the Will of God. It is the promise of Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest of all teachers, that they who ask shall receive, and to those who knock it shall be opened. Christ's words are not in vain; they are creative, productive and eternal. To some, as Saul of Tarsus, the Faith comes like a shaft of flame from Heaven cleansing and illuminating, while to others, as to John Henry Newman, it appears as a kindly light after long weary travel amid the encircling gloom. But in every case we must see the Hand of God.

For myself, I say without hesitation that my entrance into the Catholic Church stands out as the most important event in my life. Born in the heart of historic old London on June 23, 1894, I was brought up as a positive Protestant. My people were Protestants who had been active as preachers, Sunday school teachers, "Bible workers" and the like for generations. From my very earliest years I was taken regularly to chapel, as well as, at intervals, to "Gospel Missions" and "Revivals." I always envied the preacher, and silently hoped that one day I would stir the multitude from the pulpit as he did.

Among my early recollections is that of crouching as a small boy beneath a table upon which Gypsy Smith thundered above. Pointing in my direction, the orator said: "Maybe here we have children who, in manhood, will bring the good news to the people when we are dead and gone." I am thankful that his words have, in a measure, come true, and twice thankful that it is the real good news Christ wished the world to have, for I never stood upon the public platform or put pen to paper to speak to my fellow-men until after my entrance into the One True Church of God.

My childhood and early youth were spent in the home of an aunt whom God will reward for her Christian charity and self-sacrifice. This good woman looked forward to my "conversion" as soon as I should attain the age of reason. She told me on one occasion that she often prayed that she would live to see me "saved." I never, however, went through the process known as "conviction of sin" and "conversion."

Like thousands and thousands of other sufferers, Mr. Albert Varner of Buckingham, P.Q., tried many remedies and went to doctors and specialists; but nothing did him any good.

Finally a friend advised him to try "Fruit-a-lives"—now he is well. As he says in a letter:

"Seven years, I suffered terribly from Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas, bitter stuff would come up in my mouth, often vomiting, and was terribly constipated. I took Fruit-a-lives and this grand fruit medicine made me well."

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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Of course the religion of my fathers had long since ceased to have any intellectual weight with me. The emptiness of human creeds, the glaring uncertainty of human opinions, however expert, and the endless disputes of the most learned professors of the sects, sickened my soul. "Is there no place," I asked, "where unchanging Truth, logic and reason may be found? The birds have nests, the beasts lairs, but man, the king of creation, has no place where his spirit may find peace?"

Of what value are all the boasted achievements in art and science and literature, if man's mind is to be torn upon a roaring sea of doubt, "barren to fishermen, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner?"

Where are those still waters and green pastures which the old Bible writer said the Creator had provided for the creature? I had searched long and earnestly in the chapel, the "Missions," the "Brotherhoods" outside the Catholic Church and had failed utterly to find the peace which the world cannot give.

A SURPRISE AND A PUZZLE

Reading one day in a book on Theosophy that Roman Catholic Christianity was the real Christianity, I was both surprised and puzzled. I would know the reason for such a statement from an author whom I held at that time to be a most profound mind. I therefore got books on Transubstantiation, which deeply moved and interested me. Here was "Divine Wisdom" indeed; and that not for the select few, not for the "inner circle," but for all God's creatures, of every class, race and generation.

I found a pleasure in reading more about the ancient Church. I got other books. "The Faith of our Fathers," from the pen of the late Cardinal Gibbons, later came into my hands. Even as I read, the light of faith grew within me. The books were noble and dignified, and their treatment of the various subjects worthy of a great, a sacred and Divine cause.

About this time the Paulist Fathers preached a mission in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Canada. I did not attend the mission, but I read with care the invitation card sent to the house. "Come," it read, "you will find in the Catholic Church the Truth you seek—you will find her to be the great upholder of the Truth of God and the rights of man, for she is a Divine Teacher commissioned to lead the nations into all Truth." What a stupendous claim! I would know if that claim was true.

About this time the world heard of the death of Pope Pius X.—dead of a broken heart. Non-Catholic though I was, tears almost came to my eyes when I thought of him, and it seemed in some mysterious way as though I had lost something, and I shared, in the secrecy of my heart, with the mourning of the Catholic world at the death of the saintly man who had graced the Apostolic throne—dead, because, like his Divine Master, he had loved men so much.

Shortly after this, one Sunday evening I called at the rectory of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Hamilton, Ontario, and told the Rev. J. J. Flahaven, who received me, that I desired to become a member of the Catholic Church.

INSTRUCTION AND RECEPTION

Charity and patience in the truest sense were shown me by this zealous young priest, and he personally arranged to give me a course of instructions. I had already attended Benediction services in the Catholic Church, but I was now required to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, "as a sign of good faith," as the priest put it.

A few weeks later, on December 7th, 1914, I knelt before the altar my fathers had condemned, and renouncing all heresy, received upon my brow the healing unction of Holy

At the age of seventeen years I divorced the works of the Socialist writers then popular. Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" quickly swung me to the belief that "class conscious revolutionary socialism" was the one thing needed and the only hope of the poor and the oppressed. So I became, not only "class conscious," but a regular reader of Justice and The New World, and believed such as Ferrer, the anarchist, to be the noblest of men, "who has no fear of priest or king in dark and dreary days," as the Socialist writer proclaimed.

The never-to-be-forgotten year 1914 found me in Canada, alone upon the sea of life without that most needful asset to youth as well as to age, a strong, deep, and well-defined religious belief. "The Bible and Bible only" may have been a powerful religious ideal to my Baptist grandfather, but it meant nothing to me, a youth swayed by the strong currents of new life in a strange land.

The same year witnessed the staggering spectacle of Europe called to arms, and as the flame spread until it was felt, in the long list of dead and wounded, to the orchard lands of Ontario, I felt the need for facts on the great questions of life, death and eternity. I would make a last effort to find Truth, if Truth was in the world. Socialism I had seen to be false and illogical, that was a painful discovery. I have even

SEVEN YEARS OF TORTURE

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The Marvellous Fruit Medicine

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SULLIVAN'S REMEDY FOR FITS

PRICE \$2.00 BOTTLE

T. C. SULLIVAN, CHATHAM, ONT.

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

My friends gathered around me; they were interested now in my religious affairs. "We have heard that you have joined the Catholic Church," they said; "we cannot believe it unless you tell us with your own lips." "I doubt very much if you will be a Catholic in a couple of years from now," said the then President of the Ministerial Association.

That is nine years ago—and I have never had a moment's doubt that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ—and that Christ is with His Church. A World War has shaken the very foundations of civilization since then, and dynasties have fallen in a night, and the proud of many lands have been humbled; but the Old Church has weathered the storm again. Human language fails in an attempt to describe the gratitude, the peace, with security, which come to one who at last comes home to Rome, and kneels first as a penitent and then as a worshipper at the ancient altar, where the noblest sons of every age and nation have knelt and believed. One can only repeat, gazing in adoration upon the Sacred Host, with tears of joy and love, the words of St. Thomas at the feet of the Master: "My Lord and my God."

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