

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OPPORTUNITIES THAT WAIT

In many lines of business there are young men and men of middle age, of excellent business ability, of good initiative, industrious and ambitious, yet they may be settled under conditions of environment which preclude their making of themselves and for themselves that which they could make were limitations removed or if they themselves were so situated so that opportunity for development would be practically unlimited.

Undoubtedly a large number of this class, who are working along the best years of their life under restricted conditions, could, if they reached out into larger fields with an expanding horizon, make for themselves men of larger influence, and larger accomplishments. They could secure greater prosperity than there is any possible hope for them to secure if they remain content under limitations that from the very nature of the business that they are in, cannot be removed.

There are scores of young men and men in middle life who have pinched themselves awake to the fact that there is something better for them, in rising above the channel in which they are running, to go out with the tide to larger fields.

In the foothills of the Catskill mountains in New York, a traveler through that scenic country turns a point in the hills, and comes upon a most beautiful stone church—and with it a beautiful parsonage building and well laid out grounds. In astonishment he looks upon this beautiful building in a comparative wilderness with only scattered farm houses making up the neighborhood and he wonders why it is there; an inquiry he finds that a daughter of Jay Gould built that church in the wilderness as a memorial to her father who, in his early days, sold maps from house to house through that section. Jay Gould had aspiration for larger things than map selling and for a larger field than the local surroundings where he then lived, and he went to New York and became a master hand in the world of finance and the world of transportation.

Those possessing this spirit, who are not content with narrow limitations, can, if they possess the right energy and ambition, always make for themselves a larger place in the world. And how many there may be doing good work though they are, in a limited way, in limited fields, who could easily rise to larger fields if they would but seriously think of the limited future before

them in their present environment and take not the chance, but the real opportunity to develop their energies in a greater way in broader fields of endeavor.

But as a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, a young man should not give up a good position until he is reasonably sure of a better one. He should first get ready for a larger field or other employment, by study, by practice, by saving up some capital, by the exercise of his talents as a salesman, a buyer, a manager, etc. Let him prepare himself for the better place. Then let him seek it.—Catholic Columbian.

DEFENDED HIS FAITH

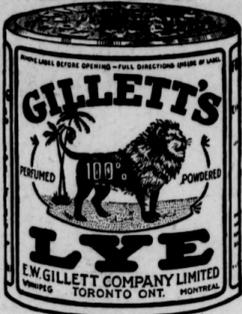
We have all heard of Catholic young men who, in the presence of non-Catholics, fail to defend their Faith. An incident in the life of Cardinal Howard of England should teach such weak ones a lesson.

In early life Cardinal Howard was in the army, and one day some of the officers picked up a scapular somewhere about the barracks and brought it to the mess table, where it was ridiculed and treated with disrespect. At last one of them hung it to the gasps over the table. Lieutenant Howard came in rather late. He was immediately assailed with shouts of "Oh, Howard, here's something in your line! Isn't this thing popish?" As soon as Howard saw what it was, he walked straight to the middle of the room, and before them all said in a loud, clear voice: "Yes, it is something belonging to my religion; it is something I reverence and esteem, and for which I would be ready to draw my sword, if necessary, to defend it." So saying he drew his sword, and with the point of it took down the scapular from the gasps, kissed it, and reverently pinned it to his breast. No one said a word after that, but all present honored him the more for his disregard of human opinion.—Truth.

YOUR OLD MOTHER

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweeter and more beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed away many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest in the world. The eyes are dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison where bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues till

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



you must forget that your soul is disgraced by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—Intermountain Catholic

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE

Reminiscences, for some, hold only events pleasant and merry, while for others they bear memories tender and sacred, and that of which I am about to tell you, dear readers, belongs to the latter class. I was alone on a bleak wintry day. The snow had fallen heavily the last few days, and the village, for miles around, was one vast sheet of ice and snow. And I was in this terrible storm. For the past twenty-four hours I had not had food, sleep nor shelter, and at last, exhausted, I fell in a heap on the snow and was left to the mercy of the blasting wind and cruel cold.

A dim light burned in the warm chamber in which I finally awoke to consciousness. After looking around doubtfully at my new surroundings, I fell back once more on my pillows, and then a Someone softly blew out the lamp.

Through the darkness came the sound of a sweet, childish voice, praying thus: "Sweet Jesus, grant he may not die. He is a big man, and has so many things to do in his life, and he is looking for some one whom he loves, and he has not yet found her. I am a delicate little girl, and can do no good on this earth, and I long to be in Heaven. My Jesus, take me instead, if it be your holy will."

Ah! what a pang shot through my heart as I thought of the one for whom I was searching, and how tenderly my heart went out to the little one who had offered her life for mine! "Little sister, come to me," I said, stretching out my arms in the darkness. "You will be my little sister, for God has told me that my own lost one can never be found."

At the sound of my voice coming weakly through the dusk, the "little sister" uttered a startled cry, but coming forward at last she knelt down beside my bed. I felt the clasp of one of her little hands within mine, I felt the other hand stroking my forehead, and overcome by her gentleness, and goodness, and saintliness, as I had never been before by anything, I sank back on my pillows and relapsed into unconsciousness.

It was early in the afternoon of the next day when I once more regained my senses, and the first one who met my gaze was the little sister, whom I now looked upon for the first time.

The golden curls were streaming down her back in shining splendor, and the soft, white hand was often raised to throw back the resisting locks, which would come down over her wonderful, heavenly blue eyes, now dreamy, now sad, and then peaceful as the stars of night. Surely nature had been lavish with her gifts to the little, golden haired angel, who had called me back as I stood on the brink of death, the little one who had sacrificed this beauty, this peacefulness, this saintliness for me!

"Are you better now," she questioned, breaking the silence in which, spellbound, I had studied her every feature.

"Better, little sister," I said—"yes, I am well again, but not altogether through human aid, but better at the cost of another's life."

"You heard," she whispered, almost inaudibly.

"I heard, little golden hair, ah! I heard. Why, why, why, and my voice became sadder at each word I spoke."

"You called me 'little sister'—should not a sister be willing to die for a brother, a good, good brother?"

"It cannot be so," I continued, raising myself up with an effort, and speaking vehemently. "You are of use to our Creator. The very sight of you would turn the worst criminal into a saint. You will do good for the cause of Christ, and I—I cannot."

"Our Saviour's will be done," she whispered; and striking my forehead caressingly, I fell into a light sleep.

I was convalescent now, but not happy to be so, as most every person is after such a long illness as mine. I was convalescent, but not happy, for a few days previous, the golden haired had been taken ill. Was it any wonder, then, that I sat on the chair beside her bed, looking as if my life and my all was flying with her spirit?

The physician seemed very grave when he visited her the next morning, and bidding him tell me the

How I Darkened My Gray Hair

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair

For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I fixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orley Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the gray hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humors, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp.

place in their lives. All they want is to shine in society—good society. The consequences are when our girls and boys meet those separated from them by religion they don't find it hard to tear down the barrier and mixed marriages are the result. You have only to read the daily papers to hear of the after results of these marriages, some of which end in divorce, some in separation. All this could have been avoided had the insane ambition of American Catholic parents to get into so called good society not been uppermost. The girl and the boy would have received the proper religious training of the sanctity of marriage regarded from a Catholic viewpoint and would never dream of evading its responsibilities.

So far has this ambitious worldly spirit gone, that, to counteract it, exclusive Catholic schools where only the children of the very wealthy are admitted have been established. It is a slap at the democracy but it only goes to show that in this case the end justifies the means. Religious training must be secured at any price but the loss of Faith. That gone, all is lost.

LOSS OF FAITH PRICE FOR "SOCIETY"

In America we have a select coterie called the "Four Hundred"—composed of many good people, but none of them especially clever or brilliant save in spending money, said money not having been earned by them but by their hard working forebears. To be in this set is considered the acme of good society by many people but not all. There are people in New York State who would commit any meanness, submit to any humiliations, abuse their own fathers and mothers if they stood in their light in entering this privileged circle. The heart burnings, the wranglings, the keeping up the proper status to enable them to say, "I was at Mrs. Vandell's Lawn Party," or "I was yachting with the Goodies," are delightful words, you know, are considered worth any effort that human ingenuity can suggest. No need to tell of the snubs, the disappointments undergone before attaining this pinnacle. The delight of being even on the door mat of this charmed circle repays all and the society seeker is happy.

But what have we Catholics to do with the "Four Hundred," or what is known in the fashionable world of America as good society? Very little. And yet this so-called "good society," in the fashionable sense of the phrase, is exercising a vital influence among the upper classes of our Catholic people and insensibly influencing those in lower strata and undermining our Catholicity. What those in authority practice is generally conceded to be the right thing. So, when a wealthy Catholic sends his son to Yale or Harvard because he thinks that it is fashionable and that there is no Catholic college good enough in a social sense to send his boy to—

in the smaller fry follow suit and send their sons to Protestant institutions where they meet people of greater wealth than they possess. The result is much the same in both cases—a loss of the Faith.

In many of these fashionable colleges religion is tabooed. Often the professors openly proclaim their agnosticism and the pupils soon, if not strongly grounded in the Faith, follow suit. The same may be said about our girls: we send them to colleges and schools where Catholicity is secretly sneered at, and when our young people come home finished in their studies religion holds no

charm. I knew a man, a charming individual whom I met in the course of my newspaper career. He had a large family. One after another they died and were buried in the Episcopalian belief. One day the eldest girl astonished me by saying, "My father was brought up a Catholic, but my mother was an Episcopalian. He met her in his college days. They were married by an Episcopalian minister." I found out later that this man in his endeavors to get into society and to enlarge his business gave up the faith and died as he had lived, unrepentant. The Episcopalian minister attended his funeral. The daughter spoken of had always a secret contempt for Catholics and had the sneering standpoint and contempt for Catholic practices, such as confession or the celibacy of priests. It was a great shock to me when I heard this story.

Getting into society has a great deal to say to so many mixed marriages. If I were asked the greatest menace to Catholicity today, I would answer mixed marriages. So many of our separated brethren own greater wealth and power that to know them proves a temptation to weak-kneed Catholics. If Catholics could only be made to understand that this only society worth cultivating in this world is the society of God and His angels and saints; accustomed to that spiritual atmosphere, there would be little chance of their downfall. As Catholics rather would they spread the light wherever they went. Goodness, holiness, strict accountability to God and their neighbor would guard them into the Kingdom we are all seeking—the Kingdom of Heaven.—Sheila Mahon in Brooklyn Tablet.

PEWFUL OF CONVERTS AT A RETREAT

Another striking piece of evidence of the Catholicity of our Church was observed, a short time ago, during one of the weekly laymen's retreats conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at Mount Mauness, Staten Island, says St. Ansgar's Bulletin, published by the St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League. Through God's inscrutable providence—a peculiar coincidence, some people would call it—

there were brought together, as occupants of the same pew, during services in the chapel four converts, of whom one was a son of a German Lutheran minister, another the son of a Danish Lutheran minister, the third being the son of a Swedish Lutheran minister, and the last member of the quartet a man of Hebrew descent. To quote Calphas, the high priest, yet for another purpose than his: "What further need of witnesses have we?"

THE CRUCIFIX ON THE BATTLE FIELD

SYMBOL OF REDEMPTION SEEMS IMMUNE

The testimony from the front as to the immunity of the crucifix from damage where bullets and shells are destroying everything else is much stronger than that concerning the intervention of angels. We have ourselves had letters from soldiers attesting from their own experience the remarkable escape of the crucifix in many places, says the London Catholic Times. A photograph taken at Ypres and reproduced in the current issue of the Windsor Magazine shows how the figure of Christ on the cross remained intact when large parts of the picture that contained it were torn and shattered. Sergeant O'Leary, V. C. is represented by an interviewer as having said: "One of the strangest things about the front is that absolutely all the figures on the cross are uninjured. They call it the miracle of the cross, and I can myself say I have never seen a wayside shrine with the figure damaged. I have seen cases where the church and everything else were knocked to the ground, but the crucifix has always escaped injury." Private Birchall of the 5th King's Liverpool Regiment bears witness to the same fact in much the same language. "Everything in a village at which he fought had been knocked down except three shrines and a crucifix. They remained without a scratch. It has been the same everywhere I have been," wrote Private Birchall. And Sergeant A. Pearson, of the 7th West Riding Regiment, the son of the late Rev. Mark Pearson, a well known Yorkshire Congregational minister, in a letter from the front to a brother Freemason, which has been published by the Daily News, says the British Tommies, noticing it was peculiar that they never saw a crucifix either on the roadside or in the churches smashed, are buying crucifixes and rosaries and hanging them around their necks to ensure their safety. He acknowledges that he had done this himself. We have not seen any statement on the subject from Catholic priests at the front. Doubtless their testimony would coincide with that of the laymen.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A WORD TO THE "BACHELORS' CLUB"

To all young men of twenty-five years, or thereabouts, who are single, who have no religious vocation, who are free to marry, fit for marriage and able to support a wife, the Catholic Columbian says: "Get married; get married just as soon as you have found a congenial mate and have reason to believe that she will accept you. It is not good for man to be alone." It continues our contemporary: "It is not good for young men to waste their strength in vice. It is not good for a man to abuse the life-giving powers. This is a sacred trust and should be used only in the Creator wants it used. Marriage is honorable. It was planned by God. It was intended for the perpetuation of the human race. It brings its cares but it brings also its joys. It gives man the heart's best love of a woman; it gives him children of his own blood; it gives him a home of his very own; it gives him the responsibility of a husband and father; it makes a man of him; if there is a man in him to make. So, young men, get married. Choose the right kind of a wife, the good daughter of a good Catholic mother, and you'll have more happiness, more peace, more prosperity, more success, more dignity, more contentment, more ambition to get on in the world, more friends, better health, longer life, and a better chance for eternal salvation than you will ordinarily, if you remain a bachelor."

WORDS OF WISDOM

If God wills you to scrub floors, then do it for His sake with all cheerfulness, for thereby you pave your way to Paradise.

The thankless Christian is one who borrows heaven from God, and does not pay even a "Deo Gratias" in return.

Every duty, however slight, is a drill-ground for the great battle of life.

Clean the windows of your soul, and the divine light will beam and flash into it and beautify its remotest corner.

Is the way dark before you? Trim your lamp with the oil of hope, and courageously go forward.

It is a greater boon to Christ's Heart to deliver a bigoted non-Catholic from his loathsome prejudices than to nurse a leper back to sound health.

We believe that your debts to your butcher and grocer would be better paid if you paid God His debt of thanksgiving by saying your table prayers.—From Parish Sermons.

Borrowed refinement can no more conceal its true character than can the leopard change its spots. That which is not natural can never successfully deceive.

He who, forgetting self, makes the object of his life service, helpfulness and kindness to others, finds his whole nature growing and expanding, himself becoming large hearted, magnanimous, kind, sympathetic, joyous and happy; his life becoming rich and beautiful.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

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