

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE

There are no days like the good old days.

The days when we were youthful! When humankind were pure of mind, and speech and deeds were truthful; Before a love for sordid gold became man's ruling passion, and before each dame and maid became

Slave to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls.

Against the world I'd stake 'em! As buxom and smart and clean of heart

As the Lord knew how to make 'em! They were rich in spirit and common sense,

And plenty all supportin'; They could bawle and braw, and had taught school, too,

And they made such likely courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys.

When we wore boys together!

When the breeze was sweet to the brown hair

That dimpled the laughing heather;

When the pewee sung to the summer dawn

Of the bee in the billowy clover,

Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will

Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love.

The love that mother gave us!

We are old, old men, yet we pine again

For that precious grace,—God save us!

So we dream and dream of the good old times,

And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,

As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams

Of heaven away off yonder.

—EUGENE FIELD

HOLD ON

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.

Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to speak harshly.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all places.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and, ever will be your best wealth.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN

Have you ever noticed what a difference there is between the appearance of men? We do not mean a man's physical appearance or the clothes he wears; we mean the air of individuality he exhibits in his association with other men.

There are those who pose—who seek to make others believe that they are something which they are not. "Putting on the front," it is called. All such efforts usually fail in the end. A pose is like a lie or a theft—it is certain to be found out. Some time, and, when the truth is discovered the man who has been depending upon those false pretences to aid him in building up a career loses all the advantages he may have gained.

Look closely at the really successful man and what do you find? If you are keenly observant, you will discover that he actually radiates self-confidence. As he walks the streets you can tell by the way he holds his head and the swing of his body that he is a man who can be trusted to come pretty near to doing whatever he undertakes. It isn't a pose with him. It isn't an air of self-assumed superiority, donned for the purpose of advertising his capabilities to the world. It is born of a consciousness that he is master of himself and of men.

REGULAR READING

By systematic reading, a little at a time but done regularly, a library can be easily gone through. A special study can be followed. The best books of history, biography, philosophy, travels, science, or poetry can be made a permanent possession.

One of the busiest men that I know is one of the mellowest and the best read. When I asked him how he found time to read so much he said:

"I really don't read so much. In fact, I don't have much time for reading and I'm a slow reader. But I suppose I remember what I read. If I read more I mightn't remember so much. I've noticed that great readers sometimes have poor memories. Their minds are like sieves."

"But there are certain authors," I said, "that you seem to know inside out."

"Oh, yes. If I like an author I'm pretty certain to get well acquainted with him. I enjoy following the processes of his mind. I feel towards him as I do toward a friend."

"What method of reading do you follow?" I inquired.

"I can't say that I have any regular method of reading except this: I have certain subjects that I like, and I read on them only the best books. Life's too short for trash. Then I always read a half hour or so before going to bed."

Now I felt that I was getting at the secret.

"How did you happen to form that habit?" I asked.

"Oh, I began when I was young, just getting into business. I saw that work was going to absorb most of my time and that intellectually and imaginatively I might run dry if I stayed in my rut. So I resolved to do a little reading before I went to bed, the only time I could be sure of. Now I look forward to that interval. No matter how irritating or perplexing a day may be, there is always the oasis ahead. It's a funny thing, by the way, what that half hour can do for me. Often when I'm tangled up with problems and cares, as soon as I sit down for my reading, I find myself feeling better, even before I begin. Mind you, it's as if I went into another world where the conditions were serene and the air was clear. I long for that time of reading. It is amazing, too, the extent of the information that can be gained by a half hour's reading every evening."

—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

PADRE DOMINEEC

Padre Domineec McCann
He sees great beeg Irish man,
He sees growla ween he speak,
Like he gonna go for you
Just for bustle you in two.
My I talk so rough, so queeck,
You well weesha you could be
Somewhere else ween you see
Padre Domineec.

Padre Domineec McCann
Stop at dees peanut-stan!
Ween my leela boy es seek;
Talk so cold he mak' me cry,
Say see best boy should die
So he go to Heaven queeck!
He es speak so cold
Nevva more I wanta see
Padre Domineec.

Den gran' doctor com'. Ees queer!
Ween I ask who send hom here,
He jus' smile an' weed no speak
Only just for to say:
"You no gotta cent to pay,
I goin' feex dees boy dat's seek."
O! beeg-hearts man, an' true,
I am gattin' on to you,
Padre Domineec!

—T. A. DALY

STICK TO IT

There is a tendency among boys and girls to relax their efforts during the closing days of school. It is so much pleasanter to be out of doors in the fresh and balmy air, unrestrained and care-free, than to be occupied with the serious tasks of the school room. But reason clearly points out to us our duty, and tells us that the things that are pleasantest to us are not always the most profitable; and we all recognize the truth of the saying: "Not wanting to do a thing is no sufficient reason for not doing it."

Did we blindly follow our natural inclinations we would be little better and no nobler than mere animals. But reason and our knowledge of God's will in our regard are certain guides to right conduct, and we should always follow them, even when our perverse inclinations rebel. Self-restraint and self-mastery are things that distinguish the Christian, the gentleman and the lady.

So, when we are urged to do what we know to be morally wrong, or what is contrary to our best interests we should resolutely refuse. It may require an effort, and perhaps a big one, to hold your attention and interest to your studies at this beautiful season of the year, when so many things are luring you away from your books. But you can be assured of this, that your self-denial and your devotion to the work assigned to you in school shall be generously rewarded; and in the years to come you will call "blessed" those who guided you aright when you were young and incapable of always choosing what was absolutely the best for you.—Youths Magazine.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI OF LITTLE FERNANDO

"Please, Doctor, do not write so much! Mamma is poor. She has not enough money."

At this moment, little Fernando is in despair. There would soon be nothing to eat in the house. How, then, could his sick mother give him for the feast of Corpus Christi the white lace surplice, long the object of his desires, and in which he had so long dreamed of honoring God on the day of His triumphant procession through the streets? He was too little to swing the incense, but he could very well scatter the flowers.

His tears began to flow when one of his little comrades joyously announced to him that he had his surplice and a long red cord with golden tassels.

"I shall have to wait till next year, because mamma is sick," said Fernando with restrained emotion. At last the beautiful feast arrived, Corpus Christi had come. The streets were hung with white drapery, studded with golden stars and adorned with green foliage.

A group of children arrayed in white walk before the canopy under which glistened the ostensorium. Showers of blossoms, thrown by innocent hands, fell under the feet of the celebrant. Clouds of incense arose toward heaven, and the liturgical chants were interspersed with the rolling of the drum.

And Fernando, generally so joyous, even careless, advanced sadly along one of the lines of the procession. He raised his head only when entering the church, for now he could weep unperceived.

One hour later, the church was deserted, the worshippers had regained their homes. Evening fell. The piercing cries of the swallows seemed to echo back the noisy games in which Fernando's companions were now engaged. But he, poor little fellow, was weeping in a corner of the church still redolent with the perfume of flowers. Seeing himself alone, he had the courage to approach nearer to the altar, nearer to the tabernacle, into which he had watched the priest placing the Blessed Sacrament.

It was not without emotion that he took each step. Holding his cap in both hands, he twirled it nervously between his fingers. In spite of this instinctive movement of timidity he felt his courage increase as he approached the Holy Place.

"He is, indeed, there," he thought. "When He passed awhile ago, surrounded by the grandeur of the feast, I could not speak to Him. But now..."

And in the silence of the Holy Place, he ventured to say in a low voice, and then a little louder: "My God!... My God!"

Was it his ear or his heart that received the reply:

"Then feeling himself at home, at home with the good God, he gathered up in the sanctuary, from under the steps of the altar, the flowers that had been strewn there only a short time before. He filled his cap with them, and then standing and smiling before the tabernacle he scattered his flowers."

When he left the church his gaiety had returned, but without a touch of levity.

The following year, it was Fernando who led the group of flower scatterers in the procession of Corpus Christi. Health returned to his poor mother, and the humble table was not again without food. And today? Little Fernando is sowing flowers of heaven by his preaching and zeal, and distributes to souls the Bread of the Eucharist.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

DO NOT KNOW HOW TO PRAY.

Years ago a highly educated gentleman had himself introduced to me, writes Father Coppens. He was an able physician, a lecturer in a medical college, and had been induced by a Catholic friend to look into the all important matter of religion, of which till then he had been in total ignorance.

The gentleman listened attentively to my explanations, and frequently returned to receive further instruction. He said he was desirous to believe our doctrine, because he knows that his friend was constantly benefited in his moral conduct by the faithful practice of his religion. But he could not make up his mind to believe the truths proposed.

I told him to pray for the grace of God, for the gift of faith. He was willing enough to do that also; but he said he did not know how to pray, he had never prayed to God in his life. I handed him a printed copy of the "Our Father," and told him to go home, to lock himself in his room for a little while, then to kneel down and attentively read that prayer, taught us by Our Lord Himself. He willingly promised to do so.

When he called on me the next day, I asked him whether he had kept his promise and prayed to God. He said yes; he had done so, but that it had been the greatest mental effort he had ever made, to try to realize that, when he had thus put himself in perfect solitude, there was still present to him an unseen being that understood his words and listened to his requests.

And thus estrangement from the great good God is carried to such an extent in the midst of our material civilization that there are many persons who never pray, who are as total strangers to the Saviour's loving invitation: "Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you," as if these words had been uttered by Confucius in China or Zoroaster on the Persian plains. The gentleman of whom I have spoken soon reaped the fruit of prayer and was received into the Church. How many there are who have grown up like him in total neglect of prayer no one can tell. But considering that at least one-third of the population of this country belong to no church organization, and make no profession in worshipping God in any manner, their number may amount to many millions.

And even of those who claim to be members of some religious denomination vast multitudes appear to be so wrapped up in merely temporal cares, or carried away by the current of pleasure seeking, as habitually to turn a deaf ear to the loving invitation of the Redeemer, while He keeps on urging them with the words: "Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

But our thoughts become more practical for ourselves, when we apply our reflections to our own habitual way of turning to prayer whenever we are in any trouble or special need of God's assistance. No one of us but is sometimes distressed, some times in difficulty or perplexity. Then we turn perhaps to right and left, and seek for aid from every creature, or abandon ourselves to despondency and lamentation. It is well to try to help ourselves, or to appeal for human aid as far as reason approves; but it is not well to ignore the Divine assistance, and to

turn a deaf ear to the loving accents of our Lord; and yet do we not too often neglect that one best of all helps, and forget when we need most to remember the generous promise: "Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you?"—St Paul Bulletin.

"Buried alive!"... What measures are not taken to prevent such a peril? But there are souls which are buried alive, hearts which are buried alive, minds which are buried alive, and who troubles himself about them?—Abbe Riqu.

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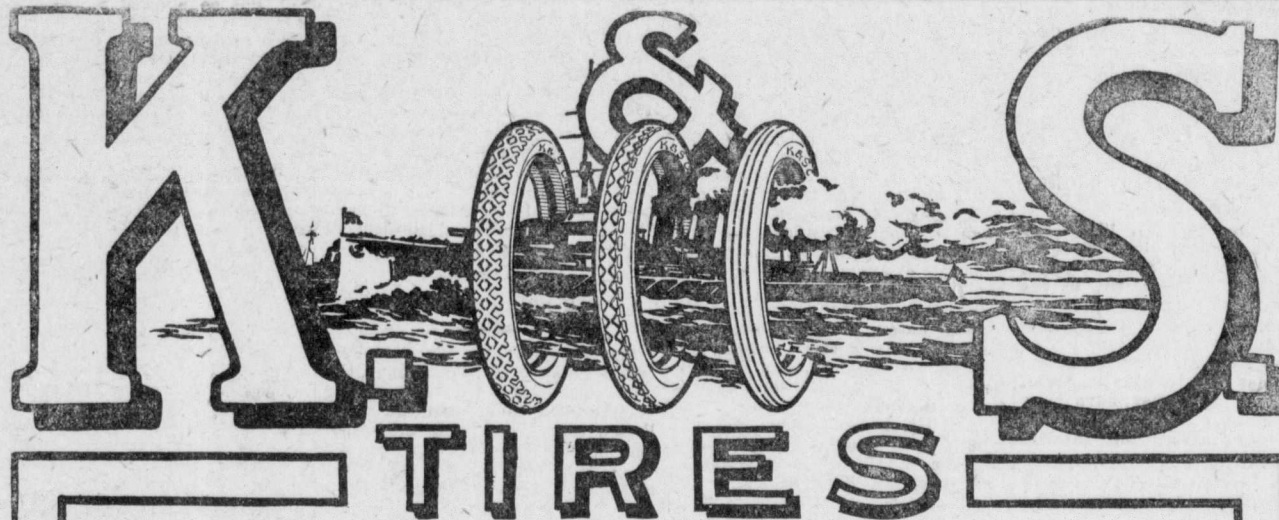
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