
Youth.

The colt in the pasture, the puppy in the kennel, the kitten on the rug, as well as the boy on the campus, are all reminders that youth is largely occupied with play. Far be it from me to find fault with this: youth is the most beautiful season of your lives; once fled it will never come back to you again; and it is a tragedy when youth is clouded with the cares and labors that properly belong to mature manhood.

But alas! youth is also the seed-time of life, and what would you say of the farmer who should fritter away the seed-time of the year and still hope for a harvest? Men sometimes talk lightly about the thoughtlessness of youth as if that were a sufficient excuse for neglecting life's serious duties; but if you are ever to be thoughtless would it not be better in old age when your work is done and when the years are not so heavily freighted with destiny?

There is only one time, says Ruskin, when a man can afford to be thoughtless, and that is when he lies on his death-bed. No wise man ever leaves any important thinking to be done there. Recreation and entertainment, then, there must be for youth, but growth too there must be--growth in faith and hope and love.

Nature's Paradox.

Nature loves paradoxes, and this is her chiefest paradox--that he who stoops to wear the yoke of law becomes the child of liberty, while he who will be free from God's law wears a ball and chain through all his years.

St. Paul speaks of "the freedom wherewith Christ had made us free," and what is this freedom but liberty from the yoke of passion through obedience to the law of Christ? Accept the law of God and you become a child of freedom; despise that law and you become the slave of passion. Accept the laws of health and you will live a happy, wholesome life; despise them and nature will scourge you with whips of scorpions and plague you with disease. Accept the laws of the commonwealth and you move among your fellows majestic and independent as a king; transgress those laws and you must shun the face of day, and skulk in the darkness like a hunted, hated thing.

Wherever you turn, whether to religion or philosophy or history, whether to nature without or conscience within, whether to the health of soul or body, this lesson is written in letters of fire over all the universe: Obey the law or die.

How to Work.

"The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." The kingdom of knowledge suffereth patience, and the patient bear it away. Learn to work without haste and without worry. Find joy in your work.

Labor differs from play only in this, that play is taken up voluntarily as an end in itself. Look at college boys toiling and groaning in a football scrimmage; then look at weary men heaving bars of iron in the blast-furnace, and tell me: is it not true that the difference between play and toil is a difference wholly within ourselves, a difference in the spirit with which we go to them?

Pursue learning, first, because it is a duty, which you owe to the father who is willing to stint himself of comforts at home that life may open sweet and large and beautiful on the son whom he loves.

(From "The Conquest of Life" by the late Rev. John Cavanaugh, former President of the University.)

PRAYERS: (deceased) Mr. S. J. Roach, father of Gerald Roach, '29, Thomas Roach, '34, Jerome Roach, '33; mother of John McGinnity (first anniversary). Ill, mother of John Koenigshoff; Rev. M. P. loaire, C.S.C.; Rev. J. Kline, C.S.C.; Rev. J. McCartney, C.S.C.