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You And Hercules.

Hercules is the greatest hero of Greek mythology. He represents strength and courage. As a mere babe he strangled the two serpents that his enemies put into his crib to kill him. His whole life was filled with heroic deeds.

One day, as Hercules passed from youth to manhood, he stood at a crossroads. Two women appeared to him.

One said, "You hesitate, Hercules, as to which road to choose. Take me for your friend and you will find pleasure and an easy life. You will eat and drink and gratify your senses. You will have every happiness without toil or care."

"And who are you?" inquired Hercules.

"My friends call me Happiness, my enemies call me Sin," answered the woman.

Then the other woman spoke: "I tell you frankly, Hercules, that you will never be great and good without toil and care. Take me for a friend and you will work hard. You will be glorified by your country for the service that you render. Your land will yield rich crops, but you will cultivate it well. You will become a great warrior, but you will learn with much effort from the experienced. If you increase in physical strength, you will make your body obey your mind that it may stand hardship and labor."

"Ah, do you hear, Hercules?" Sin interposed. "What a terrible road this woman wants to take you along! Look again at the easy path that I point out to you!"

"You wicked creature!" exclaimed Virtue. "What good can you bestow? Do you possess any happiness?"

"You eat before you are hungry. You drink before you feel thirst. In summer you long for snow and ice. You desire sleep, not after having done anything worthwhile, but because you have done nothing.

"You impel your followers to make love before they are ready for it. You desecrate Nature with sexual excesses. You accustom your devotees to loathsome practices at night and let them sleep through the better part of the day. Your young friends ruin their bodies, your older friends lose the soundness of their minds. In their youth they surfeited in pleasures, in their old age they drag themselves along in aches and pains. They are ashamed of their past actions, afraid of the future, they are depressed in fatigue.

"I on the contrary," Virtue continued, "live among the gods. Good men like my company. Without me no noble deed has ever been performed. Artists regard me as their helpmate, and fathers as the custodian of their homes. My followers enjoy their food and drink for they use it when it is needed. Their sleep is sweeter than that of the idle and yet they never shirk their duties because of it. Their friends hold them in esteem, their country honors them. And when the end comes, they do not sink into oblivion but their glorious memory lives on the lips of generations yet unborn.

"Hercules, offspring of noble parents, if you follow my counsel you shall attain eternal glory!"

That struggle between Vice and Virtue goes on in your young breast, too. Along which road does your decision take you?

PRAYERS: Ill, John Fitzpatrick (Norr.); Charley Hodierna (Dillon); uncle of Maurice Quinn (Alumni). Six special intentions.