#### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD If we knew the care and trials, Knew the efforts all in vain, And the bitter disappointment, Understood the loss and gain— Should we help where now we hinder?

Should we pity where we blame? Ah! we judge each other harshly, Cnowing not Life's hidden force-Knowing not the fount of action Is less turbid at its source, Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of good And we'd love each other better If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
That surround each other's lives,

See the naked heart and spirit, Know what spur the action gives, Often we would find it better, Purer than we judge we should. We should love each other better If we only understood. Could we judge all deeds by

motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we loathe the sin Could we know the powers working To o'erthrow integrity, We should judge each other's

errors, More with patient charity.

-RUDYARD KIPLING MORE JOY

Those who have written books which attempt to tell us how to cultivate the spirit of joy, speak much of the "simple life," and enlarge upon the physical requirements necessary for joy as it seems to their way of thinking.

Relieving that a man cannot be

Believing that a man cannot be joyous if he has not perfect health of body, they attempt to confine him to a set of rules. He must beware of diet and must take long walks in the open air. If possible he should cultivate a garden where he may spend even a small portion of each day. He should perform a series of gymnastic exercises every morning and night, should drink so many glasses of cold water, and above all, wear a perpetual smile. To read a few of these books of admonitions one would conclude that there would not be time left

for anything except physical culture if one wishes to attain joy. There are others who place joy in mental cultivation. They are bookworms in the narrowest sense of the term. They cannot find joy outside of two paste-board covers. True, they can smile at the antics of O. Henry's Bohemians, somewhere in the East Side of New York,—but they see no pathos in a poor ragged man whom they meet on the street. Let them but close the book, and mental joy is shut up in a pen whence it may not escape to cheer with its infectious laughter the joyless of the world.

Of the few books which have been written on the subject of joy, there is one which speaks in language more adapted to the understanding of the heart than the mind. It was written some few years ago by a good and holy Bishop, "Von Keppler by name, under the title, "More Joy." It is significant that this worthy

man does not call his book simply "Joy," but "More Joy." It is very evident that the author did not believe there was enough joy in the world, even apart from the sorrowful things that bring a tear to the most cheerful eye and a pang to the most submissive heart.

It is evident to all joyless, and the other half seems suburb.

acter who seems to radiate joy about him,—but unfortunately these men are rare. This is the type of man who, when he knows that a story or remark will bring confusion to someone in his gireless. "What is that?" she asked, at that a story or remark will bring confusion to someone in his circle confusion to someone in his circle or office hastens to turn the conversation into another way. This is the man who, when he sees his fellownlaborer haggard from some secret sorrow is careful to remove from the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel, and into it goes a dimension of the mantel of the m

In the lobby of a certain hotel a group of commercial travellers were indulging in a few reminiscences of long ago. Some of them were old friends, meeting here tonight for the first time since college days. During the course of conversation a name was mentioned, that of a man well known set one time in the Martha: she is appreciative of

famous Greek scholar, another cited his knowledge of the stars. It would seem that this man was a never says so. That kind of appre-

At length he spoke: He said: "Yes I remember him well. He was my Professor in Greek, and I never met a man whose head was quite so crammed with knowledge of every sort. We all thought him a big was no hearts. It gives no pleasure. Often it creates a kind of

had come.

"A scathing remark from the teacher of chemistry when I failed miserably in class, seemed to com-plete my wretchedness. I felt that I could understand the bitterness of that famous galley-slave who carried his hatred of a wrong done into the world with intent to wreak

ing over me in my childhood days for when something had gone wrong. It was the face of a man transformed into an angel, if you will, and such I believe he was to me then.
"His words were few and simple:

He said: 'Don't give up. There's too much joy ahead, my son!'"

A hush fell over the little group of men in the lobby, as the traveler went out silently from their

There are few who may not practise with benefit the priceless apostolate of Joy, thus bringing to the "other half" the sunshine which is shiring in our own hearts, and which belongs to all men, a precious heritage of the Holy Spirit.—The

#### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SPLINTERS FROM THE CROSS Little headaches, little heartaches, Little griefs of every day, Little trials and vexations How they throng around our way! One great cross, immense and heavy, So it seems to our weak will, Might be borne with resignation, But these many small ones kill. Yet all life is formed of small things, Little leaves make up the trees. Many tiny drops of water Blending, make the mighty seas. So these many little burdens,

All uniting, form a life's work, Meriting a grand reward. Let us not then by impatience, Mar the beauty of the whole, But for love of Jesus bear all In the silence of our soul.
Asking Him for grace sufficient To sustain us through each loss, And to treasure each small offering As a splinter from His Cross.

Pressing on our hearts so hard.

TEN CENT FINE IMPOSED FOR EVERY UNCHARITABLE WORD

"There is one thing we have established in our home for 1922 Mother so often from her Son.' us that I think might well be adopted —Blanche Mary Kelly. is a striking need of More Joy in the world today. As someone has truly said: Half the world is lonely and part of New York that is like a

Now and then we meet a char-ter who seems to radiate ion. Her

sorrow is careful to remove from his pathway anything which may serve to trouble him afresh.

Joy is a precious gift, the Second Fruit of the Holy Spirit, although we perhaps seldom think of it in this light. The saints could be joyous in the midst of all kinds of trials because they were always mindful of the sacred origin of joy, which is God. But apart from these athletes in the service of Joy, there are many in the world today who do understand the value of this precious attribute and who try to spread it about them as best they may.

In the lobby of a certain hotel a the mantel, and into it goes a dime every time any one in my house, maid servant or master, says an unkind word about any one. We have made it a rule to say nothing about any one unless it is a good word. With three girls growing up in this day when petty gossip makes so much trouble, I conceived the idea of imposing a fine for every evidence of it in my home. It isn't the dime; it is the fact that the establishing of the rule and the box keeps it in our minds, and when a hasty criticism or a bit of unnecessary cresin comes into our minds, with an evanescent glitter of a

All had apparently had their say,
—and yet one man had not spoken.
He seemed to be lost in reverie, so that one of the others tapped him on the shoulder and rallied him.

At length he spoke: word when it comes to apprecia-

knowledge of every sort. We all thought him a big man, too big to stoop to particular interest in any of us. He was a silent man—big men often are.

Warms no nearts. It gives no please ure. Often it creates a kind of wheat hunger. Many mothers know what that heart hunger is. They never know it more keenly than when their children show no appression of what mother deep for "I remember that things were not going well with me. I had lost more money than I could afford, in a way of which I was far from profit. I was behind in my studies, and it seemed as if the end of things the description of what mother does for more unpardonable than when it fails to give expression to the gratitude due a mother or a father? Unfortunate is the mother who can consider the mother who can be a support of the profit of the mother of th tude due a mother or a father? Unfortunate is the mother who can say of her children: "They never speak a word of appreciation no matter what I do for them."

The mother who must say this undwittedly appreciate a great

The mother who must say this undoubtedly experiences a great deal of heartache. She is being deprived of that which is her due, of that which should be given to her gratefully and joyfully. The unspoken work of gratitude or appreciation may be classed with the sharp utterances of those who continually say discorrecable things. into the world with intent to wreak vengeance on every living thing.

"And then, — when all was darkest, one day I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and looking up, I saw a face that I had seen many times before, and yet hardly recognized now. It was the face of the man whom you mentioned tonight. It was the face of my mother as I remember her bending over me in my childhood days for "feeling grateful" when not ways, and to give a person credit for "feeling grateful" when not a word of gratitude is ever spoken is a feeble excuse for a serious

> "I can say this for my children: They always appreciated what their mother did for them and they told me so. That made the doing for them easy, no matter how hard the task was. And they keep on showing their appreciation by being so good to me now that I am old There is nothing they are not will-

ing to do for me. The unspoken word did not obtain in that home. It should never obtain in any home, nor will it when the appreciation is all that it should be. There is an old song beginning with these lines. with these lines:

For the word you did not say My heart it goes a-hungering."
—The Echo.

#### GOD AND HIS MOTHER

When the Irish received Christ they received His mother, even as John received her, and the two have never been separated in their hearts. "God and Mary save you," hearts. "God and Mary save you, is their greeting to one another." "God and Mary go with you," their farewell. "My soul to God and Mary" pray the dying in their last hour. "May God and his mother protect you and may you never know want" is the beggar's blessing. Here as elsewhere she has her buywells and her holy wells but churches and her holy wells, but here every house may be called her sanctuary. Every home has an altar in her honor, and from innumerable Irish hearths through the innumerable years has gone up night after night the sound of the rosary, the "blessed beads." The lrish beads are worn thin from use. 'Aye, I'm at the beads," said an old woman to the author of "Down West." "They're my whole dependence, till sometimes I do wonder if it's not too free I'm makin', takin' the attention of the Blessed

#### HUNGRY FOR GOD

Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, a Congregationalist Minister and a nephew of the famous Henry Ward Beecher said in a sermon to his con-

gregation:
"Our Puritan fathers never would have made the break that they did with Catholic Christianity, with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intel-

lectual worth.
"As the iceburgs from the frozen north floated with the ocean currents only to be melted and disappear in the warm waters of the equator, so shall these transcendental ice moun-

During the course of conversation a name was mentioned, that of a man well-known at one time in the faculty of a noted institution of learning. He was doing a somewhat more hidden work in the heart of a large city now, and no one had heard much of him of late.

One after another the travellers said a word in praise of this man. One lauded his discretion in handling certain social problems, another his sympathy with the struggling industrial class, still another the erudition which made him a figure in intellectual circles of the day. One recalled him as a

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upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and My God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic Church. If this be so, then, for me, most gtatefully and lovingly, I turn to the Church of Rome as a homeless, houseless wanderer to a home

in a continuing city.

We are hungry for God, yea, for the Living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker and its meat thinner and dryer every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects life was brighter in the respects life was brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is today. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled into the dirt."—The Catholic Mirror.

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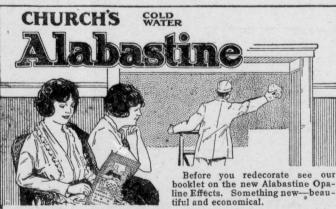
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