

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHO DOES NOT? Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings...

PROMOTION Who is the young man who is promoted? He is the young man who dusts the desk in the best manner, and the young man who is selected for the next promotion further along is he who is doing his particular work in the most capable manner...

CONCENTRATION Concentration lies back of all success. Genius is powerless without it, while with its assistance, a very modest little talent can do wonders.

ROUTINE AND DUTY Think what we lose when we are faithless to some small duty imposed by the law of love. We lose character and life itself. For, after all, life cannot be satisfactorily measured by the excitement of striking occasions...

OUR HUMAN HERITAGE Man's human heritage is higher than the average man takes it. To work, to suffer, to smile a little and play a little—this is the sum as commonly set down. Only once in a long while does one arise who seems to fully appreciate the greatness of the grant conferred by human existence.

A GENTLEMAN Robert Louis Stevenson's definition of a gentleman is a classic, "The man who could meet a prince without being overpowered, and a coal heaver without overpowering him."

OUR CENTRE is the will of God; God wishes that I should do this action now, God desires this matter of me; what more is necessary? While I do this I am not obliged to do anything else. O God, may Thy will be done, not only in the execution of Thy commandments, counsels and inspirations which we should obey, but also in suffering the afflictions that befall us.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NOT WASTED "Belle Converse, you'll never do it." "Won't I. Just wait and see! I know all your objections beforehand. I cannot afford it." It's too extravagant. A waste of money. But while the rest of you may get what you please, good, sensible presents, and I'll not say you may, my present to grandmother is to be roses—great, creamy beauties...

GIVING AWAY FLOWERS In Connecticut, a few years ago, lived a lady who had a beautiful flower-garden in which she took a great pride. The whole country was proud of it, too, and people drove miles to see it.

"Now, Grace, I know that I have no money to waste, and all the sensible things you would say, but I shall not listen. For many years grandmother's birthdays have brought presents of plain, comfortable clothing that she must have had even if there were no birthday to be taken into account, and though it may be unwise, I have decided to give her a sweet, lovely present, such as I might give to a dear teacher or friend whose necessities I did not need to consider."

Grandmother Girwood sat quietly knitting at a dark brown sock, thinking gratefully of the many blessings that were still here, though her own home had gone into the hands of strangers, and she had for many years been at the bedside of another. She knew the girls, as she delighted to call them, would be in soon with some little gift for the day.

Presently they came—Belle, Kate, Grace, Molly and Dorothy, and laid their offerings in her arms. They were useful, sensible gifts, made thrice welcome because she knew they were prompted by the love in their hearts and tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of joy.

Half-timidly Belle handed her the long box from the florist, hardly knowing what reception it might receive; but their astonishment was great when Mrs. Girwood burst into tears.

"For me, Belle! for myself—the roses! O, my dear, I longed for pretty things all my life, but there has never been enough of anything for luxuries. Belle, they are the first, the very first flowers I ever had bought for me. I—she struggled with her sobs. She kissed the soft, creamy petals, and then held them at arm's length and brought them slowly back, inhaling their perfume, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the smiles chasing them swiftly away. "May the roses of life garland all your path, dear. O, I am so glad you thought of it!"

ST. GERTRUDE The thirteenth century—that century rich in saints of more than ordinary fame—received towards its close as a crowning gift the great and beautiful Saint Gertrude.

The illustrious saint was born at Eiselen a small town in the county of Mansfeld, on January 6th, 1263. Her father was the Count of Lichenborn, and, it is said, was related to the imperial house of Germany.

Following a custom which prevailed at that time—no doubt in imitation of the Presentation of our Blessed Mother in the Temple—Gertrude was placed in the famous Benedictine Monastery at Rosendorn when she was five years old. Her sister, Mechtild, who was two years younger, soon joined her.

In this garden of sanctity the little countess grew in wisdom and grace. She was very fond of study, and her writings are regarded among the stars that pointed the way to the mariners of old, they have guided many a woman's soul to the beautiful port of heaven.

Her sister, in religion had such a high opinion of her prudence and virtue, that in 1294, when Gertrude was only thirty years old, they chose her as their Abbess. This office she held for forty years until her death. She was a kind, gentle mother; patient and humble, although filled with zeal for the honor and glory of God.

Those who knew Saint Gertrude and wrote the story of her life, say that her confidence in God was so great that she obtained immense favors. In fact, it seemed that God was so pleased with this virtue that He would not refuse her anything.

Like our dear Lord, Gertrude had to bear many trials and like Him, she bore them all with patience and sweetness. Before her death she had a paralytic stroke which deprived her of the use of her limbs, and also of her speech; but her love for God seemed to grow in proportion to her sufferings. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was so great that she would beg her Sisters to carry her into the chapel, and even though

every movement caused her intense pain, she considered it as nothing in comparison with being allowed to adore our dear Lord in this Mystery of His Love.

At length the day came when this happy, and a thousand times blessed soul took its flight to the eternal realms of heaven. The Church, throughout the world celebrates her feast on the 16th, of November, the day of her happy death.

she fastened two large baskets on the outside of her fence next the road, and every morning they were filled with cut flowers—the large, showy kinds in one basket, and the delicate, fragile ones in the other. All the school children going by helped themselves, and studied the better for it. And the business men took a breath of fragrance into their dusty offices which helped the day along. Even the tramps were welcome to all the beauty they could get in their forlorn lives.

"You cut such quantities," some one said to her, "aren't you afraid you will rob yourself?"

"The more I cut, the more I have," she answered. "Don't you know that if plants are allowed to go to seed they stop blooming? I love to give pleasure, and it is profit as well, for my liberal cutting is the secret of my beautiful garden. I'm like the man in Pilgrims: "A man there was (though some did count him mad), The more he cast away, the more he had."—Sunday Companion.

ALWAYS REMEMBER To rise when an older person is standing. To respect gray hairs. To respect your parents. To be kind to those physically deformed.

To be kind to the sorrowing. To be gentle to the weak. To speak ill of no one. To be respectful to your teacher. To avoid slang and vulgar language.

To not shuffle your feet. To always have clean hands. To be pure of heart.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOME OTHERS

A minister in the Christian Register (Unitarian) writing under the pen name of "Rev. Bromide Smith, D. D.," says that last summer while in the city he felt he ought to solve the mystery, why a certain number of people will insist on going to Church. He visited in the next few weeks a good many churches and took part in a good number of differing forms of services, and he submits the results of this investigation for what it is worth, to the readers of the Christian Register.

The Church which has had the largest congregation and in the service of which the people seemed most heartily and sincerely engaged was the Roman Catholic Church, in the whole service of which there was not a single word I could understand. It seemed as if every member of that vast congregation had come there for the one purpose of praying; and pray they did, with all the earnestness and apparent zeal that could be desired. Nothing could exceed the knowledge of average human psychology upon which the service was based. The coming and going of lights, the processions, the elevation of the Host, the continual voice of music or of prayer in the distance, the sense of prostration before an infinite mystery, all had their part in the wondrous result of a whole worshipping congregation.

"My next place of visitation was a large Evangelical hall used as a church. Here also there was a huge congregation, but no sign of worship. It was an audience rather than a congregation. Soon a man appeared in front and began to wave his arms and shout. We were to sing. The music of the big organ began tumpety-tump, and soon he had the whole audience swaying and jumping and singing like a country fair. It felt good to something that was in you, of which you were rather ashamed, so to sway with the mass of simple folk and shout in unison rag-time music. Then another man appeared and said "Let us pray," and, closing his eyes, addressed a few remarks to the Deity and preached a short, indirect sermon. Then a lady stood up and sang a song, and at last the preacher arose to preach upon the devil. The part of his sermon that brought down the house and sticks in one's memory was his proof of the existence of the devil. He said that a friend of his had drunk too much and got delirium tremens; in this state he had seen many little red devils. Now it seemed to him (the preacher) that, if there were these little devils, the old fellow must be around somewhere. Shortly after this he sunk his voice and told us that all those who were Christians were to sit and those who wanted to be were to stand, and he said, "Thank you, sir," over and over again as he looked over the audience. Then he asked those who had stood to meet him in the room behind the platform, and the meeting was over. What struck one, on looking over the audience, was that it was having a good time, but the idea of worship did not

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seem to enter into the situation at all. "The next church visited was the most famous and fashionable of the liturgical churches in the city. It was fairly well filled by well-dressed people. The service was well speeded up mechanically, though something might be done to run a little faster through the rather meaningless Psalms which were sung. The singing by the boy choir gave one the impression as being the real thing for which the people had come and was listened to devoutly. At the close of the service a preacher, who, although disguised as a man of thirty years old, was, evidently from his remarks, a Sophomore in the High school, spoke for five minutes upon the life of Moses as portrayed in the morning lesson, and how it taught us that we should all be good. The feeling in this service was that of peace and comfort, and, apart from the long stands, left one feeling very rested. "The last church visited was of the more liberal school in theological matters. The quartette was fine, and the sermon was fine, but there was no atmosphere and no congregation. Why? The devil immediately whispered in my ear that the reason was because good people are few, but I do not think we can lay that flatter-

in; but the most popular place of all for them to go would be a place where they would find themselves mysteriously in a spiritual atmosphere, and out of which they could come ennobled and strengthened by contact through all their being with an infinite power."—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FINN QUILTS

Chicago Paulist chorists are to lose their founder and director, the Rev. William J. Finn, C. S. P., of St. Mary's church, who leaves Chicago in December to found a training school of church music in St. Louis.

A fund of \$200,000 will be required to found the school and it will be raised by individual contributions. Father Finn has the approval of his superior to begin the work, which will be under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers and started in St. Louis by request of Archbishop Glennon.

Father Finn's choir of Boys has made an international reputation for Chicago, being the first choir of American's to make a concert tour of Europe and the winners of the first prize at the international music fete in Paris, in which four hundred and ninety seven choirs from all over Europe competed including the famous Sheffield choir of England.

THE SAME EVERYWHERE

"In one Denver rectory," says the Catholic Register, "the priests rarely ever arise from a meal that there are not two or three persons waiting to see them. They never eat that the telephone bell does not ring once or twice. Let it be infrequently that parishioners wonder why fathers will not stop eating to listen to their business. Often the good priests do stop eating long enough to receive their untimely guests. But when they make the callers wait, every now and then one of the latter can not understand why. Be patient with the priest. Men, women and children of all stations are calling for his services from morning until night. He has no time that he can really call his own. It is not his fault that he can not always be prompt in filling his engagements. He has no set hours for work, but labors always. His doorknob is worked more than that on any other house along the block." A habit of prayer and a sense of humor forge invincible armor.—Beth Bradford Gilchrist. His world is small who cannot see some soul in want. His vision is poor who cannot see the sorrows of his neighbor. His hand has lost its cunning who has no gift of kindness to meet the sufferer's need.

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