

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE ROSARY IN IRELAND

To my memory idly roaming comes a vista of the gloaming— Comes a breathing from the meadows of the shamrock and the peat; With the mellow firelight gleaming, I am sitting now and dreaming Of my lost and vanished youthtime, with its fancies fond and sweet.

To my raptured ears come wooing tender notes like wood-doves cooing, I've a sense of fingers straying over harp-strings sweet and low— Ah, the music that came winging was sweeter far than signing When my mother said the Rosary in Ireland long ago!

Oh, how well do I remember when by crackling log and ember, And the family all were gathered from the highland and the sea. With her eyes upraised to heaven, in a cadence low and even, She called each decade, with its sad or joyful mystery! There were cherubs in the gloaming, and the childish eyes went roaming.

Though the shadows of the shapes of angels moving to and fro— And, ah, the fadeless beauty of that scene of love and duty When my mother said the Rosary in Ireland long ago.

I remember how in boyhood, just a bit advanced from toyhood, How I loved to clasp the beads her gracious lips had prest; They were made of Irish berries, they were carved like to cherries.

There was healing in their starry spheres and loveliness and rest! When the curlews all were hiding, and the swans the waves were riding, And the storm winds in the darkness made a sound of grief and woe— Ah, the comfort that came creeping, ere the children fell to sleeping, When my mother said the Rosary in Ireland long ago!

MARK TWAIN'S IDEAL OF A GENTLEMAN

About thirty years ago an American magazine published a special symposium number on the query, "What is your ideal of an ideal gentleman?" which it had submitted to several notable writers. Mark Twain, who was then at the summit of his fame, answered:

"He came to our family thirty-six years ago. He was my cousin man on the morning that I drove my young bride to our new home. He was a young Irishman—slender, tall, lithe, honest, truthful; and he never changed in all his life. As the children grew up he was their guide. He was with us last summer when we went to New Hampshire, and his hair was just as black, his eyes were just as blue, his form just as straight, and his heart just as good as on the day we first met. In all the long years Patrick never made a mistake. He never heard an order, never received a command. He knew. I have been asked for my ideal of an ideal gentleman, and I give it to you."—Patrick McAleer.

GOOD TEMPER AN ATTRIBUTE THAT CAN BE ACQUIRED BY EVERYONE

A mild answer breaketh wrath; but a harsh word stirreth up fury. A fool immediately smothereth his anger; but he that dissembleth injuries is wise.

The truth of these scriptural sentiments has appealed to the saints in all ages and to men of our own day who are not formally numbered among the saints, observe the Catholic Sentinel. Nothing can rank in importance before gentleness of manner and sweetness of demeanor toward others, said Father Faber. Go out into the world with your heart full of gentleness and pity and you shall find the response of kindness in others; you will not only protect yourself from being hardened, but you will draw out the gentler side of others, was the view of Father Maturin.

One of the early hermits was asked how he maintained his placid temper and replied that he lived in the presence of the unseen. "I often think of my guardian angel who is ever at my side, who assists me in all my needs, who tells me in all circumstances what I should do, what I should say, and who, after every action, writes down the manner in which I have performed it. This thought penetrates me with such religious respect that I am attentive to say or do nothing to displease him."

To one who asked him how he could suffer abusive language and threats to which he had been subjected, St. Francis Salesian answered: "Be not astonished at my silence. I have made a compact with my tongue that it never move to say a word of anger against those who may speak ill of me." On the general subject of keeping one's temper sweet, the saint said: "It is not possible, as long as we are on this earth, to think exactly as those who whom we live; therefore, it is necessary to have a large fund of sweetness to oppose to sudden movements of anger, so that

we may not lose the peace of our soul."

A present-day writer, Father McNabb, O. P., says that almost 75% of the things of this world should be taken with a little laughter. That is the serious way of taking them.

LEARN TO "LET GO"

One does not often encounter such practical, homely philosophy as that which appeared some time ago in Medical Talk on the wisdom of letting go.

"If you want to be healthy morally, mentally and physically," the writer says, "just let go. Let go the little bothers of everyday life, the irritations and the petty vexations that cross your path daily. Don't take them up and nurse them, let them and brood over them. They are not worth while. Let them go."

"That little hurt you got from a friend, perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was; but never mind, let it go. Refuse to think about it. Let go of that feeling of hatred you have for another, the jealousy, the envy, the malice, let go of all such thoughts. Dismiss them from your mind, and you will be surprised what a wholesome and rejuvenating effect it will have upon you, both physically and mentally. Let them all go."

"But the big troubles, the bitter disappointments, the deep wrongs and heart-breaking sorrows, the tragedies of life, what about them? Why, just let them go, too. Put away all regrets and bitterness, and let sorrow be only a softening influence. Yes, let them go, and make the most of the future."

"Then that little ailment that you have been hanging onto, and talking about for so many years, let it go. It will be a good riddance. You have treated it loyally, but abandon it; let it go. Talk about health, instead, and health will come. Quit nursing that ailment, and let it go."

It is not so hard after once you get used to the habit of it—letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that may mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go. You will find the world such a beautiful place. You will find it beautiful because you will be free to enjoy it—free in mind and body.

"Learn to let go. Do not constantly dwell upon the unpleasant things in life. As you value health of body and peace of mind, let go—just simply let go of all the bitterness and sorrow in life."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary, Where we sat side by side On a bright May mornin' long ago, When first you were my bride; The corn was springin' fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high; And the red was on your lip, Mary, And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary— The day is bright as then; The lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green again; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath, warm on my cheek; And I still keep list'nin' for the words You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, And the little church stands near— The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here. But the graveyard lies between, Mary, And my step might break your rest— For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary, That still kept hoping on, When the trust in God had left my soul.

And my arm's young strength was there, As was comfort even on your lip, And the kind look on your brow— I bless you, Mary, for that same, Though you cannot hear me now.

I'm biddin' you a long farewell, Mary, kind and true! But I'll not forget you, darling, In the land I'm goin' to; They say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines always there— But I'll not forget old Ireland, Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods I'll sit, and shut my eyes, And my heart will travel back again.

To the place where Mary lies; And I'll think I see the little stile Where we sat side by side, And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn When first you were my bride.

OUR BLESSED MOTHER AND THE FLOWERS

How many of our boys and girls when they look at the beautiful flowers think of Him who gave them to us? Many of the fairest blossoms show by their names that there was an age when the Giver of the flowers was remembered, but that was long before chrysanthemum shows.

The lily in all lands is associated with thoughts of our Blessed

Mother, whether it is the lovely Annunciation Lily, the fleur-de-lis or the sweet lilies of the valley which in some lands are thought to be our Lady's tears. A bunch of wild snowdrops seem prettier for the altar if they are called "Candlemas bells." Legends tell us that flowers sprang up along the Blessed Virgin's way through life, and is it any wonder?

The hazel tree, it is said, blossomed for Mary when she visited Elizabeth, and the daffodils formed a path for Gabriel when he came to the humble house of Nazareth. You all know the orchard which bears the name "Our Lady Slipper," and how much more graceful is that name than its other, "moccasin flower."

The primrose has a significant name among the Germans; they call it "Frauen Schlüssel," "Our Lady's Key," because it opens the gate of spring.

In France the spear mint is "Our Lady's Mint," and the dainty blue speedwell is in England called "Mary's Rest." In Nazareth the little children call briony "Our Lady's Vine," and the holy tree is "Mary's Tree."

You are all familiar with the delicate maiden-hair ferns, but do you know they are often termed "Our Lady's Tresses?"

Across the sea, the strawberry and the cherry are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. There is a plant known as "Our Lady's Bedstraw," and there is a species of primula which has been styled "Our Lady's Candlestick," while "Our Lady's Nightcap" is a common name for the morning glory.

To give these names, full of lovely meaning, to the flowers, shows that our Blessed Mother was close to the minds and hearts of the people in the early ages, and far from evincing too great familiarity, their simple faith filled their hearts with sweet and loving reverence, says an exchange.—Catholic Bulletin.

OIL OF SWEETNESS, KINDNESS AND GENTLENESS

Once upon a time, as the story-tellers say, there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had books and flowers and servants—everything he wanted; yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. One by one his most valued servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with his tale of woe.

"It seems to me," said his neighbor sagaciously, "it would be well for you to use more oil."

"To use more oil?"

"Yes; I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Therefore, nobody liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges and it has been constantly used ever since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How in the world do you want me to use oil?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross and break out in reproaches; use your voice and words with the oil of kindness and sweetness and gentleness."

The old man went home and followed the advice given him, and thenceforward peace and comfort reigned in his house.

Every family should have a bottle of this oil; for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit. Accidents will happen and the most perfect plans fail. Offense is sometimes given quite unintentionally and pain or annoyance is often caused by mere inadvertence.—The Echo.

ST. JOSEPH

FEAST SUNDAY, MARCH 19

Fervent devotion to St. Joseph is the remedy for many of the evils of the day. This world is not the smiling paradise that dreamy visionaries like to picture it. It is a rugged work-shop of duty fashioned by the creative hand of God, in which all men and women must spend their allotted span of years, laboring for an eternal reward. Toil and suffering and care are the lot of man on earth, peace and rest and happiness are the heritage of man in Heaven. The ideal of manhood therefore is not the man of the world, idle, dissipated, and pleasure seeking but the man of God, industrious, restrained, and soberminded, not seeking his destiny in the dust of the earth, but pressing on with faith and hope to the City of God in the Heavens. Of true, Christian, manly virtue, St. Joseph has given the shining example.

The chaste spouse of the Blessed Mother of God and Foster Father of Our Lord led a saintly life of patient poverty and uninterrupted toil. While the men of the world in Herod's palace were eating and drinking and making merry, St. Joseph was laboriously making a living for the Holy Family. No doubt he often heard the shouts of their laughter, and heard the stories of their orgies, yet he never for one moment envied them their lot. Although he knew that in the guardianship of the Holy Family he had received a signal mark of God's favor, he did not covet on that account a reward of greater wealth and honors. He was content to

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carve out a meagre subsistence for himself and his blessed charges by menial service, by incessant drudgery, and poorly requited toil.

He had his hours of sadness, when want and suffering laid their heavy hands upon him, for the members of the Holy Family were the poorest of the poor. There were times when the bitter inequalities of the social system of those days made them the victims of the world's unrest. But St. Joseph never complained. On the contrary he rejoiced that God deemed him worthy to be a co-sufferer with Christ in the Redemption of the world, and in all his sufferings he found his consolation in union with God and in the hope of eternal reward.

His piety, justice, purity, charity, obedience, and faith have made him the patron of the universal Church. His powerful intercession has sent millions to him, and has enriched them with these same virtues. But the secret of his strength was his detachment from the world, his other-worldliness. And this is the trait in St. Joseph that the world today need most to imitate. As the Holy Father said in his Motu Proprio on St. Joseph, "Therefore let all learn to look on passing events in the light of the eternal things to come, and seeking consolation for the inevitable troubles of human life in the hope of celestial blessings, aspire to those with all their strength, resigned to the will of God, living soberly, according to the rules of piety and justice."

The feast of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, Foster Father of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Patron of the Universal Church, model of a saintly life, and a patron of a happy death, should move us to cultivate a more fervent devotion to him, and to enlist his powerful assistance by more frequent intercession.—The Pilot.

THE MEDIEVALISTS

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20.—How the need of the Catholic faith was sown, and how it has grown and spread to embrace 9,000 of the savage population of New Guinea in a few years, was told to the Medievalists, a club of Catholic men, at a recent meeting by the Rev. Francis Neuhaus of the Society of the Divine Word, one of the exiled German missionaries, now stationed at Techny, Ill., home of the order. Father Neuhaus illustrated his lecture with many slides, both of his own making and from the Field Museum.

After Father Neuhaus had talked most interestingly of the three savage races that inhabit the island, of their primitive life and strange, though fixed customs one of the Medievalists asked:

"But Father, what was there in their philosophy on which you could gain a foothold to work for the Catholic faith?"

"There is in the mind of every man, no matter how primitive," said the father, "that to which the truths of God appeal. And so it was there. The young children in our schools are the easiest, naturally, but the adults and even the old accept the true faith when they are instructed in it. In one of the tribes practically every member is a Catholic."

The Medievalists is an organization of Catholic men, whose purpose is to entertain and give a forum to prominent characters who may have a message for Catholics, or information bearing on subjects in which Catholic men are interested. Its membership is at present limited to 250, having been recently increased from 200. There is still a long waiting list. The organization was suggested by the Right Rev. Francis C. Kelley, president of the Catholic Church Extension Society, and formed by him and several associates.

At first this little group entertained in a modest way Catholic visitors, who, not being in the public eye, might have otherwise passed unnoticed. The organization appealed to other Catholic leaders. Now it holds meetings at the call of the officers, when there is occasion, at the University Club. The members dress in the garb of monks, while the applicants wear another garb, and the guests wear business suits. A ritual is observed. One of the interesting features of the meetings is that the speaker is subject to "heckling." There is no publicity in the Chicago newspapers, so the speaker may talk freely.

As long as truth or justice could be supposed to influence men, as long as man was admitted under the control of reason, so long must it be prudent and wise to procure discussions on the sufferings and the rights of the people of Ireland.—Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator.

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