

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOD KEEP THEM

"God keep thee in thy busy day And in the night's lonely hour, Though storms may gather 'round thy way Trust His protecting power. God guide thee! May His Wisdom shine Unclouded o'er thy soul, And lead thee by its light divine, To the eternal goal."

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

There is nothing more human than for men to turn rapidly from love to hatred or from hatred to love of that which they formerly despised. Experience has shown how very near together lie the springs of love and hate. Extraordinary though it be, the more man has loved an object or cherished an ideal, the more bitter his dislike of it when once it has ceased to merit his regard.

History shows in striking manner how this fact is borne out in men's lives. One after another we recall the figures of men who have stood out intellectual or moral giants among their fellows. And as at one time their path was marked with traces of decay, so at another, we find only the luxurious growth of high and noble ideals.

If great men have left ineradicable marks of their greatness after them, many of them have likewise left sad traces of a wrong start in life. But one day they came to the realization that the path which they trod would lead to nothing save unhappiness. They abandoned it, sometimes on a single generous impulse and their former companions knew them no more.

It is well for us that in certain cases these former landmarks in the soul's progress have not been wholly wiped out. There is nothing that gives men greater courage or that inspires them more than the realization that through great travail and anguish and at the cost of great sacrifice, others have won peace and truth.

When a friend suggested to one who had sounded the depths of soul misery to reach the heights, that he eliminate certain portions of a recent book, he replied in characteristic manner: "Perhaps today I would hesitate to write them. But I must avow it would be a mistake to obliterate them. They testify to the truth of the book. It is because it is true that it has such an influence on souls."

There was another whose current of life ran counter to that of the great writer mentioned above. One day this other came to hate that which he formerly loved. Fearfully fascinating it is to follow in the line of his thought as we find it in careful commentaries who have wisely selected for us those things which will best illustrate the case.

This man was a dreamer, but he was unfortunately also a man with a sick soul. While he had the audacity to propose measures for other men to follow, he was incapable of following them himself.

"I would never have been able to make a soldier," he writes somewhere. "I should have deserted." This confession was made at a time when fearful evils threatened his native country, arousing all men of red blood to take action in defense of that which was so dear to them. In 1871, true, terrified by the atrocities of the Commune, he wrote a prosecution against the Revolution, democracy, universal suffrage, and the execution of Louis XVI. But when fear died out he returned to his former mode of thought.

He confessed that he dared not carry a sword or a gun. What, then, was left for a man burning with selfish ambition, and striving to create a new world wherein his thought might dominate men? Nothing save the weapon of irony.

Of all the unfortunate remarks which this man of keen and cutting irony ever made, that which strikes us most forcefully is one which deals with humility. "An order," he says, "is a humiliation."

This aphorism furnishes us with the key to the sad situation of an unhappy soul. It tells of the pride of intellect that was the cause of many another's downfall. He begins to find fault, to discover defects in those about him who are striving for a high and holy ideal. He makes up his mind that the more prestige a man attains, the keener his powers, the more fascinating his style and the more he is admired by other men, the greater hold he will have upon hearts with his self-proposed doctrine and the greater consequently the throng of his followers.

So we find him writing: "The attack of genius has always the particular character of security. In the strokes of such a hand there is strength and forcefulness not to be found in lesser men. Those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of which he treats and who have regarded them from afar as sacred are won by him who dares to penetrate into the sanctuary. It is the man who knows the secrets who can alone expose them with the audacity of familiarity that can attract the multitude."

Such a story makes painful reading. The Croix of Paris, commenting on a recent commemoration which took place in the city, of a writer of such pernicious works, calls the affair a "sad centenary." It justly brings a thrill of horror to all those who read.

In striking opposition to such a one who could not brook the idea of humiliation, of obedience to law whether human or Divine, are those giants of the ages whose beautiful lives were constant records of striving to become valiant soldiers in the battle of life. There was a youth who, at the age of twenty, was teaching philosophy in Barcelona with marvellous success. Ten years afterward his rare abilities won for him the degree of Doctor in the University of Bologna and many high dignities. But in middle life he laid aside his honors and entered one of the austere religious Orders. He began to preach a crusade against the Moors and in order to convert a King was granted the power of working a miracle.

At the ripe age of eighty-one he was privileged to know that ten thousand Saracens had received Holy Baptism largely through his efforts. Men are greatly influenced by what they read. It is then useful to recall certain words uttered by famous men, words of encouragement, of consolation, of warning, of admonition. Through the success and the downfall of other souls men can learn of the dangers and pitfalls which await them in the quest of success and happiness.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS

Our eyes may not behold their wondrous beauty, We may not hear the flutter of their wings The while they stand, bright monitors of duty, Our guide to better things; Our hands have never touched the adoration The shining of their white-robed loveliness, But in the loneliest hours of desolation We know their tenderness.

For many a tide of wild and sad revealing Born with despairing throes in bleeding hearts, Flows back aglow with waves of holy feeling, And many a burthen parts, From souls by passion's lurid painting clouded, And thoughts beatified Steal from forgotten places, all unshrouded, By angels glorified.

Untiring and unseen they watch about us, They hold, in spite of us, our trembling hands, They weave a magic charm, within, without us, Caught by Faith's golden strands; And though our eyes may not behold the vision, Nor feel their presence in the clogged air, From birth to death, through life's most strange transition, They guard us everywhere.

KEEP SMILING

Everybody in this world has a cross of some kind to bear. It may be one thing unseen in the silence of the heart's profoundest depths; or it may be one that is painfully visible to all. To some God gives but one great loss to bear; on others He showers what seems like a multitude of smaller ones. But, great or small, or one or many, the cross is there, and must be carried. Some bearers wreathe their crosses with the sharp thorns of repining and discontent; others with the soft blossoms of patience and hope.

It is largely a matter of choice, resting with the bearers; but it is the revelation of our experience that he finds his cross lightest who has learned—bitter though the lesson is—to smile with others at his own miseries.—Southern Cross.

AVOID BITTER WORDS

Simply don't allow yourself to say sharp things about people. To be sure, your tart criticism may be quite warranted by the facts, but just remember that your remarks are much more likely to influence your audience's opinion of you than their opinion of those about whom you say them. Don't be cynical, bitter and pessimistic in your point of view. Don't seem down on young people. Keep sweet. Of course, it isn't easy but stick to it for a while and presently you will have turned your mind in the right direction, and to say the pleasant, quite friendly, optimistic thing will be a settled habit. And if you need something to keep you at it, just look around you and observe the women whose faces and manner betray that middle-aged habit of acidity and crankiness. Their fate will probably be all you need to warn you to detour and avoid the dangerous spots in the road.—The Pilot.

TRUE REFINEMENT

"Quiteness of person" is the sincerest portrayal of refinement. This does not mean that one must cloak oneself in statuesque dignity and assume a reserved and distant manner. Neither does it wish to subdue the vivacious, athletic-loving type of girl. Such elimination would truly be a loss of no little moment. Superb health and vitality are among the most valuable assets. The world has all too few really healthful specimens of humanity, especially among the feminine sex. Place the blame on factory, society, or the energetic life of today—the fact still remains unaltered. Yet no matter how good or how companionable a sportsman a girl may be, she can never, even with such praiseworthy recommendation, afford to forget that she is the most worshipped thing in life—dowered with lovely womanhood.

Perhaps it is due to the hustling, energetic life of the twentieth century, which seems bent seriously upon one thing only: to endeavor to satisfy in each day the varied passions of a lifetime. So we meet them on our city streets, winsome little girls in their teens, at the loveliest and most appealing age—girlhood, when we should find them "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." But today, 'tis with eager feet they hasten to that port of embarkation, 'tis with yearning heart they long for the mysteries and glamor of "grown-up life." They pass us talking loudly, pushing rudely through the crowds, powder and oft-times rouge quite visible upon their baby skin, narring the young beauty of their faces, short stockings, aping their elders quite cleverly even to the "low neck" so deplorably common today, so vulgarly indecent. Bits of their chatter drift to our ears as they hurry by, laden with slang, till it is almost a foreign language to one unversed in the "latest." The subjects of their conversation, topics that are not apropos to discuss in public, are absurdly talked over by these "know-it-all" little ladies, punctuated by inane side remarks and gum-chewing. Such is the little mis of sixteen summers in this, our twentieth century.

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ACADEMY OF SOCIAL MUTUAL AID

An "Academy of Education and Social Mutual Aid" has been founded in Paris with quarters in the building of the Catholic Institute.

This foundation is the result of a donation made by M. Bruwaert, a Minister Plenipotentiary, whose experience during a long consular and diplomatic career brought him to think that a great contribution to national reconstruction could be made by establishing a sort of French Council, the program of which would be to study, determine and popularize the rules of conduct most capable of improving the situation of the individual and the community through devotion to labor, the courage of thrift, zeal in mutual assistance and the development of a professional conscience.

The Council will strive, through the publication of opinions and examples (books, tracts, manuals, posters, etc.) to create a love of work, to cause it to be considered not as a misfortune but as a duty and an asset. It will study and make known the rules of hygiene, which are of such great public value to the individual and to society. Lastly, it will devote particular attention to the problems of the education and instruction of children and adolescents.

Among the members of the new Academy are Mgr. Baudrillart and M. Georges Goyau, members of the French Academy; M. Ducaul Arnould, chairman of the labor committee of the Chamber of Deputies; M. Isaac, former Minister of Commerce; and president of the "Ligue de la Plus Grande Famille"; Viscount d'Hendecourt, president general of the Societies of Saint Vincent de Paul; M. Duthoit, president of the Social Weeks of France; Rev. Father Desbucquois, S. J., director of the "Action Populaire"; M. Dumaine, former ambassador to Vienna; Mgr. Roland-Gosselin, Auxiliary Bishop of Paris and Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons; the Marquis de Vogue, president general of the "Societe des Agriculteurs de France," etc.

The president of the Academy is Mgr. Baudrillart. The vice-president is M. Jean Lerolle, and the secretary is M. Jean Lerolle, former deputy from Paris, member of the Supreme Labor Council and director of the newspaper, La Libre Parole.

The Academy is divided into five sections: moral, social and social-hygiene, family, teaching and education, labor. These sections meet each month and prepare resolutions which are submitted to the plenary assembly.

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