

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

RECOMPENSE

I saw two sowers in Life's field at morn. To whom came one angel guise and said, "Is it for labor that a man is born? Lo; I am Eased. Come ye and eat my bread!"

"If you can't smile" In the vestibule of a certain hospital visitor she a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital."

"If you can't smile, don't go in!" It is good advice for others than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry of a kindly smile? It is tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes it afraid and it cheers the aged who find life unacceptably lonely.

Smiles are as indispensable to true success in life as money, mind and might. Not in hospitals only, then, but in the home and on the street there is a call for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God and then turn the eyes to the light, for the smile that helps is the smile of heaven-kindled joy and hope.—True Voice

GENERAL LEE'S KINDNESS

A humble countryman was driving a loaded wagon on a muddy road in Virginia. His team was light and progress was slow and difficult. At last his wagon sank in a deep rut and his struggling horses stopped. He was "stalled" hard and fast. Nothing he could do—yelling at his horses, whipping them, prying at his wagon wheels—would extricate him.

But just then rode up an elderly gentleman of soldierly bearing and kindly face who proved to be "the noblest Roman of them all." At once he saw the difficulty and at once he dismounted, gave some suggestions, put his shoulder to the muddy wheels and helped the driver out to solid earth and sent him on his way.

HARD KNOCKS

Hard knocks. They are bound to come. Sometimes we keep out of range, either by our caution or skill or good luck, for a time; but sooner or later the hard knocks come and no amount of dodging or running will keep them off. They are good for us, too. It does not appear at the moment how they can benefit us; in the end, however, we find that the advantage was on our side as a result of the experience. How shall we meet them? The answer to the question is important. We must not lose our heads or our hearts or our tempers. If we lose our heads we are undone; for it requires steadfastness and good calculation to handle ourselves successfully in the School of Hard Knocks.

FEAR AND CHEER DO NOT GO HAND IN HAND

Cheerfulness is more than smiles. It is a good thing even when you feel depressed to turn the corners of your mouth resolutely upward, for in that way you may keep from burdening other people with your low spirits. Cheerfulness is a composite quality, rather than a simple one. It is made up of a number of elements.

There is a certain cheerfulness which is a part of youthful good spirits. If you watch a group of children on their way to school, half of them will be skipping. This instinctive lightness of heart is very beautiful, but it is not enough, because it has no resisting power. The same girl who sings lustily as she dresses for breakfast may be crying just as hard before she starts to school because she cannot find her spelling list. Cheerfulness which is dispelled by the first difficulty or disappointment is not enough for this rather disappointing world.

No one can be cheerful long who lacks courage. Fear and cheer are incompatible. And if you are disposed to be fearful, it is astonishing what a number of things you find to be afraid of. Some people are afraid of poverty, afraid of failure, afraid of losing their friends, afraid of storm, afraid of wind, afraid of heat or cold. If a thing is undesirable, they are afraid it will come their way. If it is desirable they are afraid of losing it. No coward is happy for long. Robust courage must enter into an enduring cheerfulness.

The cheerfulness which can meet any disaster and be victorious has faith in its composition. One who trusts absolutely in the power and love of God is a stranger to worry. If we know that all things are working for our good, why should we wish anything different? The cheerfulness which is built upon faith is absolutely impregnable.—Buffalo Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

I thought myself indeed secure. So fast the door, so firm the lock; But lo! he toddling comes to lure My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone, could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea— That timorous, baby knocking and "Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book. Regardless of its tempting charms, And, opening wide the door, I took My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity I, like a truant child, shall wait The glories of a life to be, Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate.

And will that Heavenly Father heed The truant's supplicating cry As at the outer door I plead, "Tis I, O Father! only I!"

"MARY IS MY MOTHER"

"I will give a nice picture to the child who can give a good reason for honoring and loving the Blessed Virgin," announced the missionary in his desire to instill devotion to Mary in the hearts of the children. The mission was held in Idaho Springs in 1912. The parish was small and had no Catholic school, the children were sincerely attached to the pastor and attended their exercises faithfully. Instantly all faces beamed with anticipation. Among the children that were anxious to give a reason for the faith that was in them was a little girl who waved her hand frantically. Doubling her intelligence, however, the missionary permitted an older one to answer the question. With the assurance of a theologian she replied: "Because the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God!" "A very good reason," remarked the missionary, as he realized how the children had profited by the instruction of their devoted pastor and friend. Having given the promised reward he availed himself of the opportunity to explain the dignity of the Mother of God and asked for additional reasons for honoring the Blessed Virgin. Again the little hand waved frantically while an eager face pleaded to be heard. "Well, little one," asked the missionary kindly, "why do you love the Blessed Virgin?" "Because Mary is my mother," replied the little girl. "Out of the mouths of infants you have perfect praise," thought the missionary in the words of the Psalmist, when another hand was eagerly raised before he could express his astonishment at the wisdom of the answer given. "Well," he asked, "Father, I know this little girl's mother," protested the owner of the hand, "and she is not the Blessed Virgin." Upon inquiry the missionary discovered later on that this objector was the child of negligent parents and did not attend instructions regularly. With some misgivings the missionary turned to the little one who had claimed Mary for her mother and asked: "How do you explain this difficulty?" "Father," replied the devout client of Mary, "this girl knows my human mother, but the Blessed Virgin became my spiritual mother when she gave us Jesus for our Saviour."

"Well said!" remarked the missionary with cordial approval. "Every one of us has a human mother and a spiritual mother. As our human mothers gave us natural life, so Mary gave us that spiritual life to which we were born in holy baptism. Our human mothers feed, clothe and care for us because they love us; but if Mary let her dear Jesus die upon the cross that we may have spiritual life, she loves us more than all other human mothers ever loved their children. We should, therefore, thank God for having given us the Blessed Virgin for our spiritual mother. If we often think on Mary's love for us poor sinners we will all

glory in claiming her for our mother and we will go to her in all our spiritual difficulties just as we go to our human mothers in all our natural wants. If we love Mary, we will do something to honor her every day." Then, turning with confidence to the little girl, he said: "As a reward for your wise answer I will gladly give you the finest picture I have, but first I wish to ask you another question: What do you do to show your love for your spiritual mother?" "Please, Father," replied the child, "I wear scapulars and pray the Rosary every day."—True Voice.

THE YOUTH OF A GREAT MAN

Toward the end of the Fifteenth Century in a certain hilly country in Italy, two little boys could be seen herding the swine. Every now and then they would cross over to each other and talk in whispers in a very serious way. Their master was a strict man and when he caught the boys shirking their duties, threatened them with punishment and bade them remain out longer, in fact until dark. But no sooner was the master's back turned than they drove the cattle into the barn and crept softly to their attic room. Whispering all the while, they packed their scant belongings into a little bundle and crept softly out in the world. The world to them was a new and blither they went to look for work. Peter soon was employed as a cook's assistant in a Cardinal's house, but the other, Michael by name, was not so fortunate. He wandered from one place to another but always came back in the evening to share Peter's room, hopeless and sad. Michael used to enter many churches in his walks about Rome and the wonderful paintings on the walls fascinated him beyond expression. For hours he would stand in front of a decorated wall until he knew every line of the painting by heart.

One evening after Peter let him secretly into his room, Michael, who had found some bits of charcoal, began to draw odd pictures on the whitewashed walls. This form of amusement was his nightly occupation, even after he had been employed to assist the cook in the Cardinal's house.

One day the Cardinal, while roaming through his house, chanced to enter Peter's and Michael's room, and he was startled by the wonderful drawing on the wall. He sent for the two boys and said, "Who's work is this?" "I did them, Master, but if you won't punish me I will try to rub them out."

"Be not afraid of me," answered the Cardinal. "I like your work and I mean to send you to a man who can teach you the art of painting." Turning to Peter he said, "You, too, have been a good servant and I will advance you."

Have you guessed who the Michael was who began his great life's work in this humble patient way? Yes, you are correct, it was no other than the world's greatest painter and sculptor, Michael Angelo.

While Michael Angelo was sculpturing his great statue of Moses, you know the one with the horns representing the rays of light radiating from his countenance, a friend who thought himself an art critic was watching him and he said: "I think your statue very fine, and like it very much; but I think the nose too big. If I were you I would chop off a little of it."

Michael Angelo raised his chisel and mallet and off came the piece of marble and fell to the floor. "How do you like it now?" asked the artist.

"Now it is fine, and I wouldn't touch it again," said Michael, "and be assured that I didn't touch the nose before. I had the piece of marble in my hand and I let it fall to test your critical ability. I, too, know when a work is right and I didn't purpose spoiling this statue that has cost me so much time, and effort, for a whim of yours."

After that the critic wisely held his peace, and the Moses statue is still one of the world's masterpieces in marble.—True Voice.

AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has issued a notable pastoral letter, calling for justice. His Eminence remarks that, as justice has won the Allies' cause and brought upon it the blessing of heaven, so it must be continued in the life of peace. There must be justice in the laws, which should respect the rights of citizens to form religious congregations and to bring up their children in the faith, if they wish; there must be justice in business, forbidding profiteering; justice in social relations between capital and labor. If justice is violated in any of the departments of the national life, interests and conscience suffer, and sooner or later comes revolt, order is overthrown, and peace destroyed. His Eminence applies these principles as follows: Church and State were united by an ancient pact. The State broke the alliance to the great detriment of the Church. In these days, when reparations are justly claimed, the Church has a right to reparation. Citizens, who are ready to fulfil all their obligations even to the giving of their blood, have surely the right to live in community, if they please, and to give themselves up to study, prayer and preaching. Men and women, who offer all the necessary

guarantees of competence and morality, should not be excluded from the teaching of youth. Catholics should demonstrate Christianity as the surest guardian of peace in the world, and should show by word and act that those, who know best how to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's, are the most faithful in religion, which is justice towards God, and which is the safeguard of all justice towards men, and the source of all true peace.—New World.

LENTE PASTORALS OF THE GERMAN BISHOPS

The disturbing effects of the War in Germany have told, for the present at any rate, against religion. That is a conclusion which is clear from the Lenten Pastorals of the German bishops. "Unceasingly," states Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, "efforts are made to shatter the throne of Christ in the hearts of His followers. Orally and in writing, in societies and at meetings, His Divinity and Divine authority are attacked. The poisonous seed has already proved all too prolific, as we see from the masses of unbelievers not only in the learned circles, but also in every class of the people," and the Prince-Bishop of Breslau in his Pastoral says: "Will the Church survive the collapse? Will the Christian order of life outlast the catastrophe? These are questions asked by many a one in alarm. Yes, the time has come at which we hear everywhere that the Christian religion proved itself powerless in the War, as if Christ Himself had not plainly prophesied all the approaching developments and changes and had not armed us with firmness and trust in God for such times." The Pastors certainly do not breathe any want of confidence in the Divine protection. They are strong, sterling exhortations to faith in Christ.—Tae Monitor.

POPE AND PROTESTANTS

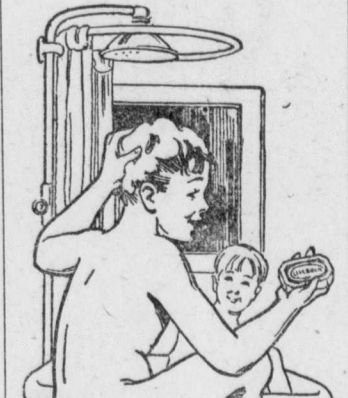
PONTIFF FEELS OTHER CHURCHES MUST RETURN TO CATHOLIC BOSOM

It is stated semi-officially on behalf of the Vatican, according to a dispatch, that the Holy See has not given its adherence to the pan-Christian congress which it is proposed to hold shortly, as the Catholic Church, considering her dogmatic character, could not join in the congress on an equal footing.

The feeling of the Vatican, says the semi-official expression, is that all the other Christian denominations succeeded from the Roman Church, which descends directly from Christ, and that therefore Rome cannot go to them, it being for them to return to her bosom.

The Pope, the expression adds, is ready to receive representatives of dissident churches with open arms, as the Roman Church has always longed for the unification of all Christian religions. Pope Leo XIII., it is pointed out, was deeply interested in the question and wrote two famous encyclicals on the subject of unification of the Christian churches.

Every Catholic, of course, knows that this is the only possible result of the recent visit of three Protestant Bishops to Rome.—St. Paul Bulletin.



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Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in baskets of silver.

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