

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOUNG MEN! YOU ARE AN OBJECT LESSON

AN EARNEST AND TIMELY WORD OF ADVICE

The vivid lightning of the heavens sometimes reveals in all the brightness of day what lies hidden in the darkness of night. The grace of God sometimes parallels this in a flood of light flashed at intervals upon the soul. Without warning, without apparent cause, even, it comes, a momentary brightness, but lasting in its effects. Mind and heart are illuminated, and the truth brought out in bold relief becomes a force to influence our life.

Catholic young men! have your responsibility towards others ever been thrust upon you in one of these bursts of light? Has the second great commandment of God, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (St. Matt. xix. 19), ever had any effect upon your lives? The love of your neighbor is the test of your love of God. The chief command of charity is to save the soul of your fellowman. Nothing else matters, nothing else is of any consequence to God in the final analysis. True, you must clothe the naked and feed the hungry, but these are only means to an end, means to a greater good, the saving of your neighbor's soul. As the soul is immeasurably greater than the body, so the charity which saves the soul is greater than the charity which cares for the body alone.

Every sincere Catholic desires nothing more fervently than the conversion of this fair land of America to the true faith. How is this result to be obtained? Many will say, by the preaching of our clergy and their apostolic zeal. My reply is—Yes, from the zeal of our clergy, in a measure, but in a far greater degree from the good example and direct personal influence of a faithful Catholic laity. It is not the priest so much, who meets the non-Catholic but seldom; it is you, young people of the laity, and especially you, young men, who are living in constant association with them.

Yes, Catholic young men, you are the object lessons from which those outside the Church judge of the truths of our Catholic faith. You are living witnesses for or against the Church. Your non-Catholic friends read you more attentively than they would read a Catholic book. They are influenced more by your sayings and doings, particularly doings, than they would be by carefully framed syllogisms proving the truth of the Church.

Every Catholic young man should be an apostle. A life pulsating with the purity and faith in a sermon that touches hearts, that wins converts. Would that the lives of all of you came under that heading—apostolic. But, alas, some of you seem to be dead. The enthusiasm that brings the faith to the attention of others, the enthusiasm which should spring from the very joy of being a Catholic, is not in your possession. You could set the world on fire, and yet you are content to remain dull and sluggish.

Of what use is the preaching of the clergy if you, who should mirror in your lives the truths set forth in the pulpit, do not give a splendid example of a living, vibrant Catholic faith? Non-Catholics attend the services of the Church, and they hear the priest speak most eloquently on the truths of religion; they hear him outline a method of right living which, if followed in its entirety by all peoples, for a single day even, would result in a universal Utopia. They admire the Church, they are attracted towards her—until they see you, who also listened to the self-same doctrine, leave the Church on Sunday morning, and promptly forget all about your faith for the remaining six days of the week.

They see you living perhaps in mortal sin, committing sins of intemperance, of impurity, of blasphemy, of enmity towards your neighbor. They never see you making any effort to avoid the occasions of sin against which the priest is constantly warning you. They know too, of your sharp practices in business, perhaps even of your stealing. They notice that the Catholic workman is no different from any other in his ideals and principles, always looking for the most he can get out of life at the expense of his employer and at the least trouble to himself. They observe the Catholic employer grinding the bodies and souls of his employees into dollars and cents in order to increase his fortune.

Your non-Catholic friends see no apparent difference between those who have not heard the wonderful doctrine of the Catholic Church and those who have heard it. And then it is they recall the words of Holy Scripture: "By their fruits you shall know them" (St. Matt. vii. 16 and 20). They apply these words to some of the Church's children and thereby arrive at a false conclusion.

They say: Look at these Catholics; to hear their priests talk, one would think that they had all that was precious and useful in Christ's doctrine. They claim that their Church is the one true Church. They claim to have Christ always present on their altars; and yet one needs but a second glance to see that their lives give the lie to their words.

Unfortunately, those outside the Church do not allow for the frailty of human nature when dealing with things Catholic. Too often do they judge the Church by the lives of bad Catholics, the dead members of her

mystical body. You, who have ultimate dealings with our separated brethren, should realize the heavy responsibility resting upon you to give a good example.

A splendid instance of the power of good example is related in the biography of the distinguished English convert, John Hungerford Pollen. One night, in the crush of a London society function, he espied at the opposite end of the room a lady trying to catch his eye. He could not recall her face, but she evidently knew him, and they both made their way through the press until they met in the middle of the room. "I see you don't remember me, Mr. Pollen," said the lady, despite polite attempts on his part, "but I have good reasons to remember you. This time last year I sat beside you at a dinner party, and a fish entree was served. I partook of it while you refused, and I said, 'you are quite wrong, Mr. Pollen, not to take some of this. It is excellent. I will sign to the footman to bring it to you.' 'No, thank you,' was your reply: 'it is one of those fast days on which I may eat meat, but Catholics are not on such days allowed fish at the same meal.' You went on to talk of other things; but my astonishment was extreme, and I determined to inquire into a religion which could make a man forego a good dish of food. The result is that I am at present a Catholic."

To be a missionary, to win souls for Jesus Christ, to bring the light of faith to the non-Catholics of this land, is a mission to which every young man is called. Your zeal may be easily tested in the good example you set to others. Be a good Catholic in all which that means. Do not think one way and act another. Do not conduct yourself in Church like a fervent Christian and in daily life like an apostate. Christ has said: "No man can serve two masters." (St. Matt. vi. 24.) You cannot praise God and the world in the same breath. There is no alternative; it must be either one or the other; there is no neutrality possible.

Young men! how shall you aid in making America Catholic? First by the power of effectual, fervent prayer. St. James says: "Pray one for another, that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much." (v. 16.) Second, by the force of your united good example. Our Lord says: "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." (St. Matt. v. 16.)

You should pray as if all depended on God, and you should zealously labor as if all depended on yourself. What is needed to convert America is not more grand churches reared up in the name of Christ, not more eloquent preachers to go forth and repeat over and over again the life story of our Lord. These are exceedingly good for the spread of religion. But what is supremely needed in our day is more men and women to live the life of Christ in this world of sin. Ask yourselves one question. Am I living the life of Christ? If you can not answer "Yes," then study Christ's life, bring your own into accordance with its principles, and when you can stand before men and say, I know that life by experience, then go out into the world of sin and shame, of misery and of broken hearts, of weak and sinful men, and live—the true life of Christ, "who went about doing good." (Acts, x. 38.)

Shall we succeed in making America Catholic? Yes, my dear young friends, if you and I live the real life of Christ Jesus our Lord.—B. C. Orphans' Friend.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TAINTMEMA

Once my father said to me "Here's a curious mystery; Every deed which is not right in this house that's brought to light is not done it would appear by somebody living here. Anyway, it's always blamed on a total stranger named 'Taintmemma.'"

"Fingermarks upon the door, Muddy trackings on the floor, Books and papers out of place, Or a broken cup or vase, Or most anything that's named, For which someone must be blamed. When we ask, 'who did it, pray?' We can hear somebody say, 'Taintmemma.'"

First when father spoke to me, I pretended not to see Just exactly what he meant. Still it caused me to repent, And the next time I was blamed For a fault, I was ashamed To deny it. So today You will never hear me say: "Taintmemma."

—T. A. DALY

HOW BILLY GOT A NEW DOG

It was a very sober-faced little eight year old boy who sat on the doorstep with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. "Lonesome, Billy?" asked his mother, opening the door behind him.

"I can't get used to doing without Tige," he answered, with a queer catch in his throat. "I miss him as much as I did the day that automobile man over him."

Mrs. Carter stooped and patted her son's red cheek. "You shall have another dog as soon as we can find somebody with a puppy to give away," she said gently. "Father isn't able to buy you one. Now, if you wish, you may go and

play with Tommy Watkins until noon."

Billy pulled up his cap over his curly head and started down the road toward Tommy's home. Instead of skipping along, whistling, or singing, he walked slowly; and he wasn't thinking of Tommy Watkins at all; his mind was full of Tige.

"A dog is the best chum a fellow can have," said Billy to himself. "He's always around when you want him. Even at night he doesn't have to go home like a boy. He sleeps right on the floor by your bed. If you wake up in the dark you can reach down and touch him; and he licks your hand and wags his tail, and is company for you. Oh, I do want a dog!"

Remembering that there was no Tige on the rug now, Billy's eyes filled; he had to clasp his eyelids together and hold them tightly shut to keep the tears from squeezing through. While his eyes were thus closed he heard an odd, snuffing noise. Looking, he saw just around the corner a little black-headed girl. She was sitting upon a rock at the roadside with her arms crossed upon her knees and her face buried in her arms; and she was crying.

"I wonder what is the matter," thought Billy, stopping in the middle of the road. "Girls are always crying about something, though," he said, and started on again.

Yet the sound of her sobbing made him uncomfortable. "Anyhow, it's none of my business," he told himself. "I've got troubles of my own. Still, she's pretty small to be alone. I suspect she's not more than six years old. Maybe she's lost. Aw, I don't want to be tagging cry-babies home!" he said, crossly.

Frowning, he stopped and looked back. "Tommy and I won't have any time to play."

At that moment the little girl gave a sob louder and more piteous than any she had yet uttered.

"I suppose I'll have to see her," he sighed, walking toward her. "Are you lost, little girl?" he called.

"No," she answered, without looking at him. "I live in the brown house up yonder on the hill."

"Then what is the trouble?" he questioned, walking toward her. "Are you hurt?"

"Yes," she replied in a shaky voice. "My feelings are all mused up inside of me."

"What mused them?" Billy was too polite to laugh at her funny speech.

For the first time the little girl lifted her head, and he saw a very woeful and tear-stained face.

"We're going to move away—way off on the cars," she wept; "and daddy says I've got to leave Toby here."

"Who is Toby?" asked Billy. By this time he was quite close to her. "A cat?"

"I should say not," snifled the little girl. "Look!" She spread her apron, allowing him to see what she held in her lap.

Toby was a fat, black and white fox terrier pup.

"Ah-h!" gasped Billy, dropping on his knees. He pressed his face to the soft warm body and felt Toby's pink tongue touch his cheek.

"You say you can't keep him?" he asked. That started Toby's little mistress weeping afresh.

"I can't," she cried, "and I just know he'll starve; nobody wants him."

"I do," eagerly declared Billy. "Please give him to me."

The little girl snatched Toby up and cuddled him against her breast. "Will you feed him and love him better than anything? Cross your heart?" she asked.

"I will," promised Billy. "Cross my heart twice."

The little girl kissed Toby's funny black nose, hugged him so hard that he yelped, and put him into Billy's arms. Then she ran swiftly up the hill toward the brown house.

Forgetting Tommy Watkins, Billy hurried homeward.

"If I hadn't tried to help a little girl who was in trouble," he told his mother, "I wouldn't have Toby now."

—Catholic News.

A GOOD REASON FOR JOINING THE HOLY NAME

Nora Desmond, who writes the clever negro dialect sketches in "Our Colored Missions," gives in her latest story an excellent reason why a man should join the Holy Name Society, even if he is not addicted to profanity. She expresses it through Malinda Wickes who calls on Mrs. Evaristus Gummur Brown, better known as Marthy Brown. This conversation takes place:

"Ah, wisht mah George would join the Holy Name 'Ciety wif your Evaristus, Marthy."

"What fur do yo' wan' him to jine the Holy Name 'Ciety? Ah didn't think yore George was sech a bad swearin' man that yo' would wish sech restrictions as the Holy Name 'Ciety a holdin' him down."

"Oh! 'Taint jes the swearin' ah'm thinkin' uv. George don't swear very bad at all, but why ah wanted he should jine was fur the good 'zample uv a body uv men receivin' Holy Communion together like them, shoulder to shoulder, the good ones carryin' the wose ones along like sif they say tu the Lord, 'Take us in a bunch thout pickin' us apart,' and they all git through together. It seems sech a poweful boost tu a man wad hasn't any too much 'ligion uv his own.'—Sacred Heart Review.

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SOCIALISM AND THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

A Socialist league has been established for members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It accepts without qualification the principles of Socialism, whether Fabian, Utopian or Marxian. It likewise openly embraces "the scientific philosophy of Socialism," which is historic materialism. According to this doctrine all existing institutions, religious as well as social, owe their origin and development mainly to economic causes. It is the boast of the Marxian philosophy that man was not created by God, but God by man. He is described as the creature of man's imagination in certain stages of economic evolution. Christian Socialists, we are aware, seek to reconcile Marxian philosophy with their own evolutionary theory of Christianity, but Monism is the only creed that Socialists have consistently been able to accept. To parade, as these Protestant Episcopal Socialists do, "Holy Mother Church" in the train of Marxian philosophy is a delusion and a snare, or a sad confusion of ideas, or else the expression of a conviction that Episcopalianism should no longer lay any claim to the title of a supernatural religion. Devout churchmen, we hope, will not read without a shock that "the polity, doctrine and spiritual ideals of the Anglican communion are socialistic." Surely it is high time for them to return to the one true "Holy Mother Church" from whose bosom they have been separated these many years.

The latest development of the Protestant ideal of the individual interpretation of Holy Writings has led far beyond anything that Luther or Henry VIII. could have foreseen. Men are no longer satisfied with interpreting Scripture according to their "lights," or with reading their own theories and desires into its pages. They go farther and now insist that the Scriptures themselves, when not in conformity with their views, contain only a garbled and distorted version of the life and doctrine of Christ. After nineteen centuries it has suddenly been discovered by Christian Socialists, of the Bouck White type that the Evangelists were capitalistically inclined and that St. Paul, always the chief offender, was the prime promoter of a capitalist Christianity, which has replaced the teaching of Christ from the first century to the present day. The true Christ was not Divine, according to the earlier school of Christian Socialism, but a mere man, second, or equal, or perhaps superior to Marx. What is to be the doctrine of the new Protestant Episcopal Socialism?

The reading of one Socialist book each quarter of a year is a condition of membership in the new Church Socialist League. The blasphemies of Blachford, the animism of Belbel, the incineration of Bouck White, the atheistic "religion" of Dietzgen, "the philosopher of Socialism," will furnish elevating spiritual reading, and the program can be indefinitely enlarged along the same lines. It is sad to behold a list of conspicuous bishops, clergymen and members of the laity in the van of the new movement, hailing the Protestant Episcopal denomination as the church of revolutionism, and confusing zeal for social justice and the Kingdom of God with Socialism.—America.

PRIEST KEEPS FIRE VOW

PLEDGE MADE WHEN CHICAGO WAS FLAME SWEEP RECALLED

Father Damien's vow still lives and moves. When the great Chicago fire started in 1871 Father Damien was absent from his parish on a visit to New York. Some one wired him of the danger to the Holy Family church at May and Twelfth streets.

He prayed all night that the homes of his people and the church be spared. He vowed if his prayers were answered to keep seven candles burning before the altar as long as he lived, and would ask his successors to do the same. When he returned to Chicago he found that neither his church nor the home of any of his parishioners had suffered.

The seven candles have burned for forty-five years before the statue of the Virgin Mary.—Catholic Sun.

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