

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him I love so well; I look my last upon His small and radiant prison-cell; O happy lamp! to serve Him with never ceasing light! O happy flame! to tremble forever in His sight! I leave the holy quiet for the loudly human train. And my heart that He had breathed upon is filled with lonely pain. O King, O Friend, O Lover, what sorer grief can be In all the reddist depths of hell than banishment from Thee? But from my window as I speed across the sleeping land I see the towns and villages where in His houses stand Above the roofs I see a cross outlined against the night. And I know that there my Lover dwells in His sacramental night. Dominions kneel before Him and Powers kiss His feet: Yet for me He keeps His weary watch in the turmoil of the street; The King of Kings awaits me wherever I may go. O who am I that He should deign to love and serve me so?

—JOYCE KILMER

ONLY HUMAN

When we have lost our undue fear and awe of others, their wealth, their learning, their position, by remembering that down under it all they are "just folks," it is well to try the same treatment on ourselves. Our opinions, wishes, prejudices are entitled to no ruling power; we are only on the common level — just folks.

HE NEVER GOES WRONG

The chief of the St. Louis detective force is a keen observer. He says: "I am frequently asked what is the type of the man who goes wrong. The answer is that there is no particular type. There is a clear type of man, however, who never is in trouble. This is the man who lives within his means, who saves a part of his earnings each day and week and year. It does not matter how much, he lives within his income and saves."—The Transcript.

THE EVILS OF GOSSIP

We heard a clergyman say in a sermon that, in his opinion, there were criminals in our State prisons who were saints, compared with many "respectable" people outside, who deliberately slander others, or peddle gossip about them, which tends to injure their reputation; or to hurt them in the opinion of their neighbors. A pretty strong statement, but we have an idea it is perfectly true.

Much gossip is actually sinful and, taking as charitable a view as possible, we must admit it is cowardly to say unkind things about a person behind his back, when he has no chance to defend himself.

"When the absent are spoken of," says Henry Ward Beecher, "some speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some lead; some always speak dirt; for they have a natural attraction toward what is evil. I will not say that it is not Christian to make heads of other's faults and tell them over every day; I say it is infernal. If you want to know how the devil feeds, you do know it if you are such a one."

It is told of Peter the Great of Russia, that when anyone spoke ill of a person, he always asked: "Is there not a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

Some of the worst sins are committed in the home, where little children frequently get their first lessons in gossip and scandal. The neighbors' characters are hauled over the coals, their weaknesses and shortcomings enlarged upon, in the presence of innocent little minds and thus the ball is started rolling.

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

What a paradise on earth if we all would form the habit of thinking and saying only the good and pleasant things about everybody!

NO WORK UNDIGNIFIED

Most people desire to choose the kind of work upon which they expect to found their life success. And this is all well enough. One should have a fixed purpose, energy and aptitude to apply to any selected employment. But multitudes fail in what they attempt to do. There are many reasons for these failures. We need not stop to enumerate them here. The fact is obvious that the man who might have made a good tailor does not necessarily succeed as a lawyer or merchant, though some men have succeeded in both vocations.

Few of us desire to engage in so-called menial service. The professions, the art, the vast majority of business occupations are styled "dignified," while manual toil is all too generally regarded as undignified.

No labor can truly be said to be undignified. Scarcely a worth-while man lives today who has not engaged, at one time or another, in the plainest and hardest kind of work—in so-called menial labor. They have not been ashamed to do it—would do it again if necessary. It was necessary for many during the recent War.

It is true, perhaps, that there is more of artificial dignity in the labor of preparing and delivering a speech, or putting over a big business deal than in distributing fertilizer over a muggy field on a raw March day. But the distinction is artificial. The one class of labor is as truly dignified as the other, and, elementally a great deal more valuable to the race.

Still, none of us wishes to remain a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and comparatively few of us have to do that, except in the degree that every human unit should contribute something to such service.

One great trouble in this country is the prevailing notion among too many men that it is the proper thing to perform any work with the least possible effort and receive therefor the maximum of pay. The notion is a mistaken one. The happiest people in the world are honest people—people who are engaged in dignifying all labor by honest effort and who are rewarded in full measure for such service.

After all, the world is just a big household, and its members must keep it in order. Some of the duties required to insure this orderly arrangement may be unpleasant, but they have to be done. None of us should be ashamed to do them. If we are employed on the so-called higher levels it is our duty to make it as pleasant and durable and profitable as possible for those who are striving to work forward from the so-called lowliness of necessary toil.—The Tablet.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SACRED HEART

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red blood, A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for food! In the brightness of the Godhead is its marvelous abode, A change in the Unchanging, creation touching God! Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that Vision gaze, Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worshipful amazement, And adore, with ecstasies of skill the Threes in One you scan. The Mercy that hath planted there that Blessed Heart of Man!

All tranquilly, all tranquilly, doth that Blessed Vision last, And its brightness o'er immortalized creation will it cast; Ungrowing and un fading, Its pure essence doth it keep. In the deepest of those depths where all are infinitely deep: Unchanging and unchangeable as It hath ever been. As it was before that Human Heart was there by angels seen, So it is at this very hour, so will it ever be.

With that Human Heart within It beating hot with love of me! —FATHER FANER

EVERYBODY LAUGH

The girl who laughs because she is sunny-hearted, and finds things to enjoy as she goes along, adds enjoyment to others as they go along. There is something in a smile that calls out a smile, and spontaneous laughter is the most catching thing in the world. No one who hears a joyous laugh is likely to scowl in response.—The Tablet.

GOOD FOR EVIL

Young Tommy returned from school in tears and nursing a black eye. "I'll pay Billy Dobby off for this in the morning!" he wailed to his mother. "No, no," she said. "You must return good for evil. I'll make you a nice jelly roll and you must take it to Billy and say, 'Mother says I must return good for evil, so here's a jelly roll for you.'"

Tommy demurred, but finally consented. The next evening he returned in a worse plight and sobbed: "I gave Billy the jelly roll and told him what you said, and then he blackened my other eye, and says you're to send him another jelly roll tomorrow."

CORRECT THINGS IN CHURCH

To always be in time for Mass and other services in the church. To remember that the church bells are rung for a purpose and not merely to keep the sexton busy, and that it would be well, therefore, to obey their call.

To take Holy Water upon entering the church. To make the sign of the cross upon the person and not in the air. To genuflect on the right knee and have it touch the floor.

To remember that the King of Kings is present on the altar and to order one's conduct accordingly. To walk gently up the aisle if one is unavoidably detained until after the services have begun.

To make a short act of adoration on bended knees before entering the pew. To be devout and collected at the different parts of the Mass.

To remember that mere bodily presence in church with the mind wandering in temporal concerns does not fulfill the precept of hearing Mass.

To pay attention to the sermon, and make it the subject of one's thoughts during the day as also during the week.

For pew holders to offer seats in their pews to strangers.

UNCLE PHILIP'S STORY

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him. "What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil. "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" "No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes, so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head, and it struck him."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" said Rob.

"Yes. He gave a little cry, and lay down on the ground. But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat."

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it, I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me."

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me toward shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil. "the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."—The Bulletin.

THE DRIFT TO EVIL

The Rt. Rev. Philip M. Rhineland of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Philadelphia, recently spoke these very plain but equally obvious words to his clergy:

"As for amusements, immorality in dress, looseness in sexual relations, bestiality and crime are the chief attractions in theatrical shows and photo plays, unbridled license and extravagance in all things are so much the established order of the day that the most respectable among us have ceased even to shrug our shoulders.

Apply these tests of literature, amusements and education to our world, that is, the world as we know it, and see how in each case there is evident a definitely anti-Christian drift, which seems to be increasing in rapidity of force and movement."

Undoubtedly that is a most excellent diagnosis, but what about the remedy? As usual, there is none, and, as a consequence, the Bishop, like so many other men of intelligence, is beating the air in vain. Everybody knows the evils of the day; they festen on the surface of civilization. But few know the cure.

Or is it that knowing the remedy, they fear to apply it? The latter is the case. Men have lost their grit and are afraid to stand in the powerful face of the enemy and defend Christian principle. As soon as they scent opposition afar off, they fall to compromise and call it prudence, whereas in reality it is the basest cowardice! Meanwhile the enemy scores compromise; he continues to strike the structure of civilization which fairly totters under the blows.

Will it fall? Assuredly, unless Christians find their souls once again and put them into action to save the home and the school. For just here is the crux of the problem; both homes and schools are godless. Children are perverted at the hearthstone and in the classroom, and the poison of their souls soon corrupts the commonwealth. Every sane man knows this, and every sane man knows that the remedy lies in the reformation of homes and schools. Why then do they not say so, and, having said so, devise ways and means to reform first the schools and through them, the homes? Because they fear the enemies of God, and to the devil will continue to be king of earth.—America.

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WHY THE LEAGUE HAS FAILED

In the course of an address, read before a large meeting in the Sorbonne at Paris in favor of the League of Nations, Cardinal Amette voiced the hope for a league which would prevent future wars.

"In the designs of Providence," he wrote, "narrower are the bonds which unite the members of a family or of a nation, but just as families cannot remain isolated, so most nations be united. Such union, however, must be founded on two laws—justice and charity. Justice proclaims to the people as well as to the individuals: 'Render to all men their dues.' Charity adds: 'Love one another.' Such are the necessary foundations of a genuine society of nations.

"Let justice first of all reign amongst nations through the respect of every one's rights, and through

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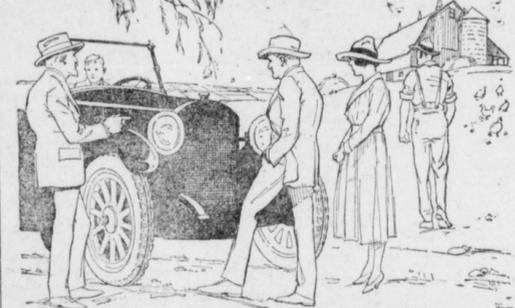
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the reparations of the rights that may have been violated. And once justice has been assured—let charity, let mutual good will bind nation to nation as they bind man to man. On these conditions the world will enjoy peace.

"Since the men working for its realization have called upon me for an expression of my thought in this solemn gathering, may I be permitted to formulate the wish that the future Society of Nations provide a place worthy of Him for the Supreme Representative of the highest moral authority which exists on earth, of that authority which, speaking in God's name, has the greatest powers to bring men to the practice of mutual justice and of mutual love."

What a pity that those who drew up the covenant of the League of Nations at Paris did not take into account these conditions for obtaining world peace! "Let justice, first of all, reign amongst nations through the



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