

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TO ONE WHO IS DOING HIS BEST

It somehow seems little enough when you say "That a fellow 'is doing his best.'"

A LITTLE SLIP OF PAPER

A priest, walking along the street one day, met by a young man, who saluted him politely, and wished to speak to him.

"I am that boy," said the young man. "Let me tell you about it. That very Sunday morning I was out with a gang on the way to a saloon."

ing and the dying years do not count. Eternity counts, and it counts because it does not flee because it cannot die, because it abides, and because we cannot die in eternity.

What will eternity be for me? What I make it. What will eternity be for you? What you make it. We make our eternity in the years that glide into eternity.

The New Year should therefore be a year of benediction, or a year to be eternally reprobated, accordingly as we use its days and hours and moments for good or for evil.

Don't inquire, "what's wrong with the world?" Ask rather, "What's wrong with me?" Nor is that specific enough.

What will 1922 be if you decide to correct what is wrong? What will the New Year be if you decide to go on as you travelled through 1921?

What of my relations with those of my own household? Are they better or worse, happier or unhappier because of their contact with me?

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DAILY COMMUNION

"Come to Me in the morning," He whispers soft and low; Of course you are not worthy— You never could be so.

But Christ Himself invites you— Do not refuse His plea: He whispers to you sweetly, "Ye burdened, come to Me!"

"Oh! mark His words, ye fearful Not 'ye who have no stain," But, "Come, all ye who falter, That I may ease your pain!"

He thinks not of past frailties, He knows your sorrows all, He wills you trust His goodness, And heed His loving call.

Then, oh! how sweet your pathway Will grow from day to day, When Jesus dwells within you, And guides you on your way.

THE THOUGHTLESS AND UNGRATEFUL GIRLS

The girl who leaves everything for mother to do is extremely selfish, ungrateful and inconsiderate. She wants everything and doesn't give anything in return.

Most people will say that it is the mother's fault and ask why she didn't bring up her daughter differently—bring her up to help take her share in the battle of life.

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What are you going to make it? Are you satisfied with 1921? More especially are you satisfied with the great and preponderating part of the year 1921 that was of your own making?

But no! That is not all, that is not half! That, compared with other things, is nothing. The fleet-

these same parents happen to make mistakes in grammar or don't cook the dinner to their liking.

The young birds are ready to fly, you see, they are eager to leave the nest that has sheltered them and want gilded cages with open doors whence they can fly at will without parental advice.

During my vacation I stayed at a summer hotel where the young son and daughter, seventeen and eighteen, respectively, allowed their tired mother and father to do all the work while the boy lounged about the corners looking for a job, and the girl played the piano and adorned her pretty self in costly garments which her parents, by their hard work, had earned for her.

Here is an instance which happened not once but many times during my stay. I rang the bell for hot water and each time the mother trailed up the stairs with the pitcher while I could hear the daughter at the piano playing the latest vaudeville airs.

"She is a good girl but she is not able to make her own living. She wants a career," I couldn't exactly make out what "a career" meant—only I understood from a conversation with the girl that she wanted "a career."

It's a dangerous life for a young girl, I hazarded. "I know," said the girl, "but I can take care of myself. Mother and father don't understand."

"Have you ever taken elocution lessons?" I asked, thinking that perhaps the girl had talent in this direction. "No," she answered, "but I have wanted so much to attend a dramatic school."

"Have you been to college?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "I have been several years at college but my health broke down before I was graduated and I had to come home."

There is a great deal of work to be done in this house," I said. "Yes," she agreed, "there are fourteen rooms in it and the dust-gatherers so quickly—I don't like housework," she added.

"But your mother and father work very hard," I said. "Yes," said the girl idly, "but they have always worked; they would not be content unless they were working. They don't like me to soil my fingers. Mother says I have such pretty hands."

"Have you ever been in a position?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she said, "when I want money I go to the city and take a position as model, but it is a very short season—two months when the buyers come into town and it is terrible work. You are on your feet from half-past eight in the morning till five o'clock in the evening. You have to wear high-heeled shoes and sometimes you nearly faint from the strain. Imagine trying on gowns after gown and heavy furs during this hot weather."

"And the salary?" I asked. "From fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. But it is awfully tiresome," she groaned wearily. "Would it not pay you better to help in the house and be your own mistress?"

"I want a career," she reiterated. "I hadn't another word to say. I still do not understand what this girl means by a career. If she would only start in and help her hard-working parents I should think that it would be the one bright career. I wish to say here that this girl was not a Catholic; I don't think she went anywhere. She was naturally a good girl, but from what I gleaned from her there are many girls—Catholic girls, too, of much the same calibre—who want 'careers' and willingly sacrifice their parents to attain this ambition."

Do our Catholic fathers and mothers realize the strict duty they owe to God, themselves, and their children, in teaching the latter to be respectful, grateful children, whose first thought should be, when they are able to earn money, to lay aside a part towards repaying the debt they owe their hard-working parents? I hardly think so.

There would not be so many unhappy parents and unhappy children in the world today if all did their part as God intended them to do it. Most of the blame lies with the parents—and yet one must give the parents credit that it is no selfish motive that animated them in their folly—it is love—but mistaken love—a love that blights and produces weeds that smother up all natural affections on their children's part—a love that brings contempt in its train—for your well-brought up Catholic girls and boys have nothing but respect and love for their fathers and mothers, and their comfort and pleasure is always their first thought.

Such girls and boys make splendid men and women and, when they in their turn marry, their children will be blessings instead of the other things which many of our girls and boys are today.—S. M. in The Echo.

No true virtue was ever buffeted, condemned, and crucified by the injustice of opinion, without the certainty of a coming resurrection.—Anon.

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TWO BIGOTS REBUKED

Brann is the name of a vitriolic writer who flourished in the South more than a generation ago. A clear-headed man who hated sham, hypocrisy and oppression, he hated with all his soul the professional anti-Catholic lecturer, whether he found him in the Protestant pulpit, his common refuge in the South, or in the guise of an "ex-priest."

Probably one of Brann's most famous paragraphs is the passage in which he defended our Catholic Sisterhoods. Written for Brann's Iconoclast in July, 1891, it is well worth repeating.

"Who is it that visits the slums of our great cities, ministering to the afflicted, comforting the dying, reclaiming the fallen? When pestilence sweeps over the land and mothers desert their babes, husbands their wives, who is it that presses the cup of cold water to the feverish lips, and closes the staring eyes of the deserted dead? Who was it that went upon our Southern battlefields to minister to wounded soldiers, followed them to the hospitals, and tenderly nursed them back to life? The Roman Catholic Sisterhoods, God bless them!"

"One of these angels of mercy can walk unattended and unharmed through our reservation at midnight. She can visit with impunity the most degraded dive in the Whitechapel district. At her coming the ribald song is stilled, and the oath dies on the lips of the loafer. Fallen creatures reverently touch the hem of her garment, and men steeped to the very lips in crime, involuntarily remove their hats as a tribute to noble womanhood. The very atmosphere seems to grow sweet with her coming, and the howl of all hell's demons is silent. None so low in the barrel-house, the gambling-den, or the brothel as to breathe a word against her good name; but when we turn to the Baptist pulpit, there we find an inhuman monster clad in God's livery, crying 'Unclean! Unclean!'"

"We cannot escape the natural consequences of our acts. Whoever chooses to emulate the lowest of God's creatures, the man who delights in thinking and publishing evil things of good women, whether they be in a cloister and consecrated to God, or as wives and mothers, sisters and daughters, draw the world a little nearer to God from the sanctity of the home-circle; this leper cannot complain when the world at large assigns him the rank which his infamy vindicates for him. Georgia may not be ashamed of 'Tom' Watson, and certainly he is not ashamed of himself. But what

the opinion of every decent man is, need not be asked.—America.

THE "HAIL MARY"

The following beautiful words occur in a book by the late Canon Sheehan, which is perhaps not so widely known as some of his other works. It is a collection of his early essays and addresses. The words are descriptive of the recitation of the Rosary by a number of exiles from Erin on board a liner to New York, and are as follows:

"And what are they chanting? Not the 'La ci darem' of an Italian maestro of yesterday, but a certain canticle that was composed by an archangel some nineteen centuries ago, and his audience was a woman, but blessed above all and among all. And the chorus is another canticle, composed by a chorus of 100,000 voices fourteen centuries ago, and on the streets of an Asiatic city, where the gates of the Cathedral were thrown open, and mitred prelates came forth, and the people anticipated the decision of their pastors, and proclaimed the woman of Nazareth to be the Mother of God. And these two canticles go on and are repeated in the musical murmur of human voices, until they conclude with the great hymn of praise to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, who are and have been and for ever shall be! The canticle of the Rosary is familiar to these poor exiles. They learned it at their mothers' knees—they sang it in the lonely white-washed chapel on the Irish hills—they will carry it in their hearts and on their lips, and like the children of Israel by the waters of Babylon, they will sing that song of Zion in a strange land!"

May God grant that their children and their children's children in a strange land never forget the Rosary which their Irish ancestors loved. Nothing that the strange land can give them in exchange is worth anything in comparison with one of its Hail Mary's.

Do not stop to examine the evils which others do, but think only of the good that you should do yourself.

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