

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## IT TAKES SO LITTLE

It takes so little to make us glad, just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand, just a word from one who can understand; And we finish the task as we long had planned And we lose the doubt and the fear we had— So little it takes to make us glad.

—Selected

## THE LIFTED HAT

Bostonians to whom the long stretch of Washington street is a daily thoroughfare have frequent occasion to observe a good custom which is so familiar that its deep meaning eludes them, the lifting of the hat by Catholic men as they pass the Cathedral. This action is at once a profession of faith, a prayer and public homage offered to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

That great avenue is a sort of Galata bridge crowded with folk of all races, sorts and conditions, yet however diverse, they are in large numbers united in faith and open tribute to the Author of Revelation. This act of honor to God's majesty is by no means confined to casual wayfarers or even to those whose duties draw them thither once or twice a day. The Catholic motor-man and conductor whose cars sweep past the sacred edifice many times every twenty-four hours always find time for that quick yet respectful salutation. For all these the busy thoroughfare is not merely a city street, but "El Camino Real," the King's highway.

Curiously enough this devout custom recalls a scene familiar to those who have visited Cairo or Constantinople, the Mohammedans who at the hour of prayer stand with bowed heads in the midst of the hurrying crowds. There is the same straightforward and manly recognition of the Ruler of mankind, the same noble carelessness of what others may think or say.

This is no mere coincidence. Christ and Mahomet are poles apart, yet their followers agree in this: that religion is the highest concern of men, something interwoven with daily life and glorifying it. No religion can thrive if it loses its hold on men. Even false creeds illustrate this fact. Indeed this is the secret—considering things in a merely human way—of the utter paralysis that holds non-Catholic Christendom in its icy clutch: the mass of men have abandoned all interest in the supernatural.

The old time Puritans were rigid and intolerant; they tried to force all to conform to their own narrow, man-made theocracy, but their stern earnestness that held Christian worship and conduct as the highest duty of men.

Mohammedanism is a masculine creed appealing to man's strength as well as his weakness, but it was a fearful menace to Christendom for that very reason. The Crusades, the battle of Vienna, Lepanto, though not all decisive, demanded Christian fighting men lest the Koran become the law of Europe. Men must love a cause very dearly to give their lives for it.

Wherever the Church has seemed for a time to fail and be overborne it was because the love of God grew cold in men's hearts and Christ's cause seemed not worth an unyielding defence. Yet even in dissent and confusion of religious opinion there is an unanalyzed inheritance of Christian principles that right-minded men will give their lives for. The line of cleavage in the Great War was not one of religion, but the morale of the armies that finally broke and hurled back the Teutonic hosts was a morale founded on Christian principles as plainly as the Central Powers depended on the denial of these principles. War is always frightful, but while the cruelty of earlier struggles proceeded from passion, religious hate or political shibboleths, what marked the German cause for destruction was the very calculated and inhuman materialism on which it was based.

Men of various creeds fought on both sides but the powers allied against Germany with all their faults fought under the standard of Christ while the rulers of Germany put their hopes in Thor and Woden.

It is worse than foolish to say that any class is important only numerically, because at the final ditch it is numbers that count, ordinary men who love a cause and a flag well enough to die for them. Hence the thousands of Catholic men who make the missions every year, who through our churches at every Sunday Mass ought to move every sincere friend of America to give thanks to God. This is a democracy, a Christian democracy, where numbers count just as they do at the polls and where no individual whatever his prestige of wealth is in the final accounting one whit better than his humblest neighbor.

The outstanding and significant fact is that Catholic men in this country with a distinctness that cannot be gainsaid prove that they believe in God and love Him strongly enough to make His commandments the law of their lives, as did their ancestors five or ten centuries ago. With them material success is kept in its proper place subordinate to religion.

So every Catholic man, whatever his station according to worldly ratings, who lifts his hat when he passes a church wherein Christ

dwells behind the Sacramental veil, shows the mettle of his Christianity, gives public token to friend and enemy alike of the faith and devotion that are in him, and like the veteran returned to the ways and garb of peace, yet ready to die for the great cause, by his salute shows the world that he is a soldier of Christ and is proud of it.—A Looker-on in Boston Pilot.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## A SMALL, SWEET WAY

There's never a rose in all the world But makes some green spray sweeter;

There's never a star but brings to heaven

Some silver radiance tender; And never a rosy cloud but helps To crown the sunset splendor.

No robin but may thrill some heart, His dawn-light gladness voicing; God gives us all some small, sweet way To set the world rejoicing.

—Catholic Transcript

## IN THE MONTH OF OUR LADY

The sun shone down with golden radiance on the two white spires of Saint John's Cathedral that afternoon in early May, while a child stood at the window of her home across the street and began to gaze eagerly at the troop of little boys and girls that ran up the stone steps to disappear somewhere beyond the vestibule into the beautiful white church.

Presently she turned away from the window to see Ann McGinley, the faithful old house-keeper who had come to take charge after her mother died, enter the room.

"Ann," she queried, "why are people going into that church across the street when it isn't even Sunday? Every afternoon this week they've gone there. What are they going for?"

Ann looked down at the child with a smile in her kind old eyes. "Tis the month of Our Lady, my pet, and they're going there to pay her honor."

"What are they going to have?" "May devotions," Ann answered. "Presently you'll hear the bell ring; then the playing of the organ, and the children'll be singing a hymn to Our Lady. After that you'll maybe hear low murmuring of voices, if the breeze happens to bring the sound this way; it'll be the Rosary they'll be saying, that's like a wreath of roses they'll offer her—only their flowers'll be prayers."

"What will they do next?" the child asked.

"Then they'll sing another hymn," Ann smiled, "and May devotions will be over."

"Ann, do you ever go to May devotions?" the child asked, after a little silence.

"Yes," she answered, "every time I can get away for a little while, I go."

"The next time you go, Ann, would you take me with you?" Ann did not answer at once, but when she did there was a hint of defiance in her small bright eyes.

"Now, why wouldn't I be taking you if you wanted to go with me?"

"And maybe if you're real good I'll take you to the May procession."

"Oh, Ann!" the child beamed.

"When will they have that?"

"Next Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Then you'll see a grand sight. I'll take you in my pew, where you can see everything and hear the children sing; they'll be marching up the aisle then, the altar boys first, and the little girls following. And, sure, there'll not be one of them that won't have her flowers."

The child's eyes were wide and bright.

"What will they do with the flowers, Ann?"

"I'll be the loveliest part of all," Ann beamed, "they'll give the flowers to Our Lady. Just you be patient and wait. You'll see!"

The hours dragged until the child's father came home from the office that night when she began to tell him about the wonderful event that Ann had promised to take her to. But there was no corresponding smile in his face as he jerked off his glasses and threw them on the table.

"Nonsense!" he jeered. "What can the woman be thinking of!"

The child stopped short and stared back at him in wide-eyed surprise and disappointment.

"I—I asked Ann to take me, father," she faltered. "I didn't know it would make you mad."

"Tears came into her pretty eyes."

"I'm not blaming you, my dear," he answered more gently, "but Ann should have known better."

Then it was that Ann came back into the room again, and seeing the sorrow with which the man regarded her, looked a little startled.

"What is this I hear," he demanded, "about your taking Rose over to that church to a May procession next Sunday afternoon?"

"Why, sir, the child could not be in better company," she answered calmly.

"What?" He began to glare at her from across the library table.

Her spirit came to the surface, and two red spots burned in her thin cheeks.

"You, who one time never missed Mass of a Sunday morning, sir, denying the child the pleasure of seeing the May procession!"

"That will do!" he thundered. "Leave my house at once for your interference—do you hear? And tomorrow come down to my office for the check that will be due you."

"Very well, sir."

There was a good deal of dignity in Ann's voice as she added:

"But 'tis not your real self that's sending me away, sir; 'tis your money and your ambition that you've let come between you and your old-time Catholic faith—even robbing your own flesh and blood of her holy religion, because it ain't stylish enough for her!"

She had expected a second tirade from this, but, paling and too surprised to answer, he could only stare back at her.

Very quietly the door opened and Ann went out, while Rose, who had listened to these strange things she had said to her father, began to watch him very closely now. But the questions that rose to her lips died away, and it was not long before she, too, stole away.

Rose was often very quiet after Ann went away, for she loved her dearly and missed her motherly devotion. Her greatest pleasure now was to stand at the library window each afternoon when the hour for May devotions came to watch the people as they went into the church.

When the Sunday of the May procession came Rose tried very hard to satisfy herself with watching the children as they trooped their way into the big white church.

The altar boys came first, led by a young priest, and after them the little girls. Some of them were wearing the veils and wreaths that they wore the day they made their First Communion; and all of them had flowers.

After a long time the music and the low murmuring of voices, that she had learned from Ann was the Rosary, died away, and somewhere in the church a sweet-toned gong sounded. She did not know that the sounding of the gong meant that they were having Benediction; Ann had not told her about that.

When Benediction was over and the children had left the church, she told herself that although she had missed the May procession she could at least go over to the Cathedral the next day and see this lovely Lady who looked down from the altar that Ann had said was in the left aisle of the church.

The next day found her in the church. She had never been in a place so still before, and almost timidly she looked about her. Then up the aisle she went, pausing now and then to gaze back at some sweet-faced saint who seemed to smile down at her from the stained glass windows. She did not miss the Stations, either, and her face grew sober as she looked at them.

But before Our Lady's altar her eyes lit up, for it was beautiful with the flowers that the children had left there the day before, and votive candles burned brightly at her feet. How beautiful her mantle, and how lovely the crown she wore, studded with rubies and pearls and even turquoise—the color of which matched the blue of her mantle!

"Why did father send Ann away for telling me about this Lady?" the child began to ask herself. "And why did he not want Ann to take me to the May procession?"

That night when she and her father were again in the library she looked at him a long time before she ventured to ask the questions that she had been turning over in her mind.

"Father, what made you send Ann away for telling me about that lovely Lady?"

He did not frown or look impatient, and it gave her courage to go on.

"And why wouldn't you let Ann take me to the May procession?"

The next moment she had climbed up in his lap and her two small arms were about his shoulders. Although she smiled a little, there was a touch of wistfulness in her smile that made her face more thoughtful than was natural for a little girl of seven.

"Father, don't get a new house-keeper. Send for Ann instead."

There was a little tremor in her voice, and she swallowed hard to drive back the tears.

Very tenderly her father kissed her when she went off to bed that night, but he had not answered her questions, nor had he told her what he would do about Ann.

For a long time he sat at the window after Rose had left the room, his eyes riveted on the big white church before him. Weeks had passed and months had slipped away into years since he had entered there: years in which he had become too engrossed in reaching his goal to give any time to religion.

Out of the reaching of this goal ambition for a brilliant social career for Rose had come. Deep laid were the plans he had made for her future; and, knowing his faith as well as he did, he knew also the sacrifice that it exacted if one would keep true to its teachings. So he had set about with jealous care to keep her away from any knowledge of his Church and hers.

No wonder, then, that he had rid the house of Ann! But before the accusing eyes of his unlettered old housekeeper the sordid standards he had acquired and set up in the place of his old-time Catholic faith began to crumble.

And there was the mother of his little girl! Presently his eyes left the church, and slowly he lifted them to the picture over the mantel. He read nothing but reproach in her

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lovely face tonight. What would she find to say to him, he asked himself, for the awful wrong he had done to their little Rose?

Suddenly he rose from the chair in which he had been sitting and, moving over to the other side of the room, switched on an electric light that hung low over the small mahogany desk in the corner and began to write.

It was Ann herself who met the postman at the door the next day, and received from him a letter addressed to her.

"Come back to us, Ann," it read. "Rose misses you, and the house needs you very badly."

"And glad that I am that I was that bold to say what I did to him that day. Maybe it has helped to bring him to his senses."

Tears filled her eyes as she folded the note and tucked it away in her apron pocket, but through the tears came a kindly little smile.

"Sure," 'twas not the real Anthony Bowman that sent me away from my darling that day."

It was Sunday morning. The late stroke of the bell sounded for the children's Mass as Anthony Bowman came out of the house. Rose was swinging to his hand as he started down the steps, and every now and then she would look up at him with eyes shining and cheeks aglow.

"Father," she said when the evening came, and the ringing of the Angelus had died away, "are we going to Mass next Sunday like we did this morning?"

"Yes," he answered, "every Sunday morning from now on, we're going."

"And am I to stay after Mass for Sunday-school like I did to day?" "Surely," he answered, smiling.

And the same peace that brooded over the big white church across the street that Sunday evening came into his face and settled there.—Eleanor Lloyd in Rosary Magazine.

## A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE

## OUTWARD ACTS.

"Roman Catholicism lays great stress upon the performance of outward acts, while Protestantism affects to make light of such things. In this attitude I am firmly convinced that Roman Catholicism is right and Protestantism wholly wrong. A genuine religion must manifest itself in some outward way. A man who seldom or never attends divine services, who declines to avail himself of the sacraments of Christ's appointing, who openly makes no confession of his faith, whatever else he may be, is certainly not a religious man. The Roman authorities understand human nature, and when they lay down certain definite rules and regulations governing the outward expression of religion and insist upon their loyal observance as the evidences of the individual's sincerity, they show the greatest wisdom. It is folly to talk as though religion could be divorced from its outward forms. Religion is not solely the practice of ethics, as some seem to suppose. It includes ethics, but it comprises infinitely more. Religion is the attitude of the soul towards its Creator, and that attitude must find expression in all the departments of man's nature."—Rev. N. Scupler.

## HIGHER STILL AND HIGHER

So closely have certain of the so-called "High" Church rectors come back to the methods and the manners of pre-Reformation days, that even the most discerning are being deceived. A priest, visiting lately in one of our larger cities, confesses that he dropped in to say his Office in what he supposed was a Catholic Church, and only learned the following day that he had been praying for nearly an hour in a Protestant edifice. (The altar, the sanctuary lamp, the statues, stations, confessional, etc., were all there. Just what marks of recognition might have been missing, we have not learned. One of our exchanges reports that "at the great thanksgiving Mass in All Saints, Margaret street, London, a solemn procession encircled the parish, in which a detachment of American marines had place, escorting the Stars and Stripes. Among the statues borne was one of Jeanne d'Arc. The Salvation Army band accompanied the clergy. Religious, choir, incense bearers, etc., and the vicar's warden, the Duke of Newcastle, preceded the vicar and his assistant clergy. The procession ended with the Te Deum before an out-of-doors altar in the Church courtyard." Here, too, there must have been room for doubt in the mind of any stranger chancing to be about Margaret street. Unless one were acquainted with the face and

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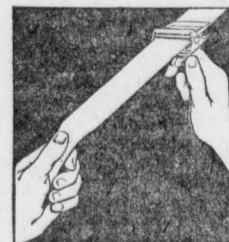
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