CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

VACATIONS, RIGHT AND WRONG

Vacation days are near at hand, says the Sacred Heart Review, and our annual word in season may fittingly be spoken now. We have no fault to find with the growing habit of breaking away for a brief while from the routine of the year's work and we hope that every vacationist will have a genuinely "good time." But we must remind the Catholic that there is no vacation from duties imposed by his religion—there is no dispensation from attendance at Mass on Sunday, no permission to eat meat on Friday, or to indulge in questionable recreation. The Catholic young woman is under the same obligation in regard to her conduct away from home as she is for all the rest of the year, and the temptations of mixed company at beach or mountain resort are to be as sedulously avoided or guarded against as the lures of the dance hall in the city.

The laxity of family discipline accords an undue measure of liberty to young girls, and one of the objectionable phases of taking a vacation is the forming of parties and young men and young women who spend their vacation together in camps, farm-houses or hotels, without the restraint of proper supervision. They are there for "a rattling good time," and they take it with a reckless disregard for what others may think of them, or of the disedification they are giving to other vacationists not of the Faith. And yet they are morally sound to the core, though the liberties taken and permitted would give a different impression.

How young people—and some older ones—who are orderly and edifying in their conduct at home can become so lax during a brief holiday passes comprehension; and, if the Catholic is puzzled, what must be the thoughts of the non-Catholic who judges by what he sees? "I did not think Catholics were like you," said a new Hampshire woman to two summer boarders, quiet, studious young women. "I had Catholics once before, and they were rowdy people. The men in the party made a show of my place. They came up from Boston on Saturday, and stayed in C——all night, drinking and card-playing. They drove over here Sunday afternoon, when all the folks were sitting out. I heard the singing and shouting, and I thought I'd die of shame when the tallyho pulled up at my gate. Right on top was a case of beer, and three or four young men, half drunk and acting like fools. 'I guess the boys have been having a good time,' said the wife of the leader, quite unconcerned. But I let them know that I wouldn't stand for such goings on at my place. I about made up my mind that I didn't want any more Catholics—but you are different."

Fortunately she was ready to believe that most Catholics are "different" but her first impression had been a very trying one. This is not a solitary instance of the Catholic vacation party bringing discredit on their religion. Disedification of this kind is too frequently given by a certain class who think liquor is an essential of a good time. To their maudlin minds "making the Reubens open their eyes" is great fun, but if they only knew the contempt in which the keen, self-respecting country people hold them, they would mend their ways when away from home. It is much to be regretted that Catholics, while acting in direct opposition to the training of their Church, should boast of their connection with it. Their bad example does incalculable harm, particularly in sections where practical Catholics may not be present.

Wholesome parental restraint is entirely absent in most of the vacation parties among the younger set. The company of the old folks is not desired. They are not dressy or up-to-date, and their conversation does not bear stamp of high school or college. And they might object to Mae romping with Reginald O'Toole, Harvard, '11; or to Kathleen mooning on the piazza until morning with Stanley Hourihan, Harvard, '12; or to Gladys (called "Maggie" by mamma) canoeing with Percival (christened Patrick), McGuffie, Yale, '13 There is no knowledge what awkward situations parental meddling might bring about, so papa and mamma are safer and better at home. It is cheaper, too; for Mae and Kathryn and Gladys have little enough for their finery; and Reginald and Stanley and Percival have all they can do to keep the girls in candy and ice cream, to say nothing of the canoes. They manage "to motor over" to a dance at some other resort, on Saturday night; but they cannot be expected to repeat the extravagance on Sunday just to comply with the obligation of hearing Mass. Even if they could afford the automobile they are "too tired" to make the effort.

THE NON-PROFESSING CATHOLIC

We have heard of some poor, weak-kneed Catholics, unworthy of their great birthright, keep their faith in the background during vacations. They are noncommital amid Protestant associates, and are even complaisant enough to eat meat on Friday, rather that "draw attention" to themselves. That is where they make the big mistake. They would gain mightily in the esteem of their Protestant friends if they quietly abstained from or openly refused to eat what was forbidden to the Catholic. Going to Mass on Sunday and abstaining from meat on Friday marks the Catholic wherever he may be, and only the spineless character fails in making this open profession of faith. The true-hearted, loyal Catholic, who proclaims his belief before all men, not only rouses admiration among his Protestant companions, but he also rouses a sense of duty in his faltering brethren.

A staunch young Catholic in a summer camp set a notable example to the assembly, some years ago. Leaving the breakfast table hurriedly on Sunday morning he excused himself to his host as he "had to go to Mass." "I think I had better go, too," said another guest, hesitatingly, and he went. On the following Sunday two more joined the Mass-going party. They were careless Catholics, grown indifferent under the influence of the secular college, but the example set them by the practising Catholic brought out the dormant manhood in them. Who knows what lasting good that one young man has done by his uncompromising loyalty to his Church?

Here is another instance of the right example. A party of tourists, known to be Catholics, dined at a railway restaurant. A bountiful dinner had been prepared, and the travelers were about to partake, when a clear voice was heard down the length of the table "No meat, thank you, this is a fast day." There was a brief pause, and then the clatter of plates was heard, as the greater number pushed the course aside. The few who satisfied appetite at the cost of conscience were regarded with surprise, not unmixed with contempt by some Protestants who happened to be present.

Parents have asked the Review editor about those camps—if they are safe places for Catholic boys and young men? We answer "no." As we have seen, in the instance noted above the unyielding Catholic was a power for good in the secular camp, but such a character is immune from harm to his faith almost under any circumstances. Not so with the Catholic who lacks moral stamina, or who makes concessions for worldly gain. Any movement under Protestant auspices that invites Catholics to share its benefits must be thoughtfully and prayerfully considered. We are reminded of the advice a young Irish mother gave her children when their little Protestant friends invited them to various church functions and entertainments: "Keep away from them," she would say decisively, when the danger was evident, and "be civil and strange," was the advise on other occasions.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT JIM FOUND

"You're not going to throw them away!"

The white-capped maid paused in astonishment to look at the shabby boy who addressed her so earnestly. His face was flushed and his eyes bright with eagerness, and he pointed to the broken rocking horses in her arms, which she was about to throw into the ash barrel.

"Why not?" she asked, curiously. "They're broken. They're no good."

"Oh, may I have them for my little brother? If you are going to throw them away?"

"If you want them. I guess you might as well have them as the ash-man. Master Clarence doesn't want them any more. He never looks at them. Take them if they'll do you any good," she added patronizingly, and then she hurried up the steps of the handsome brownstone house and disappeared within the door.

Jim lifted the rocking horses in his arms and carried them happily down the street.

"Won't Robbie be pleased?" he said aloud to himself in delight. "He never expected a birthday present now, when father's been out of work so long. Oh, I'm glad I saw her bring them out, and asked her. Won't he be surprised!"

Jim hurried along with his burden, stopping once or twice to examine them happily.

The horses were decidedly dilapidated. One had his nose broken off, the other was minis a hind leg, the cushioned seat was worn in places, and the basket back partly broken, but that did not matter to Jim. The rockers were all right and Robbie could sit in them and rock and play, even if they were a little broken.

He turned into the narrow little street where he lived, entered the door of a shabby tenement house, climbed the dingy stairs to the top floor, and burst into the room noisily.

"Rob! Look here!" he shouted.

There was the sound of a crutch on the floor, and a boy, younger than Jim, with a thin, white face, and a poor little shriveled limb, limped quickly toward him.

Jim set the horses down and surveyed them with satisfaction as he told the story of his good fortune.

"They're a birthday present for you, Rob!" he added.

"Help me into them right away. Give me a good ride!" exclaimed the little fellow.

Jim took the cripple in his strong young arms and placed him in the seat, then he stood back, smiling as he watched his little brother rock to and fro and shout, "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"What's all this noise about?" asked their mother, coming to the door.

"See what Jim got for me!" cried Robbie in delight.

At this their father came into the room—a haggard-looking man, whose face lighted up a little when he saw the happiness of his little crippled boy.

Jim again told the story of how he had found the horses, and they both joined in the boys' rejoicing over Rob's birthday present.

"Come to dinner now," said the mother, after they had duly admired the horses.

"Dinner," echoed the father, gloomily "If things don't take a turn soon you won't be calling us to dinner much longer."

"Well, at least we have something for to-day, so let us be thankful for that—and we will trust God for the future."

They sat down to their scanty meal of potatoes and dry bread.

"I can't stand this much longer," said the man. "Three months to-day since I had any work, and I've walked the shoes off my feet trying to get it."

"I know," responded his wife, sympathetically, "but it surely must come sometime; and we should be thankful that Jim is able to earn something selling papers."

"If I could only work, too!" murmured little Rob, sadly.

Tears came into his mother's eyes, but she cheerfully turned the conversation back to the rocking horses, and Robbie's birthday, and they finished their meal more happily.

When dinner was over Rob said:

"Now for another ride. Help me in Jim."

"Sure," responded his big brother.

He lifted the cripple tenderly and put him safely into the seat again. As he touched the side he heard something crackle.

"What's that?" he cried, as he drew out a bit of crumpled paper which had been stuffed down between the seat and the basket back. He held it up in breathless astonishment.

"A $10 bill, he cried."

"Oh, Jim," gasped Rob. "$10?"

Father and mother came running into the room. They all looked at the bill in amazed silence. Ten dollars! What it would mean to them! But it was a temporal thought.

"You must return it, son," said the father slowly.

"Yes, you must take it back," echoed his mother.

"I remember the house," said the boy thoughtfully. "I'll take it right back; but, oh, how I wish it was ours, too!"

"But it isn't. It got there by mistake and it belongs to those people. You must take it back right away," said his father, decidedly.

Jim drew on his shabby cap and started off with the bill clutched tightly in his hand. There was no other course open but to return it, he thought, but, oh, how they needed it! The people in the big house might not need it, they probably would not miss it, and they would never know who the boy was who took the rocking horses, or even that the money had been found in them; but it belonged to them and he must return it.

He hurried to the house, ascended the steps and rang the bell. A white-capped maid opened the door. She frowned severely.

"What do you want?" she snapped, not recognizing him. "We have nothing for beggars. What do you mean by ringing the front door bell and making me come to the door? Be off with you."

"I'm not a beggar," replied Jim, earnestly. "I have something very important to tell you. Please shut the door."

"What is it?" she asked, eying him suspiciously.

"I found this in the rocking horses and I brought it back. I thought you could not have known it was in them."

He held the bill toward her as he spoke.

"Well, I declare! That's the bill Mrs. Burns was hunting all over for. She said she left it on her bureau. That's the baby's work — the rogue! She's always hiding things. She must have found it and stuffed it in the rocking horses. Well, well!" and she took the bill in her hand and laughed.

"What is it, Mary?" asked a portly, pleasant-faced gentleman, who came up the steps at that moment.

"It's the $10 bill Mrs. Burns lost. The baby must have stuffed it into the rocking horses, and this little boy found it and brought it back."

"This boy! How? I don't understand." The master of the house looked questioningly at the shabby boy with the flushed, eager face and the honest brown eyes.

"I was going to throw the old rocking horses away and he came up and asked if he could have them for his brother, and I told him yes — Master Clarence doesn't want them any more, and they're all broken—" began the maid.

"I took them home, sir, to my little brother, and we found the bill stuffed in the seat," said Jim, simply.

"Well, you're an honest boy. You must have a reward."

The man put his hand down into his pocket, eyeing the boy keenly as he did so, and taking quick note of his shabby but neat clothes.

"If there's one thing in this world I'm a crank about, it's honesty, and I always like to see it rewarded. Who are you, and where do you live?"

Little by little the kindly man drew from the boy the story of his crippled brother, of his father who had been out of work for so long, of their poverty and of his trying to earn a little money by selling papers.

When he had finished, Mr. Burns said: "Well, Jim Higgins, I like you! I like your honesty in bringing back the bill, and I like your straightforward way of telling a story. You must have a good father and mother or they would not have brought you up to be what you are. I am going to give you this now as reward for your honesty."

He placed a crisp $2 bill in Jim's hand as he spoke.

"And tell your father," he added, "to come around to my factory in the morning — at 7 o'clock sharp — No. 15 Reed street. I need a man, and I want a good, honest one, one that I can rely on. If he's satisfactory, I can give him a steady job. And I'll see you again, my boy, I like you—and I'll see your little crippled brother. Mary—" he turned to the maid, "see if you can't find some goodies to send the little boy—it's his birthday—some fruit, or cake, or something."

The maid disappeared and the kind man turned again to the boy:

"You wait here, son. Mary'll bring you something to take to your little brother. I must go in now. Good-night."

He beamed on Jim and then hurried into the house, from which Jim could hear merry, childish voices raised in welcome.

Mary reappeared with a big bag filled with fruit, cake and a glass of delicious jelly. She handed it to him smilingly, and he thanked her and ran down the steps.

He could hardly get home fast enough. He was so anxious to show his present, the bag of goodies for Rob, and to tell the good news to his father.

How astonished his father and mother and little brother were when he appeared and told them everything!

He was the happiest boy in the world.

"Didn't I tell you it would surely come?" asked Mrs. Higgins, beaming on her husband.

And little Rob, sitting on his rocking horses, his pale face transfigured with happiness, rocked back and forth, and shouted, "Hurrah!"—Catholic Sun.

Home love should be more than a sentiment. It should be a principle. Our homes should be united as were the homes of our forefathers on this continent in reverence to God and trust in Him. Homes in which there is no thought of God are built on shifting sand.

"The trivial round, the common task"—how we are tempted to despise it! How pretty it seems when our souls long for higher, holier things! And yet we know that we can make the littleness of this life here lead surely to the greatness of the life hereafter. —Northwest Review.

CATHOLIC MARRIAGE

In a recent pastoral Right Rev. Bishop Turner of Galloway, Scotland, referring to the Decree "Ne Temere," gives the following timely remarks on the marriage question:

"We may remind those who accuse us of condemning Protestant marriages," says the Bishop, "that the very contrary of that is the truth. The Church has expressly declared that she does not refer to the marriages of Protestants in the "Ne Temere" decree of 1908, but freely accepts as lawful and valid those marriages which Protestants for themselves hold to be such. The Church's legislation applies to Catholics only. But some one may object that in the case of a mixed marriage the decree brands the Protestant party as an infamous person, living in sin. I reply that the decree contains no such doctrine or insinuation because it expressly excludes non-Catholics from its purview but it distinctly declares that the Catholic party, who has violated the solemn law for the celebration of marriage, is living in sin. The two conditions are perfectly possible; one party may be in absolute good faith, while the other may be living in direct opposition to the dictates of his conscience. In saying so the Church, however, does not, as has been falsely stated by some of our traducers, release the Catholic from whatever obligations he by his irregular conduct freely took upon himself towards the non-Catholic party under the civil law. He is legally married and the civil obligations thereby undertaken certainly bind him, until the secular authority, whose sanction alone he sought, is pleased to relieve him, which I think is very unlikely.

"The State may frame its own laws, and can protect its own interests in the way it sees fit, but the State has received no authority over the administration of the sacraments, and cannot control the consciences of men. To say, therefore that so long as one has complied with the prescription of the civil law, he has done all that is required to make his marriage good may be sufficient for a non Catholic who does not acknowledge the Catholic faith; but it is absolutely insufficient for any one who pretends to hold the faith of a Catholic. The strong passion of the moment may stifle conscience for a time, but that conscience will awaken some day and will not be silenced; because the guilty one knows that while professing the faith with his lips, he has denied it in his work. Neither the Catholic doctrine of marriage nor the laws regulating its celebration come into any collison with the civil law, and no Catholic who strictly obeys the laws of his Church will ever be found contravening the law of the State or injuring the rights of his neighbor.

"It would perhaps be more profitable for all non-Catholics to reflect that in associating with a Catholic who trifles with his own conscience and tramples the laws of his Church they are plainly treating with a criminal; for I leave it to the judgment of impartial minds to say what they think of any one who one moment within the walls of the Catholic Church professes to believe firmly what soever she believes, and as firmly to hold her authority to be sacred and divinely appointed to teach and guide him in all things spiritual, and the next moment, without even the least pretense of having changed his belief, goes to a court-house or to a Protestant church and openly flouts his faith and tramples on the very authority which he professes to revere on earth.

"Surely such conduct can scarely be within any code of morality."

A TERRIBLE CONTROVERSIALIST

One of the most distinguished of living English converts to the Catholic Church is Father Benson, son of a late (Protestant) Archbishop of Canterbury. The Glasgow Observer (Irish National and Catholic paper) thus writes of him, citing an interesting criticism from the Protestant Church Times:

If there is one man the Anglicans cordially dislike, it is Father Benson. This is intelligible enough, for the submission of the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Catholic Church was no slight blow to the Establishment, and its moral effect was enormous. Since then he has been (and still is) working ceaselessly and sleeplessly here, there, and everywhere to recommend the Roman claims and spread the faith among those who have it not. He gave a Lenten course of sermons in Rome, and now is to be found preaching twice a Sunday in London churches during the month of Our Lady. He lectures untiringly everywhere; besides which of course as everybody knows, he keeps pouring forth books from the press with wonderful rapidity whose end in every case is to advance the cause of Catholicity and win converts.

There is no disguise about it. His zeal and activity are simply unbounded and great indeed is the persuasive influence of a man of his culture and gifts in attracting people to the Church. For these things, then as was remarked his former co-religionists like him not. Although he is very fair and charitable and even sympathetic, towards non-Catholics (is seen notably in his "Non-Catholic Denominations,") yet they profess to regard him as spiteful and bitter. The fact is they cannot conceal their chagrin at his session, and his untiring devotion to undoing the pernicious work of the Establishment. The following will serve as a specimen of their criticism:

"Father Benson, is rapidly becoming the chief Roman Catholic apologist in England. For this post he has some obvious qualifications: a picturesque literary style, an ability to make a point; no scruples about saying a nasty thing: and a thorough knowledge, gained from inside, of the weak points of his opponents' fortress. But, alas! there must have been one malicious fairy at his birth who nullified all these precious gifts by adding: 'He shall never be able to judge the validity of an argument.' And the results are now evident. Everything is made an argument in favor of the Roman Catholic Church. It is an argument in her favor that she produces saints; it is an argument in her favour that she produces sinners; it is an argument for her if she attracts the clever; it is an argument for her if she attracts the stupid; it is an argument for her if her friends love her: it is an argument for her if her enemies hate her. Whatever the Church of Rome is, or does.. or says, does not matter in the least. Father Benson is quite equal to the occasion, and triumphantly retorts that this only helps to prove his case.

"Facts are sometimes stubborn things. But no matter, there is always a way out. Father Benson will have it that everyone outside the Roman Church hates her with a deadly hatred. 'But we don't,' we protest, 'we harbor none of those feelings of animosity which you attribute to us. Our protest however is swept aside, 'You don't hate her?' says Father Benson, 'then you ought to. Every religious person who is not a Catholic is bound to hate her.' We are aghast. 'Why we stammer out' but the only answer seems to be that it is necessary to Father Benson's argument that we should. And even if we are not yet contented, and urge that our acts—e. g. the abolition of the King's Declaration—seem to show that the hatred is perhaps not so violent after all, will that avail us? Not in the least; Father Benson is not going to let us off so easily. 'You were shamming, he says, 'it was obviously only a pose.' So that is how the matter stands. If we act as if we hated the Roman Church, then we are showing the hatred of Caiaphas against Jesus Christ; if we do not so act, then we are hypocrites and liars. Truly it is difficult to escape this terrible controversialist."—Review of Christ in the Church by Father Benson Church Times April 28.)

PORTUGUESE TRAVESTY OF SEPARATION

The Portuguese Republic is disappointing those who expected a great deal from it. The Literary Digest quotes from the London Outlook an opinion of the new order of things in Portugal that is anything but complimentary to the revolutionists. The Outlook says that as people forsake a sinking ship or a burning house, so the best elements of Portugal are getting out of the country as fast as they can. The Literary Digest says:

"We have quoted this correspondent a number of times on Portugal's shaky condition, but his statements merely echo what we find in the press of Paris, Berlin and London. Optimistic views of the new Republic are ominously absent."

The idea of liberty held by the men who are at the head of affairs in Portugal at present shows how utterly unfitted the country is for the Republic. The Decree of so-called separation of Church and State is so grotesquely unfair that even papers in this country that are unfriendly to the Catholic Church are denouncing it. The Independent, for example has an editorial, "Strange Liberty of Worship," in which it confesses its failure to discover any liberty of worship whatsoever or any separation of Church and State in this new decree. Says the Independent:

"It is true that the decree—for a decree it is rather than a law, as Portugal for the present has no constituent assembly, and it is ruled by a revolutionary Junta—does not provide that the State shall support the Church, but it does provide that the Church shall support the State, and the State shall control the Church."

The Independent, although by a curious process of reasoning it puts the blame for the present law upon the Church, denounces the decree's meddlesome and tyrannical provisions and declares that its purpose seems to be anti-Catholic and even anti-Christian. It also quotes the saying credited to Dr. Alfonso Costa, the author of the decree, that if the law continues for two generations "Catholicity will be annihilated in Portugal."

The Churchman (Protestant Episcopalian), another believer in the theory, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, that "any smash up is an improvement," also calls attention to the injustice of the new Portuguese decree. It says:

"There is a separation of Church and State so far as any support of the Church by the State is concerned, but the Church is by no means free, and its property is made the subject of vexatious regulations and burdensome exactions quite inconsistent with real religious liberty and revealing on the part of the authors of the decree a regrettable animus not only against the Roman Church but against all organized religious life."

What a travesty of the idea of a "free Church in a free State" is this! And what little wonder that the Pope should condemn it, as he did recently. The French Separation law was bad enough, but this is even worse. Meanwhile, the ominous unrest noted by the London Outlook's correspondent continues to agitate Portugal, and long before Alfonso Costa's two generations elapse many things may happen. — Sacred Heart Review.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

That the essential significance of what is known in Church History as the Oxford Movement was pro-Catholic, and that the whole movement was one of intellectual and spiritual revolt from Anglicanism is ably and clearly demonstrated in the very excellent article in vol. xi of the Catholic Encyclopedia by William Barry.

From the time when Elizabeth extinguished the ancient hierarchy and patched up the process of episcopal consecration, until in 1829, when Catholic Emancipation passed into law, no ruling of bishop or convocation was regarded by Anglicans, lay or clerical, unless implying tacitly at least, the consent of the Crown, i. e., Parliament. From the year 1832, when the Reform Bill came into being, the ultimate result was foreshadowed in the words of Alexander Knox: "The Old High Church race is worn out." Thus the author shows us that reaction set in in the very places that had witnessed the provocation (Oriel).

Men like Froude and Newman were characterized as "nobodies," free lances, and the new tracts of which these two were authors "were received with surprise, dismay, ridicule and indignation."

Newman himself, the great protagonist of the movement, whose language toward the Ancient Church in his early days, "only just fell short of the vituperation lavished on it by the Puritans" Newman himself says that he had an "affection" for his own Church, but no "tenderness." It is thus clear that the movement was a part of the general Christian uprising called forth by the French Revolution — the intellectual and spiritual decay of a condition which reacted upon itself, and which, through its very purgation, evoked "the second spring of a grander than medieval Christendom."

Let us adore and imitate the holy humility of Jesus Christ, avoiding pride and vanity.

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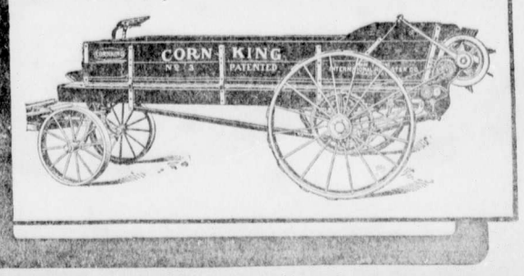
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