

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TIRED

The amount of determination that is needed to go on with one's daily duties in the face of difficulties ahead and with annoyances of various sorts on all sides, is so great that a man cannot hope to keep his courage up if he depends on human means alone. The Church never showed more profound knowledge of human needs than when she urged her children to begin the day by putting their day's work under the protection of God by offering it all to Him, to His honor and glory.

In simple, homely language, Bertram Braley puts the daily difficulty thus:

Tired and weary and sick of work? Most of the rest of the world is, too. But if the tired ones all should shrink away indeed are the tasks we'd do. To toil when lively and full of zest deserves no credit, the test of men is this—that, tired, and wanting rest, they still go back to the job again.

It's fun to work when you're strong and fresh; But to stick and stick when your strength is gone, When you are weary in mind and flesh.

And sick and tired of plodding on—It's such a trial that proves your worth, And shows your mettle and nerve and grit, For folk who've builded and saved the earth.

Are tired people who wouldn't quit. The French were tired who held Verdun.

And that's their glory that gleams like flame.

Weary to death they fought and won A mighty battle, undying fame. The tired mother, the tired wife, The weary workers, fatigued and spent.

Have struggled onward through tired lives— And the work they have done is their monument!

Every man and woman cannot have the work to do that they would find most pleasant. We all must live. In the sweat of our brow shall we eat bread. For most of us, not to work means to starve. For the few who can live without working, not to work is to be useless, and to have the contempt of others. Mr. Braley is right. To overcome difficulty, to defy defeat, to endure reverses, to be patient under injustice; these are some of the greatest tests of manhood.—the Casket.

SELF-CHEER

The habit of self-cheer is well worth cultivating. Take courage in doing your work and living your life. Get into the sun and be of good cheer. How many dangers you have escaped! How much you really can be thankful for! Don't let trifles irritate you. Possibly some people may not think well of you; but forget it. Even the saints were slandered. You are getting off easy. Banish fear and worry, which are to no purpose and effect nothing.—Buffalo Echo.

THERE IS ALWAYS A REMEDY

There is always a remedy for a heavy heart. It may be work—it often is. It may be thinking of joys which have been given to you, and the sorrows from which you have been saved. It may be in helping others by sympathy, or in what ever way help is most needed. But the heavy heart can always be made light if self is forgotten and the needs of others are remembered, and, as far as possible, relieved.

Not one of us can learn to become light-hearted in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, for it is the lesson of life—this knowing how to lift our hearts up, and give from them help unto those who are in need; it is a good gift, this one against allowing one's self to be submerged in personal griefs; it is a good gift, and out of it you can come conqueror if you will.

Do you intend to give up the fight and fall by the wayside, overcome by a heavy heart, or to go on through life as a brave soul should? You must decide this early in your life. And when you fall, thank God you can always rise again if you keep up a brave heart.—Catholic News.

GOOD WORK SLOWLY DONE

Some of us are trying to live our lives all at once. We would cram the slow development of years into the coming month or week; we would compress the work of an hour into the next five minutes. Nature is patient, tireless, cunning laborer that she is—does not favor this plan. She takes her time—"Because it is here!" someone makes prompt answer. "She has command of all the time there is. She can be as deliberate as she chooses. We must make haste because our little lives are so soon clipped off. The darkness too early rounds our day. Our work must be put through with speed and under pressure or we shall not finish."

The best work even by these feeble mortal hands and minds of ours is done not in a fever but in a calm. Art and the exception proves the rule (achieves most nobly when it achieves with tranquility. The personal circumstances of the artist may be distressing. He rises above them. His dream translates him to the skies above his mundane environment. His passion for truth leads him to forget that he is poor and hungry and misunderstood. He writes his book or paints his picture or composes his sonata in a land

where it is always summer and the skies are blue and tears are never shed and none ever dies. By the force of a creative imagination, he establishes for himself a new heaven and a new earth, and his spirit is tranquil because it is triumphant over the pinching and gnawing circumstances.

Artist or artisan, each of us must learn to make the pilgrimage a step at a time. Let not an anxious forecast corrugate the brow with the thought of a morrow sufficient unto the moment; and a man's more serious purpose in existence would often do well to follow the example. We can be sure as to what we wish to do with our lives; we can have a great and generous aim; we can appoint a goal and know the point we wish to reach and the way by which we are proceeding. But the miles we measure forward with the spiritual eye are not to be overleaped in the next second. We must plod. We must be content with a way-side inn tonight, and the next night, and many nights, perhaps, before we reach our haven and our home.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. JOSEPH

True Saint of God! In doubt and care To thy dear feet we flee; The sweetness of the Holy Child Seems manifest in thee. Calm patience lies within thine eyes. And on thy lips a prayer; Still dost thou seem in holy dream. Converse with God to share.

O Faithful hearted! Tempted sore, We kneel before thy shrine; A blessing from the Saviour's hands Seems given into thine. Safe from alarm, thy loving arm Folded the Christ to rest; His Children now before thee bow—Oh, clasp us to thy breast!

Spouse of Our Lady! To such grace Thy purity attained, Then shall not we thy succor seek To keep our souls unstained?

Soft spring-ideals reign upon the plain; Yet wintry winds blow chill; So, in each heart, grace finds a part. Though evil threatens still.

Dear Guardian of Our Lord! That name We cannot plead in vain. For Bethlehem's tenderest memories Wake at the sound again.—The calm midnight—the wondrous light Which flooded all the cave. Oh, by the power of that sweet hour, We pray thee guard and save.

Joseph, the Carpenter. 'Twas thine Of old to ward and guide That home of homes where Jesus wrought.

And thou wast sanctified, Shield us, we pray, through life's brief day; And when we sink in death, Calm Saint of Nazareth!

—Catholic Columbian

THE VALUE OF GENTLENESS

Gentleness is like the fragrance of a flower by which it reveals its identity and its character. Gentleness is part of the sweetness of Christianity when it blossoms in human life under the sunshine of the Lord's presence. It reveals to others the sympathy in the heart; the tenderness in the mind's thought; and even the submissiveness of the body itself to the unreasonableness of the spirit. Gentleness in the tone of voice indicates a kindly affection; in the form of speech it reveals consideration of the effect upon the feeling of others; in the gesture of hand or its friendly grasp, it implies a sweet humility and a sense of fellowship. Gentleness is always in keeping with strength, whether in repose or in action; and harshness and overbearing are characteristic of the weakness of selfishness.

A MATTER OF DUTY

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college, one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him. Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher, thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer. "It at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examination the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to the lawyers' office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind, and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers, which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office where she was always received with respect, and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to wait his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken, and had been set aside as useless. The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boy, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned to hide a laugh he could not control. Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement. After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he turned to the boys, and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong with the remark, "No one so well deserving to be fitted as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—B. C. Orphan's Friend.

SCHWAB AND MORGAN GO TO CONFESSION

At a gathering in Atlantic City recently Charles M. Schwab discussed after the War reconstruction.

"We're going to be confronted with some serious labor problems," he said, "but if we approach labor in the right spirit, I do not believe we shall encounter any problem which cannot be solved pretty satisfactorily both to labor and capital. You know, we bosses aren't the whole thing, and we haven't altogether the best of the argument, because a lot of us, if we were willing to admit it, live in glass houses and much of the glass is pretty thin."

"Do you know, the other night when I was down at Bethlehem, I had a dream. I dreamt that I ought to go to confession to tell some of the things I did twenty odd years ago when a lot of big corporations were formed. You know, I had a little to do with the formation of one of them, at least. But in my dream I seemed to feel that I ought not to go to confession unless I took Mr. Morgan with me. But then I remembered, Mr. Morgan was a Protestant, while I was a Catholic, and, in the dream, I couldn't figure out for a long time how I was going to bring Morgan to the confessional."

"But then a happy thought struck me. I remembered that my parish priest, good Father Zahn, who is sitting here on the platform, had a sympathy as broad as charity, and so I asked him if I could bring Morgan to the confessional. He thought it over for a while and concluded that he would strain a point and received Mr. Morgan's confession with my own. A few days later, as I dreamed the dream, we went to confession and we told Father Zahn—Mr. Morgan and I—a lot of things that we had never told anybody else before and we never told anybody else afterwards. Finally, when we seemed to be all through with our stories, the good father said:

"You fellows wait here for a little and I'll be back."

"It seemed to me that he was gone an inconceivable while, and I was getting nervous. I waited a while longer, and then I said to Mr. Morgan:

"Where do you suppose he's gone?"

Mr. Morgan replied:

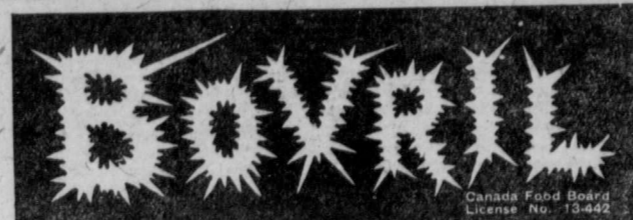
"Oh, he's just gone out in some other part of the church and will be back shortly."

"I thought for a moment, and then I said: 'Don't you believe it. As sure as shooting, he's gone for a cop.'—Denver Register.

JEWISH TRIBUTE TO CARDINAL

Among the tributes to Cardinal Gibbons on his episcopal golden jubilee was the following published in the Jewish Daily News of New York.

"His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, celebrating his golden jubilee as a Bishop of the Catholic Church. It is fitting that in a Jewish newspaper a word should be said on this occasion. Cardinal Gibbons has many Jewish friends and has at all times been a warm admirer of the Jewish people. He has raised his voice and pen against the cruel persecution to which Jews have been subjected in various countries. He has lent his great influence to the matter of Jewish rights for Jews everywhere. The Zionist movement, too, has in him an ardent advocate."



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"BEWARE THE FIGHTING PARSON"

(Editorial in Cincinnati Enquirer, February 21)

Apparel does not always proclaim the man nor the habit of life his characteristics. Probably a more accurate body of clericalism does not exist than the Society of Jesus, whose members are known as J. S. Its. Their course of education in moral, ethics, philosophy and theology is long and arduous. The world would scarcely look to this society for soldiers. Yet hear the record. When France declared war approximately 750 J. S. of French citizenship were called to the colors from all over the world, because they are avowed missionaries. Only a few, less than 15, became Chaplains. The remainder donned the uniform of the fighting unit.

Of the entire number 112 were killed, 48 wounded and 20 captured by the Germans, a mortality of 15 per cent. But this is not all. No less than 400 of the 528 survivors have been decorated or cited for distinction in orders, many nations joining in the awards of insignia of bravery. Taken as a whole this record is a little short of marvelous. It can be accepted as proving that just as stout hearts beat under the cassock and the surplice as under the gold-laced uniform coat, and that the old warning to be wary of the warrior with Holy Writ in one hand and the sword in the other holds good today.

What other people think about you is always interesting, but what you think of yourself is important.



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