

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COURTESY

Of Courtesy, it is much less than courage of heart or holiness. Yet in my walks it seems to me that the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On monks I did in Storrington fall, They took me straight into their hall.

I saw three pictures on a wall, And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation;
The second the Visitation;
The third the Consolation,
Of God that was our Lady's Son.

The first was St. Gabriel;
On wings a-flame from heaven he fell;

And as he went upon one knee,
He shone with heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady of Nazareth rode—
It was her month of heavy load:
Yet was her face both great and kind,
For Courtesy was in her mind.

The third it was our little Lord,
Whom all the kings in arms adored;
He was so small you could not see
His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was our Lady's Son,
God bless you, people, one by one,
My rhyme is written, my work is done.

—HILAIRE BELLOC

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES

It has been well said that a great many people imagine that the pressure of burden and care is wholesome; to take life hard is praiseworthy. It is looked upon as a kind of self-indulgence to take life easily. Now there is no doubt that the spirit of intensity and care, up to a certain point, is required for a wholesome cultivation of mind. But a care that brings burdens, that takes away light, that deprives us of self-control, that causes us to bring unhappiness to others, has passed beyond the wholesome line. Now if this spirit of care did any good or led to any desirable results, there would be some justifying reason for it. But when it dominates our working day, spoils our temper, makes us unapproachable, it is not only useless, but mischievous. There are two atmospheres in which one may work—the atmosphere of trust and the atmosphere of worry. The atmosphere of trust is a religious atmosphere, and the atmosphere of worry is a worldly atmosphere.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," said the prophet Isaiah of old, and his words hold good today. The man who accomplishes most is the man who has serenity in his heart. The worrying mind is unfitted for the best work. Some people are always in a feverish haste, and they want everything done on their lines, and according to their particular lights, or else they worry that everything is going wrong, or will be done wrong. Behind much of this spirit of worry and nervous irritation lies an under-estimation of the capabilities of those they have to deal with, and an over-estimation of their own excellent qualities of head and mind and powers of organization and administration. Old Isaiah says also: "He that believeth shall not be in haste," and commentaries tell us that the word may be translated: "He that believeth shall not fuss." Nothing hinders more in life than hurry and worry. A fretful restlessness dissipates our energies, makes us weak, disquiets our mind, unnerves our hand, leaves us excited, flustered, irritable, a trial to ourselves, and a grievous trial to those around us who consider the price paid for our worldly or external success exorbitant, who would in their desperation prefer failure if it brought peace and tranquillity and humility in its train.

"What avails a life of fretting? If some stars must needs be setting,
Others rise as good as they."

Our work lacks power and permanent influence when we worry, for worry always means we are presumptuously shouldering burdens, staggering under self-appointed loads which should be left to God or laid at His feet with confidence that He will share and sweeten the weight in His loving wisdom. Worry and loud-voiced hurry often spell self-advertisement, resembling the noisy, fussy stream that splutters down the hill-side with great splashing, and not like the full river that is noiseless and quiet, its hidden depths unaffected by surface storms. One day of quiet work with the peace of Christ in the heart is of more incalculable value than a month of nervous, explosive activity, whatever be its material success.

If I remember rightly, it was Phillips Brooks who said that in our own little sphere it is certainly not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the ordinary people we know, it is not necessarily those who are busiest, not those who, meteor-like, are ever on the rush after some visible charge and work. It is the lives, like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their serene brightness, up to which we look, and from which we draw courage and peace. God always works very slowly, very surely, very silently. We must not go faster than He does, we must not outstrip His graces for ourselves or for others.

"I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right."

But only to discover and to do, With cheerful heart the work that God appoints."

Worry is banished by an atmosphere of trust. Every worker for the world's welfare has sooner or later to take comfort and strength in the thought: "I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide." Life is full of little worries, and the best philosophy is to expect them, and prepare for them, and bend to them for the moment as the wind does to get "on our nerves," as the popular excuse has it. A breakdown is more often due to a state of spiritual or mental overstrain than to physical overwork. A nervous condition often implies in plain language a permanent state of irritation, a temper getting raggy at the edges until every molehill of worry is magnified into a Himalayan height of exasperation. And so much of this nervous wear and tear is needless. Our worry was out of all proportion to its cause. Some old lines are appropriate to the subject:

"I wrote down my sorrows every day—
And after a few short years,
When I read o'er the heart-aches
Passed away,
I read them with smiles—not
tears!"

If one doubts this, it would be worth the experiment to write down one's daily worries in a book for a week or a month—and forget them. Then see what they are worth this time next year. When one is in ill-health, worries are apt to weigh heavily on the mind, and all life can be envisioned in distorted perspective. It needs grace and mighty courage to say dauntlessly to oneself: "I will unpack my mind of all my fears."—The Catholic Herald of India.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A GENTLEMAN OF TEN

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street—
Off came his little cap;
My door was shut—he waited there
Until I heard his rap;
He took the bundle from my hand;
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push the crowd among;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched;
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly,
To forge, and mill, and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company
The manners make the man;
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;
The manners tell the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

A GIRL'S CHARACTER

A girl cannot be too careful about her character, for like a snowy lily, the least blemish tarnishes its beauty. Some girls do not really mean and harm, but they seem to lack a delicate sense of propriety and frequently invite criticism of an unkind nature. They laugh loudly, make acquaintances too freely and consider reticence a requisite best suited for our grand-mother's day.

The girl who is slow to make acquaintances, is generally speaking, the best sort of girl. When you get to know her, you feel her worth and place her on the list of your friends with a feeling of pleasure. A little dignity is an excellent thing. It checks the familiarity of others and affords the superior attitude of mind. The girl who is truly up-to-date in her ideas follows the dictates of good form. Thus she proves herself to be well bred and smart, shielding herself from the unpleasantness that is sure to come from a careless demeanor.—The Pilot.

FISHERMEN "FIDDLE" FOR WORMS DOWN IN FLORIDA

On a recent trip to Florida, writes a correspondent, I saw something that was new to me. I was stopping at my uncle's in Lynn Haven near St. Andrew bay on the Gulf shore. While sitting on the piazza I had frequently noticed an old colored couple going past at about the same time every day; he always had a shingle and a heavy hard pine stick under his arm, and she carried a tin can. One day out of curiosity I inquired where they were going and what for.

worse as the old fellow warmed to his work.

Presently his wife began to walk in a circle round him, picking up something that she put into the can. We went over where they were, and, unbelievable as it may seem, she was picking up worms that apparently had come up out of the ground at the call of the "music." I measured one that was 10 1/2 inches long. No one there digs worms for bait; they all "fiddle" for them.—Youth's Companion.

PLEASURE IN WORK

There are many young women who look upon themselves as most unfortunate because they are required to labor, either from the necessity of supporting themselves or others dependent on them.

Labor is a universal law of nature, and none can violate it without suffering the due penalty. It is the giving out of a certain force, a certain energy, and in this world so full of life and activity, everybody must work.

A life of idleness soon falls upon the young woman who is a "do-nothing." She kills time by spending it in sleep, by reading trashy novels, or by chatting with people who are as useless as herself, and she hungers for something more real; yet she is too indolent to do anything that requires application.

You can find pleasure in work well done, not only from the fruits of your labor, but also from the work itself. Your nature demands something upon which to spend its force and energy and when thus engaged it grows stronger and better. Young women of today find employment in almost every kind of occupation and business. Many are forced to labor for a living, but others engage in some occupation for their own improvement. Do not imagine that a life of ease is a happy life. Far from it. Labor has many rewards; it develops the faculties of the soul and the strength of the body.

Sometimes work becomes a drudgery and is hard to endure. It is work, work all the time for barely enough to keep body and soul together and if it were not for your faith where could you find comfort. If the joys of this life were to be your only hope of happiness, your lot would be a hard one, but our Saviour says, "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." You can have patience, purity of heart and strength in mind and body, and spiritual writers tell us that labor is a great safeguard to the soul, just as idleness is its ruin.

If necessity obliges you to work, strive to do your work well. Endeavor to perform your task with care and diligence. One who labors in this way will find that the most disagreeable work will in time become easy, and those to whom you work soon will appreciate you as you deserve.—The Echo.

CHURCH'S INTEREST IN SCIENCE

The formal transfer of the Casina in the Vatican Gardens to the Pontifical Academy of Science by Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, is another striking proof of the Holy Father's constant encouragement of scientific research. It shows that the Church and the Popes in the present as in the past, far from opposing scientific investigation, as is sometimes falsely asserted, are ever on the alert to aid science and to foster its advancement.

The Pontifical Academy of Science has a long and interesting history. It was founded in 1603. A young Roman prince, Frederico Cesi, a famous philosopher and naturalist, founded the Academia de Lincei in his palace. Its students were chosen from the most illustrious men of science. Galileo gained much of his scientific knowledge in this institution. Pope Pius IX, revived it in 1847, and successive Popes have encouraged and assisted it. In giving the Pontifical Academy of Science a home in the Vatican Gardens, Pope Pius XI, has not only performed a generous and gracious act, but has given to science an impetus that will result in great things in the future.

The Vatican is now known as one of the most famous centres of scientific research in the world. Grouped around the Holy Father in Rome are abodes of science and learning, filled with scholars investigating the secrets of nature, the laws of the heavenly bodies, and the composition of the visible universe. They regard science as the handmaid of religion, and are actuated by the principle so often enunciated by the Church that every discovery of natural science is but a manifestation of that Eternal Truth, that makes God and His ways more intelligible to men.

Pope Pius beautifully elaborated this thought in his address to the scientists assembled to receive his gift. "The surroundings of this place," said the Holy Father, "seems to us to have a special significance, and to contain a treasury of precious promises." Immediately behind you is the Vatican Observatory with its elevated towers of observation, speculation, and calculation. In front of you is the Picture Gallery, Archives, Library, Museums, all treasures of art, and incomparable collection of objects of every description, from which science and art will be able for long centuries to feed generously. At your side is the truly superb pan-

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It was a happy thought of the Holy Father to have the Pontifical Academy of Science housed in such an inspiring surrounding. There it can and will keep its eyes turned and open towards God, and with the ever present reminder of the universal commingling of prayers of Catholics throughout the world, labor fruitfully and zealously for the science, for God, and for Truth. The Pontifical Academy of Science established for scientific research under papal auspices, and housed in the Vatican Gardens by the kindness and thoughtfulness of Pope Pius XI, should be a standing refutation of the ancient calumny that the Church is opposed to scientific investigation, and a striking proof to all fair-minded observers

that there is no conflict between religion and science and that the Catholic Church is the friend and patron of the arts and sciences, as well as "the pillar and ground of truth."—The Pilot.

THE TABERNACLE

In every need of life we can have recourse to the Tabernacle in our churches and we find how true is His loving invitation spoken long ago on the hills of Galilee, and now spoken daily to sad and weary from the hills of the Altar: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Men and women often go elsewhere for comfort in their sorrows, and the tears flow only the faster; they go elsewhere for strength, only to become weaker and die. In the Tabernacle is He Who is the Truth, the Way, and the Life. Upon our altar is He Who in the temple gave sight to the darkened eyes of the man blind from his birth. The Tabernacle contains Him Whom Heaven and earth cannot contain and whose sanctity dazzles even the strong vision of angels and archangels. This is what makes our

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