CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OCTOBER 25, 1924

LITTLE THINGS

Somebody did a kindly deed, It helped you all the day; Do it again for someone else Who, needy, passes your way.

Somebody said a kindly word; Say it again, for you
May lighten someone else's load
By the word that brightened you.

Somebody smiled, a cheerful smile, It made the day seem bright; It was only a little thing, you say— But those little things have might. Those little things-are they little

things?

Just think how the whole long day
An unkind word of slighting tone
Has hidden the sun away.

—Selected

WALKING FOR HEALTH

John Borroughs once declared that many a human body would be cured of half its ills by a suitable allowance of daily walking. And now the former health officer of the port of New York has written a book entitled Walking for Health, in which he deplores the decline of walking and calls attention to the fact long acknowledged by physifact long acknowledged by physicians that walking is the best form ably.

Father Levert smiled impercurs ably.

There's a story connected with of exercise for expanding the lungs, stretching the muscles, and improving the vascular system. If you want to ward off arterioscelerosis,

he advises, keep walking.

More advice of this kind is needed in this secondary age. An automobile smitten generation is so combile was seated away from in this secondary age. An automobile smitten generation is so committed to riding nowadays that it is gradually losing the use of its legs. People who formerly indulged in long walks to and from work must now be carried like invalids in an automobile. To proceed anywhere on foot when automobiles or street ears are expelled assemble seems to be street cars are available seems to be regarded as an inexcusable social

error.
There would be less demand for books on dieting, if men and women today did more walking and less riding. And there would also be more positive enjoyment in living. A lover of nature, who was also a shrewd observer of maakind, noticed with astonishment that at one of our fashionable watering places nobody walked, that "of all those vast crowds of healthseekers and lovers of country air, you can never catch one in the fields or woods, or guilty of trudging along the country road with dust on his shoes, and sun tan on his hands and face. The sole amusement seems to be to eat and dress and sit about the hotels and glare at one another."

The joy of walking is a lesson that most people in our country have yet to learn. They crave the astonishing, the exciting, the faraway things that are purchased at great cost. Walking is so slow, so cheap, things that are purchased at great cost. Walking is so slow, so cheap, and so near at hand, that it seems too common and prosaic to furnish any real enjoyment.

And yet it pays rich returns in health and good spirits. There is nothing that will drive ugly humors from the coule of which the coule of the

from the soul so quickly as a brisk walk. "Give me" exclaims Hazlitt, "the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hour's march to dinner—and a winding road before me, and a three hour's march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

No, Father, but God will help angry, let it be sufficient for y that the truth is clearly seen—" the eyes of Him who sees all." Pellico.

Pellico.

I sing for joy."

These crisp October days are just praye

your pedestrian is always cheerful, alert, refreshed, with his | that she had forgotten heart in his hand and his hand free to all. He looks down upon nobody, he is on the common level. "But early one body, he is on the common level. His pores are all open, his circulation is active, his digestion good. His heart is not cold, nor are his faculties asleep. He is the only real traveler, he alone tastes the 'gay fresh sentiment of the road.' His sympathies are all aroused, his senses are continually reporting and thoughtfully:

"But early one morning the poor soul brought me \$10 which she planned to add to it little by little until she had saved enough to buy the statue. By dint of many, and I am afraid impertinent questions, I discovered that she earned a pit-tance by what she called 'plain sewsenses are continually reporting messages to his mind."

"Wind, frost, rain, heat, cold, are something to him. He is not merely a spectator of the panorama of had taken a single room several nature; but a participator in it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A NUN'S PRAYER BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Again I come before, thee, Lord, To fill my post of love, To join in praise and homage here The angel's choirs above.

My heart I left before Thy throne When duty called me hence; And thou in this sweet Sacrament Hast been my soul's defence.

The moments fly and from Thy feet How soon must I arise: My wants, my sorrows and my fears
Are all before Thy eyes.
The souls I hold for Thee, preserve;
The little children bless;
The sinner save; the dying soothe; The weak and frail caress.

THAT HIDEOUS STATUE

"Oh. Father, we are so glad you came," cried a chorus of merry voices as Father Levert entered the small sewing room of the Martha and Mary Society; "we wish to scald you."

The priest smiled indulgently and gave no sign of being slarmed.
"It is my turn now, is it? Well, I shall try to show you that I can practice meekness as well as preach it," he replied, folding his hands and casting down his eyes in mock

solemnity.
"'Tis not a laughing matter,"
said Mrs. Erwin, the president of
the society, a sharp featured woman
with a thin high voice. "You have
spoiled the whole sanctuary with
that hideous, commonplace, brightcolored statue of the Sacred Heart.
Lauphone some one gave it, but you I suppose some one gave it, but you ought not to have accepted it."

Her high voice trembled with

indignation.

"Oh, it is not really ugly,
Father," broke in little Mrs. Lee in
her pleasant voice, "but it does look
out of place in its white marble
surroundings."

"Well. I think it's horrid." ex-

Well, I think it's horrid," exclaimed a very young girl with great emphasis and a toss of her blond head.

the statue. Give me a chair please, out of this draft and I shall tell you it's history, and let you decide whether or not I was justified in

soon as he was seated away from the open window, they were all impatience until he began in a rem-

iniscent tone:

"You remember the small statue of the Sacred Heart we had some twelve or fourteen years ago in the temporary chapel over the school-

The older members assented, but a few proudly declared they had

been too young to notice it.
"Well, there was a woman of, "Well, there was a woman of, say fifty-five or sixty, I am not much of a judge of these difficult matters," he interjected with a little twinkle in his eyes, "who prayed before it day after day. I often noticed her there and was edified by her fervor. In time she began to come to my house occasionally to give me offerings for Masses, always "in honor of the Sacred Heart to obtain a conversion." By and by I learned that she was storming Heaven for her only son who had been out of the Church for some years, and she had promised to give a statue of the Sacred Heart to the new church, not if, but when, the favor was granted. I when, the favor was granted. I never knew any one with stronger or more childlike faith than hers." "And this is the result," ex-

"I asked her if she was able to give anything so costly, judging from her dress and manner that she belonged to the poorest of the poor. "No, Father, but God will help

These crisp October days are just made for walking. The first cool days are nature's call to the exhilatration of the open road after the heat and torpidity of summer. The joy of walking allures us now. Blessed with health and happiness are they who take advantage of the walking season.

prayers were answered, and she never questioned the sorrow that came with her joy. I was called to her son's deathbed. Struck by an engine, he lived only a few hours, but long enough to make his peace with God. I found then that my friend lived in a dark, ill ventilated room, very shabbily and scaptily walking season.

"Oh, the weariness, the emptiness, the plotting, the seeking rest and finding none, that go by in carriages," writes John Burroughs, except now and then. 1 concluded

After a pause he continued slowly

tance by what she called 'plain sew-ing'—just what makes one kind of had taken a single room several stories higher than her old one, and

He experiences the country he passes through,—tastes it, feels it, absorbs it; the traveler in his fine carriage sees it merely."—The Pilot. come the end and aim of her life, the only thing she had to plan for and to take an interest in; and she felt that it was her great chance to do something for God's glory. was an interesting study and I always looked forward to her monthly visits when she would bring me the few dollars she had

saved, by what and how many privations God alone knows." Suddenly Father Levert broke into an amused laugh.
"Once she did not come near me for a long time and when she appeared at last I remarked, naturally enough, that I hoped she had not been ill. She looked somewhat shameful and said with a whimsical

matter: the Old Testament. A prominent "'It was the devil's fault father figure in the latter group has a

went down town and got myself one.
It's awfully uncomfortable; so I hope the Lord is satisfied.'"
All laughed and were delighted to think that his saintly friend had

to think that his saintly friend had a very human side.

"Another time," resumed Father Levert, "months passed and I saw nothing of her. She came finally with a pitiable little story. She had been very ill and under the doctor's care, and it had taken all she could get together to pay him, and then she told me in an aggrieved tone.

"'He made me have fire many a day that I could have done without it and not minded at all.'

"She kept accurate account of every cent I had in trust and would always say as she gave me her savings, 'Now, Father, we have so much,' very happy in the knowledge that the little hoard was growing. "Well, to make a long story short, I found her waiting for me after the early Mass, one morning a few weeks ago. Her face was radiant.

'Father,' she cried, 'I've got it!' 'Got what?' I asked, not grasp-

ing the situation.
"'Why, my statue, of course.'
"As you can imagine I was thun-

As you can imagine I was thunderstruck.

"A year ago,' she explained, 'I saw a lovely one, just what I had been picturing to myself, and ever since I've been afraid it would be sold before I could save enough to get it. The garments are a beautiful red color and my Harry loved red; so you see its very appropriate. Oh, Father, in all my life I was never so happy before!" expendented the programmer as about the programmer. claimed the poor woman as she started away, and then in a moment she was back to mention that she had told the man to collect from

me, and that the statue would be delivered that day or the next.
"What could I do?" questioned the priest of his little band of the priest of his little band of attentive listeners. "Refuse what she had chosen and destroy the pleasure of her sacrifices and of her loving gift to God and so wound her old heart (for she had grown old in the twelve years she had worked for it,) or do you all think as I do that the Sacred Heart loves to see that statue there, that it means more to Him, perhaps, than the bronze crucifix, the carved marble pulpit or the rich Munich windows?'

There was no audible answer, but Mrs. Lee furtively wiped her eyes and the others nodded silently. Father Levert knew that he had won the day.

The statue of the Sacred Heart in

the magnificent church of the Immaculate Conception is often noted as the one blot that mars its per-fect beauty, and many comments are passed on Father Levert's sin-gular lack of taste, but none of them are echoed by the members of the Martha and Mary Society.— Florence Gilmore in The Messenger.

Impertinent and lavish talking is in itself a very vicious habit, and a wretched hindrance to our spiritual proficiency.—Thomas a'Kempis.

Be generously disposed toward believing others, and when others do not believe you, do not get angry; let it be sufficient for you



Confirmation, 3 & 5: David and Goliath, 2 & 6: Cure of Paralitic which was Gospel Sunday before.

alL yoU inK



Here we have three scenes from smile that showed that she was the New Testament (one of them alive to the humorous side of the last Sunday's Gospel), and one from Don't blame me. Every one looked feast day this week. Answers next so nice in her spring bonnet that I week.

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