

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MISUNDERSTANDING

They seem as very trifles, yet they have a pow'r malign; They enter, oft unnoticed—as it were—without design;

A barrier forever puts some heart far from our own; Along life's dismal highway now one's path is lone;

THE HEART OF HUMANITY

The casual observer, looking down upon an upper-story window of one of our mammoth buildings, observes a sea of human faces that seems to surge like the billows of an ocean, up and down, and they ebb and flow quickly;

During a period of industrial depression like to that which we are experiencing today, the indications of care, of doubt and distrust are plainly written in the faces of hundreds whom we meet in our daily walk of life.

with his old classmate, nor too great to condescend to a kindly interest in his affairs.

The odd member of the class, who had timidly knocked at the rear entrance of the President's imposing home, came out at the front entrance with shoulders squared and head erect.

In story and witticism the evening wore on—and the President arose to speak. Calling each man by name, he recalled the old-time qualities and touched the heart-strings which bound them to one another in fraternal love.

Where neglect and disinterestedness on the part of others had but hardened the man who was a failure, sympathy of the heart won out. He laid his hand on the table in sight of all, and wept.

This simple and true tale of a small group of busy professional men recalls the familiar story of One Who, leaving the flock in safety, went out over the far hills in search of the sheep that was lost.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOY'S MOTHER

My mother, she's so good to me! She was as good as I could be, I couldn't be as good—no, sir!

She loves me when I'm glad or mad; She loves me when I'm good or bad; And what's the funniest thing, she says

I don't like her to punish me; That don't hurt; but it hurts me to Her cryin'—an' I cry, an' nen

We both cry—an' be good again. She loves me when she cuts an' My little cloak and Sunday clo'es;

An' when my pa comes home to tea, She loves him most as much as me. She laughs an' tells him all I said

An' grabs me up an' pats my head; An' I hug her, an' hug my pa, An' love him put' nigh much as ma.

MARJORIE'S VICTORY

"Uncle Dick," asked Marjorie, looking up from the book she was reading, "what is coincidence?"

"Let me see," replied Uncle Dick, trying to think how to make a simple definition. "When two things happen at the same time that have nothing to do with each other, but seem to have a great deal to do with each other, we call it a coincidence."

Seeing that Marjorie still looked puzzled he started to explain further when a telephone message called him away. As he took down his hat in the hall, however, he paused to say, "I'll look out for a first coincidence to show you, Marjorie, and then you'll understand better."

The next day happened to be Friday, and because there was no one to drive Marjorie to school and because she was not able to walk so far, she was obliged to stay at home.

Mamma and Uncle Dick were very sorry, and they all thought of the two shining coins in Marjorie's saving box that meant two whole years without an absence, and of the third that was to have joined them so soon, for Aunt Mary, who lived in the big house on the hill, had laughingly told Marjorie the very first day she went to school that she should have a sovereign at the end of each year that she was neither absent nor tardy.

When she went to school on Monday morning, everybody was talking about a fire that had occurred the day before, and, to her relief, nobody said anything to her about her absence. She said to herself that she just could not have stood it if anybody had.

Two weeks later the monthly report cards were given out. Marjorie received hers with a sad heart, as she thought of the broken record. She did not even open the envelope until a school companion, Gertrude O'Riordan, had turned off on her own street and she was alone.

But as she glanced over the card something within her gave a great leap. Could she believe her own eyes? There were no marks in the absence column! The new teacher must have made a mistake.

Then came a great temptation to Marjorie. If she should say nothing about the mistake, the record would remain as it was, and Aunt Mary need never know.

All the next day Marjorie struggled with the temptation. She seemed unlike herself.

Friday came again, the last day of school. Marjorie could stand it no longer. Summoning all her courage she came back into the schoolroom at recess, after the others were all out, and sobbed out her story to the good Sister who had charge of the report cards.

"So you thought I made a mistake, did you?" asked the nun. "I'm so glad that you told me, because I can assure you that you are the one who has made the mistake. That day was a very cold one, you remember, and something broke in the furnace for heating the hot pipes early in the morning, so we couldn't have school that day; the room was so filled with workmen and so upset with their tools. We sent word to all the pupils whom we could reach easily, and dismissed the others as they came. You live so far away we could not notify you. I'm sorry this has troubled you so much. You should have told your mother or me sooner."

Marjorie ran around to Aunt Mary after school with her report card, and then fairly flew home to tell her story to Daddy, Mamma and Uncle Dick.

"That's what I call the happiest kind of a coincidence," said Uncle Dick as he heard the sovereign rattle down into the savings box. Now you know the meaning of the word.

"I call it a great victory," said Mamma, thinking of something quite different. But Marjorie understood both.—Catholic Universe.

DAYS OF SOCIAL TURBULENCE

There are rifts in the clouds of gloom that seem to overhang a civilization tottering to destruction. Such gleams of brightness beyond are the beckonings of hope to a discouraged world. The ability to see them makes optimists, wilful closing of the eye to them confirms pessimism.

The Catholic country, secure in its inheritance of the traditions of the faith, has preserved in large measure an isolation from the contagion of modern materialism. Yet some inroads, as was inevitable in such times of world turmoil, have been made in the ideals of the Iberian peninsula. This contagion and the fact that perils are still imminent has urged the Spanish Bishops to issue lately a remarkable document, in which they denounce the perils of the day, and announce that they are preparing to initiate a great social campaign to apply remedies which may obviate the loss of souls redeemed by Jesus Christ, and render abundant the fruit of His teaching in social life.

The perils which the Spanish Bishop denounce are practically the same in Spain as in every country of the world today. As their letter states them these perils are: "Social order and peace are weakened by terrifying ideas and deeds; the family is undermined; the workman suffers; authority is powerless to contend with the vices, ambitions, and vengeance of classes and individuals, while ignorance and weakening of belief are frequent everywhere in society."

Mindful of the tremendous dangers before the nation, the Spanish Bishops have set themselves to offset them. They are heartened in their determination by the symptoms they see around them that a religious, social, and civic regeneration has been the result in Spain of the lessons of the last few years of conflict. Notwithstanding the fact that Spain is not a wealthy nation, that many of her church edifices are in need of repair, the bishops have magnanimously declared that beyond these material needs are needs religious and social which exact immediate remedies, and that they must act quickly for the welfare of human society.

To introduce a new social era into the country founded on the social principles of Pope Leo XIII. is the aim of the Bishops' leaders in Spain. The ends in view in this great Social Campaign are the following: the creation of a social university for the practical formation of youth in political and social sciences, journalism, business administration, and contemporary and traditional studies; the multiplication of Catholic primary and professional schools to prepare the men of tomorrow and to perfect the men of today; the counteraction of false and insidious propaganda in favor of syndicalistic and revolutionary ideas by a well systemized oral and written social and religious propaganda; the establishment of pensions and retreats for the diocesan clergy; and subsidizing and protection of workmen's syndicates and agrarian societies.

Religion and patriotism will both be subserved in this Social Campaign. The King of Spain, a staunch Catholic, has been wholeheartedly behind the Bishops. The late Holy Father Pope Benedict and the present Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, have both given the social campaign their benediction and approbation.

With the efficacious help of God, and the faithful co-operation of a Catholic people, the social program in Spain thus initiated by the Bishops is destined to play an important and

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beneficent part in the reconstruction of the world. As the Bishop's manifesto inspiringly concludes: "The times of the Crusades have returned, and the cry 'God wills it' ought to be taken up by the entire nation, in the shop of the artisan, in the cabin of the poor, in the halls of industry, in the bureaus of commerce, in the banquet halls, and in the priestly temples. The contribution of your intelligence, the power of your silver, and above all the valor of your hearts, will crown with success the responsibility of the present hour, and assure the salvation of the nation." The spirit of the great Spanish saints, of an Ignatius, a Xavier, and a Teresa, breathes through this pronouncement, that they did for the spread of the faith and the salvaging of civilization three centuries ago, will be carried on by their successors and compatriots in these days of social turbulence and irreligion.—The Pilot.

abide some months. It would be well if they did so in her spirit. Unfortunately some Catholics during the days of vacation, lay aside their practices of piety. Assistent during the rest of the year in their attendance at daily Mass, in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, in their reception of Holy Communion, they sometimes lapse strangely from their wonted devotions during the months of their vacation, and it is not so unusual as it should be for them to seek some place of relaxation where the performance even of strict obligations is made, by local conditions, a thing of practical impossibility. What is to be thought of the inconsistency of those who are shining examples of true devoutness during the other months of the year but who never enter the portals of a church during the summer months unless they are forced to do so under the pain of mortal sin? This is all the stranger because it is during these latter months that they need in a special way the fortitude that comes from Divine grace, for phy-

ENGLISH CATHOLIC LABOR UNIONISTS PUT BRAKE ON SOCIALISTS

London, June 30.—Some time ago the Salford Catholic Federation issued a circular to Catholic trade unionists, advising them to withhold the parliamentary support demanded by the Labor Party, and to make other concerted moves as a protest against the adoption of Socialist principles by British Labor.

Another sign of this break-away from the dominating spirits of the British Labor Party is seen in the city of Newcastle, where a Catholic physician, who was elected to the Newcastle City Council under the auspices of the Labor Party, has refused to accept the dictation of the Labor Party as to how he shall vote in the council.

This is a wholesome proceeding, because although the British Labor Party is not primarily a Socialist party, it has allowed itself to be engineered into accepting a Socialist programme, and for all practical purposes the party is a Socialist concern.

The Catholic trade unionists of the Salford diocese, who are far from being a negligible body, as some of their fellow Catholics assert occasionally, have a very clear idea of what they want and what they don't want. They made a brave attempt at the annual conference last year to insert a wedge between Catholic trade unionists and the Socialist faction in the organized Labor Party. The device was not particularly successful, owing largely to opposition from within the Catholic ranks. But the Salford Federation has kept at it, and if by any means its programme should be successful, it would amount ultimately to the founding of a strong Catholic labor movement, though not a party.

OUR LADY IN THE HILL COUNTRY

We have been accustomed from our childhood to trace our Lady's path to the loving-kindness of her pure heart, and to link this which her thoughtful pity with the other instance when at her intercession the Saviour turned the water into wine and saved the bride and bridegroom from confusion. In both cases we find eloquent examples of that imperative impulse so characteristic of Catholic sentiment, to translate Christian charity into act. Quick to see the needs of others, she never failed to respond. Whether it was embarrassment she wished to avert, or pain to solace, or assistance to render, she never hesitated. Her compassion was not satisfied with fruitless aspiration or mere sympathy or cold humanitarianism. Upon all the children of God she turned her eyes of mercy, in them she saw the wounded brethren of Christ; and because she loved Him she loved them; her love for those who were walking in the valley of tears was the overflowing of her love for her Divine Son; if she was powerful with Him she used her power for them; and so it was that she was the Mother of Mercy, in the literal sense as the Mother of the Incarnate Word who was mercy personified, and in the broader sense that the exercise of compassion was as the very breath of her life, the heart of her heart.

And yet, true though this be, there is a special significance in the Feast of the Visitation, coming as it does at this time of the year, in that many of her children are following in the footsteps of their mother, and like her are going with haste into the hill country, there to

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