

OCTOBER 28 1911

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

7

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOOD MANNERS

A high standard of decorous manners is essential to the success of every young man and the earlier in life that he is regarded as manly that he is ready to repudiate the gentle courtesies of refinement.

This disposition is particularly apparent in his behaviour in Church. He is very apt to be late at Mass, to slide into one of the rear pews, sometimes without making a genuflection, or, if he should deign to attempt one, it is a travesty. It frequently happened that he preferred to stand as a support to the rear walls of the auditorium, or even in the vestibule, because he dreads to go down the aisle to some pew further from the altar than he has previously dared to venture. It would be far more to his credit if he should accompany his mother or his sister to a pew near the altar as possible, and thus show the proper kind of courage.

After entrance into the pew young men should at once kneel upright and say one or more real prayers of adoration of the presence in the Blessed Sacrament. They should pay no attention to other men in the same or the adjacent pews, but should realize the purpose of their own presence in Church. It often happens that young men bring their rosary or their prayer book to Church, and are too cowardly to use them publicly. Other men near them are equally timid, and might not quietly ridicule the one who attempted to act like a real Christian. So, through youthful fear, unduly impressed by the bad example of others many young men acquire habits of irreverence or inefficient devotion in Church.

One should always carry his beads, and should recite them at least once every day, and Sunday at Mass should not be the exception. Never forget your prayer-book; it contains most admirable suggestions for you and attention to its contents will keep before your mind the reason for your presence in Church. If your prayer-book has become too familiar to you get another one. Have several of them and then you will always find one when you are in a rush to avoid being late for Mass. In Church whether you are sitting, kneeling or standing your posture should always be reverential.

There are trials and especially exasperating nuisances, those who come late and those who rush out before the services are concluded. In most churches there are several Masses. No matter how early those Masses are, people rush out before the end of Mass, and no matter how late the Mass is some others never get to Church in time.

It is hard to find words strong enough to condemn people who unnecessarily are guilty of such intolerable conduct of either kind. Any man or woman, young or old, who regards attendance at divine worship as of sufficient importance to require his or her presence should have enough respect for the congregation, for the long-suffering priests and above all for the Blessed Sacrament not to outrage every sentiment of decency and of devotion by culpable tardiness or by scandalously hasty exit.

People of sincere and sturdy Catholic faith, joined with the refinement of religious courtesy, are never guilty of such boisterous or offensive conduct. Their example should be the guidance of young men. It is impossible to have too much dignity of proper kind in God's Church, in which every Catholic should be a model of courteous, devout nobility.—The Pilot.

CONFIDENCE IN SELF

The more you put into yourself, the more you will bring to yourself, this is the law. Fill your mind with intelligence, your soul with love, your body with health and you attract love, friendship, success. Some people are spiritually magnetic, others intellectually, others physically so. What kind do you prefer? The price must be paid for all, strength, will-power, immense self-confidence. In a way, confidence in self, is faith in God, which is glorious. The timid man remains a perfect disorganizer, never becoming fascinating. Assert your rights but never encroach on the rights of others; this plan would bring about a race of happy, loving, forceful people. Now you can charm, as the snake charms, for selfish ends, by looking at

your victim and willing him to buy or sell. This is not the best, highest form of fascination, it reacts upon the charmer later for ill. Because you do not know what is best for the other man, and you assume too much control. You rob him of his birthright, freedom to think and do as God directs, and always the thief is himself robbed of something, by the law of compensation. Take a thing from another, even his respect, and he will see to another, money, food, kindness, courage, and you get it back in some way.

"IF I ONLY HAD TIME" Some young people will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time which others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies which others disdain to practice. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement. You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time you must take it.

If a genius like Gladstone carried through life a little book in his pocket lest an expected moment should slip from his grasp, to what should we, of common abilities, resort to save the precious moments from oblivion? "Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," was the motto of a Scottish editor.

"Drive the minutes as they will drive you. Success in life is what Garfield called a question of 'margins.' Tell me how a young man uses the little ranged edges of time while waiting for meals or tardy appointments after his day's work is done or evenings—what opportunity—and I will tell you what a really tell his manner, the direction of the wrinkles in his forehead, or the expression of his eyes, whether he has been in the habit of using his time to good advantage or not.

The most valuable of all possessions is time. Life itself is measured by it. The man who loses no time doubles his life. Wasting time is wasting life.

Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. That precious half hour a day which many of us throw away, rightly used, would save us from the narrowness and pettiness which always attend exclusive application to our callings.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.—New Freeman.

GOOD COURAGE

Not to tremble at the shadows which surround us, not to shrink from the foe who threatens us, not to hesitate and flatter and stand despairing still among the perplexities and trials of life, but to move steadily onward without fear, if only we can keep ourselves without reproach—surely this is what the psalmist meant by good courage and strength of heart, and it is a most comfortable, pleasant, peaceful and happy virtue.

LITTLE VIRTUES

A priest now gone to his reward once wrote of the little virtues: Humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor, all of the little virtues, like violets, love the shade and though, like them, they make little show, shed a sweet odor all around.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE DISCONTENTED TREE

Out in the forest where the birds sing gaily all through the long summer days, and the little breeze blows softly through the leaves until they laugh for joy, a little tree was very, very sad. "Oh! how I dislike those horrid needles," he sighed, "nobody ever looks at me," and he bowed his head in grief. "Why are you weeping, Little Tree?" asked the good Fairy of the forest, whose duty it was to look after the little trees. "Oh! if I only had leaves I would be happy," said the Little Tree. "Leaves of gold, such as no other has ever had," The Fairy waved her wand in the air several times, and gently struck the Little Tree, and he was covered with beautiful leaves, all yellow like gold. "Now I am truly happy," said the Little Tree, looking around. "No other tree in all the forest is dressed like I am, and he raised his head proudly and he invited the sunbeams to come and see his golden leaves until he shone with unusual splendor. An old peddler, with a great large sack on his back, chanced to pass by,



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and seeing the beautiful leaves of gold, he rubbed his hands in glee.

"Ah!" said he, "I am fortunate, for no one has ever before found a tree with leaves of gold," and forthwith he began to gather them. He picked, and he picked, and he picked until not one leaf was left on the Little Tree, and he

"Now I am worse off than ever," cried the Little Tree. "I wish I had never asked for leaves of gold. All the other trees have on their leafy dresses, but now I have nothing." The forest Fairy heard his cry, and she came to inquire what the trouble was.

"You gave me leaves of gold, but an old man came along and he took every one of them and put them in a great, large bag and left me bare as you see me. If I only had leaves of glass, I would surely be happy."

The good Fairy again raised her wand and waving it through the air several times, struck the Little Tree, and, behold! it was covered with leaves of shining glass.

The Little Tree shook its branches until the glass leaves tinkled softly like so many tiny bells, and all the trees looked down and wondered.

"Now I am satisfied," said the Little Tree, "for no other tree in the forest glitters as I do."

Suddenly a low, moaning sound was heard in the distance; it grew louder and louder and louder, and the great oaks and maples began to rock from side to side, and the Little Tree felt a crash as the angry North Wind rushed by, and there on the grass lay all his leaves of glass broken in pieces!

"Woe is me!" cried the Little Tree, looking around after the storm had swept by, "all the other trees have retained their pretty leaves," and he wept and sighed.

"You are weeping again, Little Tree," said the Fairy of the forest.

"Look!" said the Tree, "all my bright leaves of glass are in pieces! If I only had leaves of green like the other trees this would not happen."

"Very well," said the Fairy, "you shall have green leaves." She waived her wand and the Little Tree was quickly covered with a thick green foliage.

"Now I shall always have my leaves like the other trees, and I shall never be unhappy again." But just then an old mother deer and her fawn came bounding through the forest and seeing the Little Tree covered with fresh, juicy leaves, fell on it and devoured every one.

"Oh! oh! oh! If I only had my needles back," said the Little Tree. "I would never again ask for leaves of gold, or glass, or green."

"I am glad," said the Fairy of the forest, "that you have learned that to be happy we must be content with the position in which the Providence of God has placed us. I will restore your needles, and in order that you will remember this, you will wear your needles all the year round."

"Thank you, dear Fairy," said the Little Tree, and he never, never, complained again, but was always happy and joyous.—Catherine Howe in Sunday Companion.

METISSA'S DESIRE

Little Metissa had not yet made her First Holy Communion, and she longed to receive the sweet Saviour into her heart. With childlike confidence she went to the missionary to plead her cause.

"Father, please let me make my First Communion. I want to receive our Lord."

"But you are too young, my child. You do not understand the greatness of the Holy Eucharist."

Day after day this little lover of the hidden Lord returned with the same request to meet the same denial.

One day on visiting the church the good priest was arrested by the sound of a child's voice raised in earnest petition to her adorable Friend in the tabernacle.

"Chief," spoke the little Indian maiden, "my father, the priest, says that I do not know You. But I do know You. You are the Son of God; You are the Child born in the stable of Bethlehem; You live in Nazareth. You were lost, and found in your Father's house; You died on the Cross, and you rose again the third day. You see that I know You. Well, I ask but one thing now and

you cannot refuse me. Open the priest's eyes and let him see that I know You, dear Jesus."

The missionary's eyes were dim with tears as he quietly withdrew. That evening, after the vesper hymn had been sung, he called the priest. "Now tell me, Metissa, how many times did you visit our dear Lord today?"

"Fifteen times, Father."

"What did you say to Him?"

"The little girl hesitated as she glanced timidly at the questioner. "Father, I said bad things about you," And she related the subject of her outpourings before the altar.

The missionary turned to the assembly: "See how the good God listens to prayers well made. I am not in the habit of making a visit at that hour, but to-day the Great Spirit prompted me to enter the church. My child, you did well to pray this. The Chief above has opened my eyes. I feel that you know Jesus Christ, and you shall receive Him in the Holy Sacrament."

"Father," said Metissa, sobbing for happiness, "I am so glad that it seems I must be in Heaven already."—Magnificat.

MAGNANIMOUS BOYS

Horace Mann says: "You are made to be kind, boys; generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags within his hearing. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; or if one boy is proud of his talents and another boy is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him."

FAMILY PRAYERS

The days of trial in the old pioneer Catholic families were days of devotion. Sturdy men and courageous women were they who came here to build up the homes and the happiness of the generation that now enjoys the fruit of their toils.

The field and in forest; in the streets of the city and along the highways. They built up the material features of the nation whatever architect may have planned them and whatever funds secured them. But it is not their material work alone that their children profited most, for their meagre gains scarcely covered their many expenses. Rather was it the generosity of their hearts, their faith and sincere, that brought the blessings of prosperity and happiness as an inheritance to their posterity.

In little houses hidden away in the deep woodland, and in the close, confined rooms of the city, the father and mother gathered the little ones around them as the night shadows were falling, and kneeling reverently, the Rosary was recited. It was apparently but a little thing, not calculated to give any great impetus to devotion; but as life developed, the tender association of household prayer went with it, forming those deep sources of spiritual force which characterized their children even to this day. It produced the instinct, if we may so call it, of prayer, that deep reverence for things holy, and that insight so puzzling to non-Catholics, of the spiritual need and tendencies of man, the shrine cut in the conscience of the Catholic children of to-day, a beauty that is without harshness, and a candor that is trustfulness visible.

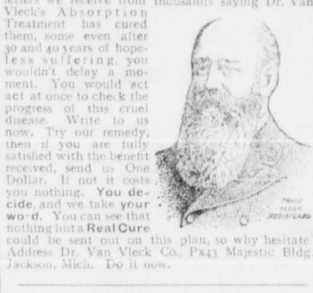
The rush and crowding of modern days has entered the Catholic home, and although the beautiful spirit of faith still hovers about the hearth, and glows in the sturdy loyalty of our Catholic young men and women, yet the old custom of family prayer has given place to often to individual devotion. And this excellent as it is in itself, depends much on the individual disposition coupled with the greater diffusion of temptation of an order quite unknown formerly. A man, in so something at least to the custom would be eminently desirable and of the greatest advantage both to family and to its members. Prayers, short and full of meaning, not so extensive and lengthy as to absorb a great amount of time, will give the impetus that is needed to unite religious feeling in the family. The night prayers said briefly but with recollection, begun in early childhood

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and continued as long as children remain under parental control, will serve not only as spiritual blessings, but even in a human way, will continue to raise the mind to noble and lofty conceptions, will create an aversion for the meanness of evil, will shield from the temptations incident to unworthy companionship.

The carelessness of parents in regard to the family prayers of their young, is an evidence of carelessness in general life. Such children are permitted greater freedom on the streets, and often in dangerous places. Companions are permitted whose influence spells ruin. Prayers which child is almost led into an atmosphere of evil, and, influencing to sin.

Family prayer is a beautiful custom in itself, it brings God's blessings to those who engage in it, and it serves as an education to a clean life, as a safeguard from the dangers that cannot be met save by a character fortified by prayer.—Pilot.

THE CONVENT GRAVE

Every now and then some smart young newspaper man, in training for place and profit in the world of romance-writing, runs across a love story. He is fastening to bury her unrequited heart-throbs in a convent grave. He writes a very pathetic story, does the smart young newspaper man. One could weep tears of genuine pity over the sad fate to which his heroine is made to resign herself. She is invariably tall, slender, young, an only child, and unspeakably beautiful.

She came to Brooklyn last Sunday morning, according to the smart young writer, but she remained here only long enough to enable observers to note her form, which was slender; her outfit, which was brown; her countenance, which was thickly veiled, but singularly beautiful; her age, which was nineteen; her trouble, which was a broken heart, and her destination, which was a convent in Quebec.

The way in which somebody banned the door of the taxi cab which carried her from Brooklyn to the Grand Central Station was indisputable proof of a "little romance."

And the other essential character in the "little romance"? Oh, yes, she was not overlooked! He was also young, and tall, and dark, with thick, dark hair, a very pronounced artistic manner, a musician and a composer! But cruel papa stepped in most inopportunistically, bundled her off! And then she just made up her mind that if she could not have the tall, dark, artistic young man she would bury herself—in a convent!

So the smart young newspaper writer put the story together and sent it to the editor of the New York Times, where

genius and enterprise could put no better heading to it than this: "Will Bury Her Love in a Convent Grave." Evidently the editor believes that none of his readers are Catholic, but that all of them are simpletons. We would not care to believe that the Times is plagued with the presence on its staff of anybody like the members of the Protestant Alliance in England, of whom our London correspondent told us last week; but we have our suspicions.

The choice of a religious life in preference to all of the glamour, attraction, pleasure and affection which the world offers, is difficult to understand by the non-Catholic—and not easy by all Catholics. The renunciation which, from their viewpoint, is involved, is too much for any human being who is heart-whole, mentally sound and bodily strong. But without overtaxing generosity these critics might admit that there is more wisdom in the world that is dreamt of in their philosophy.

The convent has been long enough a blessed fact and a helpful factor in our Christian civilization to be understood better than it seems to be. The motive which prompts young women to enter a convent are so immeasurably above those which the romance-writer attributes to them that it is worse than libel against high spirituality to print the soul and romance he writes about love and crossed daisies entering religion.

Did he stop or did his publishers stop to think sanely about so exalted an institution as the religious life in the Catholic Church, the question might suggest itself: Do the convents accept love-lorn ladies? Is it reasonable to presume that these homes of godliness will accept for God what has been cast off or disappointed by man?

It would seem, according to the romancers that the young, heart-broken lover was the only one on earth who had a voice in her decision to "bury her love in a convent grave." "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Writers about convent life would do well to become instructed in their subject.—Brooklyn Tablet.

If one is too keep his aim in sight, he must not have too many aims.—E. E. Hale.

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