

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COMPENSATION

Life pays us for the work we do— In misery for our deeds of shame; In friends and honor and in fame For standing fast and standing true.

THOUGHTS ON LENT

The conception of Lent in the mind of the world, as contrasted to the Church's idea of the penitential season, is directly opposite. With the worldling, Lent is a fast; with the Catholic, it is a great fact, holy in its purpose and sacred in its realization.

while you flourishing in a city, can barely keep your position. The countryman has to be by himself much of the time, whether he wishes to or not. If he has anything in him it comes out.

Astronomy, man's grandest study, grew up among the shepherds. You of the cities never even see the stars, much less study them.

Remember that you are individual, not a grain of dust or a blade of grass. Be a man. Get up in your bed-room, read, study, write what you think. Talk more to yourself and less to others.

There is not a man of average ability but could make a striking career if he could but will to do the best that is in him. Proofs of growth due to solitude are endless. Milton's greatest work was done where his blindness, old age and the death of the Puritan government forced him into complete seclusion.

Drop your street corner, your gossipy boarding-house table. Drop your tumultuous life and try being a man.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DO IT NOW

If you have a kind word—say it; Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest; If you owe a kindness—pay it; Life's sun hurries to the West. Days for deeds are few my brother, Then today fulfill your vow; If you mean to help another, Do not dream it,—do it now.

LITTLE TONY

At an upstairs window, in one of the tall houses near Forest Park, Brooklyn, sat a little boy who pressed his curly head and flattened his nose against the pane, as he gazed sadly at the wet pavement below. It was a wild afternoon; gusts of rain and wind tore around the house, as if to seek an object for their fury, while hapless pedestrians turned up their collars and hastened on to find shelter as soon as possible.

Michael Hayes, with his wife and child, had come to Brooklyn two years before the time in which this story opens. Failing health had compelled him to retire from business; so he had taken the quiet home near Forest Park, where they lived until the death of Mrs. Hayes left Michael a sorrowing widower with one little boy, Tony, a bright lad of six years.

They were "all in all" to each other, those two. Every Sunday they might be seen going to Mass, Tony with one hand in his father's, while the other grasped a large prayer book that had been his mother's, which he would insist on taking although he could scarcely spell the simplest words.

TONY, whose baptismal name was Anthony, had great devotion to his patron saint. He always concluded his night and morning prayers with a Hail Mary in honor of St. Anthony—a pious practice his dear mother had taught him—and he grew into the habit of asking the Saint to find for him any little toy or trinket no sooner he failed to see it. Every Sunday, after Mass, Tony would gaze at the statue of the Saint, and let him drop some pennies in the box with "Offering for St. Anthony's Bread" on the outside.

But last Sunday Mr. Hayes' cough was very bad and they stayed at home, and his father read some little prayers to Tony, and told him some pretty stories that he loved to read in the "Annals of the Holy Childhood," and Tony promised to put by his pennies to give St. Anthony a double lot next time.

But how dark it was getting! The little boy at the window shivered and jumped down from his cramped position. The fire was nearly out; he had been alone for a long time. Surely it must be supper time—the lights were on in the street and park—and he felt hungry. Tony looked out of the window again at the wet and deserted street. The doctor's car was still there. "What is the doctor doing so long with daddy?" he thought. Perhaps daddy was real sick; he would quietly open the door and slip in to see. Just then the doctor was leaving the room, and he heard him say to the nurse out in the hallway: "I do not think there is any hope for Mr. Hayes; I fear it will be all over in a few hours; he is still unconscious; but I shall return in a half hour."

There was a heavy load on the little fellow's heart, and a frightened look in his blue eyes, as he returned to the window and watched the doctor drive away. Could he mean that daddy would die—go away and leave him all alone—like mamma did? and large tears rolled down his cheeks. "Leave him all alone, and never play with him again, or take him to Mass, or let him put pennies in St. Anthony's box any more?" He buried his head in his hands resting on the window-sill, and cried

Suddenly the tiny head lifted and a light of hope seemed to gleam in his eyes. "I'll go to St. Anthony, and tell him to cure daddy. Daddy often told me that St. Anthony would help those who gave their pennies to him for the poor." But little Tony had no pennies. Daddy kept them for him and he couldn't see Daddy now.

"Perhaps St. Anthony would take some bread, or there was plenty down on the sidewalk in the dining-room, and daddy wouldn't mind if he took it to St. Anthony." Forgetting everything else, he rushed downstairs to the dining room, and drawing a chair, reached down several rolls that he found there in a basket. "I won't take the basket, 'cause it's too heavy," said Tony aloud, as his little legs climbed down and his arms clasped the bread very tight lest he should drop it. Perhaps St. Anthony won't mind my not wrapping it in paper, 'cause I ain't got any."

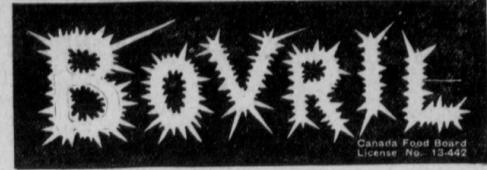
Tony was now running along the wet pavement, hatless and excited, in the direction of the church. People indeed noticed the little lad, but heeded him not; they were so intent on getting home out of the wet rain. He knew here the statue was in the church, and hurrying up to it, he reached up the rolls as best he could and then, kneeling down, like daddy used to do, he prayed: "Please St. Anthony, daddy said you always helped those who gave you pennies for bread. I didn't have any pennies, so I brought these rolls. O please, St. Anthony, I don't want to live without daddy. Do give me my daddy again and make him well—my name's Anthony, too. Amen."

It was dark in the church. He began to feel as if he had been looking for a long time. His father, a neighbor of mine, has just died, and they were missing the little boy; Tony's name. He must have slipped away on them," said a man in the crowd.

A doctor pushed his way through the crowd and bent over the form that the men had placed in a passing auto. "Dead!" he said briefly. Little Tony did not live without daddy. Daddy took him along to God and St. Anthony.—St. Anthony Messenger.

LISTENING TO DETRACTION

One of the greatest sources of detraction, or back-biting, is found in the willingness of people to listen to the detractor, to take pleasure in what he says of evil concerning the neighbor, and at times to encourage him in his continuance. Detractors are somewhat like thieves—they steal what belongs to others; while those who listen to the detraction are much like those who receive the stolen goods. There would be no detraction if no one was willing to listen to them. This vice is most common, because many lend their ears to the detractor, express delight at what is told, and by their questionings encourage the evil. If detractors were not listened to, they would fear to lose their own reputation, and thus render themselves worthy to be despised. But, as St. Paulinus says: "The evil is so great and so general and finds a resting place in the minds of so many, that it may be said that it is one of the most general of sins because of the many who willingly listen to its suggestions." St. Bernard says that it is difficult to judge which is the more criminal, the one who back-bites his neighbor or the one who listens to him. "For this reason," adds St. Jerome, "be on your guard more against curious ears than against a light tongue." There are three sinners in the act of listening to detraction. First, when one urges people to detraction or encourages them by the approbation which is given to their tales. This is not only a sin against charity, but against justice as well, because a man thereby is the cause by which his neighbor loses his reputation, and consequently there is upon the detractor an obligation to repair what has been damaged. Secondly, when hatred for the person detracted gives a certain malignant satisfaction, or when there is pleasure in listening to the detractor who continues the detraction without urging, the detraction is much more wilful. Hence St. Paulinus advises us, "Do not by your consent give authority to the detractor nor by your encouragement cause him to outlive this evil vice." A third criminal way of listening to detraction is when one lacks the courage to say to the detractor that there is no pleasure in listening to his words against his neighbor. Although detraction may displease, one commits sin in not striving to oppose it if he can. In all circumstances one should be opposed to detraction and either by word or by manner clearly show unwillingness to allow a neighbor's character to be injured or detracted. To illustrate the difficulty of restoration after detraction, we may recall the story of the saint, who after inveighing against detraction, proceeded to show the difficulty of repairing the evil done by the detractor by opening a bag of feathers and scattering them to the four winds. He then asked



his listeners to go and collect the feathers and bring them back and place them in the bag. With surprise they said it was impossible because the winds of heaven had sent them in all directions and many of them far, far away. The saint then said that it was easier far to gather up the many feathers that had been scattered than it was to restore the character broken by the sin of detraction; and yet, before God one is obliged to restitution.—True Voice.

REFUSE TO OBEY

PROTESTANT MINISTERS OF ENGLAND REVOLT AGAINST BISHOPS Catholic Press Association Service

The Bishop of Birmingham has followed the example of the Bishop of London and forbidden the Bishops in the Protestant churches of his diocese. The result is the clergy are in open revolt. One vicar declares he will continue the service; the Bishop has replied by withdrawing the license from the curate of this particular parish and stopping his stipend, to which the vicar answers by promising the stipend out of his own pocket. Then the Bishop of Coventry has started a dangerous innovation by organizing and creating in his diocese a House of Laymen, to assist in the diocesan affairs in addition to the House of Laymen.

RELIGION NECESSARY

There never was a time when religion was so necessary as today. The nations have fought for liberty and justice. These are the reflections of religion. Take religion from our halls of legislation and the state will speedily lose sight of its great ideals. Materialism will soon take root in the hearts of men and the condition will ensue that will be little better than the one that kindled the flames that have consumed the world for the past four years. Go in spirit to those countries where the red terror is eating into the vitals of government and threatening all established order and see what has caused this state of affairs. You will find that those who are defying law and order are men who have refused to heed the word of God and who steadfastly pursued material standards. Visit those unhappy lands shaken by the Bolshevik uprisings and ask yourself why whole populations are living in fear for their very lives and you will find that fomenters of trouble, malcontents, have ridiculed God and laughed to scorn the teachings of Christ.

Now visit those lands that are happy in the possession of national tranquility and enjoying unprecedented prosperity and you will discover that they are faithful to the Church; you will discover that religion is held in honour there. And as a consequence of religion's benign influence on the peoples of these nations, justice reigns and anarchy is unknown. The people are imbued with high ideals and these ideals are the beacon beckoning men on to freedom and national permanence.

In this country, religion alone will bring happiness and contentment. Our traditions, our institutions, all that we hold dear and dear, will be preserved only by its mellowing influence. Let the glow of the people's faith in God dim and there will ensue conditions that men too well understand through the passion of some of the European countries. At this crucial moment in American life and action, we should hold dear our religious traditions. The hostile forces are trying to gain a hearing in this country. They have declared war on the world. The Bolshevik knows that he can combat material influences and batter down the teachings of men. But he is equally aware that his most formidable enemy is religion. He will try to win men to his standard by specious arguments. He will appeal to their need and poverty, and tell them that his system alone will emancipate them from the tyranny of industrial oppression. He will promise a Utopia to follow on the achievement of his aims. But it is all a delusion. Let us remember that his system defies justice, contradicts all that religion inculcates, is absolutely subversive of law and order, and is downright anarchy, a defiance of all that the Church teaches. Let us remember, too that inscribed on his banner are the words: "No God, No Country." Does any Christian need more to tell him who and what the men are who come among us to shatter order and make of government a relic of barbarism? Our citizens should value religion as their greatest safeguard in these trying days. Religion has been the bulwark of liberty. Only when it was made an outcast have disorder and ruin faced the world. Let us fix firmly in our minds the facts of history and we will lend a deaf ear to those whose purpose it is to disrupt our freedom and plunge our

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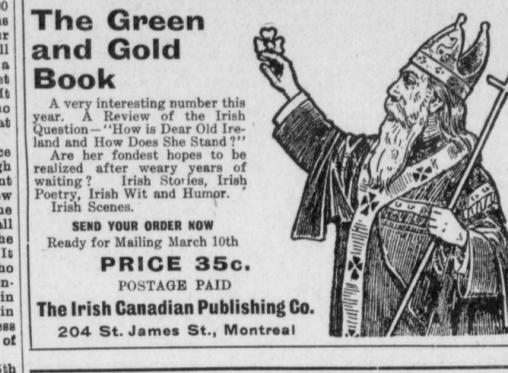
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