

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE QUITTER

Fate handed the quitter a bump and he dropped— The road seemed too tough to go, so he stopped; He thought of his hurt, and there came to his mind The easier path he was leaving behind; "Oh, it's all much too hard," said the quitter right then; "I'll stop where I am and not try it again. He sat by the road and he made up his tale, To tell when men asked why he happened to fail. A thousand excuses flew up to his tongue And these on the thread of his story he strung, But the truth of the matter he didn't admit— He never once said, "I was frightened and quit."

THE HERO OF CHARITY

A curious and touching anecdote is retold in the Magnificat of that great apostle of unostentatious charity—St. Vincent de Paul, when he was a student in Paris, in an incident that mirrors the man in his naive charming simplicity and his heroic unselfishness. He happened to meet in Paris a professor of the Sorbonne who was also a theologian of note. This learned man's studies and speculations had not profited his soul for he was assailed by the most furious temptations against faith. He felt himself weakening under the trial, and so great was his mental anguish that he feared he should lose his reason. He confided his doubts and fears to Vincent, who strove by every means in his power to restore peace to this poor tormented soul, but without avail. Then Vincent had a daring inspiration and indulged in one of those glorious follies of which only the saints dream. He offered himself to God in the place of this professor, and asked God to be pleased to transfer this man's trial to himself. God accepted the immolation and took His servant at his word. The professor recovered his peace of mind instantly, and Vincent was a prey to the most distressing doubts. Nor was this trial a mere passing tempest; it lasted, his historians say, no less than three or four years. The saint never lost his unalterable patience during this long martyrdom. He wrote out the Creed on a sheet of paper, which he wore over his heart, and when his doubts were the strongest and his despair the blackest, he used to place his hand on this paper by way of swearing loyalty to faith and to Church. One day when he felt himself more harassed and tortured than usual, and ready almost to succumb to the violence of his mental agony, he made a vow to consecrate his life to Jesus, suffering and despised in the person of the poor. Then and there God bent towards him with love. The doubts and fears vanished instantly, never more to return, and the athlete risen victorious from the desperate struggle had acquired force and skill and deftness and long patience for mightier strifes and triumphs. —Catholic Transcript.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FORTY HOURS

The altars are agleam with candles, linens fine, and lace: The lilies white are bending o'er God's hallowed, holy place: The music of the organ's notes still floats upon the air, And grateful hearts are lifted up to Thee, O God, in prayer. The little children softly tread the aisles that lead to Thee, And down in adoration kneel, and gaze adoringly Upon the gleaming Case of Gold that holds the Host of white, The form Thy love has chosen, Lord, to veil Thee from our sight. There all is peace, and stillness reigns about Thy hallowed place, And love for Thee is stamped upon each little upturned face; And love for Thee is stamped upon the faces lined with care. Of older children, coming here to ease their hearts in prayer. Ah, forty hours only will God be there to view! Then come, O come, and honor Him, and all your love renew; Yea, come and adore His love, and every child of His love, And make His stay amongst us here reflect His home above. Come kneel and give Him all your hearts; come thank Him for His grace, This happiness He gives to us, to gaze upon His face; Renew the promises you've made; review the past years, too, And ask Him to infuse His love into your hearts anew. —MARY ENGLINE SHERIDAN

SEEDS OF KINDNESS

"That's a Canadian dime; I can't take that," said the postoffice clerk. The child looked at the rejected coin, and then at the unstamped letter perplexedly. Here's a dime—I'll change with you, said a young girl standing by. "Oh, thank you," exclaimed the child gratefully. "I ran all the way to get daddy's letter mailed in time—and it would have been too late if I had to go back." "How thoughtful that was," I said to myself, "and how few people, comparatively, would have bothered to do that for a little child; and yet how very little it costs—and how much it often means." A little later in the day it chanced that I again met this young girl of whom I have spoken. It was at the noon hour, in a hurried, crowded throng. "Dear me, isn't it warm?" sighed a flushed, nervous-looking girl near me, to her companion. "Won't you take this fan?" said a sweet voice. I looked, and lo!

the speaker was the angel of the stamp. By this time I was very much interested in the young girl, and took more time for my meal than was really necessary, in order to observe her. I did not have long to wait to see another proof of her kindness and consideration. "This is the last order of Indian pudding," said one of the waiters to a pale, poorly dressed girl, as she sat down to a steaming plate before her neighbor—the young girl whom I was observing. "Oh, dear!" murmured the girl disappointedly. "Won't you take this? I would just as soon have something else for dessert." Quick as a flash the dish of pudding was transferred. "That young girl is worth her weight in gold," I said to myself as I rose to go. "I wonder if I shall ever see her again." It was months before I did see her again. This time I was at a reception. I wondered whether she would be able to do any kindly act in such a formal gathering, and observed her closely. It was not ten minutes before I saw her talking to a shy, unattractive-looking girl in a corner, and introducing her to her friends. Nor was this all I noticed. As I left I heard her say something to the soloist of the afternoon, to which the reply was: "You tell me that you have enjoyed my singing. I want to tell you how much I appreciate your telling me so." The sparkling eyes and animated face attested the appreciation. These three brief occasions were all upon which I ever saw her. I was struck by the way in which she was so full of friendliness and consideration! At the end of such a life how manifold must be the good deeds placed to the account! The giving of ourselves because we can no more help giving than the flower can help unfolding its petals, or the rose exhaling its fragrance, that is Christliness indeed. It is the most potent of all levels for bringing about that blessed day, "to which the whole creation moves." —Michigan Catholic.

A MODERN FABLE

Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday had reached a point in their life on their desert island where they were doing well. Then one day Crusoe said to Friday: "What's the use of working so hard and saving up yams and coconuts? Thrift is out of date. Let's work short hours and not accumulate anything." So the new plan was put into effect. At first it worked beautifully. But after a while the roof began to leak and their clothing to wear out and the reserve supply of food had been exhausted. They decided finally they must mend the roof and make some more clothing. But then they found they hadn't enough food for dinner. So they had to stop work on the roof while they went after food. "Mr. Crusoe," Friday one day remarked after several months' trial of the new light plan, "your scheme sounds good. But it somehow doesn't produce the results. For some reason we don't have as many comforts as we had when we were working four hours a day. It seems to me if we are going to have as comfortable a home as we used to have, and as good clothing and as much to eat, we have got to work as we used to under the old plan." Thus, the chronicler reports, did the desert island realize through painful experience the two great facts of political economy which the race regards as indisputable, that in the long run a good living is to be had only by work and thrift. —Kansas City Star.

"BLIND GUIDES"

The countries that passed through the experience of more than four years of intensive warfare are now suffering from the shock. Most observers agree that a wave of crime and moral laxity has been one of the results of the prolonged and artificial restraint of war discipline. At such a time there is imperative need of remaining steadfast on the true foundations of religion and morality. As it is being frequently pointed out, the present situation demands the guidance of "the Church." Does "the Church" rise to the occasion? This is a question that is being asked far and wide. From England we get most contradictory reports. The Catholic papers tell of an unprecedented increase in the numbers of converts. The seminaries are said to be filled to overflowing with aspirants to the priesthood. The influence of the Catholic Church has never been greater since the days of Henry VIII. On the other hand the condition of the Established Church is reported to be at the lowest ebb. The clergy are said to be almost starving. The divinity schools are empty. The people are giving up their traditional churchgoing. Every one whispers that "the Church" has failed to fulfill its mission during the War. Perhaps the explanation of this condition of affairs may be found by referring to some of the recent utterances of high-placed clergymen of the Establishment. The Catholic Church has prospered and has been able to meet all the emergencies created by the War,

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by patiently preaching the eternal truths of the Gospel. The Protestants, on the other hand, have thought it the policy of wisdom to advance with the times! They have preached what they considered a "modern Gospel" suited to modern requirements. The "modern Gospel" has apparently failed to reach those for whom it was intended. We are able to give some interesting samples of what prominent clergymen of England are teaching the people. The Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, who occupies what has always been considered to be the principal pulpit in England, has recently made the following statements: "Unless the devastating torrent of children can be stemmed our condition will certainly go from bad to worse." As a remedy for this state of affairs he proposes: "The best method of stopping the devastating torrent would probably be to penalize large families by reimposing education fees. There is no doubt that this would have the desired result if a knowledge of birth control were diffused over the whole nation." The parent who obeys the laws of God is referred to as "the poor and prolific parent who at present claims the right of throwing on his neighbors the whole burden of his recklessness." It hardly seems possible that a minister of the Christian religion should say such things. The quotations, however, are taken from an article in the Edinburgh Review by Dean Inge. The Dean of Durham meets the divorce difficulty in a similar way by giving in to lax standards. He explains to an interviewer of the Sunday Times that Our Lord's words respecting marriage represent an ideal towards which we should aspire, but that "the Church possesses an inherent power of dispensation in cases of extreme unmerited hardship." Such cases are those of the "innocent parties" in divorce suits. He thinks that the Church of England has reached the time when in deference to the "enlightened conscience of humanity" she should no longer "outrage" public sentiment by rigid observance of impossible and ideal standards! We might observe here that the method of reasoning used by the dean is more dangerous than its application to the cases considered. Apparently he surrenders the claim of the Church to be a guide in faith and morals. Her duties are simply to bless and justify prevailing standards of morality! The Dean of Carlisle betrays the same tendency in the sphere of theology. He undertakes to explain approvingly the modern conception of the Divinity of Christ, saying: "If we believe that every human soul reveals, produces, incarnates God to some extent * * * then it becomes possible to believe that in One Man the self-revelation of God has been signal, supreme, unique; that we are justified in thinking of God as like Christ, that the character and teaching of Christ contains the fullest disclosure both of the character of God Himself and of His will for man: that is the true meaning of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ." It is needless to say that this is practically the Unitarian doctrine of Christ's office as a teacher. By substituting other names for "Christ" it would be a sufficient creed for a Mohammedan, a Buddhist or a Confucianist.—Catholic Standard and Times.

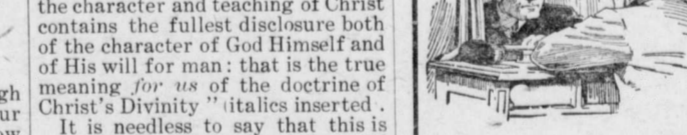
heroic labours until death, for the Faith of Christ. "There is perhaps an unexpectedly large number of Martyrs directly or by descent from Wales: From Scotland, besides Olgive, who is a veritable host in himself, we have four or five others of Scottish descent. "If in this country we very greatly respect priests and religious, how much should we not honor our two hundred and fifty-three Martyrs, among whom there are no less than one hundred and eighty-two secular priests and religious. The secular clergy bear away the palm, numbering no less than one hundred and thirty-two, as well as eighteen Beati. Fifty-one belong to the religious orders. The seventy-one laymen, or, rather, seventy-four if we reckon in the lay brothers of religious orders, comprise all the professions, all ranks, two peers, two knights, and three Ladies. "And as for trades, especially if we reckon the trades of those who only became priests later, they are of every sort, cobblers, sailors, down to cobblers, cooks and servants. But the majority of the laymen were gentlemen of fairly good family who died for protecting priests, while the priests died for ministering to the laity. A few were grand heroes, who smiled and joked at every pain, every torture, but the majority were taciturn Englishmen who clenched their teeth, when it came to matters of principle, and stood their ground bravely in the face of death indescribably terrible."

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