

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A HAND ON YOUR SHOULDER

When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy
An' don't let the sun shine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
For a fellow to lay
A hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes men feel curious,
It makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In a region of your heart!
You can't look up and meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

REVIEWING RESOLUTIONS

Here in the month of May, is a
good time for our young men to
renew their resolutions to preserve
their purity.

As a foundation for that action
it may be well to look frankly at
a few first principles.

God made us as we are and His
work is perfect for its purpose.

God designed marriage and His
Church treasures matrimony as a
sacrament.

High, honorable and holy, then, is
the procreation of human life, when
done in the fear of God in due ful-
fillment of a vocation to the married
state.

The life-giving power is a sacred
trust, for the proper use of which
God will hold us to a strict account.
If it has been debased, abused, cor-
rupted, and wasted in sin, grievous
will be the punishment.

Marriage is honorable, necessary,
planned by God Himself.

But before marriage, the Catholic
young man will be continent. He
will sow no wild oats. He will
commit no abuse. He will lose none
of his power.

In order to preserve his integrity,
he will keep his imagination clear,
he will guard his eyes, he will avoid
persons who are to him an occasion
of sin. He will not drink intoxicat-
ing liquors that stimulate passion.
He will not loiter in bed. He will cut
down his time of rest, so that as
soon as he goes to bed he will fall
asleep and as soon as he awakes,
he will arise. He will take plenty of
exercise to use up his superfluous
strength.

He will reverence all womankind,
for his mother's sake, for his sisters'
sake, for the Blessed Virgin's sake,
and for Christ's sake.

Good girls he will want to keep
good, as a knight of Our Lady should,
shielding them from harm and even
protecting them from themselves, if
they are inclined to forget themselves
and the respect that is due them.
With bad girls, he will have nothing
to do.

Neither in thought, nor in word,
nor in deed, will he offend against
chastity.

So, he will keep the lily of his
purity.

But, knowing that his vocation is
to get married and that God designed
the wedded state, he will have no
false notions about sex. He will
accept things as they are, as God
planned them, as good in their way,
and will try to make himself worthy
of a good wife. He will pray to God
to make known to him the woman
he should marry. He will have a
reverent tenderness and love for her,
even before he knew her. He will
pray for her that God may keep her
in His care, a true child of Mary.

When he has made her acquaint-
ance and knows that she is his love,
he will guard her from all evil. He
will not stain her soul with sin. He
will not play the devil towards her,
but act as her visible guardian
angel.

And as soon as he is free and
financially able to marry, he will
wed her, before the altar of God. He
will have Jesus as a guest at his
wedding, as at the wedding at Cana.
He and his wife will be as one
person, united in love, determined to
act like Christian spouses, until the
end of their lives.—Catholic Colum-
bian.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DRUMMER

Napoleon once ordered his drum-
mer boy to beat a retreat. "Sire,"
replied the lad, "I have never learned
to beat a retreat, but I can beat a
march that will make the dead
arise and fight." He received per-
mission to do so, and inspired the
weary and almost defeated soldiers
with the courage to win a great
victory. The spirit of the drummer
boy is the inspiration that wrests
victory from apparent defeat in every
great crisis. The man who gives
way to discouragement is defeated
before he starts. The nation that
listens to purveyors of gloom is
smothering every noble incentive to
achievement. The pessimist is a
destructive critic who views things
out of proportion, and cannot see the
wood for the trees. But human
nature prone to evil, is also prone
to think evil and to listen to evil.
Hence the voice of the pessimist.
It takes no considerable courage to
be a pessimist. But it does take
courage to be an optimist when the
signs seem to point unerringly
towards gloom.

Today when the pessimist is
abroad in the world, we need the
courage to be optimists. We need

the spirit of the indomitable drum-
mer boy. It is the optimists who
must beat the charge. The future of
the world rests with the future of
democracy. Bryce in his recent
volcanoes on Modern Democracies,
judicially appraises the great democ-
racies of the world, and judiciously
refrains from making any prophecies
about their future. But his conclu-
sion is significant. He tells a story
about an Eastern king who consulted
his astrologer about the date of his
death. The astrologer gave the
shrewd response that he was unable
to find the exact date of the mon-
arch's death, but that he was assured
that it would take place the day
after his own. And, says Lord Bryce,
the death of modern democracy will
occur the day after the death of hope
in their future.

The most discouraging thing for
students of progress is to stand by
and to see men doing the wrong
thing when it would be so easy to
do the right thing. This remark was
made thirty centuries ago, before
the battle of Plataea. And yet this
world went on. In the middle of the
eighteenth century, Burke, Gibbons,
and Dr. Johnson might have sat
together and deplored the evils in
the world and discussed the coming
changes, but how little did any of
these students of history anticipate
the rise of great democracies that
was so soon to begin.

A century from now men will still
discuss about the failure of the
world, and the apparent retrogres-
sion of human progress, but the men
that history will remember will not
be the pessimists, but the courageous
optimists who by their spirit, of con-
structive criticism, by their hard
work, and by their faith in God have
encouraged their fellow men with
the spirit of Napoleon's drummer
boy. Whatever betides, one thought
will ever distinguish the optimist
from the pessimist. It is the thought
of God, and His Divine Providence.
God is still in the Heavens and as
long as we obey Him, all will be right
with the world.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"MOTHER"

There is one little debt that you can
never pay,
A debt that we regret when she's
taken away—
A debt that the best of us never have
paid.

"To the best little sweetheart that
God ever made.
From the day that she gave you
your first baby kiss,
There's a love in her soul that could
not go amiss."

She's your pal, and the earth it has
no other charms
Like her own, safe at rest cuddled up
in her arms.

In the world there's no song half as
sweet or as old
As the sweet song of Mother, a theme
as pure as gold.

It's been written and told since the
bards started rhyme,
Still it seems to grow richer and
newer each time.

You may fall from the straight road
to depths of despair—
The world may forget you—still
Mother is there.

No matter how dirty or seething in
sin,
She'll open her heart and she'll
struggle you in.

The debt that you owe her is quite
an amount—
'Twould be nice to pay something
each day on account,
So I've made up my mind to write
of a good wife and a good man.

To my real girl—That Old Irish
Mother of Mine.

—The Anglo-Irish

CARDINAL GIBBONS' LITTLE

RED-HEADED BOY

In the will of Cardinal Gibbons
there is one interesting bequest—a
gift of \$100 to Edgar Elanew, whom
the Baltimore Review calls the Car-
dinal's "little red-headed boy."
There are very many heart warming
stories of the Cardinal's humanness,
but the story which the Baltimore
paper tells of His Eminence's uni-
form kindness to the orphan boy is
most appealing:

Everybody who had occasion to
visit the Cardinal's residence often
knew the little red-headed boy who
who greeted the door and told His
Eminence that visitors were waiting
to see him. Newspapersmen who
went to visit the Cardinal wrote
about him, and Archbishops and
Bishops and the other great men of
the Church and nation talked and
joked with him.

The little red-headed boy is Edgar
Elanew of St. James' Home, who
went to the Cardinal's house to
attend the door last summer. He
was a very homesick boy when he
first took up his post, and he cried
bitterly. His two sisters are in a
school in Wilmington, and Edgar
hated to be separated from them.
The Cardinal at once took an interest
in him, made him feel at home, and
was constantly giving him little
sums of money in the way of "tips."

On the Sunday before he died,
Father Stickney was standing talk-
ing to the Cardinal when Edgar
passed by. "Your Eminence," said
Father Stickney, "Edgar wants to
have off at Easter. Shall we give
him permission?" "Oh, yes," an-
swered the Cardinal, "and give him
some spending change, too." That
was the last money the Cardinal ever
gave to anyone, and he gave many
thousands of dollars in the course
of his life. Edgar went up to Wil-
mington to see his sisters at Easter.

The Cardinal always spoke of him
as "My little red-headed boy." When
the Cardinal was ill at the home of

Miss Mary O. Shriver at Union
Mills, Edgar went up to see him
during the Christmas holidays. "How
glad I am to see my little red-
headed boy," exclaimed the Cardinal,
as Edgar came into view.

When the Cardinal returned home
from Union Mills in January, one of
the first questions he asked was:
"Where is my little red-headed
boy?" Edgar said that the Cardinal
sent him to buy papers and never
would take the change, but always
smiled and gave him a pleasant
"Thank you."

Every night, after the Cardinal
had retired, Edgar returned to St.
James' Home, where he lives. After
he recovered from his homesick-
ness, Edgar always wore a smile a
yard long. His red hair and that
smile always attracted attention and
Edgar immediately made friends of
all who came to see him.

He says he will make a wise in-
vestment of that \$100, and never will
forget the goodness of the Cardinal.
If that "little red-headed boy" makes
as many friends when he grows up
as he makes now, the future will be
bright for him.—Catholic Trans-
cript.

BUILDING UP A REPUTATION

"She and Katie quarreled, you
say." The voice of the speaker be-
trayed as much astonishment as if
quarrels were as rare as white
blackbirds. "Quarrelled!" Then
with decision, "If she quarreled
with Katie she must be a very
unreasonable, ill-tempered girl."

That rather sweeping statement
illustrates the advantage of a good
reputation. There are some people
so sweet and reasonable that if they
have trouble with anybody their
acquaintances do not ask about the
right or wrong of the matter. They
simply take it for granted that all the
blame was on the other side.

A young girl employed in a wealthy
woman's home fell under the suspi-
cion of dishonesty. The story she
told to explain the thing she had
done seemed very far-fetched. A
fellow servant gave evidence against
her, which would have convicted
almost any outsider. But in spite of
appearances those who know the
girl almost without exception clung
to a belief in her honesty. "Mary
has never told me a lie," her mis-
tress said. "She has never be-
trayed my confidence. I don't be-
lieve she has begun now." And
after some months new evidence
was brought to light which proved
that the girl's strange story was the
unvarnished truth, and that the con-
fidence of her friends was not mis-
placed.

It takes a little time and more
than a little pains to build up a rep-
utation of that sort. If a girl loses
her temper and flies into a passion
once in six months her friends will
not be ready to assume that she was
not to blame in a quarrel. If a girl
plays with the truth occasionally to
meet her own ends she cannot hope
for the implicit confidence which is
almost ready to defy the evidence of
the senses. But a girl cannot do a
better thing for herself
than to build up such a reputation
no matter what it costs.—F. S. in
Sunday Companion.

PENTECOST

Pentecost, which, in its literal sig-
nification, commemorates the fiftieth
day after the Resurrection of
Christ, is one of the four great feasts
of the ecclesiastical year. It records
the final completion of Christ's
mission on earth, the fulfillment of
His promise to send the Paraclete,
the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth,
the Third Person of the Blessed
Trinity, to take up His abode in the
Church and the faithful, to set
the seal on the deposit of faith, to
change the followers of the Saviour
from timid men into dauntless
apostles, to instruct them in the
hidden meaning of Divine Revela-
tion, and to send them forth on
their world-wide work of preaching
Christianity to every creature.

The coming of the Holy Spirit was
not a mere passing visitation,
attended by marvelous signs and
wonderful outpourings of Divine
grace, but destined to be only tem-
porary. Christ said: "I will ask
the Father and He will give you
another Paraclete, that He may
abide with you for ever, the Spirit of
Truth." He has kept his word.
The tongues of fire, which manifested
the first Pentecostal advent of the
Spirit of Truth, are no longer
visible, but the presence which they
attested has not failed.

The Holy Ghost is still the soul of
the Church. His guidance is felt
today, as at every stage of her por-
tentous history, and will continue
to be felt to the end of time, when
the number of the elect shall have
been completed. The gates of hell,
thanks to His abiding indwelling,
shall no more prevail in the future
than they have in the past, and
through many vicissitudes, amid
foes of error and the assaults of
foes, serenely, securely, unshaken and
unafraid, the Spouse of Christ shall
take her course, until the Angel sets
his feet on the sky and the sea and
summons to judgment both the dead
and the living amid the crashing of
the universe and the tumult of
the elements. Not less beneficent
is the action of the Holy Spirit in
the souls of the just, searching the
heart, consuming the dross, bright-
ening man's ways, washing away his
sins, healing the sick, curing the
proud, dispelling sadness and gloom.
The Holy Ghost, thanks to the
loving kindness of Christ, still fills
the hearts of the faithful and en-
kindles in them the fire of Divine
love.—America.

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THE ARCHBISHOP'S SHOES

One stormy day in winter, a poor
student entered the shop of a shoe-
maker in Madrid, and said to him:
"Please see if you can mend these
shoes. I am too poor to buy a new
pair."

"They are not worth mending,"
replied the shoemaker, "your feet
are almost so much exposed as if
they had no covering at all. Let me
offer you a new pair, and you may
pay," he added pleasantly, "when you
are the archbishop. It is a pretty
long time to wait, but it is not by
giving money only that one can ex-
ercise charity. Take them; I make
you a present of them."

The student heartily thanked the
good shoemaker, and promised never
to forget his kindness.

Years fled by. The shoemaker had
grown too old to work as in days of
yore, and had but scanty means of
subsistence. One fine morning a
canon of the cathedral called at his
house and said to him:

"I have been sent by our new
Archbishop to conduct you to the
palace. He wishes to see you."

The poor man wondered what the
summons could mean; for he had
never spoken to an archbishop in all
his life. The priest spoke to him
encouragingly, however; and they
set out for the cathedral residence.

When the shoemaker was ushered
into the Archbishop's presence, his
Grace said to him, kindly:

"My friend, I want to pay you a
debt contracted long ago."

The poor shoemaker, greatly con-
fused, could scarcely believe his ears
when the Archbishop continued, with
a smile:

"I once got a pair of shoes of you,
for which it was agreed I should pay
when I became Archbishop of
Madrid. And, since you were so
kind as to mend them, I wish now to
recompense your generosity. I am
the poor student whom you once
benefitted."

The prelate then took a purse
which lay before him and handed it
to the old man, saying:

"Here is the price of the shoes.
Now ask of me any favor you wish;
and, if it be in my power to grant it,
you shall have it."

The shoemaker suddenly burst
into tears and said:

"The sum which your Grace has
presented to me is more than the
price of a hundred pairs of shoes.
My only desire is that my two
daughters, who are still young, may
be cared for after my death."

"Your wish shall be realized,"
said the prelate, "and I will see
all the poor men could reply."

The Archbishop immediately car-
ried his promise into execution by
founding a home for noble maidens,
of which the first two inmates were
the shoemaker's daughters, to whom
he delivered letters of nobility. He
also cared for their father as long as
he lived. The old man always took
great delight in speaking of the
Archbishop's charity, and died bless-
ing his benefactor.—Ave Maria.

THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME

A Catholic lady at the end of
a long life consecrated to the up-
bringing of a numerous family in the
knowledge, love, and fear of Almighty
God has set down in the light of her
own experience and of the teaching
of the Catholic Church the duties,
responsibilities, self-sacrifices and
consolation of that condition of life
to which the vast majority of women
is destined by the Divine purpose.

In a luminous chapter on Holy
Matrimony, she makes this wise
observation: "Marriage is unquestion-
ably a touchstone, and when it is
undertaken in the right spirit and
for the right motives it brings out
all that is best in men and women.

Moreover it brings definite duties
which are like a personal revelation
of God's merciful will and intentions
with regard to individuals, and which
more than anything else serve as
guide posts to point out to them the
road heavenward."

This happiness of the matrimonial
state like every other happiness must
be bought at the price of renuncia-
tions. Now it is just here that we
touch upon one of the most serious
dangers of modern life. The problems
that arise in regard to children's
concern the very foundations of
social life. And the solution of these
problems by individuals for them-
selves depends upon the philosophy
of life that each one holds.

The number of affirmative answers
that have been given in the divorce
courts to the question "Is marriage
a failure?" indicates that a worldly
philosophy has been making fright-
ful headway. The number of men
and women who are inclined to shirk
the marriage state, or when married

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