CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KINDNESS

"Pleasant words are as a honey-comb sweet to the taste and health to the bones."

What heart does not respond to the sentiment of the wise man? What heart has not been made glad by the utterance of pleasant words? There is a potency in them beyond the spell of the sorcerer, which lifts its weight from the overburdened spirit and kindles a gleam of hope for the despairing.

Pleasant words are like unostentatious friends, quietly ministering to our happiness without burdening us with the weight of obligation. Like pleasant flowers strewing themselves profusely along life's open pathway, they fill the world with their fragrance and impress all hearts with their beauty.

Is it not strange that anything so grateful to the feelings of all—so adapted to confer happiness and at such small expense, too, should be so often undervalued and neglected? How often we turn away with scorn or at best with indifference from the simple act, the little words of kindness.

And yet who needs to be reminded that it is these little things which make up the sum of human happiness? We may not be able to perform any remarkable achievement for the benefit of our friends or to startle the world with the magnitude of our benevolence, but we may at any time, by a pleasant word or look, light up the face of sorrow with a smile and dispel the fast-gathering tears from even affliction's eye.

The power of conferring happiness is not so rare as is sometimes supposed; or, at least, it need not be if we were but willing to employ the means within our reach instead of vainly sighing after these that are beyond us. How often do we deceive ourselves by these idle imaginations and only ourselves, for there are those who, would they deal honestly, would tell us that these little things constitute the true test of our benevolence.

"He who is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

If, then, we find it no occasion of joy to gladden those around when it can be done by a pleasant look or word, we may be sure that the spirit of kindness has not its home in our hearts. But if, while indisposed for the little act which attracts no notice we are ready to perform the greater that secures the observation and applause of the world, we are prompted to it by some other spirit than the angel of love.

What an amount of suffering and evils without number might be avoided would we cherish in our hearts the determination to do all we can to render those around us happy, irrespective of human praise or blame. Then the satisfaction of giving "a cup of cold water" to the fainting or a word of encouragement to the disheartened would bring its own reward, though no earthly observer should witness or applaud.

Few hearts can long resist the influence of a pleasant word. They may be irritated by the injustice or cruelty of those whom they have encountered in the rugged paths of everyday life; they may be goaded to resentment by injuries that cannot be redressed. But let us meet them with the aspect and language of kindness and the fire of impatience, anger and revenge will yield more readily to their influence than flame to the cooling waters.

Even those who have injured us and who, perhaps, are plotting deeper wrongs—whom no reasoning could dissuade or threats intimidate—may be overcome by a kind, forgiving word.

What a delightful place this would be if the word within us were as harmonious as the world without. And why should it not be? Why should sun and star, dew and rain, tree and flower fulfill their duties so much more faithfully than we? If the law of order belongs to them ours is the law of love. It is the law emanating from Him whose name and heart is Love which "makes a heaven of heaven."—Henry Coyle.

DISCONTENT

"What's more miserable than discontent?" It narrows the mind, hardens the heart, dims the eye; and, if long indulged in, gives one what has been called "the preacher expression"—a sort of woe-begone, superior look, as if the wearer didn't expect to see many of us hereafter. And how very little it takes to make many people discontented! An indifferent word, a cold glance, a hasty greeting, an ill-timed jest, and at once they become downcast, imagining themselves the most unfortunate of mortals—misunderstood, unappreciated, abused. If these victims of "testy wrath" were to reflect for a moment on the real troubles that fall to the lot of so many others their gloom would vanish like smoke.

An old gentleman noted for his cheery disposition was once asked if he never felt gloomy or discontented. "Not since I was a young man," he replied. "Let me tell you how I was cured of discontent. I was seeking the position which gave me my start in life. But I was so poor that I couldn't afford a pair of needed new shoes. My lines were very hard, I thought and I was disposed to grumble, until I saw a man who hadn't any feet. Really, I don't think I ever complained of anything after that."

A similar lesson was taught to one who, in a discontented mood, happened to visit a hospital for incurables. "I came away a changed man," he declared, "resolved never again to repine at anything that might befall me. You see I had witnessed genuine affliction." As a matter of fact, half of the suffering of life is imaginary and most of our misfortunes are but blessings in disguise. The troubles which we have to endure are nothing to those we are accustomed to dread. As Emerson says:

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!

—The Ave Maria.

TELEPHONE COURTESY

Many otherwise polite persons feel that they can be rude when engaged in a telephone conversation. With the first "Hello" many a man and woman drop their courtesy as if it were a garment that did not fit them.

If the "central were to record all that she hears and all that is said to her it would make some of us blush for shame. While men frequently swear over the telephone, there are many women, who, while they do not give vent to profanity, so far copy the manners of the male sex that they scream like shews at "central" if she happens to give them the wrong number or interrupts them before they have finished talking.

That the way of telephones and the persons who operate them are trying to one's temper no one can deny, but the irritability that manifests itself in outward speech is not a requisite of the proper appreciation and use of the telephone. It is nothing less than a pernicious habit which most people acquire unconsciously. Let us remember that consideration and kindness pay better than rudeness and discourtesy. If not, then let us have poorer telephone service and preserve our self respect.

Make it a rule never to be rude to the telephone assistants. It is like shooting from an ambush—at an unseen foe, it is true, but it hurts just as much.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None is free from them; and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give new and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. Rest would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb the surface.

It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and, above all he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark. The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day.—Church Progress.

OUR WORLD

We make our own skies very largely. Our hearts cast their shadows without us, and the projections of these shadows singe the world for us—our world. We find on this earth, in a measure, whatever we bring the eyes to see. A joyous heart finds much joy in any circumstances and experiences. A gloomy heart finds no end of gloom. A songful spirit hears music everywhere; but a life that has no music in itself never hears a tuneful note, even amid the sweetest and richest harmonies. Such a spirit is indeed to be pitied, shut in as it is from all the sounds of nature and grace. "Rejoice always in the Lord," is an admonition of the Psalmist that we should heed.

There is a way of doing good in the world on a small scale that is not appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has won the name of philanthropist. The love concentrated in a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible, but its results may go abroad and leave the whole mass of a community.—True Voice.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DEPENDABLE

"Eleanor is such a dependable girl." What a desirable adjective "dependable" is! "Depend" means to hang from. If you put a nail in the wall and it goes merely through the plaster the mirror or picture hung from it is likely to fall and be broken. The nail is not dependable.

If, instead of going through plaster only, it had gone into firm wood, it would have held. So character, to be dependable, needs to be clinched firmly in truth. A dependable person may be relied on to hold, to be true to a trust reposed.

The dependable girl does what she is told to do, when the order comes from one in authority; and she keeps her own promises. How many girls are there who do not say, "I meant to but—" That "but" may have various excuses following it—they all mean the same thing — the girl is not to be relied on. The dependable girl does not lose the important letter she is bringing from the post office. She does not borrow some rare volume from your library and leave it lying in a public place. It is the dependable girl who makes the best kind of a friend. She does not reveal confidences. She has an instinctive sense of what is proper to speak of, and what should be kept to oneself. She stands up for others where she truthfully can, and keeps silent if she cannot approve. This girl pays her debts. She does not keep a needy person waiting for the money due her for work.

If an errand has been forgotten, go back and do it, even if you have to retrace most of the way. You will not forget next time. Be careful about making promises—think well whether you can perform them, but once made, fulfill them to the letter.

Many rewards attend on dependableness. A girl possessed of it is likely to be a favorite. She may be called upon to do more than others, but she is everywhere welcome and the demands are an honor. Perhaps the highest reward is increasing strength of character. As a girl goes on to womanhood the stress of life becomes more apparent. Some day persons in grief or misfortune will need the support of her strength, and she will not disappoint them. It is of the nature of dependableness to become more and more dependable. — Youth's Companion.

THE "HAIL MARY"

The "Hail Mary" is the most beautiful of all prayers after the "Our Father." It is the most perfect compliment that you give to Mary, because it is the compliment which the Most High sent her by an archangel, in order to gain her heart; and it was so powerful over her by the secret charms of which it is so full, that in spite of her profound humility, she gave her consent to the Incarnation of the Word.

It is by this compliment also that you will gain her heart if you will say it as you ought. The saints tell us that it is this prayer which made the dry and barren earth bring forth the fruits of life; and that it is this prayer, well said, which makes the Word of God germinate in our souls, and bring forth Jesus Christ, the Fruit of Life.

The "Hail Mary" is the heavenly dew which fertilizes the soul, it is the canticle of the New Testament, it is the glory of the Most Holy Trinity.

GIVING OUR BEST

A gentleman was walking up the street carrying in his hand a bunch of beautiful white water lilies which he had gathered as he returned from a pleasant sail on the bay.

"What lovely lilies!" exclaimed an acquaintance, as she inhaled their fragrance and looked longingly at the bouquet in his hand.

"Yes, they are rather nice," he replied; take your pick if you care for one."

"May I? You are kind," she said, as she reached out and selected a medium sized flower from the bunch.

"How modest you are! I do believe you have chosen the smallest one you could find. Here, take this one," he said, as he detached the largest and finest flower from the rest and handed it to her.

"You are generous, indeed," she exclaimed. You have given me the best one of the lot."

"Have I?" he said, smiling. "Well, it's a pleasure to give and still more of a pleasure when we give our best."

This is worthy of our thought. It may not always be easy to give of our best. Selfishness says, "Keep the best for yourself, and give what is less valuable to your companion or friend." But the greatest happiness to ourselves and others and the highest ideal of life can be reached only when we give the best service we can render; to our friends our most valued treasures, and to our Saviour the fullest love of a loyal heart. — True Voice.

LACK OF REVERENCE

The modern girl fails all too much to realize the truth that nothing detracts so much from a woman's charm in a man's eyes as lack of reverence. No matter how uncouth a man may be himself, how careless of the niceties and amenities of life, how indifferent he may be to the deeped spiritualities of loving, he looks to a woman to be different—instinctively associates her with the things that are finer than are in his nature. There is nothing that so surely appeals to a man, that reaches him so purely, that fulfills his ideal of woman so truly as the spiritual loveliness about a young woman who regards with respect the things of right intent; who bows her head in prayer with the ease of long habit; who speaks with deference of older folk, of those in authority, of family ties and of sacred literature and temples. The girl who scoffs at these things because she hears men do it may be as intelligent as Minerva and as beautiful as the Venus de Milo, but she violates the deep, instinctive demand a man makes of his ideal woman. And she is the greatest sufferer, for she withholds herself from kinship with the eternal oneness of life. And from the very man whom she thinks will be attracted by her lack of reverence she gets only the verdict of "What a pity!"—Intermountain Catholic.

Busy people are seldom busybodies.

THE ORGANIST OF THE SEMINARY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

From The Missionary.

Seated in the garden of a seminary for theological students in a far away city, one evening, the conversation turned on the value of kindness. I was speaking of the human heart and its untailing susceptibility to human deeds, also that kindness brings its own reward, and my listeners—a fine group of young men—all ecclesiastical students, were drinking in, with eager pleasure, the fruits of my missionary career. A few random words of acquiescence—a few light comments on personal incidents occurred, and then there was a lull. I looked around, the beauty of the evening was entrancing. The summer was waning, and the full foliage of the trees everywhere shaded the quiet seminary grounds. It was after supper and we were gathered in a pleasant spot where flowers grew and a fountain trickled from a high spray into one basin after another in musical drops. Some birds were twittering good-night. A faint star appeared in the blush of the sunset and in the distance we heard the deep notes of the organ. The other students were practising in the choir of the church.

The distant music of the organ brought to mind a reminiscene of the long ago—my own seminary life—and I told the students so.

"What was it, Father?"

"Do tell us!" they cried with one voice.

I looked at the earnest manly faces that beamed out above the "Roman collar" and I felt they would profit by it.

"The organ makes me think of it and it is all about a little act of kindness." I began: "Many years ago our class—twelve of us were ordained deacons. We had looked forward to this step in our priestly career with intense joy. It was the emphasis of our severance with the world, and an entrance into the privileges of the Sanctuary. We all had strong vocations, and our priestly professors had spared nothing to foster them. So when we were deacons we reverently rejoiced in our privileges and among them that of our proximity to the Blessed Sacrament. We could open the Tabernacle of the Holy of Holies; we could expose our Blessed Saviour in the ostensorium for Benediction, and again restore Him to the Tabernacle when Benediction was over. We each took our turn at this privilege and need I say our strong faith was made stronger and our love for the Eucharistic God increased by the closeness of our contact with Him.

A whole year passed by and no one noticed that one of our number had never knelt with the priest for Benediction. He was our organist. A pale, delicate fellow with a heart of fire; mortified, holy, exact, and saintly. He was too good to ask any one to give him a turn, and so he played the organ each Benediction and sang the chants of the Church, while his heart naturally yearned to kneel at the foot of the altar and exercise the privilege of his ordination.

One day it struck a companion of mine that Mr. X— had never been in the sanctuary.

He said to me:

"Look here! have you noticed that Mr. X— never gets a chance to serve as deacon for Benediction? It is nearly a year since we were ordained, and we'll all had two or three turns, while he has not had one. It is my turn this evening—; I'm not much of a player, but I think I can get through the music if I practice a bit beforehand. I'll go this minute and make the offer to Mr. X—."

"Go ahead, Mr. Brady," I said. "I wish I had thought of it."

And the kind-hearted fellow went to Mr. X—and asked him if he would like to serve in his turn at Benediction.

"God bless you, Mr. Brady," said Mr. X—. "But who will play the organ?"

"I'll try," said his fellow-student with a manly blush. "I'm out of practice, but just you have the plain chant and I guess I'll get through. You have never yet served at Benediction, Mr. X. And I know you want to."

"Want to?" burst out Mr. X—, of course I want to. I have just longed—just longed, I tell you to be so close to the Sacred Heart. I have just sighed with 'wanting' when I saw you all open that Sacred Door, and place the Divine Saviour in the monstrance and kneel so close to adore Him! Want to? Why, Mr. Brady, you have done me such a kindness that I will never forget it!"

"Why in the world didn't you ask some of us to change?" Mr. Brady blurted out, feeling a twinge of remorse all through his being for the thoughtlessness of the class that had thus starved the devotion of this beautiful soul.

"Oh, I couldn't ask for such a favor," he replied in a low voice, "every one values it as much as I do! I would not be so presumptuous as to ask." Mr. Brady looked at him. Never did he seem so frail, so white, so spiritual. His great dark eyes were the only vivid features in his face—and he was awed, he knew not why, in his presence.

Mr. Brady played for Benediction that night and Mr. X—served as deacon. We students, who had heard the story, watched him. His face glowed like an angel's as he opened the Tabernacle door and placed the Blessed Sacrament in the ostensorium. Such reverence, such absorbed devotion, we seldom witnessed. With the stole about his shoulder, over his white surplice, he might have been taken for a St. Stephen or a St. Lawrence. At the foot of the altar with clasped hands he knelt and his eyes never left the Sacred Host, and it seemed as if his hands were reluctant to place the monstrance in the veiled hands of the priest at the Benediction. When it was over he restored the Host to the tabernacle, the same light was on his countenance and we all remarked afterwards that he looked as if his heart's desire was satisfied.

This was Sunday. I lost sight of the circumstance until I met Mr. Brady on Wednesday evening. His face was serious and his voice trembled.

"Did you hear about Mr. X—?" he said.

"No!" I exclaimed, "what about him?"

"Seriously ill! He went to the hospital this afternoon."

"You don't say! Strange, I never noticed his absence."

"Oh! he is one of those quite fellows that slip out of sight," said Mr. Brady with a sigh. "He never tells anything."

And at once we both recalled the scene at Benediction," only three days before.

"I'm mighty glad I gave him my turn at Benediction," said Mr. Brady as he walked away.

Mr. X—died on Saturday like the saint that he was; strengthened by the sacraments and there was dismay at the seminary. Before he died he asked for Mr. Brady, and when the big-hearted fellow stood over him, tears running down his cheeks, Mr. X. said to him in a low tone:

"I expected this breakdown, Brady. It is just as well, for I am neither strong enough nor worthy enough to make a good priest, but I will never, never forget, that if it had not been for you, these poor hands of mine would never have had the blessed privilege of holding the Sacred Body of my Lord. Pray for me, old friend." In an hour he was dead! Mr. Brady couldn't stand it. It was a grievous affliction. When all was over, he came to my room, and laid his head down on the table and sobbed out:

"Thank God. I was once kind to a saint!"

* * * * *

In June the eleven of us deacons were ordained priests. Not one amongst us but felt that Mr. X—was hovering over us—perhaps extending hands of blessing that were not anointed with the chrism of priesthood indeed, but consecrated by the touch of that one contact with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament—the Sunday he served at Benediction.

* * * * *

Deep silence had fallen on the students. Twilight had crept on and the moon was up. Its white light chastened and spiritualized their features I saw the good seed had gone down deep into their hearts.

Just then the bell rang. We arose and went towards the chapel.

To one had spoken. There was no need for words!

What matters it how much a man knows and does, if he keep not a reverential looking upward? He is only the subtlest beast in the field.—Tennyson.

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DRUNKENNESS DECREASING

According to recent statistics, drunkenness is decreasing in both the United States and England. Habitual drunkards are becoming less numerous, and temperance, if not total abstinence, is gaining ground day by day.

Altogether apart from the direct bearing of religion on the question, men are made to realize in this age of competition that the "drinking man" will soon place upon himself the badge of poverty and of unpitied poverty, too; that with the habit of drinking comes the loss of ambition and emulation. Drunkenness drives away attention from things worthy of attention, dulls the love of virtuous society, and replaces decency of manners with the maudlin actions of the sot. It darkens every hope—how often do men, starting life with the brightest prospects, bring themselves to penury and unhappiness?

Nor does this vice effect only the drunkard himself. There is no peace or comfort in that which his family calls home. All is anxiety and turmoil; all share the melancholy of his outlook and the helplessness of his life. What greater affliction than a drunken husband and father? None, with the exception of a drunken mother. How many homes are wrecked, and lives ruined by this terrible vice!

The statistics which show a decrease in drunkenness, be it ever so small, are gratifying, indeed, because it means that some, at any rate, are making a good fight against a powerful enemy of individual and social well-being.—Providence Visitor.

"There is no peace to be compared with that of the souls in Purgatory, save that of the saints in Paradise," says St. Catherine of Genoa, "and this peace is ever augmented by the inflowing of God into these souls. But this love, feeling itself impeded, is the source of their pain."

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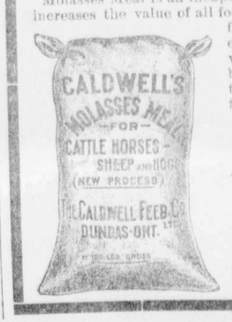

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