

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MY CROSS

When first it met me in my sunny path, And, madd'ning, pierced my heart— the wound, the pain So grievous seemed, so instinct with God's wrath, Methought my lips could never smile again. Through all the days I pondered on that pain; Through all the nights I chafed beneath that cross; Till death alone to me seemed sweet— 'till gain, And life alone but bitter, bitter loss. But one glad day I heard an angel sing, And all the air with these wise words was rife: "Thy God thy Father who hath willed this thing, And in His will are peace and joy and life." And since? I hide it my heart's deep shrine, And blood-stained clasp it there: nor weep, nor frown, For Thou canst will no cross, O Love Divine! That wins not (bravely born) its own blest crown.

and spare time in his uncle's shoe shop or in the village blacksmith shop listening to his elders talk over the affairs of the world.

Victor, with law as his vision, crossed the famous old Straits of Messina from his island home and went to Naples to study in the law school there.

In the 80's things began to happen. Down in Virginia, Thomas was admitted to the bar. In old Wales, David, who, by this time had learned to speak English, was admitted to practice law in 1884, and, in 1885, the black eyed, hot blooded Sicilian, Victor, received the documents that entitled him to practice at the Italian bar.

George, in France, by this time had dropped medicine. Bolshevism had arisen there in the form of the Commune, and he had fought it so desperately that he had been sent to the death. He hated kings, and he also hated the autocracy of the mob. He fled from Paris.

Soon they will sit at a peace table together, the first peace table in all human history from which divine right kinds are barred. The future and the welfare of the world lie in their four pairs of hands. Their full names are: Geo. Clemenceau, premier of France; David Lloyd George, prime minister of England; Victor Emmanuel Orlando, premier of Italy; and Thomas Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States.—Milwaukee Citizen.

FROM NEWSBOY TO GOVERNOR

From newsboy of the lower East Side of New York City to Governor-elect of the Empire State is the record of the onward march on the political road of Alfred E. Smith a Catholic. And it has taken him only 45 years to do it. "The only genuine Tammany man who can get the anti-Tammany vote," that was the opinion expressed in Democratic circles in New York when the Saratoga convention unanimously chose him as the candidate against Governor Whitman. Apparently the opinion was correct. He has always been a Tammany man and owes it everything he has had in the way of political preferment. And he beat Whitman.

Mr. Smith has been prominent in Democratic politics in New York for about 15 years. He was "discovered" in the old Fourth Ward by "Big Tom" Foley. He entered politics in 1903, when he was first elected to the Assembly. After serving several terms he was chosen minority leader. He became Speaker, and in his last term was majority leader.

Following his service at Albany, Mr. Smith was elected Sheriff of New York County by a plurality of 47,000. As Sheriff he abolished useless positions. He was the last incumbent of that office on a fee basis of compensation.

In the last municipal election Mr. Smith was chosen president of the board of Aldermen, which position makes him acting mayor when Mr. Hylan is absent from the city and which gives him three votes in the board of estimate.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED

The girls that are wanted are good girls— Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily is white and pure, From its heart to its sweet leaf tips. The girls that are wanted are home girls— Girls that are mother's right hand, That fathers and brothers can trust to And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearth-stones, And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folks, Ready and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls, That know what to do and to say; That drive with a smile and a soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense, Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare what is silly to leave. The girls that are wanted are careful girls, Who count what a thing will cost, Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts; They are wanted for mothers and wives; Wanted to cradle in loving arms, The strongest and frailest lives.

THE CARDINAL'S MISSIONARY

This is the title of a pretty story in "The Magnificent," which prints so many beautiful stories for its readers, big and little. The young folk who are helping the missions will have a special interest in it, for the writer tells of a boy in Rome, who wanted to be a missionary.

One morning a Cardinal met a priest with a band of boys, walking towards the Vatican. Stopping to speak to the priest, the Cardinal noticed one of the smallest boys trying to break from the grasp of an older companion.

"What does the child want?" asked the Cardinal kindly. "He says, Your Eminence," answered the older boy, "that he has something he must ask you, but I tell him that Cardinals can't be bothered with boys of his age."

"Let him come," ordered the prelate. "This Cardinal has a great weakness for little boys." Hearing the kind voice, the child came forward, but for a moment his courage failed him. How could he tell his great wish to a Prince of the Church? The Cardinal looked into the pleading dark eyes, and bent down to the little lad, so that he might whisper his request.

"Is it true that Your Eminence can see the Pope, and speak to him?" "Quite true," replied the Cardinal. "Please, will you ask him something for me? Please ask him to pray that when I am a man God will let me be a missionary."

Now this great man not only loved children dearly, but he had a deep interest in the work of promoting vocations, and we can imagine how touched he was by the child's request.

For a minute he made no answer, and the boy feared that he had been too bold. Just then the Cardinal laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, and said: "Say it again, child. Tell me what you want me to do."

"I want to be a missionary. And please, I want you to ask the Pope to pray that God will let me be one."

The very next morning the Cardinal had an opportunity to present the boy's petition. The Pope was silent for a moment, then: "I should like to see this child myself," he said. "Can you bring him to me after my Mass tomorrow morning?" In the meantime, find out something more about him. I should like to know about his family and what prospects he has in the way of education."

But the Cardinal was already fully informed, as he thought the Pope would surely ask such a question.

"Your Holiness, the child is motherless and worse than fatherless," he said, and he told of the father's intemperance and of his desertion of the child, who was left on the charity of a relative.

"In that case," said the Pope. "I will make myself responsible for his education." When the Cardinal presented the child the Holy Father drew him to his knee and questioned him gently, asking him if it were true that he wished to be a missionary.

"Yes, Holy Father," the lad answered: and when the Pope told him what hardships a missionary suffers and that he must be willing to sacrifice even life itself, the child replied: "I want to be a missionary."

Pope and Cardinal exchanged glances above the little head. "Come with me," said the Holy Father, and he led the child across the room to his own private die. Then gently forcing the little one to his knees, he made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and prayed that God would bless him and grant him his desire.

"And when the dangers and perils of your chosen life surround you," spoke the gentle voice, "may He be with you to give you strength and crown your sufferings."

The boy's face was radiant, and the holy men who looked down upon it must have shared his joy. This happened, we are told, only a short time ago. The boy is studying hard, fitting himself for his vocation. The Pope provides for him, and he looks forward to the years when he will begin the arduous, lonely life of a missionary.

Other boys who read this story may feel the yearning desire to serve God in the holy priesthood, and though they cannot have the privilege of telling their hopes to the dear Holy Father, our Lord will open the way for them if they pray and are resolute in purpose, as was the little to-be missionary.—St. Paul Bulletin.

HIS GIFTS

Out of the infinite store of His wealth, God gives to each one a dower, Spiritual gold for the soul's fair health, Gifts for the need of each hour; Faith's priceless ray that shines through the storm, Hope for the souls that are true, Out of the infinite store of His wealth.

What has He given to you? ut of the wealth of His treasury great God gives a dower to each, Nobler than kingdom, than power, or state, Rarer than vision or speech; Heavenly gems from eternity's store, Gifts everlastingly new. Out of the wealth of His infinite store

What has He given to you? Scan His field. The field of your soul is it fair? Does Conscience bloom? Is Grace of its yield? Does the flower of Virtue grow there? Over its soil does one tree lift its shade, Where some tired heart may repose? Out of the gifts that to you God has made

Blooms there sweet Charity's rose? Out of the treasure He gave you, my friend, That forth from His hand to you flowed, Of the riches received, how much did you spend, And how was its bounty bestowed? Did you send it abroad for the need of your kind, That the hungry of heart might have food, Or dowered does it lie, restrained and confined? Have you turned it to evil or good? —T. A. BROWN

FROM PROTESTANT SWITZERLAND

News from the Old World travels slowly during war times, especially good news. The town of Olten in the Canton of Solothurn, Switzerland, was once a den for the heretics who called themselves "Old Catholics" and denied the infallibility of the Pope. On Corpus Christi last, for the first time since 1874, the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament was held without any disturbance or interference. In those days of persecution the Catholic population had been reduced to eleven men. Today 600 children decked with flowers, 400 men not including boys, in all about 2,000 persons took part in the procession. Many of the houses were decorated with banners, flags, flowers and green garlands. Even historic Basle, the theatre of the famous Council of Basle, but wrested from the Church by the Reformers, saw three Corpus Christi processions this year. One of these was held in Old Basle for the first time since the Reformation, 400 years ago. The procession, which started from St. Mary's church, stopped at two repositories on the way. About 4,000 persons assisted. The streets were lined with quiet respectful crowds. A

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second procession wended its way from the church of St. Clara through Little Basle. The third had taken place on the feast of Corpus Christi on a Catholic quarter of the city near the church of the Holy Ghost.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

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