

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LOST IDEALS
Have we not all, amid life's pretty strife
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near
And just within our reach? It was
And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live daily in a vague regret;

SERENITY OF HEART DISPELS WORRY

It has been well said that a great many people imagine that the pressure of burden and care is wholesome; to take life hard is praiseworthy. It is looked upon as a kind of self-indulgence to take life easily. Now there is no doubt that a spirit of intensity and care, up to a certain point, is required for a wholesome condition of mind.

Worry is banished by an atmosphere of trust. Every worker for the world's welfare has sooner or later to take comfort and strength in the thought: "I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide." Life is full of little worries, and the best philosophy is to expect them, and prepare for them, and bend to them for the moment as the reed does to the wind, and not to allow them to get "on our nerves."

"I wrote down my sorrows every day,
And after a few short years,
When I read o'er the heart-aches
Passed away,
I read them with smiles—not tears!"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MISUNDERSTANDING

They seem as very trifles, yet they have a power malign;
They enter, oft unnoticed—as it were—without design;
They creep, like Eden's serpent pushing beauteous buds aside;
They poison friendship's silver which the strongest blast defied!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The students of human nature have invariably taken keen delight in tracing for us the interior workings of lives, the hidden joys and struggles as well as outward achievements, conquests, failures and griefs. Biography is, because of this fact, an absorbing study, for more than any other form of literature it reveals man as he is in himself and not as he seems to have been.

Of all delightful studies, there are none so poignant, so vivid, so thrilling as the hopes and yearnings, the emotions and conclusions of the child-soul. The greatest of novelists and poets alone have been able to draw out the melody from these delicately tuned instruments, so fine and subtle that their harmony is hardly apparent to the rude outer ear.

Who has not experienced a keen flush of pleasure over the realistic picture Whittier paints for us in the Barefoot Boy? With the sunshine on his face, and the perennial smile of boyhood, beaming through the torn brim's jaunty grace, he is a figure in our literature not to be overlooked. For he recalls to us the painless play, the health that mocks the doctor's rules, the feasting dainties spread in a bowl of milk and bread . . . and many other never to be forgotten joys.

Who has not thrilled to exquisite sympathy for the solitary child Lucy whom Wordsworth paints for us, wandering lonely as a cloud over the rural plains? Who has not in imagination swung high up amid the bales of sweet-smelling hay in the cool and mysterious silences of the old barn with Stevenson's merry children who roam so delightfully about the garden of enchanted days? Who with the little Hiawatha has not watched with awe the round wide-eyed moon swinging like a great magic lantern far up in the sky and brooding on the great beautiful wonderful world beneath? And with the little ragged half-starved Oliver Twist who has not walked at some time toward the dim distant town of London seeking fortune or at least the kinship of one sympathetic human heart?

The impressions of childhood are far-reaching and sometimes are responsible for the entire shaping of man's after life. But of all such impressions there is none more acute than the first intimate contact of the child-soul with the supernatural world. In the Mill on the Floss there is a most realistic and touching picture of this benign influence coming suddenly into a little life hitherto void of joy and yearning for sympathy and love.

Little Maggie Tulliver, escaping one day to the dim recesses of the old attic in a fit of childish sorrow because life seemed to be unkind, and pouring over long forgotten-treasures stored away, by painstaking hand, came suddenly upon an old and yellowed book. The illustration is one of the most striking ever painted by a master stroke.

"She took up the little old clumsy book with some curiosity; it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen and ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned from leaf to leaf and read where the quiet hand pointed: "Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. Why dost thou gaze about, since this is not the place of thy rest? All things pass away, and thou together with them."

A strange thrill of awe passed through the soul of the lonely and misunderstood child. She felt as if suddenly she had been awakened by a strain of sweet music. Here, then, was a secret whereby she might attain to peace and joy! Maggie could not believe that the little old-fashioned book had been written long ages by an aged monk in the solitude of his cloister, one who loved children with a special predilection and who has forever immortalized a little Maiden of Maggie's own age, the Roman Martyr, Agnes.

"It was written down by a hand that waited the heart's promptings, the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, triumph, not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and consolations, the voice of a brother . . . with a fashion and speech far different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same yearnings."

It is good for us sometimes to turn back to the things of childhood. True, we no longer think as children, nor do we speak or act as children. In putting on the things of mature age, we have left behind those simpler, sweeter things to another generation of little ones. But it is good to turn back sometimes, to step aside from the glare of the street into the shady retreat of the woods and fields where childhood's feet have often wandered.

The poet, seated in his study at Cambridge and looking out over the winding river in the evening of life's day, awaited the enchanted advent of the Children's Hour. And suddenly, on his sensitive ear, weary of the multitudinous sound of cities and universities, of problems and philosophies, comes the loved sound of footsteps stealing over the stairs. One by one in the twilight the children gather about him, and in the dimness he calls each one by her own name . . . one of the sober eyes, one of the laughing lips, one of the sunny hair.

Cares fall from him. He forgets his white locks, his feeble limbs, the many portents which tell of the swift decline to the grave.

There was once a criminal who awaited his death sentence unrepentant and obdurate. Many letters and gifts and visitors came to him, but to all he remained oblivious until, one day, a child who had loved him sent a little Christmas card . . . the picture of a little Child, surrounded by white doves. The poor man gazed at it. Tears filled his eyes. His frozen heart melted at the sight. A little child had led him Home.—The Pilot.

PLEASURE-LOVING AGE AND ITS LESSON

The Cause of a saintly Italian nun, Sister Benigna Consolata of the Visitation Order, was recently opened in Como, Italy. Evident manifestations of the great intercessory power of the humble religious have led to an investigation of her hidden life with the result that an increasing desire to see her Beatified has been spread broadcast throughout the land that gave her birth.

When but twelve years of age, the child who afterward became a Visitandine was favored with a most remarkable union with Our Lord. Gentle and pious, she was pointed out as a model to her little companions.

Time passed, and this child heard within her soul the low incessant voice of the Saviour calling her to still more intimate union with Him. Doubtless, in the town where she lived, to the populace she was but one of many others, a child whom they passed by with a shrug of the shoulders as unworthy of note. But this child, simple and humble, was destined for great heights of which the world reckoned nothing, which it could not understand.

In the beautiful Canticle of the Magnificat, we read the words: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble." And today we may apply these very inspiring words to this lowly soul, Sister Benigna Consolata, whom God has singularly exalted in the eyes of men.

Of the many wonderful revelations of the Divine Majesty to this favored soul, there is one that is most precious, which the Sister herself, writing in her journal at the

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command of her Superior, deemed to be a special message from the Divine Heart of Jesus to an ungrateful and forgetful world.

"Jesus tells me," she writes, "that after His grace, the Cross is the most precious gift He can make to a soul."

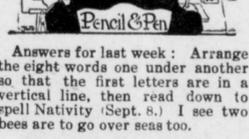
To the worldly minded, this statement seems at first sight a paradox. For men expect to receive only good gifts from their friends and benefactors. How, then, can the Cross, so bitter and hard to bear, be in reality a most loving gift of God?

The message of Sister Benigna, the striking lesson of her life, is love of the Cross. Offering herself as a victim to obtain peace for the world, she embraced this sacred symbol of salvation eagerly and remained closely united to it until death.

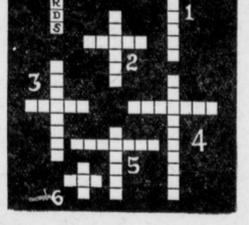
Life holds many sorrows. No man may escape them. Wealth, influence, power, talents, friends,—none of these hedges a man in so securely that he is immune from pain. The ability to suffer well is, then, much to be desired; the will to accept the Cross and to carry it in peace, if need be until death.

This safe sane philosophy of pain in union with the Will of God alone has the power to make the poor and oppressed contented with their lot in life, drawing from their burdens something meritorious for the life to come. This wise philosophy alone has the power to make the rich man judicious in the use of his time and the gifts entrusted to his keeping and ever watchful lest the hours pass without fruit.

This great lesson shines out conspicuously in the life of the humble Italian nun, a message of Divine revelation to a pleasure-loving and pain-fearing age.—The Pilot.



Answers for last week: Arrange the eight words one under another so that the first letters are in a vertical line, then read down to spell Nativity (Sept. 8.) I see two bees are to go over seas too.



The Cross is prominent in the Liturgy this week, so I have drawn up these Cross Words Puzzles which I feel sure will not be so difficult as to cause "Cross words" on your part!

The idea is very simple. If you write the two correct words, as explained below, one letter in each square, they will cross as the words "Cross words" do above.

- 1, down: Priest's hat, across: Priest wears on arm.
2, up: object of beauty and devotion in churches; across: worn by altar-boys.
3, up: Priest spreads on altar; across: around neck, over shoulders and crossed in front of him at Mass.
4, up: used at Benediction; across: meeting of bishops.
5, up: Sacred Minister; across: his uniform.
6, across: made by Sisters; down, for whose sake made.
Make up a few Cross Words.

What is resignation? It is placing God between ourselves and pain.

LARGE ESTATE WILLED TO CATHOLIC WORKS

New York, Aug. 23.—Catholic charities will receive the bulk of the half million dollar estate of the late John H. Murphy, of this city, who died recently. An accounting of the estate, filed on August 16, gives the value as \$504,207.

The will of Mr. Murphy directs that upon the death of his brother, Joseph H. Murphy and sister, the trust funds providing their income are to be divided among several Catholic charities. Legacies amounting to \$50,000 each are to go to the Catholic Church Extension Society, Chicago and the Catholic Charities of the New York Archdiocese, 477 Madison Avenue, this city. The sum of \$25,000 will go to the Catholic Board for Work Among the Colored people. A similar amount has been willed to the following: Sacred Heart College, of Greenville, Miss., Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, House at Calvary, Epiphany Apostolic College, Baltimore, and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. There was a bequest of \$2,000 to St. Patrick's Cathedral.

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