

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Call for Principle.

The attitude with which a man approaches his task has everything to do with the quality and efficiency of his work and with its influence upon his character. What a man does is a part of himself. It is the self-expression of what he stands for. Our life-work is an outpouring of our ambition, our ideals, our real selves. If you see a man's work you see the man.

No one can respect himself, or have that sublime faith in himself, which is essential to all high achievement, when he puts mean, half-hearted, slipshod service into what he does.

Under no circumstances allow yourself to do anything as a drudge. Nothing is more demoralizing. No matter if circumstances force you to do something which is distasteful, compel yourself to find something interesting and instructive in it. Everything that is necessary to be done is full of interest. It is all a question of the attitude of mind in which we go to our task.

If your occupation is distasteful, every rebellious thought, every feeling of disgust only surrounds you with a failure atmosphere, which is sure to attract more failure. The magnet that brings success and happiness must be charged with a positive, optimistic, enthusiastic force.

The man who has not learned the secret of taking the drudgery out of his task by loving it, by finding his whole soul into it, has not learned the first principles of success or happiness. It is perfectly possible to so exalt the most ordinary business, by bringing to it the spirit of a master, as to make of it a dignified vocation.

The trouble with us is that we drop into a humdrum existence and do our work mechanically, with no heart, no vim, and no purpose. We do not learn the fine art of living for growth, for mind and soul expansion. We just exist.

It was not intended that any necessary employment should be merely commonplace. There is a great, deep meaning in it all—a glory in it. Our possibilities, our destiny are in it, and the good of the world.

The Glory of Life in Common Tasks. Why is it that most people think that the glory of life does not belong to the ordinary vocations—that this belongs to the artist, to the musician, to the writer, or to some one of the more genteel and what they call "dignified" professions? There is as much dignity and grandeur and glory in agriculture as in art, in seamanship or authorship.

Some people never see any beauty anywhere. They have no soul for the beautiful. Others see it everywhere. Farming to one man is a humdrum existence, an unbearable vocation, a monotonous routine; while another sees the glory and the dignity in it, and takes infinite pleasure in mixing brains with the soil and in working with the Creator to produce grander results.

I knew a cobbler in a little village who took infinitely more pride in his vocation than did the lawyer, or even the clergyman of that town. I knew a farmer who takes more pride in his crops than any other person in his community takes in his vocation. He walks over his farm as proudly as a monarch might travel through his kingdom. This true master farmer will introduce his visitor to his horses and cows and other animals, as though they were important personages. That is the kind of enthusiasm that takes the drudgery out of the farm and makes a joy out of a life which, to many, is so dull and commonplace.

I have known a stenographer on small pay who put a higher quality of effort into her work than the proprietor of the great establishment she worked for and she got more out of life. I knew a school teacher in a little district twenty-five miles from a railroad, in a school-house right in the forest, who took more pride in her work and in the progress of her pupils than some presidents of colleges whom I have known appeared to take in the progress of their work.

A girl who declared that she never would do housework that she never would cook, no matter what misfortunes might come to her, married a man who lost his money, and she was forced to part with her servants and to do the cooking herself for the family. She thought she never could do it, but she determined to make breadmaking an art; and that she would try to elevate cooking and make it a science in her home; and she succeeded.

O. S. M. in Success.

Twelve Business Maxims.

The president of the London Chamber of Commerce gives twelve maxims which he has tested through years of business experience and which he recommends as tending to ensure success:

- 1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight for it.
3. Master all details.
4. Always know more than you are expected to know.
5. Remember that difficulties are only made to overcome.
6. Treat failures as stepping stones to further effort.
7. Never put your hand out farther than you can draw it back.
8. At times be bold; always prudent.
9. The minority often beats the majority in the end.
10. Make good use of other men's brains.
11. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
12. Preserve, by all means in your power, a sound mind in a sound body.

If you are giving instructions in any work, or laboring at one with others, do not turn an awkward worker into a rickety one. If his failure arises from defective intellect, your ridicule will be uncharitable; if from lack of advice, it will, moreover, be unjust. Rebuke him gently.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

JOHNNIE'S SHADOW AND JOHNNIE'S SUNSHINE.

Have you ever seen a fair picture in a frame dark with age, whose gilt is crumbling and defaced?

Then let me introduce you to one I saw a few days ago, when the frame was the grim walls and shrunken casements of a very dreary old house, and the picture a priest in snowy surplice, standing by a little table, on which stood a basin of water, and around it were gathered six little German children, with their father and mother.

A few people had joined the clergyman—among them a lady in deepest mourning with her little daughter, a child of eight—whose young face was bright with expectancy. The lady mother's eyes often grew moist, as they rested on the middle figure of the little group, a pale little boy of eight, with a sweet, gentle face where were clearly seen traces of long days and nights of suffering.

Any day that you will climb the dark stairs, as the creaking door announces your coming, a sweet smile of welcome will greet you from the little boy, always seated in an old arm-chair.

It is months since Johnnie has joined other boys in out of door play, and many weeks since he has left the arm-chair, except when carried, shrinking at every step, to his little bed, thus to his patiently bearing his pain, whilst you and I are sleeping sweetly.

Little Johnnie has been in the Children's Hospital, but he pined there for his own homely home, and the old arm-chair, which is his throne, or all his brothers and sisters are his willing subjects, rejoicing in every gift Johnnie receives, and ready to leave their own sports to amuse and comfort him.

The surgeons shook their heads sadly for nothing could help the little sufferer, but a long and painful operation, and this he had not the strength to bear, so the little fellow was brought home again.

Sometimes a ray of sunshine enters Johnnie's life, brightening it up for a little while; and ere my story is ended you will see what form that little sunshine ray takes.

Children's whispers are hushed as the clergyman enters the opening words of the beautiful service with which our Holy Mother, the Church of Christ, gathers her children under the safe shelter of her wing.

Five children kneel to receive the Holy Dew on their young foreheads, and then the clergyman, with a face full of sympathy and tones softened with feeling, leans over the old arm-chair, whilst the sobs of the little Johnnie, who seals their Johnnie as Christ's faithful soldier, till his brief life's end.

Then the dear Master, who gathers little children into His loving arms bidding us fear not to trust our treasures to His tender care, this same Master will give little Johnnie, so lately made His child, grace to bear all pain and suffering, and tenderly support him, and when the young brow that here wore His Cross, shall there shine away all tears from his eyes, and there shall be neither sorrow nor crying—neither shall there be any more pain.

When the clergyman retired from the room, the little girl left her mother's side and seating herself by Johnnie's chair, opened her box of treasures.

How the little, pale face flushed with pleasure, and the shy eyes beamed with gratitude as, wraps removed, upon his little table was placed a dainty china bowl for his bread and milk, with a pitcher and dish to match, all to be his very own!

Then little M— produced a music box, whose soft tones were to soothe Johnnie's wretched heart, and maybe chase dull pain quite away.

Still another wrap had to be removed and all the children—even the toddling baby girl—pressed nearer little M— as she brought to light a book full of uncolored pictures and a box of pencils—blue, yellow, red and green. Then the young artist showed Johnnie how he might, even in this chill March weather, deck the trees in their bright May dress, and dress hosts of picture-children in gayest attire.

Happy in the pleasure she was giving the little artist worked on, all unconscious of the admiring gaze of six pairs of young eyes, all regarding her pencil as the magic wand of the little Fairy, who any moment might vanish from their sight.

You remember how, after the bright sun has set a soft, beautiful light remains; just so it was in this case, for long after Fairy sunshine had left, the little room, a sweet, cheering light, as if of a beautiful twilight, seemed to linger, principally about Johnnie's chair, but finding its way down deep into the poor parents' hearts.—Emilie Foster in Our Young People.

GLOVES OF PRAYER.

TO USE IN HANDLING SIN.

There is nothing more innocent looking than a charged electric wire, but few things are more dangerous. The other morning I saw a lamp-tender stop at the corner of a street and let down the globe which holds the electric lamp. He looked at it, but he did not touch it until he had taken a pair of rubber gloves out of his pocket and put them on. Then I remembered that a workman in that same city, coming in the early morning to replace the carbons of the lamps, had been killed by the discharge of electricity remaining in the wires after the current had been shut off at the power-house. He forgot the possible danger; and he paid the penalty with forfeit of his life.

It made me think of possible reminders of peril in the surroundings of temptations which we imagine we have wholly overcome. We all know how gently.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON CHURCH SCANDALS.

Anglican Monthly The Lamp Nov. '06.

To those of our Anglican brethren that are super-sensitive about the bad morals of some Roman Catholics are too forgetful, the Cardinal Newman has bequeathed the lines which follow: "The Church has scandals, she has reproach, she has shame; no Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children—she has many more bad. Such is the providence of God, as de- scribed from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like the fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening.

There is ever, then, an abundance of material in the lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of their leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all times.

If there was a Judas among the apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in Bishop's households, nay in the seat of St. Peter itself? . . . What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred Popes, and rulers, one, or two, or three are found who fulfil the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike the man-servants and the maid-servants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?"

What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action or secular maxims, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action, or her bearing toward her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offences altogether absent from her history.

It is an impossibility in this world to escape trouble, but it is possible to make such a disposition of "a heavier burden of life than the shall no longer press down on our souls or make life seem a thing of weariness to us. Let us go with our burden to Jesus and Mary.

However we may conscientiously object to a system which makes no provision for that definite religious instruction and that atmosphere of religion which we deem all important in the training of youth, still, so long as the majority of our fellow-citizens will suffer no change in it, and so long as we are taxed to support it, it is as much ours as the courts are ours, or the police system is ours, or the streets are ours.

Hence we are and should be interested in the Public Schools; we should aid as far as possible in keeping their administration out of the hands of self-seeking politicians, and should rejoice in every advance made therein in educational advancement.—Sacred Heart Review.

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CATHOLICS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Because Catholics maintain a school system of their own, it by no means follows that they are "enemies of the Public Schools" or that they are not interested in the work of the Public Schools. As a branch of the public service of the city the Public Schools and the educational policy therein, are of deep interest to Catholics.

Why not? Besides supporting our own schools we pay our proportionate share toward the support of the Public Schools. They are as much our schools, as they are the schools of any other religious denomination in the city. Some of our Protestant friends, it is true, assume an attitude of exclusive ownership toward the Public Schools. They would to feel that they have a proprietary right to them. But of course that is an aberration which only amuses thinking people.

A great number of our Catholic children are still compelled from various reasons to attend the Public Schools, and a great many teachers and officials of the Public School system (in Boston and other cities at least) are Catholics.

Besides this, a system so lavishly supported must necessarily attract toward it able educators whose ideas are well worthy of observation and study; and it would be foolish to deny that though the system itself is faulty, in so far as it does not, and as at present constituted can not, provide for the religious educational needs of its pupils from families of all creeds, they are to-day hundreds of the most excellent men and women, Protestant as well as Catholic, engaged in the work of the Public Schools.

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