

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BE DEPENDABLE

Young man, are you dependable? Is your employer's reliance misplaced, or his confidence justified by your every-day conduct? Are you delivering day by day with all the might that is in you? In the absence of supervision, are you shirking and "sloddering," or are you working at the same high head of pressure and cheerfulness that greets the foreman's or employer's eye?

There is no trait of character that more surely makes for genuine success than thorough dependability. That implies a degree of capacity, a full measure of integrity and a will to do the thing that lies before you.

The swift-flying passenger train, with its burden of human life, illustrates the point exactly. It is essential that you keep on a straight track. The fewer curves you encounter the less danger you will be in. The train reaches its destination because it follows a track, and so you will reach a desired goal by doing likewise.

And so with you, young man. If you would succeed, inspect yourself regularly and keep your mind and body at that high state of efficiency, willingness and dependability that characterizes every detail of modern transportation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GOOD MANNERS

Good manners are within the reach of all, and good manners mean a gentleman. Parents should impress upon the minds of their children the necessity of being always nice. An exchange puts it this way: The chivalry our medieval forefathers was the doing of great deeds for others. Nowadays there is no need of the strength-taxing deeds of long ago; little things do for another count as much.

Good manners are chivalry for they come from the heart and are the same everywhere. They are the distinctive marks of a true gentleman. Cardinal Newman describes a gentleman as "one who never inflicts pain," which is another way of quoting our Saviour's words: "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." A true gentleman then possesses a gentle heart, that prompts to treat all the same.

True gentlemen are not rare. We fall in with them frequently. Their cheery "good morning" lightens many of our gloomy days. Their smile or the word or two dropped by them in passing is like balm to the soul. Their hearts are so trained that they can, if there is need, be sympathetic, encouraging, forgetful of injuries, magnanimous. Why, the very conferring of a sought-for favor gives them pleasure. It seems to be a wise dispensation of Providence that there are such choicest souls to be sunbeams of happiness to their fellow-men. And no one can say he is above or below good manners. All that is required is a certain forgetfulness of self.

FEIGNED INABILITY

More energy is wasted by feigned inability than is utilized by genius. More time is spent in feigning inability than it would take to acquire the fortune of a Rockefeller. The reason why fortune does not smile on more is not because they lack brains but because they lack the will and energy to use their brains.

Feigned inability is dodging Success. Feigned inability shuts the eyes of Opportunity. Feigned inability lives with Failure. Wherever there is grumbling, murmuring, discontent, there are the warbles of "I can't."

Will is warm and cheerful in the teeth of the bitterest blast. Will, like a mighty searchlight, dispels all obscurity, all hopelessness, all timidity, even though the tempest roars and the ocean foams. It never misses its aim but always hits true. If bars of unusual and unexpected height rise before the will, it leaps over them like a strong and experienced athlete.

Feigned inability is the foolhardy craft that, with compass or tiller, drifts out on the sea of life, the playing of the wind and wave, liable to be upset and submerged at any moment. The man who feigns inability holds the keys of the vault of wealth in his hands but has not the strength of will to use them. The man who feigns inability is praying for success, with the knife of the murderer at the throat of success. It is more absurd, more ridiculous, to say "I can't," and expect to see results than to sit in the woods with pole in hand and expect to catch fish.

NO ABSOLUTE FAILURE

All of us at times are afflicted more or less with the feeling that we have accomplished much less in the world than we might have accomplished had we tried harder. We have done nothing to attract the attention of mankind; we are filling, day by day, positions as humble as they are unappreciated; and, hourly for some great work or noble opportunity for brilliant service, and it has not come; we feel that we are almost failures. And yet if we have no attracted the attention of the world, we have at least, by our care in doing our duty, led the man who had the desk next to us to do his, when otherwise he would probably have failed. Our positions may be humble, but in them we are like pieces of the mechanism of a great machine. If we were not there and did not do our part, then the work of the machine would be imperfect. No man need be termed an absolute failure this side of the grave.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARGIE'S CHARM

"What is it that makes everybody love Margie Fitch so?" said Jennie Howard. "She isn't pretty nor stylish. Now, what is it, do you suppose?" "I think I know the charm. Perhaps you would better set yourself the task this week to discover it," answered her mother, busily putting the sitting-room to rights.

The next day at school Jennie followed her like a detective. The first thing she noticed was Margie's kindness to Alice Jones, a shy, new scholar, who stood quite alone, looking wistfully at the others at their gay sports. Margie went over and made her acquaintance; and after a little urging the girl joined the merry group, and was soon laughing with the rest.

When school was called, Margie laid a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, and smiled a cherry "Good morning," and received an appreciative smile in return. "About an hour later, while busily studying, a smothered sob caught her ear. Looking about, she saw the new scholar sitting with head bent forward regarding her slate with a hopeless expression. Up went Margie's hand for permission to leave her seat; it was granted, as were all her requests, for they were rare, and the teacher knew they were never of a trifling nature.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked Margie, sitting down beside her. "I can't do one of those examples," she replied, dashing away a tear. Margie took the slate, read over an example and soon had it down correctly. With a little help at the right place the others were conquered, and the girl lifted a grateful face to hers as she thanked her.

On their way home a troop of girls were working off their animal spirits in a wild romp. Margie, in whirling suddenly, came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his hand. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Margie, covered with confusion as she returned the cane to him. "I'm afraid I have hurt you, sir," and she looked up with frank solicitude in her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear," he responded heartily, pleased by her courteous manner. "Go on with your play, and be happy. I am proud to doff my hat to so polite a young lady." Which he did, with a stately bow, and passed on. "How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said a thing," exclaimed one of the girls. "So should I," chorused the others.

There was a social in the local town hall that week, Jennie still hovered near Margie, learning a sweet lesson every day from her. As they sat turning the leaves of a music album, finding their favorite songs, a lady paused to speak to them. Margie instantly arose, and proffered her chair, which was accepted with a pleased smile, after Margie had insisted upon it.

The two girls started for the other room, where the young people were preparing for games. Just then Margie espied a solitary figure sitting in the corner. She was an old woman, and was somewhat deaf. After a handshake and a sentence through the ear-trumpet, people usually left her to herself, as if she were a piece of furniture or a piece of machinery. Margie crossed the room to her, and taking the trumpet in her hand, being careful to articulate so as not to make her affliction more conspicuous, she sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasant and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

"You have been a comfort to me, my bonnie lass," said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet. "Now go and play with the rest, I thank you, my dear, for your thoughtfulness to an old woman like me." And Margie went away quite happy. "I think I found out Margie's charm," said Jennie to her mother the next morning. "It is because she is good to everybody."

"Yes, that is it," answered her mother. "She is thoughtful, kind, polite, obliging. I think she must carry the Golden Rule very near to her heart."

LYING

Lying in elders is a most humiliating and contemptible and vicious practice. It shows a coward, a sneak, a traitor, a thief. A liar is despised in shunning is not wanted even among criminals. He is of no use in any position, because his word is unreliable. His employers are in fear as long as he is with them, and he is a let-go. A liar is his own greatest enemy—the blocks his way to happiness and success. Avoid all lies, even jocose. No matter what you do, no matter how guilty, confess and say "I'm sorry, mother, teacher, I cannot tell you the truth."

A truthful boy or girl, a man or woman, is a hero. They are ever respected, honored, trusted. Their word is as good as an oath, as a bond. Truthfulness is inseparable from the gold, the most glittering than a diamond stronger than adamant.—Catholic Bulletin.

GRATEFUL TO OUR PARENTS

Do you ever stop to think how much trouble is taken for you by your father and mother, and how constantly they are planning and working for your happiness? Boys and girls often take their parents for granted, and imagine that their own tasks are much harder than those of grown people.

"My mother never works," remarked a boy with an accent of decision. "She is always at leisure and has a much easier time than I. As soon as school is over she has errands for me to run to the postoffice or the store, or I must carry messages to my grandmother, that half my playtime is used up, and as soon as the lamps are lighted I have my lessons to study for the next day. When father comes home he has no errands to send him out, and he may do whatever he pleases."

The boy spoke of his parents almost with envy, yet they were both, had he known it, hard-working people who were making sacrifices that he might have the best education in their power to give him. After all the boy was not more unthankful than we too often are apt to be to our heavenly Father. Night and day God is watching over us. The stars in the sky, the sun and the moon, the waves of the ocean, the trees and the grass, the air we breathe and the beauty of the whole world are tokens of His constant love. We take our heavenly Father for granted, as we do our earthly parents, and we forget to praise Him for all His goodness.

May we not learn how to thank our heavenly Father by thinking more about what is done for us every day by the dear ones at home? Just as we have learned to read by studying the alphabet, we may learn how to thank God as we should by being grateful to father and mother.—Pilot.

MAY

Heine, in one of his sweetest strains, sings in words that everywhere gleam as a string of pearls on a silver cord—"Sweet May has come to love us, Flowers, trees, their blossoms don, And through the blue heavens above us The very clouds move, with their feet."

How beautiful is May with its fall of gleaming trees, with its thousand songs thrilling from fluttering and nervous wings, with its streams that looked sullen under their frozen banks, now silvery in contrast to the green things that stoop to drink of their laughing waters.

The spirit of mystery is felt everywhere, though none of us dare define it; the skies are the color of the heavenly virgin's mantle; the flowers, with their varied hues, remind us of her many-colored and exquisite gifts; the smiling mornings of her waking, as she slept at the foot of the sphinx,—true expression of a mystifying world,—or opened her gentle eyes to the quiet sleep of Nazareth; the cheer and joy of the month halt our thought in contemplation of that delightful brightness that the scorn of Caiaphas could not blight nor the crimson horrors of Golgotha grimly shade.

May tells us in a particular manner of hope. With buds everywhere and groves orchard, our longings soar to clear skies and far beyond, and in our hearts there grows, maybe in the violets of comfort, even as they mysteriously spring from the dark eld we might kick from our pathway. May and Mary teach charity. There is an overflowing of love in physical nature; tender, kindly thought, then, should give us a sursum corda. Murder jars with May; slander is out of tune with its music; and only kindness gets its keynote from the majestic Te Deum that all living things chorus and to which the groves of spring sing credo. The gentle sweetness of Mary, the sinless and the immaculate, gives a royal color to all of nature's beauties and to Catholic thought, and nature in gratitude weaves her crown of odorous charms and sets them on the brow of her who is by excellence Queen of the May.

We should not stand alone as the only thing that will not join the voice with the many that acknowledge God. May is a act of faith. Well, then, does the Church when she appoints May as Mary's month, for her hope and charity and faith are first of all the children of Adam. No shadows flitted across her hope; no unguarded impulse, that would naturally be excused because of indignation for cruelty, weakened for a moment her charity; no helplessness of the Heavenly Father in the beginning, and no subjection of the God-Man in the end diminished for one moment the ardor of her adoring spirit. A queen does Mary descend the ages, all generations enthroning her, May when Elizabeth lies in her grave, and an archangel saluted her in the beginning and to the end

men will praise her kindly devotion to human ills, she bends over every couch of sickness; she always every pain; she binds every wound; she sympathizes with her own sex, for she was by excellence a lady; she heads the prayers of men for she was the mother of Man. Her smile is summer to charm away suffering; her touch is inspiration; her hand is white, for it carried her God. Hall, full of grace! Heaven could not give more to thy child, did not miss the glory of His kingdom while tabernacled in thy beautiful and gracious womb. God the Father could not in His infinitude give one touch more that would enhance thy perfection. The Holy Ghost could not add a scintilla of light to thy soul, richest in virtue and in wisdom. Deign, then, to take, O queen, as an offering of devotion, this poor, whithering flower of Lyons, sick and unable to please, to entwine it in the marvels with which nature and grace endow thee.—Buffalo Union Times.

THE POPE'S PRAYER FOR A SICK CHILD

From the French journal, Noel, date of March 16, the London Catholic Times translates the following: On the occasion of the feast of St. Joseph, the name day of His Holiness Pius X., we are happy to give an account of a cure, inexplicable according to science, which the family of a sick child who was treated without hesitation to the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff. We are authorized to give the names of the parents and witnesses.

In the beginning of April, 1909, a family named Monloup, Robert, Lyons, consisting of father, mother and two children, Andrew and Claude, aged nine and seven years, respectively, went to Rome for the celebrations in connection with the beatification of Joan of Arc. During their stay in Rome the family were entertained at the residence of the Marchioness Barbi (nee Ranglaschi-Brancalione), on the Pincian Hill. The two children took ill of measles. Andrew recovered, but complications supervened in the case of Claude. In a fortnight from his arrival, besides the measles, he was suffering from meningitis, infectious diarrhoea and pneumonia. The boy spoke of his parents almost with envy, yet they were both, had he known it, hard-working people who were making sacrifices that he might have the best education in their power to give him.

After all the boy was not more unthankful than we too often are apt to be to our heavenly Father. Night and day God is watching over us. The stars in the sky, the sun and the moon, the waves of the ocean, the trees and the grass, the air we breathe and the beauty of the whole world are tokens of His constant love. We take our heavenly Father for granted, as we do our earthly parents, and we forget to praise Him for all His goodness. May we not learn how to thank our heavenly Father by thinking more about what is done for us every day by the dear ones at home? Just as we have learned to read by studying the alphabet, we may learn how to thank God as we should by being grateful to father and mother.—Pilot.

Suddenly the child, who had not spoken for the past three days, calls his mother, he smiles and says that he is hungry. At that precise moment the Holy Father had prayed and given the blessing that was requested for the little child. The mother, standing near the window, observed this little light, and it seemed to suggest an idea. "Madame Monloup," said a French child who had come to see him was in such agony so close to the Vatican, don't you think he would pray for him? Go quickly. Obtain an audience. My child will be cured. "I shall go at daybreak, madame. I promise you the Holy Father will be informed." By daylight all hope was gone, and it seemed that death must soon occur.

The very clouds move, with their feet. Sudden! the child, who had not spoken for the past three days, calls his mother, he smiles and says that he is hungry. At that precise moment the Holy Father had prayed and given the blessing that was requested for the little child. The mother, standing near the window, observed this little light, and it seemed to suggest an idea. "Madame Monloup," said a French child who had come to see him was in such agony so close to the Vatican, don't you think he would pray for him? Go quickly. Obtain an audience. My child will be cured. "I shall go at daybreak, madame. I promise you the Holy Father will be informed." By daylight all hope was gone, and it seemed that death must soon occur.

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Fated not to Die "The great faculty to my mind in Catholicism lies in its power of recuperation," said Father Robert Hugh Benson the famous English convert priest, in a recent interview. "Once Gnosticism trampled on the ancient Faith every-thing was lost, not one man in a hundred could write five lines on what was the Gnostics believed. Nero thought he had killed Christianity when he killed St. Peter; but St. Peter sits on Nero's throne to-day. Once Elizabeth disesteemed the Heavenly Father, the only priest he could lay hands on, and established Protestantism in Ireland. Now Westminster Cathedral draws immeasurably larger congregations than Westminster Abbey, while Elizabeth lies in her grave, and Irish Catholicism is an irresistible influence in an English Parliament."

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ANOTHER "NEW RELIGION"

Behold another professor prophet! He hails from no less a place than the University of Pennsylvania, and he speaks most dogmatically on the new dogmatic religion. He is Professor Simon Patten, and he does not hesitate to claim knowledge of what Christ would say and do were He on earth to-day. We recall the consternation with which the dogma of Papal Infallibility was received by shocked moralists like "Argus" and "Quirinus" in The Times and theologians like Bismarck. "Infallibility" never claimed, at all events, to know beforehand what names Christ would apply to things of the present. It was later in vain for any expressions of consternation over the assertion of mind-reading power never before claimed by the boldest of religious impostors. Moses and the other great prophets always commenced their prophetic admonitions with the claim, "Thus saith the Lord," but Professor Patten scorns any such avowal of dependence on authority. He says (according to reports in the daily press), "If Christ were up on earth to-day the terminology which He used would be changed, and what He calls the holy spirit within us He would now call the social spirit. It is this spirit which to-day makes new men of us, which gives us religious stimulus, which drives us forward to a higher and better life."

Positivism never went so far as this in insisting on adherence to "the religion of humanity." It made no claim to be supernatural in its origin, but followed the dictum of Napoleon, that if human society had not a God to look up to and revere, it would be necessary to society's existence to invent one. This Pennsylvania University prophet says, in effect, that the Christ (in whom he pretends he has some belief) said He would send the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, upon His disciples to strengthen them and equip them within their terrible conflict with ancient and entrenched triple-riveted Paganism. He was a liar! It was to students of the University who are members of the Christian Association, he it noted, that this "super-man" professor (as one who claims to know more than Mrs. Eddy, or any "Mahatma," or "Yogi," may not improperly be called) addressed these startling new dogmas.

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