

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## A WONDERFUL WORLD

A little more praise and a little less blame,  
A little more virtue, a little less shame,  
A little more thought for the other man's right,  
A little less self in our chase for delight,  
A little more loving, a little less hate,  
Are all that is needed to make the world great.

A little more boasting, a little less jeering,  
A little more trusting, a little less fearing,  
A little more patience in trouble and pain,  
A little less willing at times to complain,  
A little more kindness worked into the strife,  
Are all that is needed to glorify life.

A little more honor, a little less greed,  
A little more service, a little less creed,  
A little more courage when pathways are rough,  
A little more action, a little less bluff,  
A little more kindness by you and by me,  
And, oh, what a wonderful world it would be.

—Selected.

## "YOUNG MAN, EXPECT GREAT THINGS"

The last public interview with the late Cardinal Gibbons published in the current issue of the American Magazine is a valiant effort that should be read and pondered by every young man in the country. His Eminence first enunciated a rule of life that he so consistently followed: "Until you are forty seek the companionship of men who are older, after that keep a vital contact with those who are younger." Then he delivered this striking message to youth: "Young man, expect great things; expect great things of God; great things of your fellow men and of yourself; expect great things of America."

This was the keynote of the noble and useful life that has just drawn to a close. It explains the unflinching optimism that pervaded Cardinal Gibbons' marvellous achievements. It points out the road to success for others who desire to follow in the footsteps of one of America's finest citizens and one of the Church's greatest leaders. "Be an optimist on America" was the maxim that brought fame and fortune to many of America's most successful business men. But the Cardinal's advice goes further than mere temporal prosperity. He asks the young man to expect great things first from God from whom all blessings flow, next from his neighbor and then from himself, and finally from his country. This is but another way of summarizing the Divine and human law which Christ Himself enunciated in the command to love God, your neighbor and yourself.

But His Eminence went further to explain how this expectation of great things can be realized. Three necessary elements enter into any large achievement: work, patience, and thrift. "Without the amount of talent, no amount of industry will carry a man very far in this world." From one who has known successful business men for many decades this statement corrects the opinion of some modern young men, that success is an easy matter, giving gifts and requiring little in return. The higher men climb the longer is their working day. Idleness brings mediocrity; only immense sustained effort will lift young men to the top and keep them there.

Patience is another necessary element in success. Important changes take place slowly. Nothing great was ever achieved in a day. The impatience of youth that cannot brook delay sweeps the young man onward to useless anxieties and unnecessary unhappiness.

Thrift is the third element in success. Not luck, not speculation but sturdy economy is the real secret of success. "The Economy of God," said His Eminence, "is one of the striking features of the universe. Not a single leaf is wasted, it goes to enrich the soil for future growth. Not a drop of water that is not used again and again—flowing down the river to the sea, only to be caught up by the sun and showered down upon the grass and trees again. The law of God is the law of thrift, and no man transgresses that law, either in his personal or business affairs, without incurring a penalty. I have seen millionaires whose wealth seemed without limit caught and made paupers in a period of business reaction. They had lived too lavishly and reached out in their greed too far. And I have seen comparatively poor men, who had saved their money, take advantage of just such periods to invest in independence."

The men of character so much needed in the world today are made by such means. They are fashioned not by easy times, but by hardening and adversity, by the disappointments and difficulties that God sends them.

Expecting great things is but another way of saying, "Hath faith." For faith, as the Apostle tells us, is the substance of things hoped for. Therefore the Cardinal concludes this excellent advice to young men with the words: "I have lived almost three times as long as the average of

your readers. I have watched men climb up to success, hundreds of them; and of all the elements that are important for success, the most important is faith. Those who throw up their hands in discouragement when the first sunshine fails to profit when the sunshine of Spring returns. And no great thing comes to any man unless he has courage, even in dark days, to expect great things; to expect them of himself, of his fellow men, of America, and of God." The last public utterance of Cardinal Gibbons should be long cherished and faithfully followed by our young men.—The Pilot.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE CHRIST-CALL

"I wish that I had a vocation!" I heard a little boy say;  
And I thought, "Little Boy, a Christ-Call  
Is given you this day."

For not amid thunder speaks Jesus,  
When He calls His chosen few,  
He but quietly leads them to wonder  
Why they may not follow Him too.

"How I wish that I had a vocation!"  
"You have, little boy, be sure;  
For when children long for the Christ-Call  
Is not Christ-Love their motive pure?"

Jesus calling, finally whispers:  
"Will you give up the World for Me?"  
And the boy who is strong in His Christ-Love,  
Answers: "Gladly, I need but Thee."

He chooses Christ for his Soul King,  
And the life he elects to live,  
It's the life Christ taught by Example  
And by Counsel He designed to give.

It's the life which youths without number  
Lived in the Christian past,  
And which multitudes more will be  
Living

As long as Christ's Church will last.  
—FATHER GEORGE in "The Far East"

## THE UMBRELLA

I'm always so glad about that umbrella mistake. It came about in this fashion. Sarah had donned her very best suit, and I had nothing on but a simple dress. When the weather began to look crochety, of course I asked Sarah whether I should get hers for her, but she was so busy at the piano that she did not reply. Accordingly, I just rolled up her umbrella, and did the same to my own, deciding to carry them both. Ten minutes later, when we were half-way to church, didn't I discover that Sarah was carrying her brand new silk parasol, and there I was faithfully luging her umbrella as well as my own? Of course we both laughed, and Sarah said, in her proper fashion:

"Dore, you can't go to church that way."

"And why not? Maybe I can lend my umbrella to someone; and if I don't, I can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I am prepared for the weather."

So up the church aisle I marched, to our seat near the very front, and before the Holy Mass was half over Sarah and I looked comfortably at our three rain protectors, and I proceeded to wonder to whom I should lend my surplus umbrella.

There was Janet Porter sitting across the aisle, but she had a quite elegant raincoat, and an umbrella, too. Bess and Alice Nelles had their brothers, who always ran home for anything the girls wanted, and old Mrs. Johnson had hung her big cotton parasol on the front seat in full sight of us all. It really did seem as if that particular Sabbath morning there was going to be small demand for extra umbrellas.

Three quarters of an hour later, we were in the church lobby, and shrinking back in one corner I saw a very shabbily dressed girl. She was looking fearfully at the steady rain, for it was the kind that had no notion of quickly going out of business. Evidently she was without an umbrella, and it was equally evident that she dreaded getting wet. My first foolish thought was that clothes such as hers were hardly worth considering, but quickly recollecting that if they were the best she had, there was reason for her distressed face. I plucked up all my courage and made straight for her corner.

"Good morning," I said as cheerfully as I could. "I see you have no umbrella. I have an extra one. Won't you have it?"

"But you don't know me," the girl faltered.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," I said. "You can return it any night you're passing 107 Dupont street." She told me her name—Kate Howard.

Somehow, I knew that the girl was honest, and sure enough, after Sarah for a whole day and a half asked for my expense, didn't my umbrella come home safe and sound? It was Kate herself who brought it, and when I persuaded her to come in and warm herself at the cheery grate fire, I discovered that she had quite a bright face, only she looked so very tired. I heard the whole of her sad story.

"My father drank," she said in a quiet, matter-of-fact way that made me feel choky, "and when he died, mother was left with us three children to see to. She worked like a slave for two years, and then she died, and I have the children on my hands."

"Did your mother leave you nothing?" I asked anxiously.

"Only a message," Kate replied softly and when I looked inquiringly at her she said:

"Mother's last words were, 'You'll have a hard struggle, but don't go under.'"

Some way, I couldn't say a word, and Kate dashed away a big tear, and went on with her story.

"For a year I managed to keep a roof over our heads but the wages were so poor and then little was all got sick and died and Jessie was all bad left. I was so afraid that she would leave me, too, for she was never strong, that I put her in a Home. That was two years ago, and by last spring I'd saved enough to send for Jessie, and now we're in a room down on John street."

"And is Jessie stronger?" I asked eagerly.

"She's always delicate like," Kate replied anxiously, "but I'm addressing envelopes nights now, and Jessie is having an extra bit of milk every day, and the child looks so much brighter."

"Then you work day and night, too?" I said soberly.

"Oh, addressing envelopes isn't hard work," Kate answered bravely. And then I asked her if she had friends, and she made this reply:

"No, Miss; girls who live in one small back room can't very well have friends. But we have each other, and please God, whatever comes, we're not going under."

And now you know why I'm glad about that umbrella mistake. If we hadn't had umbrella Number Three that rainy March Sabbath, I shouldn't have had Kate Howard, and that would have been a real loss to me. She's living now in an airy, bright room, and her new office position stands for good, smart, up-to-date wages. Among us we've got Jessie off to the country for the summer, and on fresh eggs and milk and yellow butter she's getting rosy.

And so, you see, Kate Howard didn't go under. But when you come to think of it, did you ever know a girl every winter honest and plucky who did?—Catholic Bulletin.

## THE SPIRIT OF WORK

The watchword of the hour is work and greater production. There has been tremendous waste for the last few years. The activities of whole nations, if not of the entire world, have been diverted into non-productive channels. The accumulated treasures of previous production have been destroyed, with the consequent result that the world at this moment suffers from an under production such as has not existed for a long time. The only remedy for this scarcity of necessary commodities is increased work and heightened efficiency. Only this one way is open to man. But there is this consolation, that work can actually overcome the difficulty and remove quickly the present condition of underproduction. If all get to work properly, if all the resources of humanity are mobilized, prosperity for all shall return speedily. Man's determination can sweep away the most formidable obstacles. Work can convert a barren desert into a blooming garden. Work can extract wealth from a bleak rock. Work can rescue wide stretches of fruitful land from the clutch of the sea. Work is a wonderful power. Work will again prove the salvation of the world. It will feed the hungry and restore the terrific losses mankind has sustained. If only men can be induced to put the hand to the plow, all the troubles of the day will be at an end. Readjustment waits upon men's willingness to work. There is the rub. At present, when work is so badly needed, there is a lack of the spirit of work, a disinclination to work.

Men are anxious enough to make money, but they are not so anxious at all to perform work. They look first to the remuneration and only then to the work that is expected of them. Their first thought is to get the reward, and it is only a minor consideration to do the work well and to earn the reward honestly and fairly. Work, thus approached, is rarely ever done well, nor does it yield any joy and deep satisfaction. It is always regarded with aversion. Where there is no joy in the work and no enthusiasm for the work, the highest efficiency is never reached, production lags and prosperity fails to materialize. This spirit is not only found among the wage-earners; it is equally conspicuous among the captains of industry. All are, by far, more interested in returns and profits than in the service which they are supposed to render. This is the spirit which impoverishes the world and wastes the wealth that has been created by previous effort. It is a selfish spirit. One that leads the world to bankruptcy. By that spirit mankind cannot live. We see its evil fruits even now. Work will turn the scales and bring back abundance and plenty and put the ranch of all. Work will do it, and nothing else can do it. The choice that lies before men is this: whole-souled and whole-hearted work, or continued want, high prices, industrial maladjustment, insecurity and unemployment. More work will create greater opportunities for more employment. Less work makes unemployment. Work makes more work, because it produces goods, which goods enlarge the buying capacity, this, in turn, creates demand, and demand makes more work.

As long as men view work only with material eyes, they will find it no attraction or charm. They

must look at it with spiritual eyes, and work assumes a new and wining aspect. Of course, the wage is necessary and should by all means afford a decent livelihood; yet it should never be the only spur to work. There must be other and finer motives that bring out the spiritual character of work and thus invest it with a lofty dignity and a strange beauty that is completely hidden to the man who sees things only from his own selfish viewpoint. By work we pay off our debt to society. He who works not is a beggar and a dependent, for he receives something for nothing. That, however, is most degrading. Work makes us free; it absolves us from our obligations towards society. For the true man no sentiment gives greater satisfaction than that of independence. The man who works owes no man anything. By work we help in the upbuilding of civilization. Work is the foundation of the whole edifice of human culture. All work is useful and hence valuable and noble. By work we contribute towards the welfare of others. We protect them from the pangs of hunger, shelter them against the inclemencies of the weather. Work makes us the benefactors of the world. The worker has every reason to be proud. Man owes him a gigantic debt of gratitude. These considerations ennoble work; they lift it into a higher sphere. They make it possible that one take real pride in his work, that he approach it with actual joy. They are a much more powerful incentive to work well than the mere thought of the wage to be received. In fact, thus viewed, work becomes a real inspiration, a thing laden with spiritual meaning and real joy.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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## THE PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK

They tell a story of a dear old parish priest who arose to address the congregation one wet Sunday evening. Numerically it wasn't much of a congregation. And the church was large and the pews looked pathetically empty and the air was damp and chilly. The good padre glanced sourly from old Mr. Norton sitting patiently over by the statue of St. Anne to old Mrs. McAnn fervently rattling a rosary under the Fourth Station of the Cross. Little Nellie Silva, almost lost in the recesses of the third pew, to Young Herman Brass, poised for flight in startling proximity to the door; and then he opened his mouth and he spoke unto them.

He said it was a shame that more of the flock of the Lord were not in attendance. He remarked that some of his parishioners seemed to have time and inclination for anything and everything save attendance at the evening devotions. He reminded them that every news afford but meagre inspiration to even the most eloquent pulpit orator. He made a delicate but unmistakable allusion to the prospective slimness of the collection.

After the services the pastor found Michael, the sexton, in the sacristy supporting himself on one leg and rubbing his shin with the alternate foot. That was an infallible sign of thought on Michael's part, as Father asked him what ailed him. "It's that sermon, Your Reverence," Michael explained respectfully. "I would've been a masterpiece, I'm thinking, if ye did but bethink yourself to preach it at some of the folks that weren't there."—Catholic School Journal.

## THE INFLUENCE OF HOME LIFE

## A TRUE HOME IS A HAVEN OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS

The sanctity of conjugal faith and the respect for paternal authority have been seriously impaired by the War, said Pope Benedict in one of his recent encyclicals. To this the Holy Father attributed the host of evils, social, moral and religious which if not checked threaten to consume human society. How true is the sovereign Pontiff's diagnosis of present conditions may be read in the signs of the times. One sign that seriously afflicts the discerning student is the drift away from the home. Recently a judge in this country attributed the growing frequency of divorce to the lack of domesticity. Appeal after appeal is sent up by well intentioned publicists to safeguard the home. Juvenile delinquency, the crime wave, and various manifestations of social unrest are perpetuated by the increasing number of those who have lost their attachment to home and to the ideals for which home stands.

The home is God's institution. On the family He erected the structure of human society. Upon the purity and integrity of home life He based the stability of nations. The decay of home life is always the beginning of the decline of a people. History furnishes innumerable examples to show the folly of trying to perpetuate civilization without the secure foundation of home life. When the conjugal bond between husband and wife, and the parental bond between parents and children begin to weaken, the structure of society begins to crumble.

One cannot view this tendency of the age to minimize the influence of home life without alarm. This is an era of commercialized amusement, of vagrant fancies, and of

breathless excitement. The spirit of the age has swept down upon the home and carried its inmates out into the hurly burly of modern life in quest of happiness. But it is the basic error of the age that it mistakes pleasure for happiness. Pleasure gives satisfaction for the moment but it is a passing thing that leaves men sadder than they were before. Wealth can procure pleasure but it cannot purchase happiness. Yet poverty is no barrier to it. For happiness is found in millions of homes whose inmates, oppressed by poverty, tired by toil, and sanctified by sufferings are modelling their lives according to the ideal of home exemplified by the Holy Family at Nazareth. They have chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from them.

To seek outside the home for happiness is a serious blunder. Home is a word of sweetest sound that conjures up deepest and purest memories, because it is symbolical of every ennobling and uplifting influence. In home the tired man finds rest, the discouraged man finds hope, the victim of the world's inhumanity finds comfort and sweet consolation. Within its blessed walls is a shelter against the whips and scorns of time. A true home is a haven of happiness that is the nearest approach to Heaven on earth.

The home came before all other social institutions. No other agency can supply its place. As a nursery of virtue, a school of love, and a centre of innocent recreation it stands supreme. The modern world needs to get back to the home. There it will learn the essential social virtues of obedience to authority, mutual forbearance, and prayerful resignation. The further away from home a nation goes in quest of happiness it recedes—The Echo.

The moment you depend upon someone else your strength weakens.

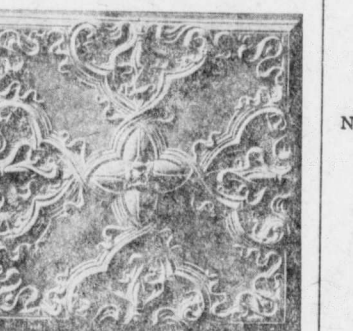
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