

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

**A LITTLE SMILING**  
 Try a little smiling  
 When the world goes wrong;  
 Drop the tone of scolding,  
 Change to one of song,  
 Nothing lasts forever,  
 Love and beauty die,  
 Make the best of the present  
 Ere it passes by.

Clouds must come and sorrow,  
 'Tis the way of life;  
 Still the silver lining  
 Shines upon the strife,  
 And the sorrow lessens,  
 Bringing with it calm;  
 Ev'ry pain of living  
 Has its own sweet balm!

Try a little smiling,  
 Though the effort cost,  
 You will find that never  
 Is its radiance lost;  
 Through the darkness shining  
 Ev'ry star has place;  
 Try a little smiling,  
 Trouble to efface.

**THE HUMAN MIRROR**

Human nature is the mirror into which you look to see all mankind as they are.

What you see depends largely upon what you are looking for.

If you are looking for the faces that radiate happiness and contentment your own face will mirror that calm content.

If you are looking for the darker side of human nature, its shadow will fall the heavier on your pathway.

A wise man who looked into the mirror of human nature thousands of years ago said that "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones."

He was wiser than even the family doctor.—The Tablet.

**TO TRAVEL HEAVENWARD**

To be strong and true; to be generous in praise and appreciation of others; to impute worthy motives even to our enemies; to give without expectation of return; to practice humility, tolerance and self-restraint; to make the best use of time and opportunity; to keep the mind pure and the judgment charitable; to extend intelligent sympathy to those in distress; to cultivate quietness and non-resistance; to speak little and listen much; to adhere always to a high standard of thought, purpose and conduct; to grow in goodness and gratitude; to seek truth and righteousness; to work, love, pray and serve daily; to aspire greatly, labor cheerfully and take God at His word—this is to travel heavenward.—Catholic Universe.

**PLAYING THE GAME**

Life itself is aptly likened to a game.

To win, to earn and enjoy the fruits of victory you must play fair.

Wealth is not the real prize of life. It is only a trophy, a symbol and may carry with it no satisfaction; indeed, it does not carry with it genuine lasting satisfaction unless it has been won fairly, honestly, honorably.

The rules for playing the game are extremely simple. Indeed, there is only one rule: Obey your conscience.

Of late there has been a great deal of unfair playing.

There have been wholesale efforts to reap more than has been sown, to get more than has been earned, to tilt the scales unduly.

It begins to look as if some of the profiteers will live to regret having broken the rules.

Sooner or later the labor slacker will also get their just reward.

In seeking to reach success there is only one worth-while course to follow: Abide by the rules of the game.

The worker who will cheat for his employer will also cheat his employer.

Neither in business nor in life does cheating pay in the end.

It's better to play the game and fail to shine than to break the rules and shine momentarily.

The things that count are the things that last.—Catholic Universe.

**THE MYSTERIES**

Pere Lacordaire, the famous prelate, was lurching one day at an inn in a small provincial city. Not far from him at the table sat a commercial traveler who was expressing himself freely and at random on a variety of topics.

It was Friday, and the talkative man thought it a favorable occasion to show the public how superior he was to ancient prejudices and customs. He made several satirical remarks on the subject of fasts, devotions, superstitions, and the like. As he talked, he furtively watched the religious to note the impression made upon him.

Not seeing any evidence that he had even heard them, he became impatient and addressed the priest directly, while passing him a dish of omelette, of which he himself had taken the major portion.

"As for myself, monsieur," he said, "I believe only what I can understand. Now, isn't that perfectly rational?"

"Monsieur," returned the priest courteously, "helping himself to the remaining bit of omelette. "Do you understand how fire, which melts iron and lead, made these eggs hard?"

"I must confess that I do not," replied the man, quite disconcerted at such an unusual question.

"Nor, do I either," replied the religious. "I note, with pleasure, however, that your lack of understanding does not prevent you from believing in omelettes."—Translated by T. Twitchell from "Examples."

**HOW TO SUCCEED**

Most young men and most older men consider a man successful when he has accumulated considerable wealth. In a measure, the accumulation of wealth does indicate success, but it is a mistake to think that all men who are wealthy are successful and that all men who die poor are unsuccessful. Some of the successful men in the world have died with little or no wealth. Some of the wealthiest men in the nation, when the real test of success is applied to them, are failures. Wealth does not necessarily measure success or a lack of wealth, failure. Success depends on rendering a capable and an honest service, doing the things that need to be done.

If all young men would make up their minds to prepare themselves for some job they like and pledge themselves to discharge the duties which fall upon them, faithfully and to the best of their ability, all would be successful. One of the greatest assets in a young man's life is character and it requires character to be a success.—The Tablet.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**GOD UNDERSTANDS**  
 It is so sweet to know,  
 When we are tired, and when the hand of pain  
 Lies on our hearts, and when we look in vain  
 For human comfort, that the Heart Divine  
 Still understands these cares, both yours and mine.

Not only understands, but day by day,  
 Lives with us while we tread the earthly way;  
 Bears with us all our weariness, and feels  
 The shadows of the faintest cloud that steals  
 Across our sunshine; ever learns again  
 The depth and bitterness of human pain.

There is no sorrow that He will not share,  
 No cross, no burden, for our hearts  
 Without His help; no care of ours too small  
 To cast on Jesus; let us tell Him all—  
 Lay at His feet the story of our woes,  
 And in His sympathy find sweet repose.

**KINDNESS OF A PRINCE**

An American lady is fond of relating an incident that occurred when she was a little girl going to school in the beautiful city of Florence, Italy. Let us call the little girl Agnes, to conceal her identity.

Agnes and her mother were pious Catholics and attended Mass every day in the great Church of Santa Croce. One day, when Mass was over, Agnes, attracted by a beautiful group of marble angels became separated from her mother. In vain she searched for her; finally, realizing that she was lost, she began to weep, as little children will, in time of trouble.

As she turned into the great central nave, she met a boyish-looking young man dressed in deep black. A bunch of violets which she held in her hand dropped to the floor, and he picked it up and handed it to her, at the same time saying a few words in French in a gentle voice. As he did that, he saw the tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, bending over her.

"Oh, I lost my mother! Will you please help me find her? I lost her somewhere in this big church."

"Indeed I will," he replied. "Tell me how she was dressed and where you left her. Do not cry, my child. We will surely find her; I will stay with you until we do."

Agnes put her tiny hand in his, and they began the tour of the edifice; but the mother, who was herself greatly troubled by the accidental separation, was searching in a distant corner and not to be seen.

"Let us go in the main entrance and wait," said the young man after a while. "Your mother will come there in time. It is the easiest and the surest way. Perhaps she is there now."

And so she was.

"There she is!" exclaimed Agnes, hurrying forward. "Oh, mother, I got lost! And I was crying, and this gentleman was so good and helped me to find you."

"How can I thank you?" asked the mother, with her arms about the now happy little Agnes. "Will you kindly let me know to whom I am indebted for the kind favor?"

"There is no question of indebtedness, madame. It has been a pleasure to restore your little daughter to you. But here is my card." He handed her a bit of pasteboard on which, to her surprise, was engraved: "Prince Louis Napoleon."

Then he made a low bow, patted the little girl's head, and saying that his mother was at Mass in one of the chapels and would be looking

for him withdrew. He came back very soon, however, with the expression on his arm—a fair-haired lady in deep mourning, with a sad sweet face, who smiled and spoke a few words to the Americans. She seemed proud that her son had been so gracious and courteous to strangers.

Poor Prince! There is no heart so hard that it fails to throb with sympathy at the story of the ending of his checkered life, when he lay beneath the burning sun of Africa. Murdered by an enemy who knew no pity; and it is pleasant to remember his kindness and gentleness to the little stranger from distant America.—Ave Maria.

**THE WAY OF PEACE**

In proclaiming the Holy Year of Jubilee on last Ascension Day, the Holy Father once more announced that his intention the object for which he wishes the faithful to pray—is Peace. In his Encyclical on Reconciliation, he defined this peace as "not so much the Peace written in treaties, as that impressed upon souls, that which must be restored among peoples."

In his Bull announcing the Jubilee, His Holiness insists that "never can this habit of brotherly love among peoples be restored, never can there be a lasting peace, unless charity—too long extinguished, indeed entirely forgotten, as a result of the last War be once more taken to heart by the peoples and welcomed as an inspiration by Governments."

In these words the Holy Father places his finger unerringly upon the fundamental mistake of modern society in its quest for peace—the error of believing that justice alone must be cultivated by nations and individuals, and of ignoring the more important virtue of charity. There is a common feeling that justice is all that is necessary in our dealings with others. Yet Our Lord Himself put charity in the forefront of the law and made it binding upon all collectively and individually. The words "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" and "thy neighbor as thyself," were said by Him to be the first and second great commandments, containing all the law and the prophets.

And St. Paul's words explaining His Master's teaching are just as explicit. The thirteenth chapter of the Corinthians goes into detail about the uselessness and futility of all good works without charity. "If I have not charity," he says, "I am nothing." Charity is so necessary that no one can claim to be a Christian without practicing it. Nor is any exception allowed from the law of charity on the ground of enmities and rivalries, for we are explicitly bidden to love even our enemies.

Yet there are men in the world professing to be Christians who have lost sight of the importance of charity, and have fallen below the Christian level in their dealings with others by using the words, patriotism, business, or even justice, to cloak their selfishness and excuse their lack of brotherly love.

As the Holy Father has pointed out, charity has been too long extinguished and almost forgotten. It must be once more taken to heart, for it is the only virtue that can dissipate race prejudice, class consciousness, religious bigotry, commercial greed, and national aggrandizement—those murky mists that today are retarding the dawning of the sun of Peace. Justice, like liberty, has many crimes committed in her name.

Let us take to heart the Holy Father's warning, and substitute for the unlovely tendencies in modern society the sweet influence of heavenly charity by the practice of brotherly love. Every one in his own humble way can, may must, do his part to bring about the restoration of charity, for the reconstruction of human society depends upon the regeneration of the individual. Not by masses or by classes will charity return, but by each and every individual making his life conform to the precept of charity, enunciated by Our Lord and re-

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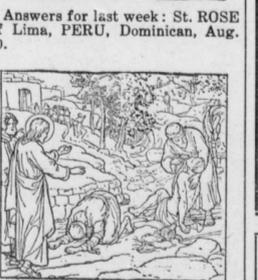
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**Answers for last week: St. ROSE of Lima, PERU, Dominican, Aug. 30.**



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