

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SEASON OF THE NEW SPIRIT

This is the season of the new spirit—a spirit by no means new in respect to age or place in man's life, but in the sense of being revived from the ordinary round to make room for the generous love of Christ and the better hopes of the New Year. We might call it the spirit of betterness. It turns our thoughts from sordid and selfish aims to those which have for their object the living of kinder and more considerate lives, and to those which tend to make us better men, so that what we do and give may be more worth while.

Christmas has come and gone and left in its wake the happy memories always a part of that high festival. It has put into countless hearts a new feeling toward others. It has shown again the wonderful truth of the strange statement that we get what we give; that in order to find a thing we must lose it. Now in the east-sky of Time, we see the first day-streaks of a new year. As its dawn approaches we think seriously of what we have been and what we want to be. And if our thoughts are rightly trained, they lead us to that one who lived and loved and worked in Palestine so long ago.

In the life of Jesus Christ we find our inspiration to be better. In His gentleness, His kindness, His justice and honesty and loving spirit, we see the shining example of what we should try to be. On New Year's day, as well as at Christmas, He is the chief figure in the picture which is painted by those higher yearnings that testify of the soul. Nor is there any way of preparation for the advent of the new spirit so good as that of studying and contemplating the life of Christ. He was the bearer of the new spirit that has done so much to make over this old world. He it was who set love upon the highest pedestal and enthroned service—giving us the matchless combination of loving service, which is the summit of all we may attain to in this life.

How are we to enter into this new spirit? Let an answer be given in the simple and beautiful words of one who once ministered "In His name," and who said: "Do not bother yourself too much with longings for happiness and friendship and worth to some one—some way. Usefulness is splendid. If you can help anybody even a little, be glad. Up the steps of usefulness and kindness God will lead you to friendship and happiness. If you wish and dream and regret and wonder, you will degenerate and be discouraged; if you can add any joy, strength, comfort, rest, pleasure, to lives about you your own life will be refreshed, will be more interesting and better worth the living. Turn your back on the past, for God forgives everything, and turn your face to a useful future in which God recognizes anything done in kindness, even the giving of a drink of water. Look bright to everyone, speak gently and cheerfully, hum little tunes to yourself (and to the Lord) when you are working. Plan surprises for people. Jesus 'went about doing good.' So you can in your way, with His spirit. If you fill well the place where you are now be sure He will give you another place, growing larger as you grow larger.

This is not exactly the form in which resolutions for the New Year commonly are couched. But the person who follows this plan will be apt to get a good deal more out of life—through giving a good deal more to life—than the one who sets up an impossible list of "I wills" and "I won'ts." And with this there comes the supreme satisfaction of knowing that it brings the one who tries nearer and nearer to harmony with that life which is the music of all the years and the joy of every new day.—Catholic Columbian.

A GENTLEMAN

"A gentleman, is he. Sure then, and let him be a man first," and old Michael straightened his bent shoulders with a sage nod and a grunt of disgust that told plainly his opinion of the person under discussion.

"A man first, then a gentleman." Do you know, my lads, that old Michael is right and that there is a world of truth in that quaint decision?

Perhaps some of my boys have watched a shoddily dressed man or a young fellow of their own age swaggering along, sure of his own importance and the sensation he was creating. Perhaps that you, too, could have wished that you, too, could have a diamond ring and plenty of money. If you, too, only could be a gentleman! But wait, lads. What is a gentleman? Perhaps your idea of a gentleman is a man who has nothing to do, nothing to think of but his own pleasure, no care greater than to select his own clothes and see that they are the correct style. You almost feel ashamed to have him look at you, for your clothing is much inferior in quality and a different cut and probably you have earned of the day when you, too, will be able to wear fashionable clothing and be designated as a gentleman.

But what does the word gentleman really mean. Let me see. The dictionary tells us that a gentleman is one who belongs to a good family—of good birth and breeding, also one who is kind and gentle in his

manner, not rude or boorish and unrefined. So something more than you have imagined, and it really depends upon you whether or not you belong to that class. It is you and not the style of your clothing, not whether you are able to live without work or whether you must labor hard for every dollar you spend or save. It is independent of all material things—it is just what you are.

First of all, a gentleman man. He must be courteous and kind to all—to those dependent upon him as well as to those in authority over him, to his own as well as to strangers. The greatest test of a gentleman is—being a gentleman to your own father and mother and sisters.

A true gentleman is a gentleman at heart or he cannot be depended upon to be a gentleman at all times and in all places.—Florence Hadley in Catholic Standard and Times.

LITTLE IRRITATIONS

"These are little annoyances that go with my business; and to fret about them means that I can't manage my business without friction."

The man who says this every day will escape much of the petty irritation so wearing upon the patience and the nerves.

As night comes on, some men can't sleep and they worry about it. But Nature should be left to take care of the matter. Napoleon got along on four hours of sleep; and we have had lusty old gentlemen, who for years were well content with two hours' sleep o' nights.

At no time will things be running to our entire satisfaction. We would not have a chance to be philosophers if we did not have to put up with some things.

This present worry is not to be the last. Oh no. Think of the procession of athletic worries still waiting for you around the corners of future years! But then this present worry will be forgotten, or merely a reminiscence—so that's some gain. Sursum corda!

Would you trade worries, "unsight, unseen," with Smith, your neighbor? You pause; you wish to consider. And this proves that the worries you have may be better than the worries that you not not of.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE SOWER

"Myra, will you come with me to Mass to-day, as there is no Protestant church near," said a lady to a girl friend who was staying with her at a small seaside place.

"Very well, dear, I like to go somewhere," was the reply; "but what will you do with the boys? They will surely get into mischief while we are away; put out to sea in a tub, or break their necks climbing the rocks!"

"Oh, the boys," said Mrs. Weston, "they will be safe enough, I promise you. They are actually to serve the Mass to-day with me going."

Myra laid down her knife and fork and looked at her friend in genuine astonishment.

"Surely you are joking; you don't mean to tell me that those two bits of quack-silver are allowed to take part in the service! They are the sweetest boys in the world," she added quickly, "but no man or woman born could keep them still for ten seconds."

"Come along, and we shall see," said Mrs. Weston with a quiet smile. Half an hour after they entered the little church already nearly filled with worshippers, and made their way up quite close to the sanctuary.

When the bell ceased tolling, the sacristy door opened, and out came two little boys in their scarlet soutanes and white surplices, followed by the celebrant. With clasped hands and eyes modestly cast down, they preceded him to the altar, and the Mass began. Clear and distinct came the responses in the sweet childish voices, no hurry, no mumbling.

Myra Leslie watched, perfectly fascinated by what she saw and heard. Mrs. Weston's boys were known to be the merriest, gayest lads in the whole neighborhood, yet here they were moving about in their vestments with the most reverent and attention. The church might have been empty so far as they were concerned; never once did they look about at the congregation, or show even momentary forgetfulness of the great sacrifice at which it was their privilege to assist.

When the bell for the consecration rang out, Myra fell on her knees and prayed.

All that day she seemed very quiet and pre-occupied. Mrs. Weston noticed this, but tactfully refrained from alluding to it. In the evening she met the boys going off to fly a kite.

"Bertie," she said to the elder one, "I want to ask you something. How did you and Myra manage to behave so beautifully at Mass?"

Bert opened his big brown eyes wide, and looked at her. "Why, Myra, what would you have us do? God was so very near all the time, how could we forget?" Then, half shy of having given an explanation, he bounded off, and in a few minutes was racing wildly across the sands holding the string of the kite, and followed by Myra and an admiring crowd of small boys.

Myra went back to her city home next day, and great was Mrs. Weston's joy a few months later on reading the following paragraph in a letter from her:

"You will be glad, dear, to know that I have made up my mind to become a Catholic, and am now receiving instruction. In fact I hope to be

received into the Church and make my first Holy Communion on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. And, under God, I owe this great grace to Bertie and Myra. I could not set aside the impression made on me by that first Mass I was present at, nor forget Bertie's words when I asked him how he managed to behave so reverently. 'How could I forget when God was so near?' I thought and thought, and prayed, and now the road is clear. You know how lonely I have been all my life. All that is changed now, and—, but these things are too sacred to be spoken of, even to you. But I want you to tell Bertie I shall ask our Lord on my First Communion day to give him a vocation to the priesthood, that he may continue to work for souls. May God bless and guard him and Myra always, and keep their child-like hearts unspoiled and unsullied."

This is a little lesson here for all the altar boys. Not, I hope, that any of you need it, but it is good to hear something which will help you to remember and value your privilege which even the angels might envy, of being allowed to minister to the ministers of God, and to be servants of your own way, little servants of the servants of Christ.—Sacred Heart Review.

COMING OVER TO ROME

We may be pardoned for reprinting the following account of the services conducted in a Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, New York. The notice is taken verbatim from the New York Herald of December 1:

"St. Andrew's Day was observed as a feast day in St. Paul's American Catholic Church, in Brooklyn, with special services yesterday, the occasion being the unveiling of the shrine to the Blessed Virgin Mary and a life-size statue of St. Peter. Father Andrew Chalmers Wilson, the rector, preached on St. Andrew at High Mass, when the priests wore vestments of Spanish red and gold cloth, which were imported recently.

Following the sermon Father Wilson blessed the shrine of the Virgin. This is a memorial by Mrs. Edmond Burke Lombard. After the rector had blessed the shrine E. B. Lombard lighted the first candle, invoking the blessing of the Virgin upon his household. Each member of the Lombard family then lighted a candle and said a Hail Mary.

"Previous to the service the life-size statue of St. Peter also was unveiled. This is a beautiful gift of E. Crawford Sanford, junior warden of St. Paul's, and was blessed at the midnight Mass, Christmas Eve."

What were the sentiments of the readers who scanned the foregoing notice in the Herald? The members of St. Andrew's parish, we venture to say, felt a thrill of exultation that public recognition was thus given to their claim of being Catholics, not plain Catholics it is true, for that would mean Roman Catholics, but Catholics albeit with the difference of title of American. Perhaps their feelings of exultation would be considerably modified if it were suggested that the term American as they use it cuts them off from the Church Universal, which is the Church of Rome, as effectually as the qualifying term of "Old" separates the bearers of the name "Old Catholics" from the same Church.

Father Andrew Chalmers Wilson was tickled to see himself dubbed Father. But to be termed Father no more establishes a right to the title than calling oneself pope would make one the successor of St. Peter. Other readers, and they were numerous, smiled at the assumption. The term "Father," according to the latest unabridged Standard Dictionary, means specifically "A Roman Catholic priest who is a member of a religious fraternity; in the United States and Ireland also, a secular priest." But dictionaries or custom and tradition will not help us in this anomaly of dubbing oneself Father and thumbing the pages of the Book of Common Prayer, authorized as the title-page declares for the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. It requires a wonderful intellectual prowess, which only a past-master in sophistry could accomplish, to make the American Catholic Church an Algebraic equivalent for the Protestant Episcopal Church. It shows the vast capabilities of the English language that will allow the unheard-of extravagance of making Protestant and Catholic synonymous and a Protestant parson the same as a Catholic priest.

However, there is no sham or pretence about the setting up of a statue to the Blessed Mother of God, of lighting candles and of reciting the Hail Mary. The Catholic Church, Roman Catholic if you will, claims no monopoly of devotion to the saints or of the pious practices in use among her children. The Church of Rome from the beginning has vindicated her claim to be the Catholic Church par excellence, and the nature of her organization and mission demands such vindication. But the Blessed Virgin's protection and assistance is a thing which all saints and sinners alike, for those in the fold, as well as those out of it, for pagans, Jews, heretics and infidels, as well as for her own children, whether good or bad. It is a good sign when even Protestant Episcopalians set up and bless with the sign of salvation statues of the Queen of Heaven that were ruthlessly hammered and pulverized by the direct ancestors of Father Andrew Chalmers Wilson.

Only one comment shall we add. Where is the obedience and respect due to the Protestant Episcopal Church at large which voted down at its recent convention in New York the motion to consider a change of name, or at least put off its consideration for the present? But, after all, that is only a trifle. There can be no obedience where there is no recognized head.

Times are moving fast. What with statues and chapels to St. Peter, St. Patrick (save the mark!), St. Columba, and St. Martin of Tours we are not surprised to behold at last a statue erected in honor of the Blessed Virgin. If the Protestant Episcopal Church is to become the American Catholic Church, it must needs acquire some semblance to the title. Recognition of the Pope's supremacy will come in due course. Father Andrew, probably without knowing it, is steering his bark straight for the Church of Rome, in which he will soon land, let us hope and pray, his confiding passengers.—E. Spillane, S. J., in America.

AN IRISH THRUSH

T. A. Daily in Philadelphia Standard and Times

A traveler in the Orient—no less a personage than our own Secretary of State—tells of a quaint custom in China which will serve here as an introduction to what is to follow. It seems that the practice maintains, in parts of China, of holding a "singing contest of the larks," wherein the question of the championship is settled by the birds themselves. The birds, in their cages, are brought together, and all begin to sing. Presently the first of the minstrel, to realize that he is out-classed tucks his little flute under his wing and goes to sleep. One after another the weaklings drop out until only one is left, charming the echoing air with a triumphant solo.

For some time past the notes of an Irish thrush have been ringing in my ears, and it's time I hid my diminished head. And this champion is a female of the species!

W. M. (Winnifred Mabel) Lettis is her name, and the cage—this is to say, the book—from which her varied notes issue is a beautiful thing of green and gold, bearing at its apex the inscription "Songs from Leinster," and below, "David McKay, publisher, Philadelphia."

I shall step aside at once and let her sing to you. Hark!

IN THE STREET

I've seen a woman kneeling down in the dirty street.

An' she took no heed of her tattered gown.

Or the broken boots on her feet;

An' she took no heed of the people there,

Rich and poor that would stand and stare

At a woman kneeling in prayer

In the street

For the thing that she shedied

At the back of the great shop window pane

Was a cross with a Figure crucified.

She took no heed of the driving rain,

An' thim that would turn to look again;

She took no heed of the noisy street,

But knelt down there at her Saviour's feet.

What matter at all what the place might be?

To one poor soul it was Calvary.

And here is a song so racy of the soil that the fragrance clings to the "branches of the mind" long after the last note drips to silence.

A SOFT DAY

A soft day, thank God!

A wind from the south

With a honeyed mouth;

A scent of drenching leaves,

Briar and beech and thyme

And the soaking grass smells sweet

Crushed by my two bare feet,

While the rain drips,

Drips, drips, drips from the eaves.

A soft day, thank God!

The hills wear a shroud

Of silver cloud;

The web spider weaves

A glittering path is wet,

And the soaking earth smells sweet

Under my two bare feet,

And the rain drips,

Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

HALF TRUTHS

Half truths are generally interesting and always misleading. A recent utterance of Dr. Robert Speer at a convention of Student Volunteers in Kansas City, is no exception to this rule. His assertion that the "evangelization of the world must be accomplished in this generation" is an interesting and misleading half truth. No doubt, this is an opportune time for the spread of Christianity. The West is tired of materialism, the East is weary of paganism. An upheaval is in progress. The old order is changing and in the change the mission-ary will find a golden opportunity to glorify Christ by extending His Kingdom. Men are thirsty for life, hungry for the bread of life, eager for the truth that will set them free. Here is surely an opportunity. But it is not true that missionaries who lose it, must cast aside the shield and spear of Knighthood in the Master's army. There will still be victories to be won, hearts to be subdued. Successful evangelization will not cease with this generation nor the next. It will come to an end only when all people are one fold,

under one shepherd. This is Christ's prayer, this is Christ's promise. Neither the one nor the other will fail. Calvary is our witness.—America.

AN EPISCOPALIAN MARRIAGE CASE

During the Protestant Episcopal Convention, held in New York about three months ago, the Catholic Church was vituperated for presuming to have a marriage law of its own. The convention had not been closed very long before Episcopalians of New York were startled at seeing a gentleman, who had been set free by the civil law, married to a new bride in one of their own churches by one of their own clergy. Some asked an explanation, and were told by the clergyman involved that the matter had been referred to the Bishop, with whose approval he had officiated at the marriage in question. This does not seem to have stopped discussion in New York and elsewhere; for an Episcopalian periodical appealed lately to its readers to trust the Bishop, giving these two reasons why they should do so, that he had consulted a lawyer and that in such matters he is extremely conscientious.

We do not for a moment challenge the conscientiousness of all concerned, the Bishop, the clergyman, the bridegroom and the bride; but we think Episcopalianism would be better off, if in such matters they had something more stable to rely on than counsel's opinion and the Bishop's conscientiousness. We have the greatest respect for the legal profession. But if one wishes to build a great bridge he does not consult a mining engineer, nor if about to construct a system of waterworks does he quite ignore the hydraulic engineer.

Similarly, in matters of ecclesiastical law one does not go to one however learned in civil law. The Bishop's conscience will not supply for his deficiency in science. How much more satisfactory would it have been had the Bishop been able to refer the case to a curia of own, the members of which, learned in the letter of the law and precedents governing its application, could have given him a clear, authoritative decision on its merits. This was impossible, because, at best, the Episcopalian marriage law is no more than rudimentary.

The fact is that Christian marriage is one thing: marriage as viewed by the civil law is altogether another. The case we have quoted shows that no body of Christians can defend Christian marriage without a definite body of law on the subject. To those acquainted with the case we would say: think of all the distinctions it may have involved, between what was antecedent to the original marriage and what was consequent, between the absolute and the relative, between the antecedent doubt and the consequent, between the doubt concerning the law and the doubt concerning the fact. Hitherto, Episcopalianism, earnestly as they may desire to defend Christian marriage, have been unable to do so efficiently, just because they have no real law on the subject. There must have been some among them to comprehend this. If they can not induce their less understanding brethren to consent to legislation on the subject, at least they may restrain such from reviling the Catholic Church because it has its Christian law on the matter.—America.

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We are not responsible if we fail to succeed. But we are responsible if we fail to do our duty; if we yield the battle too early; if we neglect to hold the fort until chance or reinforcements or a change in the winds of fortune comes to our relief.—Humphrey Desmond.

Friendship—like the State in its first origin—is based upon utility; but in its relations are less forced; and though its motive be utility, still one must begin the good work of well doing, even as the husbandman first bestows his labor and wealth upon the soil from which he hopes one day to receive fruit in return.—Epicurus.

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The Catholic Record

London, Ont.

SALMON

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