

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DEATH

Out of the shadows of sadness, Into the sunshine of gladness, Into the life of the blest; Out of a land very dreary, Out of the world very weary, Into the rapture of rest.

Out of today's sin and sorrow, Into a blissful tomorrow, Into a day without gloom; Out of a land filled with sighing, Land of the dead and the dying, Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion, Tempest-swept oft as the ocean, Dark with the wreck drifting o'er, Into a land calm and quiet, Never a storm cometh nigh it, Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land whose bowers Ferish and fade all the flowers; Out of the land of decay, Into the Eden where fairest Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest, Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing, Throughed with the anguish and ailing, Out of the world of the sad, Into the world that rejoices— World of bright visions and voices— Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful, Out of a land very lornful, Where in bleak exile we roam, Where there's a Father to love us— Into our home— "Sweet Home."

—FATHER ABRAHAM J. RYAN

THE KEYNOTE OF CHARACTER

The common everyday occurrences of life offer an infinite variety of occasions for taking pains. To make the most of these occasions takes tremendous effort and energy of mind and body, and sometimes amounts almost to actual heroism.

The endurance of accidental pain of body or mind may not make a hero of a man or woman, for it is our common lot on earth to suffer at some time in one way or another. No one can escape his own burden of pain, although by his self-will he may make an enemy of it, and bear it grudgingly and unwillingly.

Taking pains is something quite different from suffering pain, and may be a nobler thing by far. For of itself it implies something of sacrifice. The diligent and unwavering application of mind, for instance, to a subject which one must work out successfully in order to effect a common good, is a work of sacrifice. Like a beast of burden, we may go just so far without feeling the strain which our task imposes. But there comes a moment when the tired brain protests, interest has ceased, maybe, or the subject itself is not of moment to us personally. Then comes the temptation to quit, or if we may not, at least to ease up a bit, to suffer the thoughts to wander into more congenial channels. Here it is that the man who takes pains, tightens the reign on his beast, holds him in check, and does not permit that he shall slay at will from the straight road before him.

We all depend more or less upon the painstaking care of others. We rely upon the writers of our histories to tell us the absolute truth about the subjects which come under their discussion. We feel sure that the man who wrote the history has looked up his subject to the very limit of his ability. He must not have been satisfied with probabilities, with possible motives or likely occurrences. The data which he gives must be absolutely correct, and without bias so far as possible.

Take, for example the story-writer or novelist. At first he begins with facile pen and the nimble thoughts fairly race over the paper. Having formed his model or plot, he must continue to develop it with unflagging interest, with unabated application—otherwise the story will lag in interest as it approaches the end, which should not be. How often have we experienced this fact when reading some story in one of the current magazines. For a time all goes well, but toward the middle of the story there comes a weakening of the fibre, and by the time that we have reached the end, we turn aside in disappointment, perhaps disgust. The real trouble probably is that the writer became tired of his application, ceased to connect his thoughts carefully and was satisfied to hurry the subject to a finish and receive his check, unmindful of the fact that he had failed signally to do his best. There is a very old but faithful adage that a thing worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Every day, almost every moment of our lives we are trusting to the painstaking care of someone or other. In our seclusion at home, we are at peace in the knowledge that the mighty hand of the Law is protecting our interests. We are aware that in the contingency of a burglar appearing through the window and making off with our best plate, no effort will be spared to apprehend the law-breaker. Justice will be ours so far as it is possible.

We enter the street car, knowing that our health is protected from insidious germs. The Board of Health is increasing in its vigilance, and if our next door neighbor has a contagious disease, he may not show himself in our midst until the law has fully satisfied itself that our physical interests are safeguarded.

Carefully compiled statistics of men who have spent their best efforts to study these matters out, assures us that we are in some measure provided against fraud when we enter a store or restaurant to exchange our money for something which is necessary to our life or welfare. We rely on these men to do their best for us, and when as sometimes happens they cannot wholly prevent us from imposture or inconvenience, we are satisfied at least that they have spared no painstaking effort in our behalf.

We go to church, and listen to the Word of God as expounded from our pulpits, satisfied that the ministers who represent His interests have given painstaking care to the study of sacred sciences. We know that they have for instance, spent years of sacrifice, diligent application and prayerful retirement so that they may enter into the knowledge which is more precious than all the sciences of this world. We believe that they speak the truth and nothing but the truth and on this doctrine we rest satisfied that we are members of the one true religion of Christ.

Over three hundred years ago, there occurred the death of a little novice of the Society of Jesus, John Berchmans. When the Holy Father gave evidence concerning his sanctity, he said these significant words: "Show me another who has perfectly kept his rules, and I will canonize him also." The keynote of Berchmans' character was painstaking care over the little things.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER OF SUPPLICATION

Blessed Mother, meek and fair, With God's kiss upon thy hair! Through thy soul that welled with light, Rich as dawn, and golden-bright, Came the Power that slew Death's might!

Holy Mary, pray for us! When the Angel Gabriel came, And thou heardest him speak thy name, Though thy virgin's strength was frail, Never didst thou faint or quail; Heaven and Earth re-echoed "Hail!"

Holy Mary, pray for us! Mystic Rose of Juda's Morn, Thine the brow that felt each thorn;

Taunt and insult, to thy Son, Thou didst hear them, every one; Thou didst see His life-blood run; Holy Mary, pray for us!

Patient Mother, robed in pain, Let our cries be not in vain! Thou didst see His tortured face, And each wound's cruel dwelling-place.

By thy fount of Heaven's grace Holy Mary, pray for us!

—J. CONSON MILLER IN AVE MARIA

SIGNOR GARDELLI'S CHORISTER

It was the hour for choir practice and old Signor Gardelli, the famous Italian choir-master, was even more crabbed and exacting than usual, for Easter would be here in a week and unfortunately his soprano was ill and would not be able to sing for many days.

What would become of that soprano solo, the gem of the Easter service? No wonder Gardelli's frown is more repellent than ever. Among the boys assembled for practice was a little thinny clad stranger, half shrinking in the shadow of a column, a slender, pale-faced child of about twelve years, of saintly beauty, with large dark eyes under long lashes and in odd contrast with these eyes, a mass of curling golden hair. How different he looks from the rosy, robust boys with their round, chubby faces.

Signor Gardelli bestowed a rapid glance upon his flock, nodded to the organist and gave the signal to commence. At this moment he discovers the shrinking figure of the lad.

"What brings you here, boy?" he asked in an irritable manner. "No harm, master," replied the sweet, low voice. "I only came to listen to the singing."

"Do you sing yourself?" "Yes, master."

"Let me hear you." The singing master drew the boy into the full light. For a moment there is profound silence. The boys start, grin, and nudge one another. Then in a low, trembling, but sweet tone, the child began a hymn. He gained confidence and his voice grew firm and clear, echoing and re-echoing through the many arches. Silence again.

"You shall take sick Henry's place," Gardelli explained. "Who taught you to sing?" "My mother."

"Do you read music?" "Yes, mother taught me."

"Victor Howard." "Where do you live?" "Three hundred and fifty-six Vermont street."

Gardelli took the address, then said: "Would you like to come to practice with the boys every day?" "Oh, yes, sir. If you would only take me how pleased my mother would be."

The master handed him the soprano solo. "Have your mother teach you this." Easter morning dawned fair and beautiful. The church was decked

with lilies fair and spotless. Signor Gardelli was extremely nervous that morning. Would the new boy prove a failure?

The service proceeds. Crowds surge up the aisle. One sweet young voice rings out above the others. But how about that solo, that high note, that bird-like thrill, can he do it without a break? The alto is doing grandly, now is Victor's time. Gardelli's brows meet in vexation. Victor folds his hands loosely. The first notes are scarcely audible, but he gains in strength. On, on, the young voice cleaves the air, soars among the arches; higher still, higher the angelic tones float upward. That bird-like thrill, a single high note, a shower of silver echoes—then silence profound. Gardelli was in raptures; Victor was a success.

HEROES

George was reading his history and, lost to all the world, for George was a boy, and a boy loves his dinner and tales of Indians almost as well as his dog. The part of the history which George was studying dealt with the early Jesuit missions among the Indians.

"George," called his mother, "this is the third time that I have told you to go and see to the furnace. It needs coal. You know you have to attend to it, so why must I keep everlastingly at you to get you to do your duty?"

George closed the book. "Great guns," he cried, "can't a fellow read a few minutes in peace? I was reading all about Father Jogues and the Indians. Believe me, he was some scout!"

"I wonder," mused his mother aloud, "how long you would last if it were you, instead of Father Jogues, who had been sent as a missionary to the Indians."

"I'd last longer than he did, asserted George, "for I'd club those rodkins to death if they tried half the monkey-shines on me that they did on him."

"But he wanted to be a martyr," answered Mrs. King. "Well, I don't," confessed George, "I want to be a hero."

His mother looked keenly into the eye of the needle that she was threading. "And can you be one without the other?" she asked.

"Why, sure things can, mother. Every one wants to be a hero, but only saints want to be martyrs, and I don't want to be a saint."

"Don't worry," answered his mother with a smile. "From present indications there is no cause to worry that a halo will surround my George's head. But about the hero business: What makes a hero, George?"

"Doing things," replied George, "and doing them well."

"Yes, doing things—doing one's duty faithfully and conscientiously, not bothering about consequences. Doing things, and doing them well, as, for instance, attending to the furnace."

"Oh, shut, mother. Don't tell me that tending to furnaces makes heroes. Gee, what heroes janitors must be."

"They may be," mother replied, "they can be. The only reason that you may not know whether or not they are heroes is because the opportunity does not always come in every life to prove to the world the stuff one is made of. But they may have proven it to God, and so that is enough."

"I suppose it is, but a fellow likes some credit for his work. And as for attending to the furnace—this furnace and every other furnace is nothing on earth but a plague."

"Well, George," replied Mrs. King, "attending to furnaces is a duty; it may be a plague, as you say, but we won't argue about that. It is a duty, a disagreeable one if you will, but a duty nevertheless. Fidelity to duty is the training that makes a hero. Those who are faithful over little things will be faithful over great things. Shirk little tasks and bigger tasks will shirk you. You won't measure up to them, you'll be a failure simply because you have not prepared for them by fidelity to duty. Duty first, and dreams afterward, is a good recipe for heroism."

George was silent for a moment, and then he put down his book. "Well, I guess you're right," he admitted at last, and going down into the basement, he put coal on the furnace and fixed it for the night.

"I guess what mother said is about right," he told himself, "and if I want to be a hero I'll start training. Duty first and dreams afterward will be my motto." —Michigan Catholic.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

The Feast of All Saints was instituted to honor the memory of all Saints known and unknown. Every day of the ecclesiastical year is sacred to the memory of some particular Saint. But the number of the Saints is like the number of the stars that God showed to Abraham when He wished to indicate to the holy patriarch his numerous descendants. That no single saint of this vast multitude should be neglected, the Church designates the First of November as the memorial day on which the faithful may commemorate the glorious victory of the countless number of the blessed.

With the Saints in Heaven we are united by the bonds of thought and sympathy. As we are now so once

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were they. The earth was their battleground. Here they fought their good fight, and won the victory, which gained for them the imperishable crown. They had to contend with the same forces of evil with which we have to battle.

Life is much the same in its essential features today as in the past. The same struggle for existence beset the Christians in the days of early Rome. The same temptations, the same deceptions, the same false ideals were present under different names down through the ages. The times have changed, but men have not changed. Human nature is the same with its animal impulses, its pride, and its willfulness.

The material order has changed. But the moral order remains today the same battleground that it was in the days of St. Peter, St. Augustin, St. Benedict, St. Ignatius, and St. Vincent de Paul.

The world's greatest victories have been moral victories. The world's greatest heroes have been those who have conquered them selves. Greater is he who ruleth himself than he who hath taken a city. The Saints are our true heroes. We honor them for the glorious moral victories which they have won. The world stands aghast at the sublime spectacle of the hero-martyr of patriotism. What shall we say of millions of men who have slowly died to the world, chastised their bodies into subjection, starved their sensual appetites until like St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Aloysius they were more like angels than men? The world today commiserates the poverty, the wretchedness, the suffering of the millions in the devastated countries of Europe, but what should it say of men like St. Francis of Assisi, who voluntarily chose poverty and suffering when they might have had wealth and luxury? Numerous holy men and women in all ages have sacrificed life, liberty and everything that the world holds dear to spread the knowledge and the service of God.

The saints whom we commemorate today are heroes. They have given an example which the world may well pause and consider. They have exemplified ideals the truest, the holiest, and the most sublime. As we honor them today we are also sustained by the consoling doctrine that they are united to us not only by the bonds of thought but by bonds of sympathy and supplication. By the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, while our trials proceed, while our battle is waged, we look with admiration and with hope to this glorious army. Encouraged by their example, sustained by their assistance, we push onward to the goal that the Feast of All Saints sets before us.—The Pilot.

MODERNISM RAMPANT

Two notable conferences have recently been held in the old English university town of Cambridge. Without any intention of being mutually antagonistic, they have in striking manner illustrated the opposition that exists between the so-called Liberal theology and the unchanging rock of Catholic truth.

The first meeting was called Bible Congress. At this a large representative body of Catholic Biblical scholars defended the traditional belief of the Church in regard to the Holy Scriptures. The non-Catholics were completely taken by surprise, and as the Dean of Canterbury expressed their feeling, it was "a somewhat startling phenomenon that the Roman Church should come to Cambridge to proclaim the importance of the Bible. That those, who in popular estimation were not supposed to attach much weight to the Holy Scriptures, but relied rather upon tradition to support their dogmas, should be found to be defenders of the authenticity and inspiration of the written Word of God, was something to evoke more than a passing notice. The Congress, therefore, aroused the interest of conservative church-goers. It seemed to them that old methods of controversy were being reversed to find Catholics supporting the Bible against Protestant attacks. For it is admitted that the destructive biblical criticism of the Wellhausen school has found a firm foothold in most non-Catholic seats of learning.

AN UNSAVORY FAD

A decade ago we had eugenics ad nauseam. Skilful advertising raised it to a fetish that was eagerly cultivated by the advocates of the discredited theory of evolution. During the War eugenics and its ugly off-shoots were almost forgotten. The world had battles to fight, and needed soldiers to fight them and was little concerned with fads.

The latest developments of European eugenics have just reached our shores and have been discussed at a recent International Conference of Eugenics. The tone of the conference was not optimistic. Modern civilization as present constituted has not been disposed to allow the free play of the evolutionist's doctrine of survival of the fit. And the eugenic program itself has proved impractical.

Chesterton burned a brand of infamy upon the unsavory science of eugenics. It rises before the average man as a thing putrescent. The root difference between Catholic teaching and that of modern eugenics is that one places the final end of man in eternal life, while the other places it in the ephemeral. The effectual difference is that the Church makes bodily and mental culture subservient to morality, while eugenics makes morality sub-

servient to bodily and mental culture. The Church has not allowed the modicum of truth in the theory of eugenics to escape her. In her maternal care for the physical welfare of her children, she has hedged the marriage bond around with restrictions that are sufficient to accomplish by spiritual means all that eugenists affect to accomplish by legislation, administration and the influencing of human conduct. In dealing with racial poisons the Church applies drastic remedies. Against drunkenness, she sets the virtue of temperance and so on.

She safeguards society by setting impediments against unworthy marriages. The spiritual life is protected by the prohibition of mixed marriages. The possibility of fraud and mistake she eliminates by the proclamation of the bans. To promote prudent marriages she requires in some cases the consent of parents. The impediments of consanguinity and affinity are universally acknowledged to have great value. The law of God in regard to marital relations which she insists upon, are the greatest preservative of sound society.

The modern theory of eugenics contains a great many evil and noxious theories that under the guise of "good breeding" will spread among the masses infamous teachings of Malthusianism, prophylaxis, contraception and others of like unsavory odor.—The Pilot.

Those who have walked in a beautiful garden do not leave it willingly without taking in their hand four or five flowers, that they may smell them and hold them on their way. So, when our mind has thought over some mystery by meditation, we ought to choose one or two or three points which we have found most to our taste and most fitting for our progress, that we may think over them during the rest of the day, and smell them spiritually.—St. Francis de Sales.

What possible authority the Bible may be supposed to represent to such men is surely hard to imagine. "If Christ be not risen again, then is our teaching vain, and your faith is also vain," says St. Paul.

As some of the English Protestant papers have not been slow to point out, the Modernists have publicly proclaimed themselves to be no longer Christians in any real sense. They have rejected the authority of the Church; they have flouted tradition, and now they have distorted and perverted the plain meaning of those historical documents that are the earliest records of the existence of such a teacher as Our Lord. They have nothing to offer the world but self-evident platitudes, that are found in all religious and ethical teachings. They have emptied Christianity of everything that makes it distinctive. They have also demonstrated the uselessness of their own position as teachers.

We do not forget the supernatural foresight of the Vicar of Christ, who in the year 1097 plucked out by the roots the incipient growth of a similar destructive movement within the Catholic Church. There were some non-Catholics at that time who were disposed to criticize the summary treatment that the Holy See saw fit to impose upon the so-called "Modernists." These, if they are Christian men, must now regret that there does not exist amongst them a similar authority which could cleanse their denominations from a noxious and insidious poison that is gradually destroying their Christian institutions.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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Nervous Breakdown

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