

GREGORY'S AMBITION.

Gregory Walsh grew up to be eighteen years old, living from day to day without any thought of the future. He was an indolent, good-natured, self-indulgent, and pretty ignorant country lad, who had come to town after the death of his shiftless parents (who were carried off almost together with typhoid fever), and had found work in a foundry and machine shop. He had only one tie that bound him to the old life—his love for his sister, Monica, who was two years younger than himself and who had gone to service in a neighboring farmer's family.

The home in which Gregory was reared was not one likely to fill him with high ideals or spur him to some noble ambition. His father had been a poor blacksmith's helper, living in a rented house, with a few acres of ground attached, and had never had any schooling himself or any idea of giving an education to his son. The mother was a sickly, slatternly, gossiping woman, who had no thought above her condition, except in a dull, hopeless way, to marry the wife of the blacksmith or the prosperous trucker of that region.

Gregory grew up, a frequent truant from school, when he was sent there, which was not long nor regularly, for he was put out to work at odd jobs almost as soon as he was fit to use a rake or drive cows to pasture.

When the boy was over fifteen years old, his parents died and then he was taken to rear by his father's sister and her husband. They found work for him in the machine shop, near the crossing where the man himself was employed as flagman on a railroad.

There were already five children in the family, which occupied a tenement in the squalid part of the town. These children were growing up in dirt and neglect. The father was too ignorant to instruct them, and at night, when he came home from his work, he was too tired to mind them. He was usually met with stories of their misbehavior, told by his wife, to which he patiently listened and which he habitually ignored, except when liquor fired his heart and stirred within him the parental sense of duty to give them a beating.

The mother scolded and slapped them from early morning till late at night. Her loud voice was after them almost all the time. Her only idea of training them was to "jaw" them and whip them after they had done what she thought was wrong.

In these surroundings Gregory had lived for nearly three years, apparently contented, with coarse food, soiled clothes, a small room shared with two of his cousins, and the prospects of becoming a laborer. His evenings he spent on the doorstep, or playing baseball on a lot near the railroad crossing, or with a gang of other rather tough young fellows on the corner near the saloon.

It happened that in the closing week of May the last lecture of the course held under the auspices of the local branch of the Young Men's Institute was to be given in the parish hall. It was to be delivered by a lawyer from Cincinnati, who had himself risen from a printer's case to a fairly prominent and remunerative position at the bar. His subject was to be "Ambition."

The assistant foreman of the shop in which Gregory worked, who was a Catholic, brought a ticket when asked to do so to help the society along, but not caring to go himself, as he was hard of hearing from the effects of his experience in a boiler factory when he was learning his trade, he said to himself: "I'll give it to the fellow here who seems to have the least 'get-up' in him."

Accordingly he presented the card to Gregory Walsh. Gregory was not anxious to go and heard the lecture. He had never been to a lecture and imagined that it would be a sort of sermon. Besides, he would have to wash himself thoroughly and put on the cheap suit that he called his "Sunday best." Moreover, he had little idea what ambition meant and he was not attracted by the word. However, he thanked the assistant foreman—not knowing the reason why the latter had bestowed this favor on him, and finally decided to go.

The lecture was a clever piece of work. It was witty, humorous, pathetic and inspiring by turns. Now the audience were moved to laughter and applause; and anon they felt called to tears. And it was eloquently delivered. The lawyer was an orator. His words rolled out in a flow of melody. His diction was full and choice. His voice was strong, mellow, and finely modulated.

To Gregory the lecture was a revelation. Never had he heard a man speak as that man spoke. Some of what was said was above his comprehension, but what he did understand he took in at once and appreciated it. He laughed and cried by turns. He marvelled and admired. He enjoyed the illustrations, the anecdotes, the jokes. They stuck in his memory to stay forever.

Finally the speaker said: "Have an object in life. Set your mark high. Don't think of yourself alone, but plan for others. Let your ambition be for others. Let your life count, like one needed note in the chord of mankind's answer to the summons of the Creator to be of use in the world. Have a noble ambition and be true to it. It will raise you up to its own level. Like the magnet drawing the needle, it will attract you from lower aims, from environment, from baser motives, and from the midst of difficulties, onward and upward, to the stately heights of an ideally useful and altruistic manhood fit for the sons of God."

Amidst the roar of applause that followed this peroration, while the orator was bowing again and again to the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, Gregory sat silent. "Have an object in life; have an ambition." That was all he remembered of the beautiful passage. But he remembered that as if it were engraved on his memory in letters of living light. "Have an object in life; have an ambition."

men doing, and walked out of the hall with the crowd, while the orchestra played the finale.

All the way home Gregory thought of the lecture, and over again he spoke the words, "Have an object in life; have an ambition."

When he got to his room, his cousins were asleep and he went to his own camp-bed in haste, for the hour was late. Weary with his day's work, even the excitement of the lecture could not keep him awake, but the very last thought that he had in his mind before he lost consciousness was this: "Have an object in life; have an ambition."

It came back to him the first thing in the morning. "Have an object in life; have an ambition." But he was in too big of a hurry to dress himself, to bolt his breakfast, and to get to work, to do much thinking over it then. But, later in the day, in the shop, he went over the lecture, from beginning to end. Then he took a survey of his life. It was pretty low. Next he made an inventory of his possible opportunities. There did not seem to be any opening for a reasonable ambition, one likely to be realized. He was poor, he was uneducated, he was friendless, he was doing hard work at low wages. And these conditions were likely to continue to the end. He might have all the ambition in the world, but how could he realize it?

Just then a young girl, aged about fifteen, with a bright open face, a trim figure, and a lovely dress of white lawn, decorated with cherry-colored ribbons, entered the wide gate near which Gregory, begrimed with dirt, was working, and she gently asked him for the assistant foreman.

Gregory, struck to the heart by this vision of loveliness, showed her the way to the office and then went to the yard where he knew that the party who was wanted was overseeing a job of work at that very moment.

"There's a young lady wants to see you," he said.

Then he went back to his work. But his thoughts of the lecture were now bothered by thoughts of the young girl. How sweet and clean and innocent she looked! How calm and trustful she was! How sure she seemed to be of kind treatment! How soft her voice was!

Then he thought of himself in his dirty overalls, of the five squabbling children at the house, of his own childhood, and of his sister. The thought of Monica—ignorant, ill-dressed, rough-handed, coarse-shod, but pretty and warm-hearted Monica—flashed on him another thought. He had an object in life now—he had an ambition at last worth having and also possible—he would work to make Monica like that lovely girl in the office. God would help him. There must be a way to effect the transformation. That way must be found.

Gregory turned to his work with new interest. Soiled were his garments, begrimed his face, and humble his task, but the fire of a noble purpose had kindled in his heart. He held his head higher and a brave light shone in his eye. Even in the dark and dirty foundry he was transfigured.

When this determination fixed itself in Gregory's will, he noticed the young girl who had sought the assistant foreman passing along the street by the big gate. He watched her as she walked toward the trolley car line. She was indeed a dainty picture of budding maidenhood. Oh! if Monica could only look like that!

At noon time the assistant foreman met Gregory near the door.

"How did you like the lecture?" he asked.

"It was fine, sir," he answered.

"Well, I suppose you're so full of ambition this morning you intend to buy out the firm and own the shop?" This was said jocosely, with an interrogation inflection.

But there was no answering simper on Gregory's face. Instead, he said very gravely:

mental accomplishments but fond of vocal music, skillful at needlework, an adept at housewifely arts, and sufficiently well read to love a good book and to write a nice letter.

And what is the end of the story—that Gregory fulfilled the jesting prophecy of the assistant foreman—bought the firm out and owned the shop? That he married the assistant foreman's pet sister? That Monica made a grand match, and they all lived happy ever afterwards, without a bit of trouble to remind them of the cross?

Not at all. Not one of these has come true.

Monica went back last vacation to visit the home of her childhood, and in October contentedly married a young farmer, a very worthy and genial man, who comes of a pious family, has a sound but plain parochial school education, and industrious. She is happy in her housewifely duties, her flowers, her chickens, and her bees.

Gregory is out of his time as an apprentice, is making his \$4 a day as a machinist, has some money saved, is well liked by the firm, and is apt to be of use in the world. And, what is true that he is not yet married, it is also true that he and Irene, the assistant foreman's pet sister, are engaged and that there is to be a wedding next June in which they will take a prominent part.

And the point of the whole story? It is this—that the very thing that he and his sister—aided him in his accomplishment, interested the assistant foreman in it and in him, and was the very means to make a man of him—a useful, successful, honored, practical Catholic man. He more than achieved his object in life, and in the labors, the struggles, the sacrifices, the efforts to rise that were required to attain it, he created and refined and spiritualized himself.

R.

NON-CATHOLIC LADIES SEE POPE

LEO XIII.

In the last issue of The Catholic Standard and Times was an account of the visit of two Jewish young ladies to Rome and their audience with Pope Leo XIII.—Miss Julia Friedberger and Miss Estelle Goldsmith. The latter stated in a letter to her sister that His Holiness "won her heart completely as he had an exceptionally good face and was as genial as could be." These ladies were not alone in securing this great privilege. Miss Laura H. Cadwallader, a Methodist, and Miss Edna Zorn, a Baptist, were also in the party. The former in writing to her brother, Charles L. Cadwallader, who is secretary of the Junior American Mechanics' Mutual Benefit Association of the United States speaks of her visit to the Vatican galleries, the Sistine Chapel and the principal churches, and grows enthusiastic over the paintings and sculptures of the masters and the beauties of St. Peter's.

Under date of July 24 she says: "In some respects this has been the most wonderful day of the trip. We are admitted with a party of five, and accompanied by the priest, we entered the Vatican. We learned before leaving Rome that a party of pilgrims were going to Rome on Hohenzollern and thought we would like to join in, but never dreamed it would be possible. We talked of it to every one who could give us any information, and on the way from Naples to Rome we rode in the same compartment with a priest, the Boston and his sisters. I learned from him that the pilgrims would be received in audience on Thursday, but that only a limited number would be admitted. We learned the name of the conductor of the pilgrimage, Father Porcile, of New York. We all four went over to see him last night, but he could give us no assurance. We kept up our spirits, however, and were pilgrims at Mass at 9 o'clock and were afterward admitted to the private gardens of the Pope and then to the audience with His Holiness. The Pope is a dear old man. He held his hands on my head and blessed me, also held both his hands over me to take and mine and to kiss my ring. Of course he did the same to the others. I had six rosaries. It was all most wonderful."

Miss Cadwallader speaks of her visit to the Mamertine prison, and evidently forgets for the moment to question, as so many of her co-religionists do, the fact that St. Peter was in Rome. Visits to the Churches of the Gesù and St. Lorenzo are described, also the Castle of St. Angelo, the "Quo vadis" church and the catacombs, the Church of St. John Lateran, St. Paul's, St. Peter's and the Capuchin Monastery. The singing at St. Peter's comes in for its share of praise, and the church itself filled her with "awe and admiration." Describing the Pope in a letter to a friend, she says:

"He is a lovely old man, ninety-two years of age, and was dressed all in white. He was greeted around the room and we all had our turns in being blessed. I knelt down and he put his hands on my head, blessed me, held out both hands for me to take and then held up his ring, which I kissed according to the custom. I had previously purchased six rosaries, which I held on my arm, and which were, of course, blessed. Was it not fine? I read your calendar this morning, where you mention about seeing the Pope's toe. Do I think about it? Wasn't it strange it should happen to-day? This experience took the entire morning. We rose before 6 to begin preparations and did not get back till after 1, but it was a wonderful experience."

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THE FALSE GOODFELLOWSHIP OF TREATING.

It is gratifying to see that public sentiment is being aroused against the pernicious treating custom which does so much of the devil's work among those who frequent saloons. If the treating custom were abolished it would mean that a very great part of the drunkenness which now disgraces our towns and cities would be done away with. As workmen are particularly likely to be tempted this way, we quote with pleasure the following opinion of treating, from the Bricklayer and Mason, the official organ of the International Union of America:

"The treating habit is nonsensical. The only defense offered for it is that it is the means of bringing together convivial spirits; that it makes for goodfellowship. Does it? Not always. How often do we see two men meet who are on the best of terms, and feel so good toward each other that they invite each other to 'come and have a drink.' The drink is returned, and so on until sober friends become drunken enemies. It is no exaggeration to say that more than half the rows that land principals in hospitals and morgues, and jails and scaffolds, begin over the social glass. And yet there are those who insist that the habit is based upon goodfellowship, or, at least, makes for it. On the contrary, were the habit to be tabooed, goodfellowship of the kind that is really good would gain immeasurably, and public morals would be vastly improved."

"Ofentimes a man who is accustomed to a glass 'for his stomach's sake' proceeds when he feels the need for it to have a drink, as he calls it. Once inside the saloon he meets Jones, and because of the singular ethics of this goodfellowship he feels in duty bound to invite Jones to participate. And Jones returns the compliment and the drink. At this juncture, either recognizes an acquaintance, and the circle of goodfellowship enlarges. Then the newcomer, rather than to show that he is as good a fellow as either, proposes a third drink. And the third drink is taken. A story is told; then the bartender, who has overheard it with such interest that he at once deems his customers 'mighty good fellows,' sets up a 'good fellows' party. So jovial and generous a bartender attends to the need for a drink—that is, one drink—emerges from the saloon more or less affected, and finds that he has taken more than is good 'for his stomach's sake.' Quite often the little party, now a jolly, not to say hilarious one, and increased in number by one, two or more additions in the shape of those 'good fellows' who are always found about such places, have found seats at a table, and they remain until the lights are put out, and very generally until they, too, are subjected to the same treatment. So it is in this way that a man drinks more than he would were he at liberty to drink alone, and according to his personal desires, not according to a tyrannical code of so-called 'goodfellowship.'

"It is a mistake to suppose that the invitation to drink always implies goodfellowship, for quite often the one who invites does not do so much because of any good feeling as from a desire to avoid the appearance of meanness.

"Viewed in any light, the treating habit is one of the worst of habits. It makes men drunkards against their will. When men shall have gotten from under its tyranny there will be not one class that will regret it—the saloonkeeper; thousands of homes will be gladdened, and goodfellowship will recover its dignity, and cease to be a barroom burlesque."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That the Desires of our Heart are to be Examined and Moderated.

Son, thou hast many things still to learn, which thou hast not yet well learned.

What are these things, O Lord? That thou shouldst conform in all things thy desire to My good pleasure; and that thou be not a lover of thyself, but earnestly zealous that My will may be done.

Desires often inflame thee and violently hurry thee on; but consider whether it be for My honor or thine own interest that thou art more moved.

If thou hast no other view but Me, thou wilt be well contented with whatever I shall ordain; but, if there lurk in thee anything of self-seeking, behold this it is that hinders thee and troubles thee.

Take care, then, not to rely too much upon any preconceived desire, before thou hast consulted Me; lest perhaps thou afterwards repent, or be displeased with that which before pleased thee, and which thou didst zealously desire as the best.

OUR SPECIAL MISSION.

Through the early Christians the world was converted from paganism, and it must be through the Christians of our day that the world is converted back to faith and the Church. It is the special mission of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to make use of united prayer in obtaining the coming of His Kingdom. This is the end of our Apostleship of Prayer. Moreover, the devotion to the Sacred Heart has arisen in the world as a last effort of God's love to conquer the world of Himself. After a century of treachery and deceit and ruin resulting from the pretended right of man, it is time for Catholics to unite in earnest prayer that God's rights may be restored in the world.

THE CHURCH'S WORK.

Its Methods in Converting the World.

The Founder of the Catholic Church was announced long before His coming as the Prince of Peace. At His birth the angels sang, "Peace to men of good will." He came to His disciples the command to go and teach all nations. He taught them how they would bring the world to Him and His Father. An example He gave them. He redeemed the world by dying on the cross. Furthermore, His teaching, His example, His cross, were to be instruments of man's salvation.

Nowhere does He preach the doctrine of force. On the contrary, He comes to give that peace which the world cannot give, and as He was sent by the Father to teach the two great commandments, love of God and love of neighbor, so He sent His apostles into the world to do the same. They were to teach, not to coerce; they were to baptize, not to destroy. He established the Church and promised to be with it to the end of time. He sent the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, to enlighten and strengthen those who were divinely commissioned to spread His gospel, and that day until now they preached Jesus Christ crucified.

A few ignorant fishermen go forth to convert the world and succeed. The story of their labors is a glorious record of sacrifice, self-denial, suffering and death, and the end thereof is written in their blood. From the beginning the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. In every age of the Church there have been zealous imitators of the

apostles, missionaries whose zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls has made them willing to give up father and mother, sister and brother, home and country, to go out in the face of untold dangers, to preach to savage nations and to plant the cross on every hilltop, so that all may see the sign.

They go forth from no human notions, these Catholic missionaries. No salary lures them, no earthly reward in expectation. They leave comfort and pleasure behind; they throw off the world; they take up the cross and follow Him; they go about doing good. As in the days of Christ, again to-day in these pagan countries does God permit miracles to be wrought that all may know God in Him Whom He sent, Jesus Christ. Again the blind see, the lame walk and the poor have the gospel preached to them. Paul and Barnabas and all the early martyred apostles live over again in these missionaries, whose only weapons are prayer, penance, sacrifice, the word of God, the cross and faith in the Church which Christ founded.

Nations may have tried to force the gospel on other nations. Individuals like Cortes and Pizarro may have made a pretense of being evangelists in order to excuse their crimes, but the Church has never used any but peaceful means to spread the teachings of Christ among the peoples that were in darkness, and to the Church only was given the divine commission to preach and to teach. The only force her missionaries exert is the force of example. They exemplify the Christian virtues in their lives. St. Paul, St. Patrick, St. Francis Xavier, Father Damien, the martyred Chinese missionaries who but yesterday gave up their lives for Christ and His Church, are types of all true missionaries. They carried the cross and eschewed the sword; they converted the world; they prove by their works that force is not necessary for the spreading of the gospel.—The Little Star.

So it is that, in life, we often weary of the men of intellect who keep up perpetually on the rack. We wish to get away from the clash and jargon and lofty thinking and hold converse with him whom Longfellow calls "the humble poet," who tells us of God and rest, and things that exist in that Larger Life which exists in the quiet. The world to-day needs a deep soul to speak to it of things that satisfy, as urgently as ever the same has been needed in the past. The souls of men are tired of walking on hot deserts. Gladly would they turn aside to cool woodlands and streams that murmur only of peace.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS.

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