

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE BEST

If the toiler with a mallet,
With an axe or with a pen
With a chisel, brush and palette,
With a spade in wood or glen,
Or a ploughshare keen pursuing,
In his work would have success,
Must, for certain, aim at doing
Just his best and nothing less.

He who labors in the meadows,
Where the golden sunbeams lie,
Or in dim or dusky shadows,
Of the forests close and high,
He who toils within some city,
North or south or east or west,
Failure finds, alack, the pity!
If he doesn't do his best.

He who fairly toils will never
Fail a due reward to meet,
He who does his best will ever
Find his daily labor sweet.
Success smiles on his employment,
Peace reigns calmly in his breast,
Work for him is but enjoyment
Who's prepared to do his best.

A GENTLEMAN

In spite of assertions to the contrary, clothes do not make the man. In proof of which, we offer the following incident, recorded in the Chicago New World.

He was good-looking, well-groomed, and faultless in his courtship, and as he hurried along Washington Street noon-day crowds his prosperous air and excellent carriage indicated his success.

Across the street shuffled a perspiring laborer. He was soiled and grimy. The heat of the day had played havoc with him, and he took from his pocket a red bandanna to mop the dirt and perspiration.

At the corner of Wells a little white-haired old lady, trying to mount the curb, missed her footing and fell. Her tiny frame—so delicate, so pathetic—stretched itself on the pavement.

The well-dressed man looked down upon her and hurried on. He of the red bandanna replaced it swiftly and picked "somebody's mother" up, brushed the dirt from her faded black silk; then assuring himself that she was not injured, placed her on a street car and sent her off with a smile.

Which makes you wonder: Should not the old adage about "clothes make the man" be changed to "what difference do clothes make, anyway?"

WINGED WORDS

1. Never indulge the notion that you are not to put forth your powers; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

2. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore, avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at the best, painted lies. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

3. The nobility of life is work. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My father worketh, hitherto, and I work." Let that text be enough.

4. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine.

5. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous.

6. Do one thing well. "Do a whole thing in one time." Make clean work and leave no tags.

THE CHARITY OF CHRIST

* Now that the vacation season has come to a close, thousands of men, refreshed by a sojourn by the sea, or in the quiet country or amid the inspiring altitudes of the hills, turn back again to take up the burden of their daily labor.

For most men it is a willing burden. Invigorated by a change of scene and of mental environment they are equal in mind and body to assume once more the obligations of life. They are satisfied to be classed among the working people of the world, viewing aright the Christian dignity of labor.

Most men are not content to be idlers or to shirk their share of the responsibility that makes for progress. They know that it was written: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and they are satisfied with the mandates of God. Nay more, they take a keen delight in the development of brain and hand, and in sober, careful work they allow the days to pass, leaving them tired when evening comes, but content to rest in the knowledge that they have done their best.

In the desire to progress, in the lawful ambition to acquire enough for a comfortable old age, in the solicitude for those dependent upon him, that they may have all in his power to give, man is in danger of forgetting the "one thing necessary,"—namely the provision of a store of goods which will be his safeguard in Eternity. He is in grave danger of overlooking the fact that perishable goods, money and property of other kinds, have been only loaned to him, and that for their use or abuse he is accountable to God.

Here and there in the city rise up the gray walls of the various insti-

tutions of charity where men, less successful than their fellows, have turned their weary feet when all else has failed. For the sake of Christ Who loved the poor at all times, generous souls have left their successful labors in the outer world and have cast their lot with the aged, the sick. For His sweet Sake, it has become a pleasure to toil without hope of reward here, for that eternal reward which has been promised to those who give but a cup of cold water in His Name.

The successful business man has a duty to perform toward his suffering brethren, one that he cannot afford to neglect. In its mad rush for progress, the world hurries past the door where these forgotten ones are immured. It cannot afford to pause lest it lose something material, be it ever so slight.

We remember well the story of a certain rich man who had provided carefully against the day of his old age. His barns were filled to overflowing, and still he was unsatisfied. There were undoubtedly men suffering about him, his neighbors, his acquaintances, but he cared only for himself and his goods. In the eyes of the world he was a successful business man, but Christ said: "Thou fool!"

The call of charity is one which no man can with impunity neglect. And from experience man knows that therein is contained a joy far beyond that which material things have power to give.

The story is told of an old Viennese painter, who, standing one day before his canvas, exclaimed: "Would to God it had been better done!"

There is a lesson for the world today in this simple tale: If men were to take a moment to ask themselves what is to be their final account of the goods which they have acquired—there would be less occasion to fear that they will have to exclaim in the uncertainty of a merciful Judgment: "Would to God it had been better done."—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARY, QUEEN OF THE SEASONS

All is divine which the highest has made,
Through the days that he wrought,
Till the day he stayed,
Above and below, within and around,

From the centre of space to its uttermost bound.
In beauty surpassing the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth, like an innocent child,

Or like the rich bloom of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced in the work of his power.
Yet worlds brighter still and a brighter again he had made,
And he chose;
And you never could name that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resource the Maker possessed.

But I know of one Work of his Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May, and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July in its passionate moon.
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months and all days are thine;
In the lasts their joyousness, when they are gone;
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN

THE SUNNY GIRL

A sunny girl is like a sunny day. Folks respond to her smiles, and she spreads happiness wherever she goes. The little cares and annoyances of everyday life do not effect her cheerful disposition. When little unpleasant incidents occur she does not permit herself to become perturbed but merely laughs them away. She is always ready to bring sunshine into the hearts of others.

When her little brother bewails the loss of a ball, she says: "Oh, I will help you to find it, Tom; we can find it in just about two minutes." When mother says: "Dear me, how can I ever get my work done before those women call this afternoon?" the sunny girl says: "Oh, mother, that's easy, for I am going to help."

The sunny girl puts father's slippers by his chair. She also finds grandmother's spectacles when they are lost. Occasionally when they are lost, she says: "My glasses are lost again," the sunny girl chuckles as she says: "Grandma, have you looked on your nose?" Then grandma says: "Sakes alive! they are on my nose."

The sunny girl does not get discouraged over a hard lesson. She says: "Well, I only have to solve one problem at a time," and she concentrates on the one problem or lesson until it is solved. Then she laughs and says: "Got the best of that lesson, anyhow!"

The sunny girl gets the best out of life. She always has a good time. She even enjoys a rainy day.

"You would not have all days alike, would you?" she says to those who complain. "I think that variety is the spice of life."

Yes, the sunny girl has a wholesome effect on the older folk. She never magnifies trifling aches and pains, never builds a mountain out of a molehill, never crosses bridges until she comes to them. She does not strew her belongings from one end of the house to the other for some poor, tired mother to pick up. Sunny people are considerate of others and spread gladness everywhere.—The Echo.

IT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING

To be late for Mass or any church service.

To stalk hurriedly and noisily up the aisle.

To ignore the holy water font at the entrance.

To make the Sign of the Cross as if fanning off flies.

To give a little bobbing courtesy instead of the proper genuflection before entering one's pew.

To whisper, laugh, or cause any distraction to those around.

To turn deliberately around, stare up at the choir or at those entering the church.

To go to sleep or read the prayer-book during the sermon.

To forget all about the special collection for the orphans, the church debt, the Pope, etc.

To go to High Mass simply to listen to the music, as one would go to the opera.

For a person occupying the end seat to scowl forbiddingly at the few who seek to enter the pew.

For a person to go to a private pew without invitation.

To make a rush for the door before the priest has even descended the altar to begin the concluding prayers.

To go to church at the last moment and to leave it at the first. To kneel on only one knee or to emulate the position of the bear when saying one's prayers.

For members of the choir to forget that the choir-loft is a part of the church, and not talking, laughing, giggling, chewing gum, and other practices which have been known to prevail in some choirs, are strictly out of place.

For members of the congregation to find fault with the sermon, criticize the clergyman, and retail gossip on their way home from church, as is done in China and other places in the Orient.

NUNS NOBLE WORK LAUDED

SENATOR STANLEY CALLS ATTACKS BY MORBIDLY MINDED "CRUEL AND ABSURD"

Eloquent tribute to the Catholic Church, by which "millions not within its pale" are "unconsciously molded and directed," was paid by the United States Senator A. O. Stanley of Kentucky, a non-Catholic, in an address delivered at the laying of the cornerstone of the new St. Luke's Catholic Church, Nicholasville, K. Y.

Senator Stanley also raised his voice in high praise of the Sisters of Charity, and indirectly castigated those who would cast aspersions upon the sisterhoods.

"Sisters of Charity in their ministrations to suffering humanity know neither Catholic nor Protestant, saint nor sinner," he declared. "Years of my younger life were spent in Catholic communities and I speak that which I do know. How any harm can strike these gentle, saintly beings, whose hands are lifted only to bless, how can it enter the morbid fancy of any mortal man, in Congress or out of it, to imagine much less to charge, these holy evangelists of mercy with crime or uncleanness, is to my mind unspeakably cruel and absurd."

THE NEED OF FAITH

Senator Stanley spoke in part as follows:

"The greatest sage of modern times, Lord Bacon, pronounced Julius Caesar the most versatile and accomplished genius of antiquity and Caesar said no wiser thing than 'If I were called upon to rule a country without a God I would create one.' Napoleon is credited with a similar utterance. The greater the power and wider the realm of merely mortal monarch, the more vivid his realization must be that civil government and civilization itself are impossible without an abiding faith in God.

"The most accomplished of English analysis contemplating the decline and fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of a new faith and a new civilization, atheist though he was, was forced to pay a just and exquisite tribute to that faith whose divinity he questioned and to that Church whose existence he would destroy.

"It is seriously to be doubted whether in physical vigor or mental astuteness we have excelled the ancients. No modern sculptor has wrought from marble aught to compare with the exquisite figures which filled the dreams of Phidias and Praxiteles, no modern poet sings Homer's songs, no living orator approaches the finished periods and mobile eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and yet that civilization was as hard and exquisite as the sculptured columns which survive it—without faith, without heart and without a soul. Aristotle himself advocated the

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abandonment and death of helpless infants brought weak or maimed into an unspitting world. In four thousand years it never wiped away one tear, alleviated one pain of anguish, soothed or sustained one broken spirit, or pointed one despaired soul from the darkness of the grave to that Light which has not failed and which can not fail.

"Civilization owes its heart, its humanity to the gentle, all-pervading influence of the Christian faith and millions not within the pale of the Church are unconsciously molded and directed by the beauty and goodness as well as the divinity of its precepts.

CRITICS FORCED TO TRIBUTE

"The most gifted, if not the most hostile of her critics has been forced in the light of history and in truth to pay an immortal tribute to this Church in whose honor this sacred edifice will be erected.

"This sacred edifice is a memorial—a lasting memorial to those who laid deep its foundations in labor and sacrifice and devotion. I remember those saintly men, Father Beeler—and everybody loved Father Beeler; Father O'Hara who dreamed of this good day years ago, and Father Judgeran who has so faithfully completed the work they began. From this holy place will go young men, clean and strong, to better serve their God. And from it too will come consecrated spirits, angelic in their ministrations of love, they who in the flower of their youth have crucified the flesh, even as He was crucified on Calvary, who have laid upon the sacrificial altar of the Church love and home and the sweet hope of motherhood that they might minister unto the homeless and the suffering, that they might be mothers to all mankind.

SPEAKS FROM KNOWLEDGE

"Years of my younger life were spent in Catholic communities and I speak that which I do know. Sisters of Charity in their ministrations to suffering humanity know neither Catholic nor Protestant, saint nor sinner. To them the cry of pain is the call of God, and with more than a soldier's heroism I have seen them face contagion and pestilence and death to minister to the stranger and the outcast, to close the eyes of the dying and compose the pallid limbs of the dead. How any arm can strike these gentle, saintly beings whose hands are only lifted to bless, how it can enter the morbid fancy of any mortal man, in Congress or out of it, to imagine much less to charge, these holy evangelists of mercy with crime or uncleanness, is to my mind unspeakably cruel and absurd."

AT LAST

It might surprise Americans to read in an English journal the high estimate placed on the character and ability of the men in whose hands rests the destiny of Ireland at this moment. The New Witness, always an advocate of a free Ireland, and more recently, of a republican Ireland, laudably that man for man England has no equal for the public men in the Irish movement. It confesses that the Irish are statesmen and not politicians, workers and not merely office holders, earnest and not merely doggers. To friends of Ireland this is a source of sincere satisfaction. It is entirely apart from the righteousness of the cause. It is providential that God raised up such men. To them the Irish have committed their destiny, and now at the climax of the negotiation their faith does not falter nor fail. The world also for the first time learns what real statesmanship is. What American would have dreamt that Ireland could pit against the British cabinet men who in the forum of the world could set forth their case so fairly, so dispassionately, and so conclusively? But the wonder should not be so great, because here were patriots who sought self last and who sought counsel of God first. Men of faith and men of action is whom life or death was of no account, save only that the land they loved would come to have its rightful place amongst the free nations of the earth. More than ever men of Irish blood may hold their heads high that in the present welter of cross purposes there have been found Irishmen who have kept themselves uncontaminated with greed for power, place or pelf, and against odds that would have crushed giants have remained adamant. A new chapter in democracy is being written. Even whilst entrusted with power the lesson of responsibility is shown to the world by recourse to its fountain head. Even the Republican Parliament, the free choice of a free people,

will not undertake to decide for itself what is to be the future course of its country. It will go back to the people in whose hands primarily rests the power given to them by God to take their final direction. The decision of Ireland will rest with own its people. What they decide must be final, and no power and no threat of terror can dislodge it.—New World.

How can the sense that the living God is near to our life, that He is interested in it and willing to help it, survive in us, if our life be full of petty things? Absorption in trifles, attention only to the meaner aspects of life, is killing more faith than is killed by aggressive unbelief.

May Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament be everything to us! May He be with us in the spring of our young life and the midsummer of our maturer years! May He abide with us during the autumn, with its rich fruitfulness, and not forsake us in the winter of our dying!



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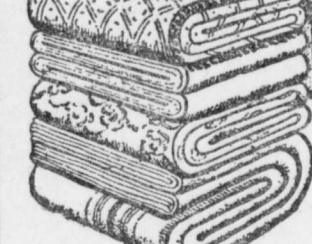
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