CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COURAGE

Because I hold it sinful to despond And will not let the bitterness of life Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the

mist, Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow, By every ray and every raindrop

That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all, No burden to be borne like Chris-

Because I keep them back? to fall

Why should I hug life's ills with cold To curse myself and all who love

Nay! A thousand times more good than I

deserve God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears, Kept bravely back, He makes a rain-

bow shine; Grateful, I take His slightest gift. No fears

Nor any doubts are mine. Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past, One golden day redeems a weary

Patient, I listen, sure that sweet at Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let

me be I must be glad and grateful to the I grudge you not your cold and dark-

ness—me The powers of light befriend.

WHAT WE COULD DO

Emerson says, "What we need more than anything else in the world is somebody who can make us do what we would." What a splendid thing it would be if every human being had some level headed, loyal friend who would be frank with him, and show him how much more he is capable of than he is actually doing.

If your achievement does not ap proximate your ambition there is something wrong somewhere, cause your ability to achieve and Let your angels waken me your ambition to achieve were in-tended to go together. The enormous discrepancy between the ambi-tion and the actual performances of most of us shows that there is a serious lack somewhere. What is

This is a problem which we must solve if we would give our best service to the world.—St. Paul Bulletin. A HAPPY NEW YEAR

In a few days the cheery greating, "A Happy New Year to You!" will resound throughout the land again. People hope that the coming year will bring happiness for their friends and for themselves. But what is happiness in this life on earth? For one the word signifies riches, for the other good health, a prosperous business, satisfied ambition, honor. In this vale of tears there are many forms of happiness, but equal in number are the vicissitudes which destroy it. If one could weigh all but be sent to the commissioners at the joys and sorrows in life, one London. Accordingly, he put the would find that they are about equalbe sent as a present to the commission abundance, yet they are unhappy.

Others again are content amidst all sorts of sufferings and griefs. An old sat down to rest in a corner of a fence sat down to rest in a corner of a fence philosopher once said, "Happiness is and, being hungry also, he put his to be content with one's lot." He thumb and finger into the pie, to who is content is at peace with him-solf, and is free from hatred and Christmas pie, with a cross cut in envy, these great destroyers of hap-piness. Much depends upon the opened without breaking the crust.)

is the key to happiness here on earth of the Abbey, turned up, and proved a veritable "plum" to Jack's family. after. A pure conscience, the true fulfillment of one's duties, a satis-fied heart, a soul thankful to God for all His blessings and filled with kindall His blessings and filled with kind-ness and generosity to ward all—these things will make you happy. If you begin the new year in this spirit, it will be a blessed year for you.—Buf-

MAN'S EARNING POWER "FROM HIS NECK UP"

"From his neck down a man is worth about \$1.50 a day; from his they'll act like heroes wherever they neck up he may be worth \$100 000 a go—they're that kind—but it's pretty The particular significance of year." The particular significance of this description of a man's earning capacity lies in the fact that it was given by a prominent) husiness man who began his career in life minus both legs, his left arm and the fingers of his right hand. Such were the conditions that led to the success of Michael J. Dowling, president of the State Bank of Olivia, Minn. His accident, as the Hospital School as if it

usefulness as a teacher in a country

"But a country school wasn't big enough to hold Dowling very long and he went into business. From that day he climbed steadily. He married; one of his daughters is in college, and the other two are preparing to follow her. His political career, which made him speaker of career, which made him speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives, established him as a man of affairs in his community, and he is so looked upon today.

"Mr. Dowling never thinks of himself as a cripple because he isn't one.

He laughs at you when you mention the word. He drives his car, rides horseback, and enjoys life with the enthusiasm of a boy. It is natural that the success of the handicapped No burden to be borne like Christian's pack?

Think you there are no ready tears the War came to America, Mr. Dowling's desire to serve his country was quickened, and he offered himself for any work among the wounded that might bring cheer and sound practi-

cal advice. There are no illusions in his mind "There are no illusions in his mind as to the re-education of the soldier and sailor. He has deep confidence in the power of American medicine and surgery and in the teaching brains of the country that will be brought into play. What he emphasizes as the greatest need in his country today is common-sense—"horse-seuse" he calls it—toward the hadicanned man. Sentiment. the handicapped man. Sentiment, yes; but intelligent sentiment that will kindle a man's ambition, not

Viewing the picture of the man he stands poised at ease upon his artificial limbs no one could for a moment suspect that what he beheld was little more than the trunk of a man, while all else was the result of surgery, mechanism, art and human perseverance. But it is the heart and brain that count, and the daunt less spirit of the immertal soul informing them. Here is a fine lesson of courage for maimed and sound

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS SONG

Lord, I'm just a little boy, Born one day like You, And I've got a mother dear,

And a birthday, too. But my birthday comes in spring, When the days are long, And the robin in the tree Wakes me with a song.

Since the birds are all away Lord, when You are born, On Your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy, Hidden in the night; Let Your angels spy me out Long before it's light. I would be the first to wake

In this quiet house of ours. Songs of love and praise. You shall hear me first, dear Lord, Blow my Christmas horn;

On Your birthday morn. LITTLE JACK HORNER'S CHRISTMAS PIE

When the impious King Henry VIII. was confiscating the property of religious communities in England, the Abbot of Wells determined that the deeds of the Abbey estates, and the valuable grange attached, should not fall into the hands of the King, London. Accordingly, he put the documents into a large pie which opened without breaking the crust.) Instead of a plum, he drew out a piness. Much depends upon the spirts in which we accept the little episodes of life. Each little episode is full, had we but the perception of its fullness. Each action and emotion have their development growing and gain on the soul.

Neither riches, nor luxury, nor power, nor brilliant position can make us truly happy. Faith in God is the key to happiness here on earth a veritable -The Monitor.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Ever since that little silken flag had been put up in the window—the service flag with its two blue stars in the center—Amy had gone about with gloom-filled eyes. "To think of both my brothers

being gone," she said mournfully to her girl friends. "Yes, of course I'm proud of them-proud that they were so anxious to go-and I know hard on us who are left."

Sometimes Amy looked half re-proachfully at mother, mother who went about the day's work with eemingly all her old wonted placidity. Amy often marveled over that! How could mother keep so calm— so serene? Once she voiced her

and be gloomy. Why, I should feel as if we hadn't a right to that little flag with its two stars, if we can't put the best face possible upon the sac-

rifice. "Of course I realize that, mother

but—" Amy sighed and mother's eyes followed her anxiously. "Sometimes," said Amy, a day later, "sometimes I feel as if I could bear it all better if I could go away, too. If they would only take me as a too. If they would only take me as a Red Cross nurse. It's this staying at home and doing nothing that is wearing on me.

Ah, the self-absorption of youth sometimes! Mother could only pather doughter's shoulders, and

"patient" and "brave"—adding:
"And you need not say you are
doing nothing, dear. The knitting your work in the bandage circle, all the efforts you make with the rest of us, in food conservation, oh, you are doing a good many 'bits,' Amy."
"How trying Amy is lately," re

marked father, coming home tired and dispirited from his day at the office. It was the first of the month, and a pile of bills awaited him on his How terribly prices sograd lately, and business had not increased proportionately, either. In fact, there had been an alarming failing off in income, and back of all the business harassments, was always the gnawing anxiety about his two brave sons, "somewhere in France." Of course the father had given them up willingly, and with his blessing—he would not have had them one whit less brave, less ready to do their part! Yet these days father and mother dreaded to open the daily papers. Suppose there should be personal news, from "over there"? "Of course she feels it deeply, poor

child," said the mother. "Her bro-thers have always been so much to her, and then, I think, too," she added, "she is a little restive to feel that she is so tied down at home, compared to some of her friends— Margaret and Lucile both planning to go soon as Red Crosss nurses. Amy has been mourning that she isn't a trained nurse, too. I really think that has a great deal to do with her depression-that as well as the way she feels about her brothers'

Well, all I can say is that it is very unpleasant for us here at home, the only child we have left here." He added hastily, "Not that I don't confidently except to have Jack and Will home safe and sound again—in

"Oh, yes, of course—and so do I,"
his wife said, hurriedly, and their
hands stole together in the clasp that never failed to bring comfort and strength to both. It was the next day that letters

came, the longed-for letters from "Somewhere in France." Not only long letters for mother and father, but a separate letter for Amy from each brother.

Such hopeful, bright letters they

were, too-full of joy that their writers could be taking a part in this great struggle to make this world a better and a safer place; full of cheerful items about the comrades, the K. of C. ball, and the comfort it was bringing to them all, full, every line of those letters, of a sunny de-termination to make the best of everything.

in her room Amy read her letters, through tear-filled eyes. It was on a little folded half-sheet that she found one special message from Jack, dear old Jack!

"You'll be sharing your letters the Papal Note of 1917: "There into Bruges to the sound of the great beam your bit," munching corn bread and rye bread instead of white, going without candy and soda-water and desserts, knitting, and making comfort kits, and wearing your old lether without candy and sold-water and destermine the refrain of the Viennese press.

"We in Belgrade have been kept in the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown, the dark as to the progress of the Thrice consumed and thrice reclothes without a murmur. You're glad to do it to help out our great Cause—you always spell that word with a capital C! But I'm wondering if there isn't one other thing you can do—a hard thing, too—but you aren't looking for easy ones, I'm sure. It's just this. Amy—make things as sunshing as you can for mother and father at home. Father's baving it mighty hard these days, I know. He needs all the comfort and brightness he can find when he gets home at night. Mother's going around with a smile covering up a lot of big heart-aches—I'm sure of that. You're the only one they have left at home now. Of course I expect we'll come back to you safe and sound—Will and I—but in the meantime you've got your work cut out for you as a good soldier—Smile and keep smiling, even when you're finding it hard to keep a stiff upper lip. Do it for the sake of mother and father and your affectionate pal, JACK."

Once, twice, three times Amy read that little messale, drying her eyes resolutely before she refolded the half-sheet, and tucked it securely

away in her "treasure box."

She glanced at the clock. It was almost supper time. Not an especially attractive supper was in prospect, either—only an array of con-scientiously saved "left overs" which onder.

"How you can go on with life, just in the quickest and easiest way. She

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the chafing dish at the table gives a an imperialistic prayer for victory sort of festive touch to the supper, and I'll put the fern on for a center-piece, and make that salad father

"Isn't it good to be having letters from the boys?" she said happily as she laid a carressing hand on her mother's shoulder in passing.

Then to her father, "Tired, dear? Lie down just a few minutes—there's time. I'm getting the suprer to-night." The father's worn face brightened at Amy's tone and her caressing touch.

And when, half an hour later, the trio sat down to the daintily spread table, the gaslight brightening still further the newly "shined-up" chaf-ing dish, father and mother each gave a sigh of content and there was a look in their daughter's brown eyes that seemed to be making comforting promises for the future, too !-N. Y.

AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN VIEWS OF THE POPE

Few who have heard the accusa tions leveled against the Holy Father by the Allies realize with what bitter ness he was accused of Pro Ally sym pathies by the press and people of the Central Powers. This point is well illustrated in an article con tributed by Miss Christitch to the London Tablet (November 28, 1918). The writer had been held captive for I brought joy to brighten many happy a considerable time in enemy terri-

"Deprived as we were of any news from Entente countries, and depen dent for our daily reading on the biased and unreliable German press, we grew familiar with incessant attacks on the Holy Father. Look-ing back, we remember that one of the flercest diatribes against him was occasioned by a donation from the Vatican early in 1916 for the suffering population of Belgrade, and when we mentioned this to the clergy we got the reply : "It is wrong, of course, but the Pope's attitude of favoritism towards your side is such that our people get incensed! Likewise a gift of rosaries and prayer. books to the Italian prisoners in Austria was pointed to as "undue partiality," whilst a similar gift to Austrian prisoners in Italy was allowed to pass unnoticed. But the great crime of Benedict XV, in the eyes of the Austro Germans was his "You'll be sharing your letters with mother and father I know, as they will theirs with you, so this is just a little 'word in your ear.' I've been thinking a lot about you day and night, needless to say, and thinking with pride what a grand sister you are for a soldier boy to have. I know just how faithfully you are

war, and we should not have known of the capture of Jerusalem but for the violent criticism of the Catholic organ Reichspost of the Pope's rejoicing at the fact. "Here," it was said, "we have for the first time a successor of St. Peter acclaiming the advance of heretics!" Thus was interpreted the Holy Father's wholehearted appreciation of the sacred city's restitution to Christian hands. In fact, although we never quite believed that the Papal utterances believed that the Papar Internances were in accord with the dictates of the British Government, we did go so far as to think that he had abandoned his neutrality to a certain extent in our favor. Great was our astonishment, therefore, on arriving in Switzerland to learn not only that the Entente peoples were dissatisfied with what the Pope had done for them, but that he was actually styled pro German! And yet at the Austrian frontier, when our documents had been scrupulously examined and we had admitted that it was thanks to Vatican intervention that we had come away, we were told: "Ab, yes; he is your Pope, of course; there is no one to look after our poor people!"

Nothing can better establish the ideal neutrality preserved by the Holy Father than such facts compared with the equally unreasonable accusations made on the opposing side. For this reason, too, that State Bank of Olivia, Minn. His accident, as the Hospital School Journal narrates it, was the result of a flerce Minnesota blizzard in which he was caught thirty-five years ago. He absolutely refused to become a public charge and decided that he must acquire an education. Arrangement was made for his attendance at school, and after a successful course of studies he began his life of the work life, just as if it were normal I can't see, had told mother she would prepare the most perfect prayer of the Pope, "the most perfect prayer for peage the world in so busy with other things.

Swiftly Amy donned a fresh apron, "Il bring out the chafing dish," she thought, "somehow I've hated to use it with Jack and Will away, but I know it will please father and mother, and I'll try thas new recipe for fixing the cold fish. Anyway, making it in the quickest and easiest way. She had told mother she would prepare the most perfect prayer of the Pope, "the most perfect prayer for peage that has ever been formulated," as Swiftly Amy donned a fresh apron, "I'll bring out the chafing dish," she thought, "somehow I've hated to use it with Jack and Will away, but I know it will please father and mother, and I'll try thas new recipe for fixing the cold fish. Anyway, making it in the quickest and easiest way. She had told mother she would prepare the world in solic most perfect prayer of the Pope, "the most perfect prayer for peage that has ever been formulated," as the world prayer in any land, owing to the restraints it imposed upon human passion. Yet it was not a pacifist or a defeatist prayer in any sense. The Austrian parish priest, whose church Miss Christitch attended, substituted for it mich the sun illumined square."

How you can go on with life, just the double mother was world it so the world is so busy with other things.

Swiftly Amy donned a fresh apron, "I'll bring out the chafing dish," she the world in the voll dish." Swiftly Amy donned

When the captives objected to this they were told that the Pope, "being personally inclined towards the Latin races, was not able to realize on which side was right." Yet in spite of the proposterous demands made upon him and the calumnies spread moment surrendered a single principle or showed the least sign of weakness or vacillation. dignified in the midst of clashing interests, he stood out as the suprem Christ like figure of the war, from admiration.—America.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING

I am fading from you, but one draweth near, Called the Angel guardian of the

If my gifts and graces coldly you forget, Let the New Year's Angel bless and crown them yet.

For we work together; he and I are one; Let him end and perfect all I leave undone.

brought good desires—though as yet but seeds; Let the New Year make them blos som into deeds.

a considerable time in enemy terri-tory, and she thus recounts her ex- Let the New Year's angel turn it into praise.

If I gave you sickness; if I brought you care; Let him make one Patience and the

Where I brought you sorrow, through his care at length,

It may rise triumphant into future strength. I gave health and leisure, skill to dream and plan; Let him make them nobler—work

for God and man.
- ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND LONGFELLOW

Bruges, the old town of West Flanders, that was recaptured short-ly before the armistice was signed and that has been one gala city ever

builded still it watches o'er As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood, And the world threw off its darkness.

like the weeds of widowhood. a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour, But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold, Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west the great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's Nest.

again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'en lagoon and dike of sand;
'I am Roland! I am Roland! There is victory in the land !'

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's Chased the fantoms I had summoned back into their graves once

Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was aware, the shadow of the beltry crossed

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