

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.
Wait not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.
Though deep in mire, bring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!
Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven!
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!"—WALTER MALONE

FRIENDLINESS

Blessed are those who go through life with only the glad hand to offer every one whom they meet. They are a sort of public benefactors, distributors of good feeling, and will never lack friends. They stand out in fine and beautiful contrast to those who offer the warm hand of friendship to no one and who presents a scowling face to the world. A real capacity for friendship is about as valuable an asset as a man or woman can have. It will give that which is beyond the capacity of mere usefulness. The friendliness that has pure good nature for its foundation will make for the possessor a welcome in any society.
As the buds and the blossoms are brought forth by the warmth of the springtime, so, too, it is necessary for us to learn and profit by association with others which is the warmth productive of good fellowship.—The Echo

COURTESY PAYS

When Andrew Carnegie made Charles M. Schwab his manager he said to him: "Now, Charlie, you will see a good many things you mustn't notice. Don't blame your men for trivial faults. If you do you will dishearten them."
That admonition was taken to heart, and not long ago Mr. Schwab told a syndicate writer how it worked in his own case.
"When I want to find fault with my men," he said, "I say nothing when I go through their departments. If I were satisfied, I would praise them. My silence hurts them more than anything else in the world, and it doesn't give offence. It makes them think and work harder. Many men fail because they do not see the importance of being kind and courteous to those under them. Kindness to everybody always pays for itself. And, besides, it is a pleasure to be kind. I have seen men lose important positions, or their reputations—which are more important than any position—by little, careless, discourteous to men to whom they did not think worth while to be kind."
As a Catholic boy, Charles M. Schwab received earlier lessons than Andrew Carnegie gave him. Any Catholic boy or girl who has memorized the Beatitudes and who strives to live by their rule, acquires the loving kindness which is the soul of real courtesy. It is the testimony to Mr. Schwab's genuine kindness that to this day the workmen whose comrade he was long ago, still call the great steel-master "Charlie" in affectionate comradeship.—Catholic Sun

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

Young man, is it going to be the same this vacation time as it was last? You are beginning to dream of those precious two weeks out of the 52; do you consider taking your religion with you? In the first place, remember, that remoteness from a church does not excuse you for missing Mass. Your body demanded that vacation, not your soul. Your soul wants your attention the whole year around. You can't spend two weeks or more away from God and expect to come back innocent—or really refreshed for that matter. Sin is a pretty heavy burden—as you may perhaps know from bitter experience.
If you don't know the character of the resort to which you are going, find out. You know (or can discover) that there are many resorts thriving that would not be tolerated if close to rigid polite restrictions. If on the water, there may be that diabolical fashion of boys and girls bathing promiscuously in bathing suits that fairly appal the average beholder. You should shun that resort. You should avoid the resorts where disreputable dances are permitted until late into the

night. You would hardly care to marry the girl and have her the mother of your children, who permits the familiarities that are part of the unrestricted dances of today.
Finally, you daily pray, "Lead us not into temptation." Then why lead yourself into it? You simply take your soul's salvation in your hands when you drop into some shady resort which tolerated it is true by popular custom, you find out when too late is a temptation to you. You naturally hate to forego the fun you have anticipated; it is a trifle late to argue the question with your conscience after you have made the start. So, in the name of common sense and decency, try to ascertain the reputation of the pleasure place, avoid the one you know to be doubtful, and don't forget to get within hearing distance of Mass.—Catholic Columbian

DID YOU EVER THINK?

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?
That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?
That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year?
That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more lady-like, but more refined than having "company manners"?
That to learn to talk pleasantly about nothing in particular is a great art, and prevents you saying things that you may regret?
That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?
That to talk, and talk, and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen?
That to be witty at the expense of somebody else is positive cruelty many times?
That the ability to keep a friend is very much greater than that required to gain one?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh! come back to me."
Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face, while she bended her knee.
"Oh! blessed be that warning, my child thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."
"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby with me;
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."
The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."
—SAMUEL LOVER

OUR BETTER SELVES

All of us seem to have that which is called a dual personality—our best selves and our worst selves. Which shall dominate us? Which shall control?
I know a young girl whose dual personality reveals itself in this way. To those who meet her casually she is one of the most agreeable of girls. She is friendly, good-natured, kind, bright of speech and polite. No one would dream that her other personality found almost daily expression in her home in constant outbursts of ill temper that she seems to make no effort to control. It was apparent to her family that this part of her personality was growing and it was beginning to reveal itself now and then when she was outside her own home. It was a danger signal to which she was not paying much heed, although she was old enough to know that her future happiness and the happiness of others was affected by it. She was encouraging the evil in her own personality and discouraging the good.
One day I heard an old woman speaking of an acquaintance noted for her very disagreeable ways. She was sharp of tongue, fault-finding and generally disagreeable, and with few friends. The old woman who had known her all of her life, said:
"When she was little she was one of the nicest kind of girls, but as she grew older she began developing a disagreeable disposition, and—well, she just let it grow."
This is true of many others who in their maturity have failed to make good the promises of early youth because when evil has come into their dispositions they have "just let it grow." They have encouraged the evil and discouraged the good. How many troubled mothers and fathers have said to their child:
"What will you be like when you are grown up if you keep on as you are now?"

The good that forms a part of our personality is always crying out for expression. And nothing gives it a greater vent than association with the good and taking a definite stand for the better life.—The Echo

MARIE'S SUITCASE

As the two sisters stood waiting for the street car, it was easily seen that they were just from the train. Each carried pocketbook and umbrella and each had a straw suitcase packed till its sides bulged. For a week's visit a trunk had seemed unnecessary, and the girls had succeeded in compressing a good deal into a comparatively limited space.
They had reached the city considerably earlier than they had expected, owing to the fact that the eastbound train had been an hour late, so that they had been able to take it instead of waiting for the next train, an hour later. Roberta had suggested telegraphing Marie had thought it would be fun to take the family by surprise. They both knew the city well. They stood in front of the station, waiting for their car, within the little enclosure railed off for that purpose.
"Don't you think you're standing a little close?" asked Roberta, the prudent.
As a rule, Marie would only have smiled and done as she pleased. But it had happened that several times during the day, Roberta had made such little suggestions, and for some reason this proved one too many. Marie flashed out impatiently:
"I only thought—"
"Yes, I know you always think that to be safe you've got to get away from things. And that's not necessary, I don't intend to be run over any more than you do, by an inch back of the danger line is as good as a mile."
A car came along just then, though not the car for which the girls were waiting. It stopped just below them, picked up its passengers and went on. As it turned the corner, the end struck Marie's suitcase. The car went on and the case went with it.
Marie shrieked. For an instant she stood like one paralyzed, then started in pursuit. A policeman further up the street lifted his hand in warning. A chauffeur narrowly avoided running her down, and called after her indignantly. Marie never knew of the danger she had escaped.
She ran down the track after the vanishing suitcase. Marie was a good runner, but she was no match for the trolley. Half way down the first block she stopped to pick up something. It was her blue silk dress. A few steps farther on she came upon a pair of white gloves, and a bronze slipper.
At the end of the second block, someone on the car wished to get off and rang the bell. The conductor attempted to open the rear door and found that something obstructed it. He got down and discovered the remnants of Marie's suitcase. Then he looked down the track and saw a girl toiling laboriously along, picking up articles strewn in the car's wake.
The conductor waited for her to arrive.
"Your fault or mine?" was his greeting as she came up.
"Mine," said Marie. "I set it too near."
The anticipated visit was not a very pleasant one, after all. Marie's little wardrobe showed the unfortunate effects of being scraped along the car tracks for a couple of blocks. The blue silk would never be fit to wear again. The mate to the white glove had never been found. Some garments, after a visit to the cleaners, would probably be presentable, but in spite of Roberta's generous offers to share everything she had with her sister, Marie's visit was spoiled.
"Bobby," she said abruptly, the day they took their departure, "you were right about the suitcase, and I believe you're right about other things."
Roberta looked at her silently.
"I've always been venturing too near the danger line," Marie went on. "I thought I was too smart to get too near, and it seemed to me silly for you to be so particular about keeping at a distance."
Selected.

THE MATTER OF VOCATIONS

This month will see many graduates of Catholic colleges leaving academic halls to begin in earnest the business of life. For many of them, the all-absorbing question will be, in what capacity does God wish them to serve Him. Some will be confronted with the question of whether or not God wishes them to enter the priesthood or the religious life. These are all important days for Catholic youth. Life's success depends on the right decision.
The subject of Divine Vocation, always important, derives additional importance from the present need of more volunteers to serve in the army of God both at home and in foreign fields. Almighty God has been very generous in granting vocations to the priesthood to our Catholic youth.
Many more, however, in the opinion of spiritual writers, receive a vocation to the priesthood than see the divine call and follow it. The reason in the majority of such

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cases is not so much lack of encouragement as a mistaken notion of what a vocation to the priesthood really means.
The matter of vocation to the priesthood has been covered with some obscurity until Pope Pius X. in 1912 delivered a decision on the nature of the priestly vocation, which makes it now a simple matter for any youth to find out if he has a vocation.
The decree Pope Pius X. declares that "the qualification which should be looked for in a candidate for Orders, and which is called a vocation to the priesthood, by no means consists—at least necessarily or ordinarily—in a certain inward desire or in the promptings of the Holy Spirit to enter the priestly state. On the contrary, to justify his being called to Orders by a Bishop nothing further is required of a candidate than a correct intention and a fitness for the priestly state—a fitness resulting from such gifts of nature and grace, and attested by such probity of life and such attainment of professional knowledge as would afford a well grounded hope of his ability to discharge in a proper manner the duties of the priesthood and fulfill worthily its obligations."
A young man, therefore, is said to have a vocation when he is a fit subject and has correct intention. Inward attraction to the sacerdotal state and the voice of the Holy Spirit speaking in his heart are special graces that are frequently present, but are not absolutely necessary. What the Church understands by fitness is fully set forth in the decree.
As to correct intention, that is, the motive for selecting the priesthood, it must be a supernatural motive. For a young man to desire the priesthood from the supernatural point of view because he wishes to give himself to Christ as a laborer in the great harvest field in which the harvest is great and the laborers few, or because he wishes to live in intimate union with Jesus and have the privilege of saying Mass, or even because he hopes to save his soul with more security by giving his life to priestly work, these are signs of correct intention.
But to select the priesthood to please parents, to adopt a desirable profession, to seek a life of ease, these are natural motives that are signs of no vocation. Correct intention arises from serious reflection on the nature of the priesthood with the aid of God's grace.
The new Code of Canon law imposes upon all priests the cultivation of ecclesiastical vocations. St. Thomas teaches that it is most laudable to persuade anyone to embrace that state, and says that those inducing others to enter religion merit a great reward. These are profitable thoughts to keep before our minds in these days, when priests are so urgently needed, and when young men in such large numbers are going forth into the world from Catholic colleges, eager and zealous to serve God to the best of their ability.
The serious reflections on the conditions for vocation enunciated by the saintly Pope Pius on the part of Catholic college graduates and the sympathetic encouragement of older priests will add innumerable recruits to the valiant army of God's priests battling so fearfully and untiringly for the greater glory of God and the salvation of their fellow men.—The Pilot

OUT GOES HENRY VIII.

Resolved, That a committee of three clergymen and two laymen be appointed to communicate with the Superintendent of Schools and the Board of Education of the City of New York, and to inform them that Henry VIII. did not start the Church of England, and to request that the teachers of said schools be so instructed to teach their classes, was a resolution which was adopted without discussion at the fifty-sixth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Long Island at Garden City last month.
The foregoing solemn resolution may justly be called "epoch-making," for after ruthlessly robbing him of his crowning glory, the Episcopal convention practically excommunicates from the Anglican Church that incomparable Protestant, "bluff King Hal," the much-married monarch of England. What tumultuous emotions must have surged in the hearts of his late Majesty's American admirers when they heard that an entire diocesan synod had mercilessly proclaimed that "Henry VIII. did not start the Church of England." Poor old King Hal after nearly four centuries in the peaceful possession of all his honors and dignities as an ecclesiastical founder, is now cast off and disowned by his own rebellious trans-Atlantic children!
"Henry VIII. did not start the Church of England! Alas, what short memories ungrateful beneficiaries sometimes have! For did not his gracious Majesty actually begin the Anglican heresy by first putting away his lawful wife, Queen Catherine, and then "marrying" instead Anne Boleyn, thus defying the authority of the Holy See and refusing to obey the lawful successor of St. Peter." "Henry VIII. did not start the Church of England!" Yet that Tudor King is commonly believed to have forced from the clergy in 1534 a declaration that "The Bishop of Rome hath no greater jurisdiction conferred upon him by God in this kingdom of England than any other foreign bishop," and to have "persuaded" the quaking Parliament to decree that same year that "The King was Supreme Head of the Church of England."
"Henry VIII. did not start the Church of England!" Yet he dispatched along the crimson road of martyrdom, just because they were "Roman" Catholics, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Fisher, and those staunch monks and friars who died for the Faith. "Henry VIII. did not start the Church of England!" Yet by plundering some 600 monasteries, shrines and convents his Majesty furnished himself and his "new" nobility with the means of setting up in the realm of England a hitherto unheard of Popes church. "Henry VIII. did not start the Church of England!" Yet by bequeathing to his loving subjects so "Protestant" a head of the Anglican Church as the "pious" Edward, and so masterful a queen as Elizabeth, he effectively laid the foundations for England's four centuries of separation from Catholic unity. "Henry VIII. did not start

RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS WIN SUPPORT IN GERMAN ELECTIONS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine
Cologne, June 5.—Recent elections in different parts of Germany demonstrate that a majority of parents, even those who are Socialists or Communists, prefer the religious to the secular school. In the industrial center of Solingen, the election of members of the parents' auxiliary council showed that 75 per cent. of the voters supported the confessional schools. In Berlin the election of members of the parents' auxiliaries in a total of 580 elementary and intermediate schools gave 700 representatives for the Public schools and 1,700 for the confessional schools.
About 60 per cent. of those entitled to vote took part in these elections in Greater Berlin, as against 45 per cent. in 1920. Two years ago the supporters of the confessional schools won 428 members, while the advocates of the Public schools elected 427 representatives. It is significant that even the Communists and Independent Socialists voted for the confessional schools this year.

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