

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT COUNTS

It's not what a man possesses That tells in the final test; It's not what a man professes That ranks him among the best; Nor wealth, nor race, nor learning, Is ever the thing that counts; The God of us all is discerning— It's only the heart that counts.

Though he have the lore of the sages, Though he know the visions of seers, Though he make us laugh at his pages, Or draw from our eyes swift tears, Man's knowledge will not avail him, It's never the thing that counts, And wit at the end will fail him— It's only the heart that counts.

The Saviour himself has said it, Forever and ever, amen, This virtue is chief to our credit: Love of God and our fellow-men. Or raiment fine, or tatters, Neither it is that amounts, Charity's all that matters— It's only the heart that counts.

HELPING YOURSELF

"Here comes The Boss—we must get busy!" The news travels swiftly. Heads bend over books, the stenographer rustles her papers, the telephone operator dons her headgear and answers the assisting flash from the switchboard that has been winking in front of her for five minutes. The Clock Watchers take note of the time and multiply their futile motions. Work begins when The Boss comes on the job. His late breakfast and leisurely journey to his desk cost him more than he ever estimates!

In some corner of the place the Wise Guy is not electrified when The Boss comes on the job. He is quietly taking advantage of that best hour in any man's day—the first in the morning. He does not care when The Boss arrives, or whether he comes at all; he is not working for The Boss, although everybody else, including The Boss, thinks that he is. He gets his pay with the rest, out of the same cash drawer; he is busy with the affairs of the same concern and is loyal to its interests. But his real employer is of quite another sort.

It may well be that he is not aware of the fact, but the person for whom he is working is himself—his real self; the self that lives inside and commands his purposes. Not his pocket, mind you; pocket is only a crevice in the clothing that covers a man. Not what he gets in his pay envelope; that is only money; it is quickly spent, and not a sou of it can accompany him when a few days from now—oh, so very few days—he passes through the veil to be valued for what he has made himself. He is working for himself, for his own satisfaction.

"If the thing I am doing were not worth doing, were not of service among the real tasks of the world," his life says, even if his tongue does not, "I would not be doing it. Pay is well enough, and one must have it in some form; but I get my satisfaction out of my own insides, from doing to the best of my ability whatever it is that my hand finds to do. I am glad of the approval of The Boss, but I am more concerned about my own approval. It is for my own sake that I put my best licks into my work. I can fool The Boss by working hard when he is looking at me, but I cannot fool myself."

Presently the Wise Guy is called to a better job; for little as he may suspect it, The Boss is looking for Wise Guys. They seem to be scarce.—The Tablet.

GUIDANCE IN LOVE AFFAIRS

How few are the young men who seek advice in their love affairs? They are attracted by a pretty girl, they pay her attentions, they become engaged, they are married—and then they wake up to find that marriage is a serious business, that it is a "sentence for life," and that it involves the welfare of many persons, even of generations yet unborn.

The prudent young man will consult his own interests, by reflection on marriage before he takes this serious step. We know that in this day and in our country, especially, this question, though of paramount importance, is usually supposed to furnish its own solution. Men who wouldn't dream of making a change in their business, or of building a house, or of making an investment before consulting an expert, go it blindly in forming this indissoluble partnership. No person of ordinary prudence would proceed to construct a costly building without securing beforehand the services of a competent architect. No person, unless he was a fool, would invest his patrimony in bonds or stocks, of the stability and merits of which he was personally ignorant, until he had the advice of a trustworthy specialist in such things. But every day and every hour in the day men needlessly begin the foundations of a structure infinitely more important to them than the greatest structure of stone and mortar, and assume responsibilities and risks that transcend in real importance the highest fiscal or commercial transaction ever imagined.

Leaving aside the sacramental character of matrimony, the contract into which a man and woman enter on their wedding day, is the most momentous and difficult one

that they will ever be called upon to seal. The compact involves so much. Temporal happiness, fidelity to so many obligations, patient endurance of such a host of trials, no forgetfulness of self in the higher duties to others imposed by the conditions of the bond, responsibility for not only the physical comfort and welfare of those whom the tie makes dependent upon them, but accountable for their spiritual happiness and eternal safety as well.

Yet how many young men embark on this venture with never a thought? How many start this edifice that is destined to outlive time and life in its consequences, without seeking a word of counsel or guidance? How many invest their most sacred capital, life and salvation itself, without a moment's previous reflection on the tremendous risks and requisites that the step involves?

There is scarcely any matter touching the lives of young men, and young women, too, in which they stand in greater need of wise direction, than in this matter of marriage, and there is no subject on which they seek and receive less. Chapters could be written on the defects of the modern custom of love and courtship, as we know it here in this country, more particularly. Other chapters, not to say volumes, could be indited concerning the absolute neglect of duty on the part of Christian parents in connection with the same subject. We are all quite familiar with the monstrous fallacy that finds popular acceptance, that boys and girls and young men and young women are able to take care of themselves in this, as in all the duties of life; that they need no advice and what have none, with regard to what touches their "love" and matrimonial predilections.

The divorce court records and discontented unhappy homes furnish a fearful sequel to this prevalent perversion. No young man can afford to be guided solely by his fancies or passions in the contemplation of a step that involves the lives and happiness and destiny of others no less than his own. He needs the best, the most solicitous, the most prudent counsel that can be had.

The advice of a good father will sometimes save a young man from a blunder that will otherwise be irreparable and it will often give him new ideas of the sanctity of the married state.—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN IRISH ROSARY

'Tis Rosary time in Ireland, And looking across the years, A picture unfolds before me, (It's dimmed with a mist of tears.) For sure it lacks gorgeous setting, No wealth of color it boasts, But Rosary time in Ireland Is envied by angel hosts.

Ah, never was rank or station Or fame of glorious deeds As dear as this scene in Ireland, When mother took down the beads; And readily would I barter The trophies the years have won, To kneel by that hallowed fireside When the day's rough task is done.

I care not for stately temples Or glamor of service grand, I'd rather one prayer in Ireland, For isn't it God's own land? The smell of the turf for incense, And Love for the sacred light— Ah, Rosary time in Ireland! My heart is with you tonight.

ALL FOR JESUS

"Heaven is very beautiful, Rodrigo. Those martyrs papa read about last night are up there now, and just think of it, they will be with God forever, forever, and forever."

"Mama says that all good, obedient children are pleasing to God." "Yes, but those who are put to death for the dear Lord Jesus, go to heaven quickly, and do not have to wait for years and years—some, times until they are old and gray. If we could only go to Morocco, the Moors would put us to death, and then we would live in heaven for all eternity."

The face of the little girl—she was only seven years old—glowed with holy enthusiasm, which was caught by the boy, and he promised to accompany her on her journey to the land of the Moors. They took nothing with them, for they planned to beg their food as they went along—"like the saints," said Teresa, naively. Hand in hand the children passed silently out of the garden, and along the high road which led out of the city. Fortunately before they had gone very far, they met their uncle, and as he failed to catch the spirit of the martyrs, he carried them back to their mother. She was greatly alarmed at their absence, and chided Rodrigo for going off, and he in turn placed all the blame on his little sister.

"Well, since we cannot be martyrs, we will be hermits," said Teresa, smiling through her tears. We will build a great monastery, Rodrigo, and we will say our rosary and pray like the monks and nuns whose pictures are in papa's books." They went to work with a will collecting stones and pieces of boards; but their building in their father's garden never went beyond rather insecure walls. Teresa took great delight in assisting the poor, and she would lay aside her

choicest cake or sweatmeat for some poor child. She was encouraged in this by her father, Alphonso Sanchez, and her mother, Beatrice y Ahumada. In after years, speaking of her parents, she said: "My father was a man of much charity toward poor people, and compassion toward the sick. He delighted in reading good books which he also procured for his children. My mother was enriched with many virtues; and she passed through this life of hers with grievous sickness.

Teresa had a very gentle and lovable disposition, and was very happy with her brothers and sisters. The first great sorrow of her young life came when she lost her beloved mother. In her grief her little heart turned to her Heavenly Mother, as she, herself, says: "As soon as I began to understand how great a loss I had sustained by losing her, I was very much afflicted; and so I went before an image of our Blessed Lady, and besought her with many tears that she would vouchsafe to be my mother."

Left to herself a great deal, Teresa began to amuse herself by reading books of romance—which were probably much like our modern novels—and slowly—little by little—she began to think less of God, and to give up her pious practices. She also had to dress more finely, and to be vain of her good looks, for Teresa was a very beautiful girl, having inherited her good looks from her mother.

We do not doubt that the dear Blessed Virgin was tenderly guarding her little daughter, and at the age of fifteen her father decided to place her as a boarder in the convent of the Dames Augustines. At first the restraint was hard to bear, but gradually she learned to love the peaceful holy life of the nuns. Many times when praying before the Blessed Sacrament or in the quiet of her room, she would beg God to make known to her His holy will. She read many holy books, and studied the matter of her vocation in a deliberate manner. A painful illness forced her to return to her home, but her mind was made up that for the future her life would be "all for God."

At last the happy day arrived when the doors of the Convent of the Incarnation opened to receive as a novice one who was to shed a halo of glory on the Order of Mount Carmel. Teresa y Ahumada was twenty years of age when she bade adieu to the world. The monastery, which still stands, was a very large building and contained one hundred and eighty nuns. Here our saint lived for over twenty years.

The Order of Mount Carmel is a very old one, but as years went by one superior after another realized the rule a little, until many unwise changes crept in. Saint Teresa was much grieved at these changes and it became her ardent wish to bring the order back to its first fervor. She was severely criticised for her zeal, but trusting in God, she persevered and had the happiness of establishing sixteen convents before her death. Not only did the nuns return to the primitive rule of the Order, but a number of monasteries of men placed themselves under her direction.

Saint Teresa of Avilla is one of the most remarkable women the world has ever known. Her books are masterpieces not only of Catholic Doctrine but of wisdom, and she looked upon as authority by the most eminent theologians. This noble woman died on the fourth of October, in the year 1582; but the Church celebrates her feast on the fifteenth of October.—Catherine Howe.

IN THE AFTERGLOW OF CHRISTIANITY

A sympathetic and frank analysis of the moral condition of our modern society brings to light certain contradictory features which, at first blush, produce an impression of bewilderment and a sense of startling incongruousness. It reveals such an astonishing and odd mixture of good and evil, such a strange blending of things that are as far apart and as hostile as fire and water. Into the very texture of our social life there are woven threads of purest gold that command the admiration of men; but, at the same time, the pattern is disfigured in a way that causes us to hang the head in shame for our own age and generation.

The presence of these striking contrasts accounts for the disparate judgments that are passed on the merits of the civilization of our times. Some claim, and they have much to show that will substantiate their claims, that our social life exemplifies a high degree of moral excellence and marks a distinct advance in human progress. Others there are, and the basis of fact for their contentions is not wanting, who are emphatic in condemning the general drift of our social life and who do not hesitate to say that we are reverting to the dark days of paganism and that our civilization exhibits all the earmarks of moral degeneracy and decadence.

With the aid of history, the seeming puzzle can be readily solved. At bottom, our western civilization is Christian, and this fact explains the beautiful elements which our social life undoubtedly presents. We have salvaged just enough of Christian morality to humanize the world we live in. The entire structure of our social life had been

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saturated with the Christian spirit before modern infidelity began its destructive work. This spirit is still active and effective in our days. The world, at this moment, is living on the remnants of Christian morality, though it has, to a very large extent, discarded the Christian creed. This need not surprise us, for a tree goes on blossoming for a time, even after corruption has attacked its roots. Our civilization thrives on the crumbs that have fallen from the table of Christianity. We are living in the afterglow of Christianity.

Even this afterglow beautifies our world and makes it infinitely superior to the pagan world. We have things that paganism never dared to dream of in its most soaring flights of imagination. The conscience of the world today is more sensitive. It condemns things against which formerly there was no outcry and which were accepted as a matter of course and in a spirit of fatalism. Moral wrongs, though they exist in our midst, are stigmatized and visited with public disapproval. Our age possesses a keener sense of justice and a greater compassion for misfortune. Appeals for charity meet with a generous and quick response. The barbaric customs of former ages, the fearful abuses of slavery, the degradation connected with serfdom, the intolerable caste distinctions of feudalism have been swept away by the moral indignation of mankind. There is a greater realization of human equality and a finer appreciation of the dignity of human personality. With all sincerity, though sometimes in a misguided manner, the evils of the drink traffic and other vested interests are being combated. The rights of men, even of the humblest, are being championed with a fervor that would not have been unworthy of the crusaders. The generous sympathy that characterizes our civilization, and that yet is so different from the maudlin sentimentality of the East, extends even to the animal creation. The dumb animals share in that kindly tenderness that goes out to all things living and that protects the creatures of God from wanton cruelty. It is not well to close one's eyes against the beautiful things that lie about us. For they are the fruits of Christianity remaining in an age that has repudiated Christian truth.

The world may reject Christian teaching, but it will never throw aside Christian morality. Having tasted the sweetness of Christian morality, it could never again return to the horrors of pagan ethics. The Christian ethical code has for all times established its transcendent superiority. It has proved to be the bulwark of order, the protection of life, the safeguard of right and the inspiration of progress. Whatever may happen to the world, it can never abandon the elevating morality of Christianity. This would be suicide, and the world knows it.

This very fact will force the world back to Christian teaching, for it will soon find out that it will be impossible to maintain Christian morality without the Christian creed. The world will find its way back to the Cross. As the afterglow of Christianity begins to fade, mankind will again turn to the sun of Christian truth and again enter into the full radiance of Christianity.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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your sins, more or less, according to your fervor.

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The power of Satan over you is diminished. You afford the souls in Purgatory the greatest possible relief.

One Mass heard during your life will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death.

You shorten your Purgatory by every Mass.

Every Mass wins for you a higher degree of glory in Heaven.

You receive the priest's blessing, which Our Lord ratifies in Heaven. You are preserved from many dangers and misfortunes which would otherwise have befallen you. You kneel amidst a multitude of holy angels, who are present at the adorable sacrifice with reverential awe.

Oh! mighty, compelling, all embracing love, which keeps captive the soul of man with all its powers, which knows no limit, either in time or in place, which is unique in the history which records the deeds of men, which asks no reward here, save the right to serve, which lifts even to Heaven, where perfect union and perfect love are promised to those who render unselfish service.—Archbishop Hanna.

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