

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S ALMANAC

I tell you when it comes to dates, My mother's just the boss! She tells me all I want to know 'Thout ever gettin' cross. You'd think she'd get mixed up some-time— At school I know I do— 'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock And 1492. But mother says "The war with Spain Was fought in '98, The year you all had chicken pox, Exceptin' Sister Kate."

BETWEEN FAILURE AND SUCCESS

The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.—Catholic Columbian.

BOYS THAT SUCCEED

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week." "What makes you think so?" inquired his wife. "Because the very first thing that he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

THE QUITTER

How we all despise him—whether it is as a lad in a game or in the bigger game of life. It doesn't matter in our judgment of him whether he is following inherited instincts and feels that he simply can't stand up and take what's coming to him and fight back, or whether he has failed in building himself strong enough to make the best of reverses. We scorn him on general principles. We seem to feel that cowardly spirit showing through all he does, and the fact that a blow puts him down and out and he leaves the field is enough for us. He outrages all our principles of living—this man who is a quitter. In boyhood days he maybe is a big brawny chap looking well able to do up the whole crowd, but somehow the little plucky fellows get the best of him and later in life in all he attempts he shows the same lack of grit. We always feel that he would win if he would only stick, but he doesn't give himself a chance and we are disgusted. He quits and we mark him off our list. To all of us and in everything we do there come moments of intense discouragement—when the special thing we are working on simply will not come right. Perhaps it is in our school days and a problem has seemed to be too much for us; perhaps it is later in life and an important piece of work refuses obstinately to develop as we know it should. We have worked weary hours—we have had success almost within our

grasp and it has eluded us. We are filled with despair and discouragement and it is then a little imp whispers to us that we might as well quit. It is unhappily so easy to quit. It so often takes the highest kind of courage to stay, and we wonder sadly if it is all worth while—if the greater effort will amount to anything. We're sure that we are not on the right track—that we have made a serious mistake—that this is not our line of work. We are confident that Failure has marked us for her own. Is this the time to quit? Never! This is the time to cling tighter than ever to work harder, to believe more, and by sheer personal force, by the spirit that must animate all of us who do anything well, push the load to the brow of the hill. Another hour on the problem plus the work that has gone before will bring the right solution. Another effort with stronger determination will bring to a successful conclusion the work of our later life, the story that seemed to be without "punch," the song that we felt was without appeal, the plans that seemed to fall in unity and effect. Just that little bit more—but how much it is! Don't be a quitter. But take a firmer grasp on your work, realizing that when you have almost reached the top is just the time for you to stand by. It is the time for you to reap the benefits of all the hard work you have done before. None of us have only ourselves to blame if we become distinct failures and one of the most potent reasons is the ease with which we quit—because we haven't the sand to stand by.—H. G. Palmer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

MAY 20.—ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA

In 1408 St. Vincent Ferrer suddenly interrupted his sermon to declare that there was among his hearers a young Franciscan who would be one day a greater preacher than himself, and would be set before him in honor by the Church. This unknown friar was Bernardine. Of noble birth, he had spent his youth in works of mercy, and had then entered religion. Owing to a defective utterance, his success as a preacher at first seemed doubtful, but, by the prayers of Our Lady, this obstacle was miraculously removed, and Bernardine began an apostolate which lasted thirty-eight years. By his burning words and by the power of the Holy Name of Jesus which he displayed on a tablet at the end of his sermons, he obtained miraculous conversions, and reformed the greater part of Italy. But this success had to be exalted by the cross. The Saint was denounced as a heretic and his devotedness to a holy old woman, many trials he lived to see his innocence proved, and a lasting memorial of his work established in a church. The Feast of the Holy Name commemorates at once his sufferings and his triumph. He died on Ascension Eve, 1444, while his brethren were chanting the antiphon, "Father, I have manifested Thy Name to men." St. Bernardine, when a youth, undertook the charge of a holy old woman, a relation of his, who had been left destitute. She was blind and bedridden, and during her long illness could only utter the Holy Name. The Saint watched over her till she died, and thus learned the devotion of his life.

MAY 23.—ST. JULIA, VIRGIN, MARTYR

St. Julia was a noble virgin of Carthage, who, when the city was taken by Genseric in 489, was sold for a slave to a pagan merchant of Syria named Eusebius. Under the most mortifying employments of her station, by cheerfulness and patience she found a happiness and comfort which the world could not have afforded. All the time she was not employed in her master's business was devoted to prayer and reading books of piety. Her master, who was charmed with her fidelity and other virtues, thought proper to carry her with him on one of his voyages to Gaul. Having reached the northern part of Corsica, he cast anchor, and went on shore to join the Festivals of the place in an idolatrous festival. Julia was left at some distance, because she would not be deigned by the superstitious ceremonies which she openly reviled. Felix, the governor of the island, who was a bigoted pagan, asked who this woman was who dared to insult the gods. Eusebius informed him that she was a Christian, and that all his authority over her was too weak to prevail with her to renounce religion, but that he found her so diligent and faithful he could not part with her. The governor offered him four of his best female slaves in exchange for her. But the merchant replied, "No; all you are worth will not purchase her; for I would freely lose the most valuable thing I have in the world rather than be deprived of her." However, the governor, while Eusebius was drunk and asleep, took upon him to compel her to sacrifice to his gods. He offered to procure her liberty if she would comply. The Saint made answer that she was as free as she desired to be as long as she was allowed to serve Jesus Christ. Felix, thinking himself deceived by her undaunted and resolute air, in a transport of rage caused her to be struck on the face, and the hair of her head to be torn off, and, lastly, ordered her to be hanged on a cross till she expired. Certain monks of the isle of

OLD EXCUSE WOULDN'T WORK

Godfrey Raupert tells in The Liguorian an interesting anecdote of the late Lord Brampton, a distinguished English jurist and a convert to the Church. The judge was over 80 years of age when he retired from the bench and joined the Catholic Church. He saw very clearly what would happen if he did not announce these events in their proper order. His retirement, therefore, was made known first of all. The newspapers, especially The Times, eulogized him, spoke of his brilliant achievements and his great intellectual powers—preserved clear and intact right into extreme old age. When all this had been emphatically stated, there came the announcement of his conversion to Rome. It caused great astonishment, and a number of causes were assigned. "But they could not very well," quipped Lord Brampton, "attribute it to falling intellectual power or senility."

THE MONTH OF OUR LADY

Yesterday morning a little child, clad in spotless white and girdled with blue, timidly approached an altar of Our Lady and laid at her feet the first fragrant tributes of spring. The flowers were white like the innocence of the child and sweet like that artless act of devotion. There, before that simple shrine, with her little hands clasped in prayer, the child knelt immovably as if absorbed in ecstasy. The bell rang for Mass, but she seemed not to hear it. It was only when her little brother threw himself on his knees beside her that she suffered distraction; with him she rose and entered a pew to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. This tender and touching incident is indicative of what is happening the wide world over during this beautiful month that is dedicated to the Mother of God. The whole Catholic world is typified by the child in its devotion to Mary. Wherever the religion of Christ is pursuing its divine mission, there during this month every true Catholic heart is turned to Mary with growing love and tender pleading. The earth is musical with her name and is purified again by her memory. Spring is laying a floral crown at her feet and offering incense to her ravishing beauty. In the teeming cities the temples of her Son are vocal with her praises, and from the bleak hill-sides in many lands the peasants are pouring down to her shrines in the valleys. Millions of tongues are more fervently telling her beads today and responding to the invocations of her litany. Wherever our hearts may wing its flight, we can see the various races of men, from the hardy mountaineer amid the northern pines to the swarthy natives of the isles of the Southern Seas, all gathered around the altars of Mary and offering her the soulful tribute of their love. Saint and sinner,

MAY 26.—ST. PHILIP NERI

Philip was one of the noble line of Saints raised up by God in the sixteenth century to console and bless His Church. After a childhood of angelic beauty the Holy Spirit drew him away from Florence, the place of his birth, showed him the world, that he might freely renounce it, led him to Rome, modestly in mind and heart and will, and then, as by a second Pentecost, came down in visible form and filled his soul with light and peace and joy. He would have gone to India, but God reserved him for Rome. There he went on simply from day to day, drawing souls to Jesus, exercising them in mortification and charity, and binding them together by cheerful devotions; thus, unconsciously to himself, under the hands of Mary, as he said, the Oratory grew up, and all Rome was pervaded and transformed by its spirit. His life was a continuous miracle, his habitual state an ecstasy. He read the hearts of men, foretold their future, knew their eternal destiny. His touch gave health of body; his very look calmed souls in trouble and drove away temptations. He was gay, genial, and irresistibly winning; neither insult nor wrong could dim the brightness of his joy. Philip lived in an atmosphere of sunshine and gladness which brightened all who came near him. "When I met him in the street," says one, "he would pat my cheek and say, 'Well, how is Don Pellegrino?' and leave me so full of joy that I could not tell which way I was going." Others said that when he playfully pulled their hair or their ears, their hearts would be torn with joy. Marcio Altieri felt such overflowing gladness in his presence that he said Philip's room was a paradise on earth. Fabrizio de Massimi would go in sadness or perplexity and stand at Philip's door; he said it was enough to see him, to hear him. And long after his death it was enough for many, when troubled, to go into his room to find their hearts lightened and gladdened. He inspired a boundless confidence and love, and was the common refuge and consoler of all. A gentle jest would convey his rebukes and veil his miracle. The highest honors sought him out, but he put them from him. He died in his eightieth year, A. D. 1595, and bears the grand title of Apostle of Rome.

THE MONTH OF OUR LADY

prince and pauper, learned and unlettered contend in the holy rivalry of devotion to her. And devotion to Mary has accompanied the triumphant march of the Church down the centuries. Her spirit dwelt with the early Christians in the Catacombs where her image, so lovingly lit upon the Travertine walls, still speaks of the primal love. It was she who raised the prostrate form of womanhood from the mire of carnal slavery into which paganism had cast it. It was from her that Dominick got the potent prayer that crushed the Albigensian heresy; and it was her power that checked the Moslem hordes at Lepanto before they could ravage the fertile plains of Europe. She has ever been with the missionaries in their arduous work of evangelizing the world, her inspiring name giving force to their words and strength to their spirit. And the wealth and genius of the world have been lavished on her memory. The fairest and brightest gems have lent their light to her stately shrines, and art has stolen the

MAY 26.—ST. PHILIP NERI

fairest dyes of the sunset to try to imago the beauty of her face. Her lovely form has been the inspiration of architecture in its sublimest flights and has tipped with lyric beauty the pens of our greatest poets. But it is only in the hearts of her children that Mary's lovely image can adequately be drawn. Her purity is reflected in the lives of those who patiently pass through the filth of the world without incurring contamination. To millions of chaste souls, whether in the peace of the cloister or in the busy haunts of men, Mary is the model and inspiration; in them she is imaged far more perfectly than on the glowing canvas or in the lifeless marble. But those who have stained the robe of innocence in the seductive ways of life need suffer no discouragement. Let them hopefully remember that, although our Divine Lord left His Blessed Mother in the care of the virgin St. John, there was a Magdalen beside her who had already reached the heights of sanctity.—Buffalo Union and Times.

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