

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT IS SUCCESS AND HOW TO GET IT?

A MESSAGE FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

At Baltimore an old man boarded the train. As he walked slowly, very slowly, down the aisle, heads turned to follow his progress and people touched each other and whispered. As the old man passed, it could be seen that under his tall silk hat he wore that something not usually worn by old gentlemen riding on trains, for, showing below the rim of the hat was a line of vivid scarlet.

The porter, more than ordinarily solicitous, assisted the old gentleman into his chair. Then the old gentleman removed his hat and—

Now, there are only three men among all the hundred million of inhabitants in the United States who are permitted to wear such a cap. It is a mark of honor, of distinction, of exalted position—the badge of a Cardinal of the Catholic Church. The old gentleman was His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Cardinal Gibbons settled his spare frame comfortably and opened his newspaper—just like any ordinary traveler. Above the top of his chair showed that flash of scarlet, arousing curiosity. What sort of man was this James Cardinal Gibbons? How did his voice sound? What did his smile look like? What would he say if addressed? It was a curiosity that in America it could sit in that car and watch. So I decided to find out for him.

The porter carried my card to His Eminence; returned instantly, grinning so that every one of his thirty-two white teeth glittered joyfully.

"He say sure, sah. He say he be glad to talk wit you."

I think that was characteristic of Cardinal Gibbons—that he would be glad to talk to me, or to any casual traveler who asked the privilege for Cardinal Gibbons is a man who loves men, who studies men, who likes to talk to and understand and sympathize with men.

So I walked down the aisle to him. That is important. Perhaps you have seen pictures of the Cardinal—they are grave, very dignified, a trifle austere. They do not show the Cardinal of the smile. Right away any boy would have known His Eminence was a man who wanted to know, the sort of man who is valuable to boys as a friend and as a companion.

The Cardinal smiled, and his grey eyes twinkled as he extended his hand.

"You work with boys?" he said. "That is a fine thing—one of the finest things. You must be very glad your work is with boys. Won't you sit down?"

His face became grave, thoughtful. "I suppose you would like to have me say something to your boys, is that it?"

"The boys would appreciate it very much if you would," I told him. Then he began to speak, as he spoke I watched his face, particularly those grey blue eyes with the shrewd, wise, kindly lines about them. I watched the expressions come and go

in those eyes as the Cardinal sent his message to you. They are not young eyes—but they are not old eyes. They are eyes that have seen many wonderful things, many sad things, many glorious things—and have remembered everything and stored it away to be used. To be used for the benefit of mankind.

"It is an old, old saying that the boy is the father of the man," said the Cardinal, "but I wonder if boys have ever stopped to wonder what it means. . . . It means that the boy is the most important thing in the world. Think of that. Let me have the boy to work with and train and I don't care who looks after the rest of the world—for in a few years the boy will be the rest of the world. The boys of to-day are the men with responsibilities of the men who are doing big things to-morrow. They should remember that."

The Cardinal laid his slender hand on my knee.

"What is success in life?" he asked, and then answered his own question. "Success is nothing more or less than doing well the things we have to do every day. Success is duty performed—that is all. There can be no greater success than that. The boy who does every day the little things he is set to do, and does them well, has succeeded. When he becomes a man, he will be a success if he performs his every day tasks and duties faithfully. There may be no fame, no sounding of trumpets for him, but he is a success."

Now he smiled again, his eyes twinkled almost mischievously. "Fame is an accident, anyhow," he said, "it doesn't matter. Fame is more pleasant to be famous than to be a common man, unknown, perhaps, but with a knowledge that the duties that have lain before him have been done."

"What qualities, Cardinal Gibbons, do you consider most desirable in a boy? What qualities, show him to have real promise for the future?"

"Faithfulness, plodding, perseverance, persistence in doing whatever is set for him to do. These things will gain him success where genius would fail—unless it is that sort of genius which is nothing more than infinite hard work. That is the best genius—hard, steady, careful work."

I wish every boy could understand that. I wish every boy could know that success does not mean fame or wealth, or that the world should set to talking about you. I wish every boy could know, and believe, that the way to success is by plodding effort. One plodding, hard working, faithful boy is worth to the world much more than the boy with flashes of genius. The boy who will plod, who will concentrate his effort, is on the surest road to success."

The Cardinal extended his hand again. "I'm glad," he said, very glad, to be able to talk a little to all of your boys. . . . Good-bye."

He smiled again—that shrewd, humorous, wise, kindly lovable smile. "I wish, sir," I said, "that the boys could hear you say it, and see you while you are saying it."

"I wish so, too," he said—Clarence B. Kelland, in "The American Boy."

Nature fulfilled by grace is not less nature, but is supernaturally natural—Coventry Patmore.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CHILDREN'S PATRON

Once upon a time there was a Little Child. He was the most beautiful infant that had ever been born, and was the Son of the Greatest King. But the Greatest King could not take care of him as most fathers do, so He looked about the world for the kindest, gentlest man in the world to look after His Son, Who was called Jesus Christ.

Who did He choose? Why, St. Joseph, the lover of little children. And as he was chosen out of all the world as the most fatherly of men, don't you think that he would listen very lovingly to you, if you told him all your hopes and little fears. He would love to intercede to God for you.

Here is a prayer to the foster father of Christ:

To Thee, O Blessed Joseph, we go in our trouble and we confidently beg thy aid by thy fatherly love with which thou didst embrace the Child Jesus. Oh, our strong defender, graciously assist us from heaven on every day of our lives, and as thou didst once deliver the Child Jesus from pressing danger of death, so now defend thy other little foster children here on earth. Shield us, one and all, with unceasing protection that after thy example and aided by thy prayers we may be enabled to live holily and die piously, that we may see thee and the Holy Child thou didst care for, sometime in heaven. Amen.—New World.

SLOW BUT THOROUGH

A lady engaged a boy to weed in her garden. He started to do the work as she directed, and she went about her household duties. After a half hour had elapsed she looked out the window and saw the boy at about the same spot she had left him. "Pretty slow," said the lady, and again went about her work.

Another half hour elapsed, and again she looked out the window. She noticed that he had done very little more, and said to herself, "I wish I had secured a man for this job; it will not be finished to-day at this rate."

At the end of another half hour she concluded to speak to the boy and hurry him up, so out to the yard she went.

She stopped suddenly. It was true that not very much of the garden had been covered. The boy was slow, that was sure, but such a job of weeding as he had done! Not a single stray place of grass was left. It was as clean as could be. She stood and looked in amazement. There was just one word for it—thorough. Instead of telling him to do the work faster, she said: "That's fine. That's the kind of weeding I like to have done every time."—Ex. change.

THOSE PUNCTUATION MARKS

"Oh, dear!" sighed Warren, as he came in from school one day. "I wish we didn't have to learn so much about periods and commas and semi-colons, and such things. I hate them!"

Mamma laid down her sewing and said: "Why do you hate them, Warren?"

"Why, mamma, how funny!" exclaimed Warren, when he read it. "How could a turkey walk around eating corn without any head?"

"He couldn't," replied mamma, "and yet I have written just what I intended to write. I have, however, left out all punctuation marks."

Then she bent down and punctuated the sentence. It then read: "The little turkey strutted about the yard, and ate corn half an hour after his head was cut off."

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"Oh, I see!" cried Warren. And then there he resolved to learn all that he could about punctuation marks.—Intermountain Catholic.

KIND DEEDS HAVE THEIR REACTION

Everything that one does in life has a reaction which either applauds or condemns the deed and is ever afterward a perpetual reminder of nobility or baseness. Wherever you are, you will hear echoes of the good you have done or the evil that has resulted from your act. Whether pleasant or disagreeable, they will constantly come back to you in memory waves, and will tend to make you happy or miserable.

If you have said a kind word, that helped to lift a life out of uncongenial environment, if you have aroused the

embers of ambition that have been slumbering for years and which would have gone out in darkness, but for your fanning them into flame, then will this sweet echo speak to you.

If, on the contrary, you have kept the flowers that you should have given to the living, for the dead, spared the kindly word of praise and admiration, or the expression of love, until the ears which they would have gladdened are deaf in death, then will echoes of condemnation haunt you. Tears and flowers at a funeral do not atone for wasted opportunities to scatter brightness or show love. Every thought and deed sends back an echo like itself. If we have been helpful and generous, sympathetic and kind, we shall hear echoes that will uplift, encourage and satisfy. If we have been mean, contemptible, vicious, narrow, indolent, we shall hear the echoes repeat the voices which gave them birth.—Exchange.

FAILURE OF MARIE ODILE

The Catholic Stage Guild of London which met recently, and the members of which attended Mass and received Communion at Malden Lane, made a protest against "Marie Odile," the objectionable play which Sir Herbert Tree was obliged to remove on account of its non success, expressing his astonishment that it should offend Catholic susceptibilities.

The whole episode is one which shows how far the ordinary canons of modern moral taste have fallen below the Christian standard. The Catholic Federation have now issued a protest to the censor of plays against the licensing of "Marie Odile." It is hoped that this protest may prevent the licensing of any similar play in the future, for "Marie Odile" is certainly not likely ever to appear on tour again.—Church Progress.

SOMETHING LACKING

An English Protestant dignitary, writing some years ago in a High Church periodical on the past and present condition of missionary efforts in India, found little hope for Protestant missions unless they could enlist the help of a body such as the Christian Brothers. Dr. Gore, the well-known Anglican Bishop of Oxford, pays a hearty tribute of admiration to the Brothers and to other Catholic teaching institutes in his recently published book, "The War and the Church."

"You know that many besides Macaulay have reproached our English Church for lack of self sacrifice, and have contrasted it with the Church of Rome, in which they have seen altogether more of the same heroic spirit which belongs to soldiers. They have not denied us the glory of kindness and goodness and faithfulness and all the circle of domestic virtues; only they have not seen in us the school of the heroic spirit—the school of sacrifice. Now, in part these reproaches belong to an older day. . . . Nevertheless, there is truth in the reproach aimed at us. . . . The Roman Church has been magnificently helped in the maintenance of religious education on its own lines, because it has been able to draw on a vast store of voluntary sacrifice. Men have been found in multitudes who felt that they had the vocation to be teachers for Christ's sake and His little ones, and who, without hope or prospect but their work and their faith, have given themselves for teachers, wanting nothing for it but their barest living. There is hardly anything in modern Christendom nobler or more successful in attaining its end than the institution of the Christian Brothers, who have been able to do this because they have never struck anything like this store of deliberate and joyful sacrifice, with all our talk about the supreme importance of religious education? There has been something lacking."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

"OPENED HIS EYES"

When our friends of the Protestant denominations succeed in attracting a foreign Catholic away from the Church of his fathers, they feel that they have done well, remarks the Sacred Heart Review. But the chances are that they have made no convert to Protestantism. They simply distort the faith of the poor man by leading him into the Church of his fathers without any faith at all. When Francis Parkman, the historian, was in Europe, for the first time he met an Italian who spoke disrespectfully of the Pope. "Why," said Parkman, "do you speak so of the Pope? Are you not a Roman Catholic?" The man said he used to be a Catholic, but some years in America had "opened his eyes."

"You are no longer a Catholic?" said Parkman. "What religion do you believe in now?" "Oh, no religion in particular," replied the Italian. "Whereupon," says Parkman satirically, "I congratulated him on so happy a conversion from the error of his ways."

ANGELIC SISTERS AND CLERGY. MAN'S WIFE CONVERTED

There fall to be recorded recently some fresh conversions from the ranks of Anglicanism. The lady is following the lead of her clergy. One is Mrs. C. A. S. Nicoll, wife of a clergyman at Christ Church, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, a well-known

High Church centre. "Besides being a lady of considerable local influence," says a London paper, "she has also marked literary ability. Among other offices lately held by Mrs. Nicoll was that of Secretary of the St. Leonard's branch of the (Anglican) Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament." The same

journal states that several members of the Community of St. John the Baptist, Clewer, the largest Sisterhood in the Anglican Church, have already followed their former Warden's example by becoming Catholics. Their Warden, it will be remembered, was the Rev. Bernard Muller, whose conversion was

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