

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NO TIME TO LOSE

Young friend, you're fond of sport and play— In that there's nothing wrong; But, as I love you, let me say, Don't be a boy too long!

And don't forget, as on you go, How high so'er you rise, The goal is set not here below, But far beyond the skies.

Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, a successful New York broker, in an interview quoted in the Columbian, has these remarks to say about the young man and his chances of success:

"In the first place, a young man should make up his mind from the start that no job is too small to be properly done. Let us suppose that a young man has been out of school and at work for a few years, and he finds that his range is limited, or that his abilities are confined. He should never bend his neck to this form of economic doom. For a young man there should be no such thing as a rut. All forms of honest work are equally honorable. There never was and there never will be any room at or near the top for the men who think they are obliging their jobs, that they are too good for their work. The man who jumps in and helps at anything and everything when necessary and he can do it cannot escape his employer's notice even if he would.

"Employers are always on the lookout for such men—those who, in whatever capacity, show a real, personal interest in their work. The man whose energy is restricted in volume to the size of his pay envelope will not do, his output will not suffice. Whenever an employer finds that an employee's heart is in his job, that man is surely slated for advancement.

"A promising young man is the best asset any employer can have and most employers know it. Those who don't, don't stay long in business. It is safe for the young man to go ahead on the principle that good, honest work is always recognized. At times it may not seem so. It may appear that the deserving don't always get what they deserve. But that is where Shakespeare summed up the situation:

'Tis not in mortals to command success, But we'll do more—deserve it.

"I have never known a good Catholic young man whose religion was part of his life, who was not helped in his career by that fact, and who was not the more respected and trusted on that account, no matter what his abilities might be. In the working world there may be some places where anti-Catholic prejudice rules; I have never come across them. But I do know places of business where Catholic young men who attend to their religious duties are sought and preferred for that very reason by non-Catholic employers.

"Almost all Catholic men are asked questions from time to time by their non-Catholic associates, or even by their employers, regarding their religion. Those who can answer these questions intelligently are the more esteemed for it. My own experience leads me to believe that the questions are usually honestly meant, and it is important that they should be fairly and fully answered, and with patience.

"But as I said before, this subject involves platitudes. But every man at my time of life (Mr. Woodlock is fifty) knows that these things are true. The young man must take them on faith: he must have faith in his job, tackle it with enthusiasm, study it, strive to better its performance, and leave the rest to those who are watching him all the time. In the long run he'll find that he will do better for him than he could do for himself if he got all he thought he wanted."

To this general advice Mr. Woodlock added a special rider for Catholic young men: "A man's job must necessarily be his main concern in the first twenty years or so of his career; but he ought not to make it his only concern. Every intelligent Catholic should make it a rule to feed his mind with Catholic reading so that he may cultivate a habit of Catholic thinking on general topics. I think many of our young men who are good, practical Catholics in all other respects, are weak here where they should be strong.

is for it. Don't be too select about openings or opportunities. Where work offers, go to it with a will, and the opportunities won't elude a hard worker."

SERVING GOD CHEERFULLY

There are ten thousand reasons why the service of God should be delightful and satisfactory. As a rule the man who is carrying on a profitable and successful business, is so long as everything goes well, tolerably happy. You don't see him going about with a long face, and although he may grumble a little, as most men do you can see that he does not mean it. Now, if this is the case in the midst of the uncertainties which are inseparable from all human transactions, what ought to be the satisfaction and contentment of a man who has seriously taken in hand the one necessary business? For how does the case stand with such a man? The man who has seriously taken in hand the business of saving his own soul must succeed—for him there is no such thing as failure.

So long as he is willing he must be prosperous. And why? Because he has Almighty God as a partner. And God is ready to give him what he hopes it is not irreverent to call unlimited credit. In this life He pours into his soul His heavenly grace, and this grace gives to all his actions a value which gives him a right to an eternal recompense. No action from mornings to night, from week's end to week's end, but may be made profitable and fruitful, if done with a right intention, and, of course, if there is nothing sinful in it. This is the position in which any and every man may be placed and may remain if he so will.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FATHER TIM TELLS ABOUT A PICTURE

A little picture of red and blue and gold slipped from Father Casey's breviary and fluttered to the grass. Then came the struggle. For he was spending the day at the home of his sister, Mrs. Kelly, and the little nephews who hovered around him while he recited his office, fought with might and main for the honor of recovering the picture and restoring it. Terence, the oldest, was victor. Still breathless from the strenuous work, he said politely:

"Fardon me, uncle Tim, you dropped your picture." "Thank you, Terence, thank you, you may keep it." Father Casey, try as he might, could do nothing more than pretend to read his breviary as the other children gathered around Terence to discuss his gift.

"What is it? What is it?" came in chorus. "The Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms," said Terence with dignity, and it says: 'Miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.'"

"Let me see," whined the supreme ruler and dictator of the house of Kelly, baby Mary. "It's God's mamma. Kiss God's mamma, Mary," said Catherine lifting up the little one who fervently kissed the picture. Baby Mary gazed at the sorrowful face of the Madonna a moment and murmured: "Dad's mamma mad at me!"

"No, Mary, she isn't mad at you. She loves you. She looks that way because she is feeling bad about something. Kiss her again, Mary, and make her glad." And while, her baby eyes full of love and tenderness, the little one kissed the picture, Father Casey thought he understood better than ever before the truths which he had so often preached, namely, that faith takes deepest root in the heart of those that have been surrounded by a Catholic atmosphere in the home and in the school from earliest childhood, and that Holy Church succeeds better by her symbols and her ceremonies in making her children understand the deep mysteries of salvation than any human words could ever do.

"Why Dad's mamma feel bad?" persisted Mary. "I'm sure I don't know," replied Catherine. "I know," cried Terence, "it's because the Little Jesus broke His shoelace. See, His shoe is falling off."

"No," objected Larry, "it's because there's an angel on each side shaking a stick at Him. He's scared; look at the way he's holding His Mother's hand. Catherine, what are the angels shaking sticks at Him for? Read what it says there on the picture."

"I can't read it. The letters are made so funny," said the girl after a vain attempt to decipher them. Father Casey decided that he would postpone his breviary to some more propitious time and turned to the children. "I will tell you why you cannot read them, Catherine," he said, "they're Greek, and you haven't learned Greek yet. The four highest letters stand for the words 'Mother of God.' The letters over the angel on the right stand for the words 'Archangel Gabriel,' and over the angel on the left, for 'Archangel Michael.' The letters over the Infant's head stand for the words 'Jesus Christ.' Catherine was right in saying that the Mother of God was feeling bad. In fact the picture used to be called 'The Sorrowful One'; now it is called 'Our Lady of Perpetual Help.' She is feeling bad because she is thinking of the bitter passion her Divine Son will one day be obliged to suffer on account of

our sins. The angels are holding, not sticks, but the instruments of the Saviour's passion, the Lance, the Reed and the Sponge, the Cross and the Nails. The Divine Child was perhaps playing on the floor when the angels appeared to Him and showed Him the instruments that would one day cause Him such bitter torments. In His fright He runs to His mother for help and clings piteously to her hand, still gazing at the terrifying vision. One of His sandals became loosened as He ran. His mother can do nothing but look at us in sorrow and reproach as if to say: 'How can you make my dear Child suffer so?' The story of this picture is most interesting and wonderful. Would you children like to hear it?"

"Yes, yes, please, uncle Tim!" came the answer in chorus. "The Redeptorist Fathers, continued the priest, are celebrating this year the Golden Jubilee of the recovery and restoration to public veneration of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and they have asked me to preach one of the Jubilee sermons in their big church in the city. That is how I know the story so well. I have read all I could find about it in order that I might write my sermon."

"What do you write your sermons for, uncle Tim? So that you can send them to the newspaper?" queried Catherine. "No, child, I write them so that I'll know what I am going to talk about. But now for the story: Terence's picture is a copy of the miraculous picture of our Lady of Perpetual Help venerated in the Redeptorist Church of San Alfonso in Rome. The miraculous image was painted on wood in red, blue and gold, over six hundred years ago. The painter must have been a native of Greece for the style of the picture is Greek or Byzantine. Some claim that it is a development of the picture of the Blessed Virgin said to have been painted by the Evangelist, Luke, who wrote so much about her and who knew her so well. At any rate the picture was venerated for a long time in the island of Crete, or Candia, not very far from Salonika, which you have heard your papa talking about since the War broke out. About four hundred years ago the Turks invaded the island with a great army. They burned the churches and made fun of and destroyed the holy pictures they found there. In order to preserve from profanation the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, a pious merchant of Crete took it with him to a ship and sailed for Italy."

"Wasn't he afraid of submarines?" interrupted Terence. "There were no such things, my boy. In those days men were hardly able to build ships that could sail on the water, let alone under it. In fact a bad storm blew up while they were midway on their journey. Such a storm would hardly make the passengers on one of our present day ocean liners miss a meal, but it was too much for the poor old boat. Just as the sailors had given up in despair saying that everybody would surely go to the bottom, the merchant brought the picture on board and ordered all to kneel down and pray to the Mother of God in heaven for help. They had no sooner obeyed him than the storm stopped all of a sudden and they were saved. A few days later they arrived at Ostia, which is at the mouth of the Tiber, the river that flows through Rome."

—Sacred Heart Review.

THE NAME OF PATRICK

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston in speaking of the odium into which the name of charity has fallen happily illustrates his point by citing a similar abuse of the name of Patrick:

"Here is an instance at hand. Patrick, meaning a patrician, a noble name—but Patrick was the name of Ireland's patron saint. If you hate saints, you will have one motive for removing all honor from the name of Patrick. If you hate Ireland, you will have another powerful motive. So you begin by getting people to laugh at Paddy; and, as parents don't like to have their children's names laughed at, the spineless ones the time-serving ones, will not call their sons Patrick any more, but, well, we shall say Waldorf or Oswald—names which mean as much to a Celt as Chin-Chin does to a Bostonian. Nevertheless the trick works, and little by little the noble and beautiful and illustrious name of Patrick disappears, until a generation arrives that sees through the contemptible trick and brings back the proud name into its old high honor again."

Now you begin to see what is going to happen to the word charity, if we allow this trick to be worked under our eyes. Charity means love. In the Christian sense love has for its highest object God. In that sense nothing can exclude God from love. Charity, therefore, means love of God prompting love of our fellow-men. This was the word which thrilled Christianity in the Ages of Faith, which rescued the slave, which aided the unfortunate.—The Monitor.

THE MUSICIAN'S ROSARY

One of the greatest musicians of the last century was the celebrated composer Gluck. He learned the first elements of his art under the vaulted arches of a cathedral where he was a chorister in his young days. He was a slender, pale, delicate child, said the historian of his life. His parents were poor and they came one day to present him to the provost of the Cathedral of Vienna in order that he might be admitted among the children who sing the praises of the Lord. His voice was so beautiful, it had such purity of expression, that when he sang the Cathedral was filled with an immense crowd who listened to him with delight. He grew up in his art, and in piety as well. The harmonies of the organ moved him at times to tears.

THE ANGELIC LEADER

There is perhaps not a saint of the Church the lesson of whose life Catholics can more profitably ponder than St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Teacher of the Church. Great as was his learning, great as is his authority in the schools, his purity of life remains his first claim to the loving remembrance and imitation of the Christian world. While there are comparatively few who can hope to follow him on the high roads of learning, there is none who cannot, with God's grace, follow him on the narrow path of pure living. And it is not too much to say that in our day there are perhaps many who deem it more noble to be learned than to be angelically pure. It is in the air about us that our youth must "sow its wild oats," that it must learn the ways of the world by following upon them, that it must see that all life contains by tasting of even its forbidden pleasures. How few young men there are who have the courage to refuse to enter on the "primrose path" for fear of the rally of their friends. Almost the greatest indignity which one can offer a modern young man is to say of him that he is "one of the pious kind."

And yet it is only too true that it is easy to teach any man evil ways. It requires great strength of character in the face of one's unruly passions to hold one's self in leash. Fanned by the luxuriant warmth of passion, it is far easier to sin than to shake one's self free and flee. And to flee from danger is manly, because prudent. To refuse to do what is unbecomingly more manly than to ride with pride and give one's self over to the devil. To fight the devil during a lifetime requires splendid courage. And this is what the saints, and more especially St. Thomas Aquinas, succeeded in doing by cooperation with the grace which was given them, as it is given to each and every one of us. If, then, St. Thomas succeeded in keeping his soul white as an angel's wing, it was

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path of art, but he was always faithful to his practices of piety. At the court of Vienna, in the midst of amusement, when evening fell, men saw the illustrious master withdraw a little, and, like a priest with his breviary, seek out some lonely spot where he could say his beads. And when death, after a glorious life, came to strike him down, he was found ready; he still held in his hand the poor yet precious set of beads of Brother Anselm.—Sacred Heart Review.

because he brought the natural nobility of his character to work in harmony with the graces that came down upon him from heaven. St. Thomas doubtless, would have found it a thousand times easier to listen to the siren voice of his clamorous passions just as any one of us would

find it so; but, realizing the presence of God, the heinousness of sin, the beauty of grace, the existence of a future world where he would have to give an account of his life, he found it wiser and manlier to accept the Gospel standards of living.—Rosary Magazine.

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