

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HEART GARDEN
Keep your heart clean and it shall be
A garden fit and fair,
In which shall flourish plant and tree
With fruit and blossom rare.
Keep your thoughts pure and they shall be
The seed that you must sow,
And in good heart-soil you shall see
Them soon take root and grow.
Speak true, kind words, and they shall be
The beautiful blossoms rare,
Shedding rich fragrance full and free
Within a world of care.
Do deeds of love and they shall be
Each helpful, loving deed,
The perfect fruit of plant and tree
That shall His hungry feed.

SILENT SYMPHONY
We have all met the man who tells us that poetry has no appeal for him, that he never reads poems and is quite certain that those who do read them are wasting their time. We all know men of this type, and we know, too, from experience that their conversion comes hard.

Generally speaking there is nothing to be said in reply when a man makes a statement of this kind, for the chances are strong, that he is so deeply rooted in the study of material things that the finer instincts of his nature have become wrapped about in an armour of steel. He is not, never will be, a poet.

And by poets we do not necessarily mean those who, with a song in their hearts and with an intelligent understanding of the psychology of a true poem, sit down to weave for us some gold or silver thread that works its way through the coarse fabric of the sterner things of life and clothes it with a mantle of all the colors that glow in an evening sky.

A poem is nothing more or less than a vision,—a vision of beauty that lives in the human heart, whether it find outward expression in one way or another, or whether it be stifled to death because there is no chance for expansion.

Those of us who are familiar with the characters of Dickens, recall many instances of poets whose songs were never heard in the busy outer world, and whose names were never inscribed in the annals of literature. For the most part these silent singers were hidden and lowly souls, the oppressed, the misunderstood, the poor. Whether it is Tiny Tim who in his cheery way sang the praises of God at the Christmas dinner or whether it is the little Paul Dombey, frail, pensive, listening to the murmur of the river that rippled along the wall of his chamber, they were poets, all. It would seem that beauty thrives at times under adverse conditions and it is as true in our day as it was long ago.

Unconscious poets fill the great world all about us, although no one publicly acclaims them as such. In an age which is more or less material, and in which modern improvements and inventions have hurried us past many a noble ideal, we are apt to hear only the drab prose of life.

Most men have something which is dear to them, even though, it be of no moment to the outer world. Silent men they may seem, they have nothing to say when you speak on various subjects, gloomy men, and disinterested. But open the channels whereby their thoughts may flow freely on the subject which is nearest to them, and a change takes place. No longer are they languid or gruff or uninteresting. We have all seen men of this type. At rare intervals they light up, so to speak. The eye, hitherto dull, brightens, and a glow diffuses itself over the whole personality. They stand erect and speak in firm tones, and look you straight in the face, like men who are their own masters, and in which modern improvements and inventions have hurried us past many a noble ideal, we are apt to hear only the drab prose of life.

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What has wrought this magic change, for their is no Aladdin to strike the magic wand above them. They are exteriorly the same, but interiorly a great change has taken place. They speak like different men because the secret springs have been sounded, and the flood gates open.

In the workshop all day the artisan toils stolidly at his tasks, in the factory his neighbor strains every nerve to "make his ticket." Their work is mechanical; there is no poetry in it. They are merely a part of the vast machine that is called progress.
But in the evening take the same two men, they are digging in their small back gardens. What a transformation! The look of tenacity is cast off with the sound of the closing gong. Now they look into the heart of the sunset and calculate the weather for the morrow. Intelligence beams from their eyes, and a look of content has crept into their expression. The poetry of their lives has come to surface, and the tender growing things so close to the warm bosom of the earth become in themselves verses, songs, as beautiful as any of those which are written in books.

All day long the truckman jolts over the uneven roads, looking ahead and striving to keep free of the innumerable vehicles that impede his progress. He has no time to enjoy such beauty as the scenery may offer. Usually his road lies in and out of monotonously dull streets lined with red brick shops and tenements. If there is a song in his heart no-one would realize it.

But witness this same man in the evening surrounded by a loving family group, with children clinging to the skirts of his coat, overwhelming him. What a difference! For a glad light has crept into his face and softened its hard lines, and so-to-speak glorified him. In the little group at his feet he sees the future masters of the world, his stay and comfort in the far-off days that are creeping upon him. A song rushes in his heart in answer to the innocent cries of the children. For the time being, the man is a poet.

Through the streets of the city, day after day, walk those whose real interior is hidden from our eyes, whose lives do not appear to re-echo to the strains of the sweet harmony. And yet among them there may be many whose silent song rises above the din to mingle with that of the angels.
A little bird will rarely refuse to sing when encouraged by the voice or song of another. So the human heart will rarely fail to respond when we appeal to it with sympathy and understanding. Surely this world would be a more tuneful spot did each of us strive to encourage one another to produce our beautiful thoughts and deeds, like exquisite music, hushing into silence the unsympathetic notes of discord and unkindness.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHE WOULD NEVER SAY PLEASE
There was once a small child who never would say please,
I believe, if you even went down on your knees.
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter, to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze
Over the mountains and over the seas,
To a valley, where never a dinner she sees,
But, down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees;
In the woods she must live until she learns to say please.
—M. S. P., in St. Nicholas

FINDING GOOD IN EVERY ONE
One dear old woman was rallied by her friends because of her habit of always seeing some good in every one.
"Why, dear, I believe you would even have a good word to say for the devil."
"Well, I must confess that I have always admired his perseverance," was the reply.
"What sweet privileges we extend to those who love us!"
"We permit them to toil for us, think for us, smile for us, live for us, and die for us."
"So often the only reward they get is a weak, surly, sullen face that one would be ashamed to show to the world."

THAT SWEET WORD "MOTHER"
Lord Macaulay pays the following beautiful tribute to his mother: "Children, look in those eyes; listen to that dear voice; notice the feeling of even a single touch bestowed upon you by that hand; make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that touch and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in the struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable for my age read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glance upon me when I appeared asleep."

RELIGIOUS MEANING OF EACH MONTH OF THE YEAR
Each of the twelve months of the year has been dedicated by Catholic devotion and piety in the following manner:
January, the month of the Holy Childhood.
February, the month of the Passion.
March, the month of devotion to St. Joseph.
April, the month of the Resurrection.
May, the month of Mary.
June, the month of the Sacred Heart.
July, the month of the Precious Blood.
August, the month of the Heart of Mary.
September, the month of the Pilgrim Orders.
October, the month of the Angels and of the Rosary.

November, the month of devotion for the Souls in Purgatory.
December, the month of the Nativity of Our Lord.

BEING GLAD YOU'RE YOU

To be glad that you are just what you are is to escape a great deal of unavailing complaint and foolish regret, said a woman editor recently. An old colored woman was once asked if she did not wish that she were white, and she said:
"Aint nevah had no time for no such fool wishin' as dat. Been too busy tryin' to make de mos' and de bes' of what I is, colah and all. De Lawd made my colah an' if he is satisfied with it I ought to be an' I is."

She was a wise woman—wiser than many white people are. To try to make the best of what one is, will always bring so much more happiness and contentment than wasting any time wishing that one were something or somebody else. A girl of eighteen was once asked if she did not wish that she were a great singer. Her reply was:
"Well, I am not a great singer and I never can be, so that is the end of it. I can probably cook a good deal better dinner than any of the great singers can so I have something to be grateful for."

Something to be grateful for! No matter what we are in color, ability to achieve or environment there is always something to be grateful for. I once read a poem in which there was a line about—
"A lost lament for the things that cannot be."

The sooner one loses a lament of that kind the better. The best way to be happy is to enjoy our own lives, without comparing them to the lives of others. The prayer of a wise man of other days was this:
"My God, give me neither poverty nor riches; but whatever it may be Thy will to give, give me with it a heart which knows humbly to acquiesce in what is Thy will."
To be able to say "I'm glad I'm me" and to be eager to make all that can be made of one's self is to be free from the folly and discontent of wishing that one might be someone else.

STATE WITH NO DIVORCE CALLED MOST MORAL

The Right Rev. William A. Guerry, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of South Carolina, who comes from a State that does not recognize divorce on any grounds, discussed marital relations yesterday in an interview with a reporter for The New York Times. In the morning he preached in Trinity Church, where he will officiate during August.

"The House of Bishops, at the triennial General Convention of the Episcopal Church two years ago, voted in favor of the indissolubility of the marriage relation," said Bishop Guerry. "But the House of Deputies refused to concur. Therefore it did not become a law."
Bishop Guerry said that South Carolina, from the time she became a State, forbade remarriage after divorce on any ground.

"You can't get a divorce in my State on any ground whatsoever," said the bishop. "South Carolina will grant a legal separation, but the husband has to support the children. I believe that there is not a law on statute books which meets with such universal approval. And I don't believe there is any State which has a purer home life than ours."

Bishop Guerry then spoke of the growing desire in the Episcopal Church to make the remarriage of a divorced person a violation of Canon Law.

"My own policy," he said, "although the American Church allows remarriage after divorce for one cause only, is one of absolute disapproval of divorce. As Bishop, I have refused to permit any of my clergy to remarry persons divorced on any ground whatsoever."

K OF C. PUBLICITY PRAISED

Oakland (Cal.) Tribune, August 8
Protestant laymen may learn three valuable lessons from the Knights of Columbus, who recently held their annual international convention in San Francisco, according to Rev. Francis J. Van Horn, pastor of the First Congregational Church, who preached a sermon last night on the subject of "Learning from the K. C.'s."
"The first lesson that I think Protestant laymen should learn from the Knights of Columbus convention, is the value of publicity, and the method of obtaining it. Every item of interest was utilized by the newspapers, and the convention was heralded throughout the country and State through the medium of the press. We Protestants might well take note of the method of obtaining publicity which was used, in chronicling our own conventions and preparing news for the papers."
"Another thing we should take cognizance of is the recognition the convention made to the mother church. The convention was frankly a body of men not together to study church problems, and at all times the leadership of the Church was recognized. The frank and open recognition by the Knights of the Catholic Church as a spiritual agency should be a great lesson to us. They were not ashamed to go to church. They opened their con-

FRESH
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is always fresh and possesses that unique flavour of 'goodness' that has justly made it famous.

vention by attending Mass in a body.
"Lastly, we should take the same stand on questions of divorce and marriages that were taken by the convention. I consider divorce the most flagrant abuse existing today. Laws of States or the laws of a Church will not stop it. It is sentiment of the members of a Church, and we should take steps to make that sentiment permanent, and a force for the suppression of this great evil."

MILITARIST LEAVES VATICAN

SWISS GUARD COMMANDER WHO ASKED FOR CANNON RESIGNS
Colonel Repond, who was called to be commander of the Swiss Guards at the Vatican during the pontificate of Pius X., and who gained considerable distinction because of his efforts to place the seventy soldiers who compose the guard on a "war footing," has resigned. Pope Benedict has appointed Colonel Hirschbuhl, the next senior officer of the corps, to succeed him.

Colonel Repond was an officer of the Swiss regular army and came to the Vatican under the impression that he could give the Pope's body-guard a more martial spirit. They were put on strict military discipline, aroused at 4:30 o'clock in the morning and put through drills in the most rigid fashion. The seventy men were taken out on the Belvedere court inside the Vatican gardens and put through manoeuvres.
One day Colonel Repond had an audience with His Holiness, Pius X., and laid before him plans for the fortifying of the Vatican. These

included the placing of cannon on the roof of St. Peter's. The Holy Father looked upon the Colonel, smiling one of his benign smiles, and said:
"Cannon? What for? Not to shoot?"
"No, Your Holiness," replied the Colonel.
"Well, then?" interrogated the venerable Pontiff.
The Colonel did not answer and he was excused.
Colonel Repond had also issued to the Swiss Guards a certain amount of ammunition. One day a guard began shooting near the barracks. The report stirred the whole Vatican. The issue of cartridges was ordered prohibited and the guards deprived of those they still had.
This was the last attempt of the Colonel to institute war tactics. The guards continue to use the fifteenth century halberd when on duty.

He is a very poor lover of flowers who does not find in their petals a little treatise on the beauty of God.

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