CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S WAY Oft within our little cottage, As the shadows gently fall While the sunlight touches softly One sweet face upon the wall, Do we gather close together And in hushed and tender tone Ask each other's full forgiveness For the wrong that each hath done.

Should you wonder why this custom At the ending of the day, Eye and voice would answer: "It was once our mother's way."
If our home be bright and cheery. If it holds a welcome true, Opening wide its door of greeting To the many—not the few; If we share Our Father's bounty With the needy day by day, 'Tis because our hearts remember This was ever mother's way. Sometimes when our hands grow

weary, When our burdens look too heavy, And we deem the right all wrong; Then we gain a new, fresh courage, And we rise to proudly say;
"Let us do our duty bravely-This was our dear mother's way!' Thus we keep her memory precious,

While we never cease to pray, That at last, when lengthening Pilot. shadows Mark the evening of our day They may find us waiting calmly To go home our mother's way.

-REV. A. J. RYAN

DON'T BE AFRAID

1. Don't be afraid to be good. This fear is far too general and gives much boldness to the bad. Don't advertise your goodness; but, for the sake of the example, don't hide it.

2. Don't be afraid of danger whenever and wherever duty com-Go to it readily, joyously, mands. Go as to a feast.

Don't be afraid of poverty. Convince yourself that peace, distinction, generosity, honor, contentment also, have often been poor among us. There are nations in greedy quest of gold; others who use money and believe in better things. The best Catholic races

have always been among the latter. 5. Don't be afraid of those that are successful. Not for a single moment remain in the spirit of defeat. The vanquished accuse themselves far too much. They waste half their energy at copying

their enemies. good faith, you have made a mistake. Recover from your error. Saints, like all master pieces, are

the fruits of a slow process.
7. Don't be afraid of fashion. Do not judge of an idea, of a cause, of a truth, by the number of its adherents. Look at the dog: it considers neither the poverty nor the isolation of its master—it loves him. It's an example. You will love Our Lord Jesus Christ in the forgetfulness where men leave

ity of your position. A man's worth comes not from the importance or the tumult of his acts, but from the will that moves him. A wisp of straw, picked up through charity by a farmer's wife for the nest of her fowls, will fetch a far greater reward then many brilliart actions.

Of all the months most welcome To angels and to men—
The month of birds and blossoms, The flowery, sunny May, When earth and sky, dear Mother!

To thee fond tribute pay.

And so, O dearest Mother!

Before the simple shrine reward then most welcome To angels and to men—
The month of birds and blossoms, The flowery, sunny May, When earth and sky, dear Mother!

Before the simple shrine reward then most welcome To angels and to men—
The month of birds and blossoms, The flowery, sunny May, When earth and sky, dear Mother!

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Before the simple shrine reward then most welcome To angels and to men—
The month of birds and blossoms, The flowery, sunny May, When earth and sky, dear Mother!

Before the simple shrine reward the reward than many brilliant actions done through pride. When a man has broken sods, sown grass, planed planks, conducted a trample of the simple same with the conductions which we have decked with flowers because we call it thine, we kneel to scatter incense Look down, O dearest Mother! car, greased carriage-wheels, copied letters, added up figures, whatever he has done, if he has done it honestly, if he has caused no wrong Look down, O dearest Mother! Look down to hear and see, Look down on us thy children, O Mother dear! look down; The mother's face beams kindly to his neighbor, if he has neither blasphemed nor ignored the Supreme Though thou art Queen of Heaven, Goodness by which everything sub-sists, God will give him His Para-Yet still, O dearest Mother!

fit comes: go to it. An old knight going with Godfrey of Bouillon on the First Crusade fired his company with these words: "Forions with these words: "For-ward! duty bids us go, come back who may." That's the cry of the

And lastly, don't be afraid of death, because it is a passage, a In Heaven's eternal May-time, winding defile, obscure to us, but Whose sunlight is the Lamb,

A LACK OF RETICENCE

are very beautiful and desirable traits. They impart to childhood and innocence that wonderful should be the traits. and innocence that wonderful charm which is so irresistable and appeals to every human heart. But from these delightful qualities to the bold and vulgar outspokenness of our generation, there is a far cry.

The modern craze for outspokenness in a falsely understood sense takes the beauty out of life, robs the world of romance and reduces everything to the level of the com-monplace. It effaces the line between a literary work and a treatise on pathology. It has not made us richer, but infinitely poorer. Life's mysteries must not be touched by vulgar hands. Some things must be regarded as too sacred for the public gaze. Reticence is not hypocrisy; it is the protection of the individual against gross familiarity. It is a noble assertion of personal dignity. It is absolutely essential to true culture and refinement of life.—The

EDITORIAL NIMBLENESS OF WIT

Several reporters, the chief editorial writer, the city editor and the colored janitor of a leading Florida newspaper are said to have been engaged in a crap game in the private office of the general manager of the paper. The general representations of the paper of the paper. manager was notorious for his piety and was especially opposed to gambling.

The game was growing warm, and besides a large pot there were a number of side bets, all of the morey having been placed on the carpet in front of the betters.

pray. As the general manager paused in the doorway of the private office, he saw the entire bunch with their eyes closed, engaged in an earnest prayer for the success of the paper.

The property of the general manager the conductor tried to put him off the conductor tried to put him off the conductor tried and something street." (That with a twinkle—Father Pat was about the most wide-awake person imaginable.)

"Well, I'd been on my feet all

rolled to heaven, gave vent to an "amen!" that could have been heard half a block. The other gamblers were on their knees, seemingly in very earnest supplication.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TO THE QUEEN OF MAY O Mary, dearest Mother, Don't be afraid of the obscur- Of all the months most welcome

dise. For those who can see and understand, all positions in life shine equally with a ray from on high.

9. Don't be afraid of war. Pray that it may be spared to your country on account of the many and great evils which secompany it.

By Him, thy Son, Who giveth us
A brother's tender name—
By all the love that yearneth
Within thine own pure Heart, O Mother! be a mother, And act a mother's part

opening into a glorious plain of In the gladness and the glory, light.—Rene Bazin. We'll praise thee and we'll bless thee,

Thou look on us with love. -REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

A STORY FOR MAY The talk had been of those Catholic practices, indulged in by Protestants, which somehow find their way into the biographies of converts, cur generation, there is a far cry. The present age has lost the sense of reserve and cast aside the art of reticence. In this process, it has become coarse in moral fibre and vulgar in manner.

No refinement of life is possible without reticence. There is a phase of human nature, the existence of which need not be denied, but yet which does not form a topic of polite conversation or a matter of which man is inclined to boast. The novel of today pries into things

testants, which somehow find their way into the biographies of converts, notable and otherwise. Newman's rearry in his school-boy notebook; Benson's early interest in St. Thomas of Canterbury; Mgr. Drew's furtive glimpses of Benediction. When the great personal and I contributed, for whatever it was worth, the fact that I had 'gone to sleep on the beads' from the time I was four-

which social conventions have veiled with much wisdom. It is difficult to shock the present generation; mercilessly it has torn to shreds all veils by which humanity concealed its frailities.

For this sad condition, largely the pseudo-science of the day is to blame. This false science delights in robbing man of his dignity and emphasizing his kinship with the animal. It laughs at modesty and labors hard to destroy this fine sentiment, which loudly proclaims that man is superior to the animal. The very fact that man is conscious of a high destiny makes him reticent about these matters that pertain to his lower self.

The modern craze for outspokenness, in a falsely, understood sonse.

"took up his parable."

"Oh yes—you hear those things after the people of whom they are told have become Catholics. It's easy enough to look back and trace the hand of God leading them on towards the Ark of Safety and to see indications of the inevitable and even in the little things of childhood. But, suppose they hadn't followed the light—would anybody hood. But, suppose they hadn't followed the light—would anybody have seen anything in those incidents more than the fact that some vestiges of the Ancient Faith line or increase. live on in every sincere Protestant?
Not every boy who learns from his
Irish nurse-maid to make the sign
of the cross becomes a Cardinal. Nor does every young man who has been impressed with high Mass on the continent forsake his Anglicanism to turn into a monsignor years after. But there was once a lad—"

Father Martin, who never failed to appreciate the advantage of the dramatic pause, reached for his old clay pipe; reposing on the mantel. The others drew closer to the hearth. One never knew what might come forth once Father Martin got under way.

""Never missed it, Father—is it all right?—I don't mean no harm by it."

Father Martin's glance ran

"It was when I was assistant at St. Bridget's, and with two hospi-tals in the parish, neither of which had regular chaplains, there was enough to do. You don't know yet, Dominie, though you will presently, as to a feast.

3. Don't be afraid of failures.
The first failure is necessary: it trains the will; the second may be useful. If you rise from the third, you are a man; you are like those grapes that are best when they ripen on stones.

modey having been places:

As the city editor raised his arm, the knows that he is alive for nothing else but to serve people, and thanks God for the chance. Father Lyttleton over there went to sleep once, just as he's trying to do now, when he was on a trolley carrying the Sacraments to some how tired a priest can get—how he can dread the night bell—though uter office.

Extending his arm, he began to poor soul, and never woke up till

the paper.

The colored janitor, with his eyes day and had hardly gotten back selves far too much. They half their energy at copying enemies.

Don't be afraid because, in faith, you have made a miss.

Recover from your error. ts, like all master-pieces, are ruits of a slow process.

Don't be afraid of fashion are ruits of a slow process.

Don't be afraid of fashion are ruits of a slow process.

Bon't a street car in sight, and I walked all the way, tired and wet and not in a very edifying frame of mind, God forgive me. I found a young fellow of about twenty-five with a bullet through the groin. He had been in a saloon where a have that pair of shoes." And with a bullet through the groin.

He half their energy at copying to the city editor ended his prayer, he said: "And now, Lord, we thank these generous boys for the cheerful donation they have half the way, tired and wet would not in a very edifying frame of mind, God forgive me. I found a young fellow of about twenty-five with a bullet through the groin.

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—Catholic Columbian.

Tow stated and got meant for someone else. The nurse told me, just at the door of the ward, that the patient had not asked for a priest, indeed, had been brought in unconscious, but that finding a medal about his neck they had sent for me, and meanwhile the lad had recovered consciousness. So I went in and sat down on the boy's bed and, by the way of precaution, asked him if he was a Catholic.

"'Well, now, Father, I don't know. "I glanced at the nurse, and she nodded to assure me that he was quite rational, and bending over pened his shirt and showed me the medal-an old silver thirg worn almost smooth, hung on a leather shoestring about his strong healthy ooking and not over-clean shoul-

ders. "What do you mean, you don't know?"
"Oh, Father Martin — such slang!" whispered the pastor of St.

slang!" whispered ... Columbkill's.
"Nothing of the kind, Father-"Nothing proper phrase di that perfectly proper phrase did not become slang until twenty years later," went on Father Martin's even voice, as if the rejoinder were part of the story. "Me mother gave it to me when I was a kid."
""Was your mother a Catholic?

Where do you go to church?'
"'Never did go to church—
started in at a Baptist Sunday
school when I was a kid, and
wouldn't let me go no more—no,
he never went nowhere—she died she never went nowhere-she died

when I was ten.' Well, it was late, and I'd had a hard day, and I didn't care to sit there with the Pyx on me, so I asked him, a bit sharply, I fear: 'How many God's are there?' The boy looked at me in a dull sort of way—he must have been suffer-ing a good deal of pain by this time.

'Aw, now, Father, I dunno—I never had no education.'

Well, but you know who God is, don't you?'

is, don't you?

"'Aw, now, Father, please don't
be askin' me things I don't know.'

"Such ignorance! Such utter
failure to grasp any meaning—and they call this a Christian country It was perfectly plain that the lad

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"'Aw, Father, don't be mad at me I didn't mean nothin'.'
"Now, I don't know why, but suddenly all my weariness and annoyance was gone, and I got down beside the bed and put my arms about the lad and told him not to be afraid, that I was his friend and was the lad and told him not do he help him and friend and wanted to help him and then I asked him what he meant by his question about the Lady in the piece

""What piece, son ?" And to my amazement he repeated the Hail Mary—repeated it hurriedly, shame-facedly—as if he feared there might be something about it that a priest ought not to hear! Yes, his mother had taught it to him when he was a tiny boy and made him say it every day, and when she was

around the little circle and he spread his hands as he sometimes does in the pulpit when he is really stirred.

"Actually, gentlemen, he was so ignorant that he thought there might be something covertly wrong in the Angelic Salutation! Yet, for the sake of his old mother, none for the sake of his old mother, none too good a mother at that, he had said his 'piece' day by day through all those years and in all sorts of places—he had been stable boy, training pug for a half-rate prize fighter, garage hand, and finally chauffeur for a charlatan doctorhad never been inside a irch. He was neither better nor worse than others of his kind, yet every day he had said his Hail Mary without the slightest idea of what

"Well, I instructed him as well as I could—he wasn't so lacking in

intelligence as he seemed-and baptized him conditionally, gave him all the Sacraments and promised to look in in the morning and have another talk with him.
But when I made my rounds the
next day he was not there."
Father Martin knocked the cold

dottle from his pipe into the fire. The rector of St. Columbkill's got up and started for the door. At up and started for the door. At the edge of the rug he turned and

Write that narration out, withwrite that narration out, without any embroidery and paste it in
the back of that copy of 'The
Glories of Mary' Father Martin
gave you for Christmas."
It is the duty of a Catholic,
especially a subdeacon, to obey a

After they were gone, and my bag was packed, Father Curry and I stood by the glowing hearth. As he shook hands with me he remarked apropos of nothing at all: "You see, though he had never known Her She had always known him"

—By Domonic Francis in The Magnificat.

Let us obey each one in his place with the faith of a little child, and the loyal heart of a true knight.

What is true, right and good will prevail in the end; it is all a question of time.

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