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— Hard Headed.. —  
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HOLINESS

by

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# Hardheaded Holiness

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, S. J.

FATHER PETER sat with his "boys." It was at the Catholic Club, and the Catholic Evidence Guild was in session.

"We're going to talk tonight about holiness, aren't we, Father?" asked one of the guildsmen.

"Yes, Jack, we are."

"Well, all I have to say is that I hope you make it practical. High-powered sanctity may be all right for priests and Sisters, but what we who live in the world need is the doctrine of a holiness that we can actually attain in leading the fearfully matter-of-fact lives that we do lead. And believe me, Father, this holds true for the younger generation. I could tell you——"

"Yes, Jack, you can tell us a lot," Tom said, barging in; "but what about giving Father at least a running-jump lead? We're all in on this and, if he doesn't talk down to us, we'll talk up to him. What do you say, men? Give Father the floor?"

With a salvo of yeses, the meeting was on.

## What Holiness Is

"I suppose that nine out of ten people—good Catholic people—think holiness consists necessarily in saying long prayers, keeping black fasts, practicing all kinds of mortifi-

cations and penances, and in doing extraordinary things for God."

"Why, sure," interrupts Jim. "Isn't that what we read in most lives of the saints? Didn't St. Francis Xavier sleep on the altar steps? Didn't St. Ignatius nearly ruin his health with fasts? Didn't St. Somebody-or-other walk over the body of her son who prostrated himself in the doorway to prevent her from entering the convent? Wasn't St. Simeon Stylites the first all-time champion pole-sitter? Didn't St.——"

"Yes," chimed in timekeeper Tom, "and didn't the monks have a rule of silence that we may now invoke against one's talking out of turn. Say, give Father a chance!"

"Well, boys, I see we are off to a typical start. Or is it a start? But let me go on. Yes, Jim, the Saints (with a capital 'S') did do all these great things, and Saints do the same today. But we are talking about saints who have not yet capitalized the 's' and who may never do so. We're talking about hard-headed, rock-bottom holiness. The sky is the limit in all forms of holiness, but just at present——"

That was just another red flag waved in front of the group. "All forms of holiness!" piped up Carl. "Isn't there only one kind of holiness?"

### The State of Sanctifying Grace

"Yes, Carl, there is only one kind of holiness if we look at that in which holiness essentially consists—the possession of sancti-

fyng grace. That is holiness in the supernatural order, in which God has placed us. But you can get grace in many ways: as an unmarried person, as a married person, as a priest, as a Sister, as a Brother, and you can make that sanctifying grace grow in your soul by practicing virtue varyingly according to your position and state of life. Whenever you are in the state of grace, you *are* a 'saint' with a small 's.'

"I often recall the story of a priest student counselor who once asked a boy:

"'Jack, do you want to be a saint?'"

"'Oh, no, Father.'

"'Then you want to be in mortal sin?'"

"'Gee, *no*, Father! Not on your life! How do you make that out?'"

"'Well, when you are not in mortal sin, you are in the state of grace. You remember, don't you, Jack, that you learned from your little catechism that sanctifying grace makes you holy and pleasing to God? That means you are a saint—with a small 's' of course—because 'saint' is from the Latin word *sanctus*, which means *holy*.

"This brings us back to our original question: 'What is holiness—rock-bottom, hard-headed holiness, the kind that every man wants to reach, can reach—and must reach?'"

"Going up! Going up!" shouted hard-headed Bill. "Keep both feet on the ground, Father! Who ever said that every man *wanted* to be holy? You mean to tell me that

Dillinger wanted to be holy and that Pretty Boy Floyd, the gunman, and Susie the burlesque dancer, and all the fops and fopesses of the merry whirl of the socialites have any least desire to be holy?"

### Grown-ups

"Did you hear what I said, Bill? 'Every *man.*' I was talking about grown-ups, about men and women who face life squarely and try to tackle the job of life and see it through properly."

"All right, Father. But even they have no desire to be holy. They never heard about it. That just doesn't fit in with men and women as I know them."

"Come on, Bill; let's do a bit of shuffling of our mental cards. A grown-up person is one who does

What he *ought* to do,  
When he *ought* to do it,  
As he *ought* to do it.

"The whole difference between a child and a grown-up is precisely that. A child does

What it *wants* to do,  
When it *wants* to do it,  
As it *wants* to do it.

"To grow up means, precisely, to face life, to size up its duties and obligations, its pleasures and its enjoyments, and to plan one's life accordingly. An overgrown child is simply anyone of adult years who stamps his little foot and peevishly will do or won't do just what fits in with his own passing whims. So that lets out poor Dillinger and Pretty

Boy Floyd and the lounge lizards and the playboys and playgirls of the world. They're not grown up."

"But even so, Father, even if you dump out the fly-by-nights, I don't see that the rest do want to be holy. You haven't proved that."

"Maybe I have, Bill—if you *think*. Every sensible human being wants to grow up. To be grown up means to do:

*What* I ought to do,  
*When* I ought to do it,  
*As* I ought to do it.

And to be holy means just that. So now let's get at it. And if you fellows don't mind, don't interrupt for a few minutes.

### Actual Holiness

"To be holy means to do what God wants me to do, to fulfill His will in my life. Now His will for all of us is that we do the job of life *well*, that we stand up to life and size up its duties and perform them when and as they come along, and that we measure the pleasures and joys of life and take them as and when it befits a reasonable man to do so.

"That's God will. If I do not handle my job in life well, if I let my duties go, or fulfill them shabbily, I may say all the long prayers I want, and I may spend hours in church, and I may fast until my jaws are long and lean and ghastly, but I am not hardheadedly holy. Of course it is good to pray and to fast and to be in church, but

much of this is privilege, and our fundamental duties of life come first. For instance:

"Some years ago a woman came to me and expressed a desire to go daily to Mass and communion.

" 'Well, why not?' " I asked.

" 'Because my husband wants his breakfast at the time of Mass.'

" 'He does? Well, is that the proper time for his breakfast?'

" 'Yes. And you will ask me, I suppose, why I do not go to a later Mass. The answer is that there is only one Mass in our church, since it is a country parish.'

" 'Well, then, my good woman, stay home and get your husband's breakfast. That's your *duty*. Daily Mass and Holy Communion are your *privilege*. And duties come before privileges.' "

There was a pause. The men were thinking. Then up spoke Frank:

"Now you're talking the language men can understand. I wish you'd give that doctrine to my pious wife."

### Getting Down to Cases

"Here, here! This is no way to publicize your wife, Frank. Maybe Father Peter can apply the doctrine to *you* and to *us*."

"Yes, I can," returned Father Peter. "So let's be practical, eh? And if the shoe pinches or the hat fits, remember—you asked for it.



"The first thing I ought to do in the morning is to get up on time. Most do that because their living depends thereon. So we need not worry much about that.

"The next thing we ought to do is to say 'Good morning' to God, which is our morning prayers. Yet, how many miss their morning prayers! Many more than miss their evening prayers.

Jack pipes up: "Don't be too hard on the poor people, Father. They get up at the last minute, perform their toilet hurriedly, bolt a breakfast—and they're out."

"That's right, Jack. And is that one for you? But everyone says 'Good morning' to each one he meets, doesn't he? And shouldn't we be as polite to God as to others? Of course we are in a hurry. But here's a little trick. If *the moment* a man gets out of bed in the morning, he falls right down on his knees and says the Morning Offering, the Our Father, the Hail Mary and an act of contrition, it will take exactly *one* minute. The secret is to take the time out *first*. Then he will hurry with dressing, with his toilet, with breakfast, and all the other routine details. And that is just what he ought to do if he is a grown-up creature who wants to be polite to God.

### Holy in Easy Things

"Office work done well, so that you give your boss service in return for wages—that is hardheaded holiness. And a boss who

treats his employees like human beings and gives them at least a living wage—he is holy. The mother at home, washing, scrubbing, sweeping, making beds, is holy because she is doing *what* and *when* and *as*. The student at school who studies and pays attention in classes is doing *what* and *when* and *as*. And when boy and girl come home from school and are asked by father and mother to help out in the chores about the house or to run errands, they are hard-headedly holy if the chores are done and the errands run.”

Then it was that Bal, silent till now, spoke up. “Father, I don’t think anyone has the least difficulty in recognizing holiness in the doing of the hard things of life or in the fulfilling of its duties and obligations. But some time back you said something about being holy when we do the easy things of life and take its pleasures. That’s what we need to have explained and, believe me, our young people need it.”

“You’re not slamming our young people, are you, Bal? You know I love them and think a lot of them.”

### The World Made for Man

“Not on your life, Father. I’m not. I’ve got two of my own and they are ace high. But if you can show them how to be saints when at a party, when playing tennis or baseball or basket ball, when at the movies, believe, me, Father, you’re going to help a lot of them.”

“You’re right, Bal. That’s what they need and that’s what they appreciate. And they—and their elders—*can* be holy playing, *can* be holy reading a novel, *can* be holy out automobile riding, or doing any of a number of things. There are only two things to be attended to:

“1. Is it now the time to sing, to read, to ride, to swim, to play?

“2. Am I singing, reading, riding, swimming, etc., as a decent human being should?

“If boy or girl, man or woman, can say yes to both these questions, then the riding, swimming, autoing is holy.

“You see, God made the world a pleasant place precisely for man to live in and to enjoy. It is a striking thing to turn to the first chapter of Genesis and read time and time again, when God had finished a fresh bit of creation: ‘And God saw that it was good.’ And at the end of that chapter, when we learn that He had created Adam and Eve and given them the whole wide world as theirs, we read a final time: ‘And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good.’ That is the world that God has made—and made for man to enjoy, unless, of course, freely and gladly and with full consciousness of its goodness, man or woman wants to give it up to seek God alone and entirely.

“To enjoy that world as God intended us to enjoy it, to partake of its pleasure as He

intended, to taste of its joys and relish them in a way that always leaves us in complete control of our own finer, higher selves—that is to be basically, fundamentally holy.”

### Another World

“You know, Father, that seems so utterly sane and sound,” said O’Brien, interrupting. “It’s a long time since I was young. But that does seem to me to put holiness well within the reach of all—and appealingly, too. But you seemed to have something further to add when you spoke of ‘the world God made.’ Is there another?”

“Yes, O’Brien, there is another, and as we sit here in these fine quarters of the Catholic Club in this great hotel in the heart of this throbbing city, it lies all around about us. It is the world *man* has made. It is the world of the filthy motion picture, of the lewd floorshow, of the immoral dance hall, of the risqué plays and unspeakable burlesques. It is the world of the sex-drenched novels and the moron-level Sunday feature supplement. It is the world of the divorcee and companionate lovers and free love.

“That is the world that man has made—and God has seen at all times that that world is *not* good. That is ‘the world’ for which even Christ Himself did not utter a prayer—‘I pray not for the world’ (John xvii, 9)—because it is essentially soiled and soiling. No one can partake of the pleasures of such a world and remain a normally decent human being, that would be living in

accordance with the reasonable demands of his nature. And so no one can live in and enjoy the pleasures of *that* world and be holy, because he will not be doing

*What* he ought to do,  
*When* he ought to do it,  
*As* he ought to do it.

“You know, men, that is to me one of the most startling of thoughts: that God has made holiness the same as being an honest-to-goodness grown-up human being, and He has made sin essentially consist in the *mis*-use of a thing that *can* be used in a holy and helpful way.

### “I Can Be a Saint”

“There is not one thing in all the world of God’s creation which is bad in its very make-up. Let’s take those things that men most misuse: money, drink, and sex. Money *can* be used aright; drink *can* be taken holily; sex within marriage *is* a holy thing and its use therein can and should bring an increase of sanctifying grace to husband and wife.

“If I am a grown-up human being and take the pleasures of life *when* and *as* I should, I am a saint—small “s” of course, but still a saint.

“And so I can be a saint:

at communion	or	at a party
at Holy Mass	or	at the movie
at my work	or	out autoing
helping the needy	or	reading a story.

“The only reason I cannot be a saint at a

party is that I should not be at a party at that particular time, or that I am acting improperly at the party. The only reason I cannot be a saint at the movie is that it is not the time to be there or that the movie is bad. The only reason I cannot be a saint while reading a detective story is that duty calls me elsewhere or the book is one that soils my mind and should not be read by anyone who respects the dignity of human nature.

### Safeguards Needed

"That's a great doctrine, Father, and I hope my youngsters get it straight from the beginning," Dan injected. "But, frankly, isn't it a bit dangerous? You know as well as I do that it's harder to be a saint drinking a cocktail than keeping a black fast. And it is much harder for a young man and young woman to be good at a party or when out motoring than when they are in church."

"Say, Dan, it is wonderful how you fellows are all on the side of the angels tonight. Of course it is easier, and you came into the picture just one green light ahead of the parade. It is harder to take the pleasant things of life holily than to take the hard things. But I believe it is highly necessary to show young people that they *can* be holy even when having fun. A football player will hit the line all the harder if he knows he is more of a saint for playing a good, straight, clean game. A girl can enjoy her party still more if she knows that Christ smiles on her party. And a young

man and woman will be glad to know that the open road ahead will lead them straight to heaven if death by accident would summon them when motoring well-behavedly alone.

“But back to the difficulty of so using the pleasant things of life. What does this imply? One thing: that we should train ourselves and train others from their earliest days to a deal of self-control. I must learn early, not only not to stick my hand into the ice-cream freezer, but to deny myself ice cream entirely when I might take it very holily.

### Self-Denial

“The psychology of self-denial is a simple one. To gain self-control so as to be always my better self and to be able to hold firm enough rein on myself when tempted to take forbidden fruit or to exceed in lawful pleasures, I must learn to say no to myself when I might say yes, and to say yes when I might say no. Anyone who always runs right up to the limit of lawful use will inevitably go beyond that limit soon. One who always takes all the pleasures he can without sin, and avoids all the pains he can without sin, will infallibly not avoid sin.

“We need to practice self-denial just in order to grow up to be men and women. That is the wonderful psychological worthwhileness of all the little ways and means of mortification taught students in our Catholic school system. (Even if we were not to consider the supernatural at all, we

Catholics are making a contribution to practical psychology and character-building the worth of which it would be exceedingly difficult to estimate.) A bit of candy done without, a bit of silence when one might talk, a quieter way of walking when running might be tolerated—these are little, very little things, but their worth is great. To do without meat on Friday is no heroic thing, and to eat it only once a day during Lent causes no one to grow thin.

“But all these mortifications and penances build up a reserve power. If I have schooled myself to say ‘No. No candy now,’ or ‘No, thank you’ when I might have taken a cigaret, it will not be so hard to say no when I am tempted to eat or drink that which I should not. Deliberately to close until the next day an interesting book, just when I am all excited to find out who married whom, is a fine way to gain courage to lay down once and for all a book that I find is bad. Willingly to choose a less comfortable chair or a less soft bed, so that I may for a while inflict a bit of discomfort on myself, is not done morbidly or because I do not like to have my comfort.

### Self-Control

“No indeed. It is done quite naturally and sensibly to gain the power of will to stand real pain when it comes, and to be able to put myself to a lot of trouble to perform life’s duties well, when that is entailed.”

“Say, Father, you’ve got your stride now,”



chimed in Dan. "I see now that you haven't become heretical yet."

"No, Dan, not yet—and, please God, never. And I don't believe in making the road to heaven too hard. And so, to be sound psychologists as well as good Catholics, we must school ourselves and others to a deal of self-restraint and thereby and therefore to a deal of self-control. And so we have another list for hardheaded holiness.

"It is easier to be a saint:

at communion	than	at a party
at Holy Mass	than	at the movie
at my work	than	out autoing
helping the needy	than	reading a story.

"That candy and cigarets and movies and autoing *are* attractive—and very attractive at times—is precisely why I must practice self-denial and thus gain self-control. And once again—if I don't have the self-control I should have, then, in so far as I haven't it, in that precise measure I have not grown up. Of course, remember there are other reasons for self-denial and penance (reparation for sin and imitation of Our Lord in His Passion), but with these two powerful motives we are not concerned here."

### Love of God

"Now what do you men think of that doctrine of holiness? Does it fit, Jack?"

"Yes, Father, it does. But you've left something out, and I've been trying to mess around in my mind to find what it is. But

I just don't get it. But you *have* left something out, haven't you?"

"Yes, Jack, I have; and deliberately so. Because I did not want to talk about too many things at once and also because I wanted to see whether or not any of you would detect it. Now who is the big, bright boy in the class?"

There was silence for a moment, and then good old quiet Ed spoke up and all knew something was coming. "Father, you haven't said a word about doing it all for God. You've left God out."

"That's it," shouted Jack. "I knew that something most familiar was not in the picture. Of course, you left God out."

"Only to have you men bring Him in, Jack and Ed and all of you. And I am proud to know that you do bring Him into your everyday lives."

And good old Father Peter smiled upon the group that had so interlocked their lives with his that all knew them as "Father Peter's boys."

"Yes, our formula for holiness left out the motive; and so we readjust it now. To be holy—to be a saint—means to do:

*What* I ought to do  
*When* I ought to do it  
*As* I ought to do it  
*Why* I ought to do it.

"Whatever duty there is to be done, I do it, and I do it well—and I do it because *God wants me to do it.*

“Whatever pleasure or recreation is to be taken, I take it and I take it sensibly and restrainedly, and I thank God while I take it that He gave us these pleasant things, and I tell Him that I use them merrily but guardedly, lest their very attractiveness turn me away from Him.

### Heaven Will Be Ours

“We are not Stoics, boys, doing things because we must and out of a sheer sense of duty. We are loving children of God and we try to manage our lives as He would have us manage them, because He wants us to do so, and because we can thus show our love for Him.

“And doesn't everyone, old or young, want to show love for God when he realizes how good God has been in thus making holiness the very warp and woof of our lives? God does not demand extraordinary things of us. He just asks that we do the *ordinary* things of life *when* and *as* we should and out of love for Him. He wants us to be grown-ups and in return for growing up He gives us the greatest gift that lies within His power to grant to us—sanctifying grace. When we do '*what* and *when* and *as* and *why*,' in return He places in our souls that thing we call sanctifying grace, which comes to us through the merits of Jesus Christ and makes us holy and pleasing to God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. Sanctifying grace makes us here and now share in God's own life, and if we hold on to it and do not drive it out by mortal sin, then, when

we die, heaven will be ours for all eternity.

“So when Jane goes out to the party and acts ‘as God wants her to,’ when she gets home she knows she has more grace in her soul than she had before she went out. And as he takes his girl friend home from the golf links, Jack knows that their game has brought new grace into his soul and that he is stronger in the love of God than he was before the match started.

“More happiness in heaven for all eternity—

because of a party.

“More happiness in heaven for all eternity—

because of a game.

“More happiness in heaven for all eternity—

because of a movie.

“More happiness in heaven for all eternity—

because of a chocolate nut sundae.

“Say, boys, what do you think of that?”  
Father Peter almost shouted.

“Think? Why, Father, that doctrine makes you feel that holiness *is* possible. It gives a fellow a chance. It’s easy.”

“Yes, boys. It’s as easy as being an honest-to-goodness grown-up human being who does always and everywhere:

*What* he should do,

*When* he should do it,

*As* he should do it,

*Why* he should do it.

"It does *seem* easy. But let me tell you it is a big, big job to do. I remember years ago giving this doctrine to a group of women. A few days after, my telephone rang and I chuckled as I listened. 'That was fine doctrine you preached the other day, Father, and it looked very easy. So I went home and started in. But you fooled us. It is not easy to do *what* and *when* and *as* and *why* all the time. You pulled a clever one there.'

### "The Sky's the Limit"

"I couldn't help being mean there," Father Peter said, "and so I answered her: 'So you're just finding out that you haven't grown up entirely, but have often been doing what *you* wanted and *when* you wanted, and just because you wanted to.'

"So you see it is easy in one way, because God has not asked us to do what is heroic or extraordinary or unusual or bizarre. But it is not so easy if we are to carry it out in every nook and corner of our lives."

"Then we're licked before we start, Father," blurted out good old sensible Joe. "You promised to give us something practical, and we thought you had."

"And I have, Jack. Honestly I have. Do '*what* and *when* and *as* and *why*' in the *important* duties and pleasures of life, and you are a saint—small 's'. Do '*what* and *when* and *as* and *why*' in *each* and *every* detail of life, and you are a Saint with a fine big capital 'S.' And if, over and above

each and every slightest duty well done, you pray much, and you mortify yourself much, and you do heroic things for God, then you are a SAINT with capitals all through. So you are not being fooled and you have a ready-to-hand formula for holiness—and 'the sky's the limit.'

### The Saint of The-Job-On-Hand

"I want to tell you men briefly the story of a saint whose example should be consoling to all of us. I like to call him 'the Saint of the-job-on-hand.'

"John Berchmans was a poor boy of Brabant. He was so poor that he had to 'work his way through college,' as we say today, for he received his education from a priest in return for his services as servant. Then John entered the Jesuit order. He never did anything extraordinary, but led the life of a student Jesuit and died before he was ordained. Now, if there is anything more humdrum, less exciting, more monotonous than the life of a student Jesuit, I'd like to know it. So all John did was to say his prayers, go to class, study his lessons, eat his meals day after day with almost unbroken regularity. Then he died.

"After his death—some years after—the superior general of the Jesuits asked that John be canonized—that is, proclaimed to the whole world as a Saint.

"The story goes that the Pope said: 'All this young man did was to keep his Rule!' And the Jesuit General made answer: 'Yes,

that was all he did, your Holiness, and any other religious that keeps his Rule the way John did may be canonized, too.' The story goes on to say that, with a twinkle in his eye, the Jesuit General assured the Pope that there would be no danger of his losing sleep by staying up at night to canonize loads of others.

"One of the stories (true or not, it is symbolical of John's attitude) says that one afternoon he was playing a game similar to handball with his fellow student Jesuits. It was the time allotted for such athletic sports. 'John, suppose you knew you were going to die in five minutes. What would you do?' 'Why, I'd keep on playing. Isn't that what we are supposed to be doing now?'

What a fine answer! If I am doing *'what and when and as and why,'* then I shall be quite ready to have death find me there. I should be as willing to die at a party as to die at the altar rail; to die autoing as to die at home; to die with a detective story in my hands as to die on my knees in prayer. If it be the time and the place to do these things and I am doing them as I should, would not death find me where I should be? And isn't that the best place in which to be found by death?"

### Proper Stress

"I've always liked St. John Berchmans, Father," chimed in Jim, "since the first day I joined the altar boys at St. B's. I don't

want to be disrespectful, but he always appealed to me as a 'regular fellow.' He knew 'how to take it' and he was just like the rest of us."

"Right you are, Jim, and I would like everyone in the world to know St. John and to follow him by each one's being a saint of the 'job-on-hand.' You see, St. John put the accent right."

Jim looked mystified—a rather unusual thing for Jim. "He put the accent right. You mean he studied Greek?"

"Maybe he did, Jim. And I hope he remembered more of it than you do. By the way, were you a saint (small 's' of course) when you studied Greek?"

"You've got him this time, Father Peter," someone shouted. "But let him off and tell us what you do mean by John's right accent. It's getting late and the right accent for me now is a horizontal one."

"Right you are, Bal, and it's a horizontal one for me, too. You fellows have no regard for an old man's time! The right accent for John was that he stressed the job-on-hand. He stressed the present. He did what he had to do *now*. I like that, and I believe we all need it.

"There is one phrase we hear often: 'We live to die well.' I think that is very bad. We certainly do not. And if I wanted to be funny I'd say that to 'die' is to 'do nothing,' and no sensible, red-blooded man or woman lives to do nothing.



## Ready Without "Tidying Up"

"But punning aside. We do *not* live to die well. We have a job to do here and now in life, and it is our duty to do that job and all the minor jobs well. I do this job well, and the next job well, and the next job well, until the last job comes, which is to die—and I do that job well, too, precisely because I've done the others well. And so I'd rather say 'I so live that I die well.' This puts the accent right. I have a job to do for God in *this* life—a job that means a duty now, and a pleasure then, a hard task now, and thereafter an easy one. And so I do the jobs as they come along: prayer and play; work and song; study and light reading; and if when I close the novel or the lights play on the silver screen, my next job is to die and stand before God's throne, I'll do that well, too, as thoroughly and as mannerly as I have done all the rest."

"But honest, Father," piped up Dan, "wouldn't you rather have a bit of time to think about it before you die?"

"Certainly I would, Dan—and you would, too, and so would every man, woman and child. We all would like to 'tidy up' before entering the King's presence. But, Dan, if the King wants to call us right off the battlefield into His presence, had we not better be ready to come?"

\* \* \*

"Time's up, Father Peter," called out the president of the guild. So let's do the next

job-on-hand and say our final prayers. The meeting is adjourned."

\* \* \*

And as they went out:

"Good night, Father—and I'll be a saint in bed soon." . . .

"And I'll be a saint when I sit at home with my wife." . . .

"And I'll be a saint at the office." . . .

"And I'll be a saint at the Junior Prom tomorrow." . . .

"Okay, boys. I am sure you will—and I do hope some of you will get your capital 'S' soon. Good night."

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