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Be of good heart!
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BE of GOOD HEART!



DIVINE WORD MISSIONARIES
Techy, Illinois



**"Jesus of Nazareth...went about doing good and
healing all..." (Acts 10:38)**

“Be of Good Heart!”

By

(Rev.) BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V. D.



REFLECTIONS and EXPERIENCES
OF AN OPTIMIST

“God’s in His heaven,
all’s right with the world”

Browning: Pippa Passes



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REV. BRUNO HAGSPIEL, TECHNY, ILL., U. S. A



"BE OF GOOD HEART!"

The Christ who walked among men for three long years never shrank from misery. Again and again He stretched out His hand, healed, cured, alleviated the sick of body and of soul. He invited those plunged in trouble to seek His aid: "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I shall refresh you." Never in the history of man had there appeared a universal benefactor so lavish of His favors, temporal and spiritual. Never will the world see His like again.

Shall we, born so many centuries after Him, find ourselves shut out from the garden of His grace and its wondrous refreshment? No! We have only to turn the golden pages of the Bible story to find again and again His words ringing clear, lifting us, inspiring us, bidding us take courage and continue the good fight. He ascended into heaven itself only after He had pledged Himself to send the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Consoler. Even in the moment of His greatest exaltation, He had thoughts of our poor mortal weakness and lack of faith.

One of the tenderest episodes in the New Testament is the one narrating the cure of the man sick with the palsy who was brought to Jesus lying in a bed.

"And Jesus, seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy: Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee" (Matt. 9:2).

Significantly, first He relieved the man of

the weight of his sins. Then, after the scribes had murmured in their secret thoughts against this, He explained His action, and turning to the sick man, bade him "rise, take up thy bed and go into the house" (Matt. 9:6).

And shortly after, on His way to raise the daughter of Jairus from the dead, a woman troubled with an issue of blood for twelve years came behind Him and touched the hem of His garment, saying within herself, "If I shall touch only His garment, I shall be healed."

"But Jesus turning and seeing her, said: Be of good heart, daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole.

"And the woman was made whole from that hour" (Matt. 9:22).

Well did Jesus rebuke the scribes and the Pharisees, who could not understand His methods and reasons: "They that are in health need not a physician, but they that are ill" (Matt. 9:12).

Today there is need more than ever before of the Divine Healer to come in our midst and cure our souls of their unbelief and distrust, to urge us to have faith and continue the battle with renewed courage.

A cheerful spirit is the birthright of the Christian. In Ecclesiasticus we read: "Drive sadness far from thee. For sadness hath killed many, and there is no profit in it" (Eccl. 30:24-25). As St. Teresa urges us: "We should strive to be cheerful and unconstrained; for there are people who think it is all over with devotion if they relax themselves ever so little." The true Christian knows, rather, that he should delight in the

Lord, that he should, like the Apostle to the Gentiles, "exceedingly abound in joy" (2 Cor. 7:4).

So we say to you, dear reader, **BE OF GOOD HEART!** Cling to the hand of the Lord, and He will cure your ills, temporal and spiritual, in His own good time, in His own all-wise way. Your faith will make you whole.



This booklet, "Be of Good Heart!" is the second of a series, commonly known as *THE SUNSHINE BOOKLETS*, which includes the following: "Cheer Up!"; "Be of Good Heart!"; "Have Confidence!"; "Take Courage!"; and "Lift Up Your Hearts!"

While "Cheer Up!" is intended mainly for people in every walk of life, the succeeding booklets have a special appeal for all those who desire a more ascetic spiritual approach to the problem of discouragement and pessimism.

Readers are urged to pass on their copies of these booklets to friends. All of us need such encouragement in our daily lives.

TODAY

Rise, for the day is passing, and you lie
dreaming on,

And others have buckled their armor, and
forth to the fight have gone;

A place in the ranks awaits you, each man
has some part to play;

The past and the future are nothing, in the
face of the stern today.

Rise, if the past detains you, her sunshine and
storms forget;

No chains so unworthy to hold you as those
of a vain regret:

Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever, cast her
phantom arm away,

Nor look back, save to learn the lesson of a
nobler strife today.

Rise, from the dreams of the future, of gaining
some hard-fought field,

Of storming some airy fortress, or bidding
some giant yield;

Your future has deeds of glory, of honor,
"God grant it may!"

But your arm will never be stronger, or the
need so great as today.

Rise, for the day is passing, the sound that
you scarcely hear

Is, the enemy marching to battle: arise, for
the foe is near!

Stay not to sharpen your weapons, or the
hour will strike at last,

When, from dreams of a coming battle, you
may wake to find it past.



A SNAKE STORY

Once I was conducting a week-end retreat and did not realize that I was running a temperature. I did know I was unduly tired, and so took to bed early this particular night and tried to sleep.

I actually started worrying about what would happen if I were really taken ill and could not return home to complete certain unfinished business. I would not admit to myself that I was sick. The fear mounted and mounted.

I drifted into an uneasy slumber and a terrible dream beset me. Then suddenly I found myself overlooking a plain which literally crawled with snakes, big and small, all slimy and slithery and sinister. And I felt an uncontrollable power take hold of me and urge me on — I simply had to cross that field. The instinctive fear and hate we all have of snakes took possession of me. I did not want to go down into that plain; I stood in awe of the very thought of making my way through those knots of snakes. I sweated and streamed blood with the agony. Finally I set out, in mortal dread, putting one foot ahead of the other slowly, with especial loathsomeness of the smaller reptiles which I knew could fasten around my ankle so easily and make their way upward. It might have taken me hours to consummate the trip; it seemed as if whole days were spent in crossing that plain of crawling snakes. As I went on, however, the snakes disappeared — one after the other they simply vanished. And when I had reached the other side of the plain I woke up exhausted and streaming with

perspiration. But the snakes were all gone and my worry was all gone. Then I knew I was sick — but my fear was gone, and I was mentally normal again.

How often our imagination creates trouble for us where none exists! How often our physical condition causes us to worry and fret! Let this be your rule: never to make decisions of any importance when plagued by ill health or undue mental pressure.



Just the other day I picked up a copy of one of Vera Marie Tracy's books and stumbled over the lines from Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*:

" 'Tis only heaven is given away,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

And I thought of that heroic invalid, bed-ridden for years, yet incurably an optimist through all her trials and troubles. The fetid air of the sickroom can produce heroes beside whom the most romantic figures in legend and history lose their glamour. Not every cause is won with a sword and a gallant cavalry charge.

Think of this rare soul, who through her more than thirty years of invalidism, sustained herself by complete trust in God and self-abnegation. Since her first year in high school she was completely paralyzed, yet managed to despatch from her bed of sickness one book after the other to lighten the weary heart of the world: "Incense" (a book of poems), "Break Thou My Heart," "Blue Portfolio," "Burnished Chalices." (For readers anxious to obtain the above books let us mention here that "Incense" is published by the O'Brien Printing Co., Pueblo, Colo., while the others

are put out by Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.) Under God's chastening hand, Vera Marie Tracy was led to the heights of the spirit, whence she instructs us, in many brief and meditative snatches, how to look through tears to Him, kissing His hand which hurts us, yet because it has been torn by the nails of Calvary, can heal us forever of our woes. Even while she admits our human weakness to whine under suffering, she points out that if we want His caresses we must expect them sometimes to be painful in their excess of love.

For the pleasure and uplift of our readers we append here two brief gems from her pen:

MY LITTLE CALVARY

Lord, how trivial seems my Calvary
When I consider Thine!
For only Simon helped Thee lift Thy cross,
But many carry mine!
I am not scorned, nor scourged, nor ridiculed,
And all along the way
Are many sweet, unnamed Veronicas
To wipe my tears away!
There are no cruel nail-wounds in my hands,
No thorns upon my brow,
And ministering angels walk with me,
To smooth the way — but Thou!
How dare I think it, call it Calvary —
This sheltered life of mine,
O broken, beaten, bleeding Lord, my God,
When I consider Thine!

And here is the other:

GIFTS

He came with burdens, laid them at my feet,
"I bring thee gifts," He said. His smile was
sweet.

"These were my own. I give them all to
thee!"

I shuddered, staring at them fearfully.

The tools which of His Passion were a part —
The thorns, the nails, the spear which tore
His heart.

The massive cross, the cruel whips were there.

"O God," I uttered, voicing deep despair.

But then I glimpsed the sorrow in His eyes;

"I — take them, Lord," I sobbed, reluctant-
wise,

"I scarce am strong enough this cross to
lift —"

Eager, He spoke: "I have another gift

Will strengthen Thee. Ah, this I cherish
most!"

He placed upon my lips — a sacred Host!



It is so easy for our imagination, if unbridled and uncontrolled, to cause us more woe and worry than actual troubles. Look at all the good people who let scruples make their spiritual life a real purgatory on earth; they forget that temptations are no sin, and no disgrace. The greatest saints had them unceasingly. From experience, we know nothing will happen *if* we do not yield to them. Then why worry about them? Like Macbeth brooding on his murder of Duncan — after a while he actually did believe he saw a dagger hovering in the air....

Some overdevout people start worrying about what would happen *IF* there were a persecution, and they were threatened with a cruel or painful death or torture such as being boiled in oil, or being put into a sweatbox such as we are told existed in Germany's concentration camps. Let such people have faith; let them place their hand in that of the Divine Master, and let Him lead them; if He wants you to carry a burden, He will give you the strength, and if He wants you to walk a certain road, He will give you guidance and courage to do so. Why worry about spooks that do not exist?



I was talking the other day with a man in the airplane business.

He was explaining the principle behind a certain pet theory he had of aerodynamics.

To emphasize his point he stressed very earnestly how, to be able to fly, a plane **MUST** have resistance — just as a bird **MUST** have pressure of the wind or at least some resistance before it can wing its way through the sky.

I am afraid I seemed to be wool-gathering to him; I was reflecting to myself how this is the exact truth and kernel of life's most significant secret: our souls cannot fly toward God unless we have some resistance; they will not fly if we beat our wings in a vacuum fruitlessly.



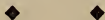
St. Francis of Assisi was called "Brother Ever-glad." He knew how wonderful life could be if you gave it half a chance to show its good sides.

He realized that one must have strength and courage:

"Cowards die many times before their death, the valiant never taste of death but once."

SHAKESPEARE

By stripping himself of everything he lost most of the worries which attend our mortal existence. He knew most of our worries never happen. We think them into existence and then magnify them, making of them Frankensteins that slay us spiritually and physically alike. St. Francis was a great observer of the animal kingdom, and he would have found a place in his tales for the wise beaver which took a mouthful of grass and swam into midstream, submerged all of its body gradually until only the mouth holding the grass remained level with the water, then released the grass and swam back to shore. An interested watcher investigated and found out that this was the simple way the animal got rid of all the parasitic little insects that infested its hide. They fled for safety to the only dry spot remaining — the grass — leaving him cleansed of his unwelcome tenants. Perhaps St. Francis would have found a pet name for even such a pest and called it "Brother Louse," for he had that grand knack of making everything in life or nature help him onward to perfection.



If you would sharpen your zest in life, remember that life is like a dull ax: you must keep grinding away until ALL the rusty spots are off... it is the only way to do it!



Every day we pray, are tempted, fall, rise again.

Eventually the day comes when we wonder whether it is worth while striving onward any more.

We feel we are tempted too much.

We give up the strife.

This is silly.

Just think: Christ Himself was tempted by the expert in that line: Satan himself. And how He was tempted — read for yourself how Satan unrolled all the finest illusions, promised the grandest things, asking in return only a very small deviation from the path, apparently.

Did you ever realize that the devil tempts only those who have NOT yielded?

If he has you in his bag, he does not have to lure you any more.

The rabbit that is caught does not have to be snared by the poacher a second time.

The more you are tempted, the harder the devil is trying to make you yield — but you have not yielded yet.

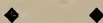
Flaubert wrote a whole book on the temptations which St. Anthony the hermit underwent in the desert. But eventually St. Anthony had the whole desert to himself... and Satan was too worn out to continue.



Holiness and happiness go together.

The Early Christians, the hermits in the desert, the preaching monks of the renaissance, the Poor Clares, Neri walking about Rome, Damien toiling on Molokai — none of them were long-faced individuals who had soured on life. A saint can be a street-car

conductor, a janitor, a tennis-player, a base ball player — what matter the label so long as the holiness is there and with it, of course, the happiness, which is almost the hallmark of holiness.



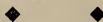
GIVE UP!

Satan whispered this to Judas.

Judas could have been the greatest of the apostles had he held on a little longer.

If you do not give up, you can move mountains.

Satan is the prince of ennui, despair and unhappiness; God is the master of joy.



THE SET OF THE SOUL

One ship drives east and another drives west
with the selfsame winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
That tells them the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate
as we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
and not the calm or the strife.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



Even the devil was aware of how far he could go.

When he tempted Jesus in the desert, he said, "He has given his angels charge over Thee. . . ."

He knows that he can lead and lure us so far and the rest is up to us.

The next time you feel grouchy, remember this. The medicine you swallow may be sour, but the face you make depends on you.

◆ ◆

A CONTRAST

Yes, today I woke up to hear that blasted alarm clock, with a headache, and eyestrain, and general discomfort; I got a verbal scourging and felt moody and a failure; embarrassing things happened to me all day, and there were blunders (which I did not do) laid to my account. Then I heard of trouble burdening those I loved, and a swindle perpetrated where it hurt the most, and my health was so poor I did not enjoy any of my meals.

Suddenly the thought struck me: I am only one man, and these are just one man's small troubles.

But God took all these things on Himself for ALL OF US. *HE* was *THE MAN OF SORROWS*.

The rest of the day I was working on air.

◆ ◆

If you are always sad and sour, you have ceased to believe in the sacredness of your own life. You will eventually vegetate aimlessly; and you will find the egotism which thrives on such soil will become like one of the giant liana plants of the jungles which ultimately crush the life out of the trees around which they are wrapped and from which they draw their sustenance.

Talleyrand's advice: "Laugh and grow fat," is far better to follow than to fatten your egotism with self-pity and despondency. Mo-

roseness and anxiety are like barnacles on our ship of life which retard the voyage; engineers calculate that the average ship after a few months' voyage has so many tons of barnacles clinging to the keel that the ship's efficiency is impeded sometimes as much as 50%. It does not matter what trivial things you use to encourage in yourself the spirit of laughter. Dryden spoke wisely when he declared that a straw, if it can tickle a man, is an instrument of happiness.



If your imagination too active? Do you propound too many questions to yourself when a course of action lies before you?

Do you ask yourself: is this the right way to do it? Wouldn't it be better if I followed some other plan? Wouldn't it be better to wait a while? Do my friends mean what they say about it? Can I depend on myself? Can I depend on anyone?

You can find questions enough to ask yourself about any enterprise . . . but the main thing is to go ahead and **START** and **KEEP GOING**.



Some men are forever being pallbearers — they carry around with them one dead or morbid idea which they parade before our noses with all the cheerful gusto of a morgue-caretaker showing off his latest incumbent.

Geography for them begins and ends with the Dead Sea.

They read history for the record of catastrophes.

Poetry for them is good only if tintured with dabs of melancholy.

Religion is for them the list of painful and excruciating martyrdom endured for an ideal.

I read a story once in which a man visiting us from Mars fled in horror when he heard some humans laughing together.... He had his mind made up that such a queer outburst must be due to complete insanity on the part of the people he had observed.

Perhaps such pallbearers as we have just described would be well classified with our friend from Mars — and perhaps it would be a good idea if they were all sent there to reside permanently.



Every doctor knows that fifty percent of illness is in the mind.

There is a lot to be said for the "think you are well, and you ARE well," theory of health.

And of course, if you feel depressed, and act depressed, after a while you will tell yourself there is an actual good reason why you OUGHT to feel depressed.

Don't worry until you have to...and then be honest as to the size of your worry.



Depression comes from solitude overly indulged in: man is essentially a gregarious animal. Few of us are called to be Fathers of the Desert and live in the wilderness of our own personality.

Or it comes from dyspepsia, in which case a few dollars paid to a reputable doctor will remove much of the harm accruing to your whole system.

Or from grief — and the solution here is the unfailing solution for all human ills: prayer.

Or overwork — and you must consider that Lucifer, the Prince who fell from heaven, was quite possibly just another executive who worried too much about his job and the possibilities ahead, and let ambition lead him by the nose.

If your depression arises from a sense of sin: God Himself has prescribed the medicine.



When life seems darkest, do these two things: try to help someone in need, and count the blessings which Almighty God has bestowed on you.

Instead of wasting your time moaning and murmuring, you will be finding ways to make each hour lighter and cheerier.



We hear a lot about propaganda these latter years.

The most successful propagandist of them all has, of course, been Herr Hitler.

His dictum on propaganda is worth remembering: "Successful propaganda can make a nation see heaven as hell and utter misery as paradise."

This is the technique of the devil too. He makes us pessimistic when we should be full of optimism, and vice versa. How about analyzing the next "propaganda" that comes your way and seeing for yourself whether it should be worth crying over? — or laughing off?



"I had rather have a fool make me merry than experience make me sad."

Shakespeare wrote that.

As usual, the bard of Avon hit the mark. He had the knack of compressing the whole race's experience in a few words. For that we call him immortal, since there are not many writers who describe what we all know in phrases that we consider totally satisfactory and pungent.

The next time things go wrong, choose rather to laugh with the fools, than be sad with the sages.



Little souls should keep diaries. Months later, years later, let them read in those diaries. Let them see how puny those vexations and irritations were, and how small a dose of poison can bring to naught the finest project. A mote of dust in our eye can seem like a mountain. Yet the bystander still sees only a mote.



Here is a real test for you: are you a big man or a small one?

Emerson thought: "The great will not condescend to take anything seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary."



Did you ever stop to think that if you despair you are degrading God?

You are saying, in effect: God is not enough or He is not true to His word, revealed to the Scriptures. Or He has not got the power to ward off this evil or that calamity....

Of course, you don't really believe that.
Then, why despair?



Bovee states emphatically: "Cheerfulness is the offshot of goodness."

If you are good, you are happy.

It makes sense, does it not?

Check yourself against this remark.



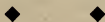
BELIEVE IN LIFE

Nothing else matters much — not wealth, not learning, not even health, without this gift: the spiritual capacity to keep zest in living.

When we say a man is good for nothing, we generally mean he is bad: a criminal, a wastrel, a lazy ne'er-do-well; he is good for nothing. Jesus' insight went deeper. Every personality is important, that was Christ's starting point. If a man takes Him in earnest and sees what He means, a life begins that can keep its savor. About 22,000 people commit suicide in this country every year and a careful investigation reveals that for the most part it is not the poor, the hard-put-to-it, who thus end their lives. It is the fairly prosperous people, comfortably circumstanced. Life commonly loses its zest, until men and women kill themselves, through inward spiritual failure, not through outward material difficulty. We all need a sustaining faith that puts meaning into life. How can a thoroughgoing, irreligious materialist, seeing no cause for our existence anyway, except physical accident.

and no outcome except ultimate annihilation, still say, with radiance and zest, "I believe in life"? How can a man empty the whole universe of spiritual significance, and see it with no purpose unifying it, no meaning inherent in it, no destiny ahead of it, and still grow old, saying, "I believe in life"? This is the "creed of creeds," the final deposit and distillation of man's important faiths, that he should be able to believe in life.

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
Riverside Church, N. Y.



Do you wish never to be sad? Then live rightly.

ST. ISIDORE OF SEVILLE



In reading the Old Testament, we can't help marveling at the heroic endurance and stalwart character of so many of the Prophets, men cast in a gigantic mold.

With Isaiah, they seem all to have taken for their slogan:

"Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord God is my strength and my song."

Paul and his disciple Silas seem also to have partaken of this quality, and even in their dungeon at Philippi we find them singing songs of hope and courage no matter that it was the darkest hour of trial for them.



It is enough to have bread and to live in the Faith of Christ.

MICHELANGELO

THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING

God would not send you darkness, dear,
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright.
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.
'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
Many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear.
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain would not guide them there.
So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat,
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet.
For 'tis always easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.
Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer someone behind you,
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips quiver,
God will love you better so.



The next time you feel despondent, get hold of one of these three little books (none of them is over 65 pages long) and tuck it into your pocket and dip into it throughout the weary day:

FATHER DANIEL CONSIDINE'S "Words of Encouragement" or his "More Words of Encouragement" or "Future Words of Encouragement."

Here is a sample:

"We must get it out of our heads that we can only be religious by being miserable."

And another:

"Goodness naturally leads to joy. It would be a trump card in the devil's hand if it were otherwise."

Pick some out for yourself; paste them in your hat or fix them in your mirror; and most important, glue them in your memory. You will find yourself a more cheerful person throughout everyone of the hours of the day.



It pays to be concerned about the right things but not to worry about them. Take for yourself the grand maxims of St. Teresa of Avila, that saintly woman with the sparkling wit, who proved once for all that a saint had to be able to laugh fervently and frequently.

ST. TERESA'S MAXIMS

Let nothing trouble thee.

Let nothing frighten thee.

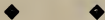
All things pass away.

God never changes.

Patience obtains all things.

Nothing is wanting to him who possesses God.

God alone suffices.

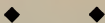


God gave us — or most of us — five senses with which to appreciate His world and ours.

Then, to make sure we would get all the finer nuances and meanings of it, He added a sixth sense: a sense of humor.

Take Puck's remark for your own, and you will find yourself shrewder and saner:

"Lord! what fools these mortals be!"

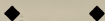


The world has gone through every catastrophe which man can imagine — and has survived. You, too, will go through still further calamities in your life — and you will survive, too. There is always something to be cheerful about.

An old lady I know is an incorrigible optimist.

"Nasty weather," I said one day without thinking. It was vile, typical Chicago weather....

"Well," she smiled back, "nasty weather is better than no weather."



Few people know that Henry Ford once agreed to sell his business to W. C. Durant for eight million dollars.

Financial experts, however, declared the price was too high. Durant could not raise the money from the bankers, because of their acceptance of the experts' views.

The deal fell through.

Today Ford's plant is a billion-dollar industry.

Those experts might have been good business men, but they did not trust the future much.



Fenelon, the great French preacher, once said:

"The crosses which we make for ourselves by a restless anxiety as to the future are not

crosses which come from God. We show want of faith in Him by our false wisdom wishing to forestall His arrangements, and struggling to supplement His providence by our own providence. The future is not yet ours; perhaps it never will be. If it comes, it may come wholly different from what we have foreseen. Let us shut our eyes, then, to that which God hides from us, and keeps in reserve in the treasures of His deep counsels. Let us worship without seeing; let us be silent; let us abide in peace."



FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY are always being urged on us as ideals to follow...and isn't it peculiar (or perhaps you don't think so) that of these three, two of them are nothing more nor less than undiluted optimism?

DUMB OR... ?

St. Thomas Aquinas was so dull and slow-witted that his schoolmates nicknamed him the Dumb Ox.

He got the poorest grades in his class.

With persistence and application, he overcame his defects, and today not one of the Doctors of the Church ranks with him in brilliance.

He is the Church's brightest gem in learning. In later years he was called Wonderful Doctor, The Father of Moral Philosophy, The Fifth Doctor of the Church, The Second Augustine.

His secret: he kept plugging.

By the way, does anyone know the name of ANY of his schoolmates who gave him his nickname?

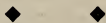
By having faith in yourself and in your work you will easily come to take pride in your work.

For centuries Venetian glass has fetched high prices. Venice is limited, as far as natural resources and fuel go, when compared with other localities. But the people who do the glass-blowing have from old taken such pride in their work that none can compete with the products they turn out.

What of China's cloissonné workers who hand on the tradition of their art from family to family? Yet anyone can learn the rudiments of the craft in half an hour.

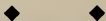
And Persian weavers of rugs? Everyone knows the fabulous prices for their handicraft. Still, rugs are woven on machines today which — almost — come up to the standards of those ancient weavers. But not quite. . . .

And diamond cutting . . . the knowledge of this rare trade is in the hands of fewer than a thousand men, yet by reading a book on the topic you would know as much as they do . . . but you would not be a diamond-cutter. That trade is a closed shop . . . for it takes the most painstaking care of all to produce an excellent cutter.



God always gives us strength to bear our present burden, but He never calculated that we would add to that yesterday's grief, and tomorrow's worry.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."



A soul recollected in God would not change her repose for the greatest good in the world.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

GOD'S WILL FOR YOU AND ME

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,
Just to be gentle, kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song,
Just to have faith through darkness or light,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest,
Just to let love be our daily key —
That is God's will for you and for me.

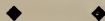


I like to recall that the word *Bible* means not so much just one book, but a collection of books, so that when I feel like reading in it, I can find the homely wisdom of Peter, the flight of Isaias, the mournings and groans of Jeremias, the swift narrative of the Evangelists, the brilliant letters of Paul....

I can learn history from the books of the Bible. Or psychology. Or strategy. Or divine truths...such as this nugget:

"Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword?" (Romans 8:35)

Isn't it worth while having and reading a book which can give you such thoughts now and then, to animate your will in the struggle of life?



Religion without joy — is no religion.

THEODORE PARKER

And Edmund Burke said, "It is the source of all good and all comfort." Does it not teach us how to bear pain and suffering in relation to our goal, life eternal?



The finest university men can assemble will never teach the lessons which are to be learned by those initiated in the School of Christ, the Man of Sorrows.

A teacher should know whereof he teaches.
Christ did.

He was:

betrayed,

denied,

arrested,

accused falsely,

bound,

scourged,

spit upon,

mocked,

saw His dearest ones suffer,

died on the cross, in shame.

Such a teacher can really have the authority to teach us . . . we owe it to Him and to ourselves to listen and to learn.



Father Tabb, who endured many trials, among them the loss of his sight, wrote again and again of the meaning of pain and trouble.

Few of his brief sparkling poems have the rich meaning of this gem:

My life is but a weaving

Between my God and me;

I may but choose the colors —

He worketh steadily.

Full oft He weaveth sorrow,
And I, in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
And I the under side.



In my mail this morning is a story which I think is too good to keep. Here it is (I copy it just as I read it in the letter of a friend):

"Father N — was asking me about the family, mother, dad, myself, etc. He said, 'Well, Dorothy, we all have our crosses, you know.' And that reminds me of a little joke. One day a missionary was giving a mission. When he had finished his sermon, he said: 'Now if any one has any rosaries to bless, hold them up, and I'll bless them. And prayerbooks, hold them up, and I'll bless them. Any pictures, hold them up, and I'll bless them. Any crosses, hold them up, and I'll bless them.' Guess what one man did. Took and held up his wife at the mention of 'crosses.' Apparently she was his cross — and he thought a blessing might do her good."

Reading that story in the mail was as good as getting out of bed the right side, that morning!



FROM AFAR OFF

your fears look like seven-horned devils.

Walk up to them.

Face them! Say "scat!"

You will find they disappear into thin air.

THEY have been afraid of *YOU*!



When you worry too much about the state of your soul, and burden yourself with scruples, you are like Mike, who found the menu in his favorite restaurant, one fine Friday, had bacon, pork, beef and ham — but no eggs or fish. It would have been easy to walk down the street and get the eggs or fish at some other place, but Mike thought: "Maybe the Lord is too busy watching sparrows and the grass grow to notice me"; so he ordered some slices of bacon, ate them and continued on his way.

He was not far when a change came in the weather and the winds blew wildly and the rain pattered down. It got darker and darker. Lightning lashed out. Thunder rolled. Finally one terrible bolt of lightning hit close to the quaking Irishman.

"Holy Father," he moaned, "who ever heard of such a fuss over such a small piece of bacon?"

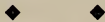


TODAY IS YOURS

but if you do not use it, it is still yours — UNFORTUNATELY.

Out of what is today, you are making your yesterdays and your tomorrows.

Today is always yours, whether you want it so or not.



It is better to have a little too much enthusiasm rather than not enough.

You will find you contribute more to life by being a little overzealous and too cheerful than by being a wet blanket.

Better to be like Bolivar, the Liberator of

South America, of whom an English acquaintance said: "the flame is consuming the oil" . . . than to be without any flame whatsoever.

Even Christ had such "sourpusses" in His entourage. When Magdalen poured ointment lavishly over His feet, sweated with walking the hills of Bethany, the groaners were quick to point out: "This ointment could have been sold for three hundred pence and the money given to the poor." . . . But Christ did not stop her — He *encouraged* the outburst of enthusiasm. . . .



America invented a grand idea: payment by installment.

Why not try to get rid of your debts to worry and trouble on the same plan?

You can even swallow big doses of poison — if you gradate the amounts — a little at first, then a little more, finally a full sized dose which would have killed you if taken at the first attempt.

The little watch was terrified at the prospect of ticking away for sixty seconds times sixty minutes times twenty-four hours times three hundred sixty-five days. . . . But the large grandfather clock standing in the hallway smiled: "Do not fret yourself, my son; I have been going now for three generations, and my experience is that all you need to remember is this: you are expected to produce only one tick at a time."

And we all know the story of the devil and St. Ignatius Loyola, who being sorely tempted by His Satanic Highness that it was impossible to remain steadfast in his resolution to be a saint for forty or sixty years, replied vigorous-

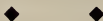
ly: "Sixty years! Who promises me that length of life? I'll keep this up till noon and if alive then, I'll hold on till evening."



Temptation is not to be construed as the final proof of our failure.

In fact, it is often simply a sign that we are still fighting, hence must be tempted and fall before the devil can feel sure of eventually conquering us.

St. Francis de Sales was wont to assure anxious penitents that temptations should not worry them: "The just man," he would quote from the Bible, "falleth seven times." . . . Do not be troubled, confess the falls humbly and frankly, and keep on trying, for God will save you from bruises.



Be not dispirited; be not afraid; keep a good heart; be bold; draw not back — you will be carried through. Whatever troubles come on you, of mind, body, or estate; from within or from without, from chance or from intent, from friends or foes; whatever your trouble be, though you be lonely, O children of a heavenly Father, be not afraid; acquit yourselves like men in your day; and when it is over, Christ will receive you to Himself, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

CARDINAL NEWMAN



If you promise to do something tomorrow, do it today.

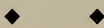
ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

BE WITH ME YET

In time of trial, care and pain,
In sorrow's dark afflicting hour;
O Father, let Thy goodness reign,
and let Thy love aye be my power.
E'en though my deeds unworthy be;
E'en though Thy mercies I forget,
Hide not Thy grace, I pray, from me —
Be with me yet, be with me yet.

Thy will be done upon this earth,
Thy honor first above the law.
Teach me to know more of Thy worth
— to have for Thee a greater awe.
Then when Thy prophecy's fulfilled
and my life's sun about to set,
when e'en this beating heart is stilled —
Be with me yet, be with me yet.

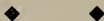
LOUIS ARNOLD EWING



The next time you are in mental or spiritual difficulties ask God to give you an increased sense of trust in Him. Get this book and study it carefully: PAUL DE JAEGHER, S.J.: "The virtue of Trust."

You will find everything necessary to get through the pitfalls of life contained within these pages. All the wisdom of the world is contained in the virtue of trust. Chapter 18 will teach you more real learning about the way to treat your very faults than the finest advice your most intimate friend can give you. It will show you how even your errors and sins of commission and omission can be used as stepping stones, it will make real for you Tennyson's immortal poetic phrase:

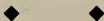
"men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."



The word discouragement is not found in the dictionary of the Kingdom of Heaven. Never let yourself use the word if you have God's work to do.



Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the power to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk.



"GOD'S CHILLUN"

How often traveling through the Southland, down to one of our missionary centers in Mississippi and Louisiana, I noted the wretched hovels all along the Illinois Central Railroad tracks where the Negro lived! How poor these people were! How little of their birth-right was ever allotted to them! Surely here was the most downtrodden race of all, for in the midst of plenty and in the very cradle of freedom, they seemed chained to the slavery of poverty!

And yet, nowhere in all my travels through the two hemispheres, the seven seas and the five oceans, have I found more songs bubbling from the hearts of men; nowhere have I seen more contentment and peace emanating from human faces. Happy-go-lucky mood is theirs, sunshine is in their eyes, and they seem to say to you in their very bearing: "We are the kings of the world, even if we

are as poor as Job's turkey — we are God's chillun."

◆ ◆

Faint not that this or that man fell;
For one that falls, a thousand rise
to lift white Progress to the skies:
Truth keeps the bottom of her well.

Fear not for man, nor cease to delve
for cool, sweet truth, with large belief.
Lo! Christ Himself chose only twelve,
yet one of these turned out a thief.

JOAQUIN MILLER

◆ ◆

You can't show cheerfulness in your face
if you do not have it in your innermost heart.
It can't be put on like rouge, or lipstick or
powder....

One who lives deliberately in sin cannot
rejoice....

One who lives persistently in the proximate
occasion of sin cannot rejoice....

One who leads a double life and is a hypo-
crite will find it impossible to rejoice....

Only one who is on good terms with God,
one with Him in thought and word and deed,
i.e., one who has a good conscience, can re-
joice in all sincerity. Dante states it beau-
tifully:

"In His will is our peace!"
and where peace is, there is joy.

◆ ◆

By his very profession of faith, a Christian
must be an optimist. If he is positive that
everything works together for good for those
who love God, he *must* be cheerful. He can-

not go around with a sour face. There must be joy in his heart, knowing what he does. He must enter the daily battle with a song on his lips and a smile on his countenance.

At Leuthen the soldiers of the king went into the battle singing a Christian hymn.

Their general asked the king if he should stop their singing: it was not at all according to discipline.

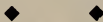
"By no means," cried the king; "men that can sing like that can fight."

And those soldiers won the battle.



TRUST

Dark dark the starless sky,
and blinded, Lord, I stand.
Dark — so dark the night that I
see not, but feel, Thy hand.
Lord, be Thou leader mine —
See, lay my hand in Thine,
I lean my heart on Thine —
Carry me, Heart benign.
Lead me, O Love Divine;
My Father, in the night
I stretch my hands to Thee,
nor crave the dawning's light,
Because I trust in Thee —
And from Thy Heart to mine
Doth pass Thy pledge divine —
"Trust — trust in Me, child of Mine,
Trust, for thy Father's strength is thine,
Trust, O loved child of Mine."



In your worst misfortune there is humor if you have the grace to see it.

Blessed Jordan of Saxony lost an eye. If there is one sense we value more than another it is that of sight. Aristotle remarks frequently on this: how we treasure sight before most other possessions.

What did Blessed Jordan do?

He did not weep.

He did not bemoan.

He did not curse and complain.

He joked about it. . . .

He found a blessing in his loss; said he: "Now I have one less source of temptation." . . .



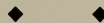
If the conditions produced by laughter could be permanently maintained, we would have the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.



God does not make a furrow in your heart unless He plans to sow there the seed of His grace.



Joy in life is like the oil in a lamp — the wick burns with a black smoke as the oil gets low, and instead of light we get a flickering glow which is painful to the eyes and which does not enable us to read or see clearly.



Think of your troubles in the same way as a game. Do you remember the "Daisy" game you used to play as a child? "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me greatly, he loves me not at all" . . . and with each phrase we used to pluck out one petal of the flower until they were all gone.

Try this with your worries: "A little one, none at all, a very big one, absolutely none at all" — and you will be surprised how often, as you near the end, you will find the last one is sure to be "none at all."

◆ ◆

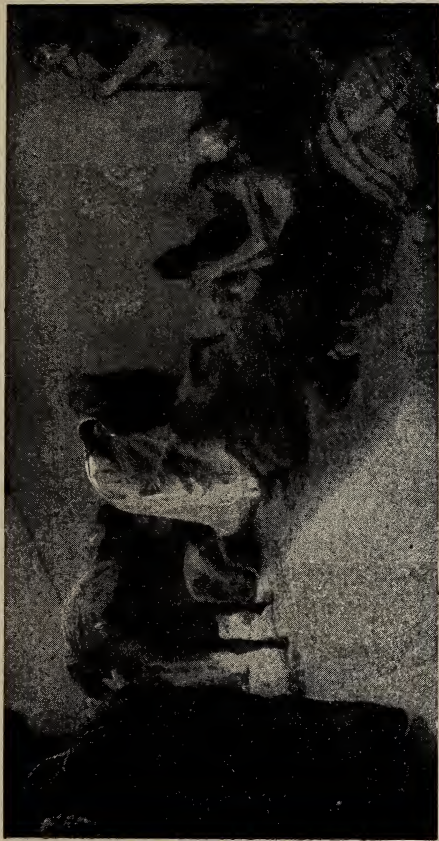
LIVING BOUQUETS

When I quit this mortal shore,
and mosey 'round the earth
no more, don't weep, don't sigh,
don't sob; I may have struck a better job.
Don't go and buy a large bouquet,
for which you'll find it hard to pay;
don't mope around and feel all
blue — I may be better off than you.
Don't tell the folks I was a saint,
or any old thing that I ain't;
if you have jam like that to spread,
please hand it out before I'm dead.
If you have roses, bless your soul,
just pin one in my buttonhole while I'm alive
and well — today.
Don't wait until I've gone away.

◆ ◆

Do you think our President Franklin Roosevelt would have worked his way to the eminence he occupies if he had slid easily along the greased political course mapped for him, around the time he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy?

His calamity — the infantile paralysis which struck him down — forced him to concentrate for whole minutes at a time in order to use one single muscle in his foot...until he had attained a marvelous mastery of his



"THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE"

Again and again did Jesus say these words, centuries ago, when curing the lame and the blind and the halt and the deaf. Today, we, too, need that faith, which alone can cure us of our ills, spiritual and material.

body and thus of his mind. From this arena of suffering he went on to the highest honors of the land.

Seeming failure often points the way to the peaks of success.

The newspapers recently carried a story of a university student who was placed in charge of a research experiment with instructions to perform a certain operation after a long interval of time. Worn out by his vigils, the student overslept...and when he woke was horrorstruck; the whole formula was without doubt a total loss. But when he rushed to the laboratory, lo and behold! an entirely new plastic had been created, simply through the fact the student had NOT performed the operation. And a new product was added to the world's chemical marvels.

Some time ago a Sister complained bitterly to me because she was transferred from one position to work in a school . . . she thought her whole life was being wasted. After her transfer, she slowly became aware that the whole affair was really a blessing in disguise, which enabled her to advance much further on the road to perfection.

One of the greatest surprises in heaven will be the real outcome of many so-called tragedies we comment on sadly today...which are really triumphs, if we only knew.

Another case I know was due to a severe attack of scarlet fever, which sent a boy, studying to be a secular priest, to a hospital, from which he emerged to find that he had to make his classes over. While there he made the acquaintance of a student at Steyl, Holland, the Motherhouse of the Society of the Divine Word, and eventually became a priest,

a religious and a missionary — all of which would never have happened if he had continued in good health.



Many a time that crabby feeling is due to only one thing: insufficient food, or improperly cooked food. If we would pay a little attention to the needs of our body, brother Ass, then the rider, brother Soul, would fare much better on his journey through life.

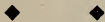
"Have you lived a good life?" asked St. Peter of a timid female knocking at the gate.

"I was good only at one thing," said the woman dolefully.

"And that was?"

"Cooking."

"Come right in." And Peter opened the gate wide. "Good cooks have saved more men from damnation than a dozen missionaries. You can have all the heavenly happiness you want in here — you are entitled to it."



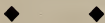
Not what we give
but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who gives himself
with his alms feeds three:

himself,

his hungering neighbor,
and Me.

J. L. LOWELL



Under the storm and the cloud today,
And today the hard peril and pain.

Tomorrow the stone shall be rolled away,
For the sunshine shall follow the rain.

Merciful Father, I will not complain.
I know that the sunshine shall follow the rain.

JOAQUIN MILLER

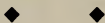


The next time you meet a friend you will say: Hello! or Good morning! or How are you!

It all shows good will.

What if you were to repeat to yourself this salutation? Wouldn't it be an even finer wish?

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."



THE OTHER MAN

One of the mistakes of mortals is the universal impelling desire to correct the other man, your neighbor, and the world in general. It is easy to see the mistakes of others while your own are overlooked. It is not correction that will redeem the world, but perfection in your life and acts.

Correction takes words, but perfection takes daily acts and deeds. Corrections are easy, a child can make them; even a parrot might. Corrections often come from those filled with envy for their more successful neighbor. The heart filled with envy is a regular correction factory.

Really to reform man, really to reform the world, live as perfect and just a life as you can, for this attracts not only residents of earth, but the hosts of heaven.

The corrective tongue repels not alone earth's residents, but even the residents of the next planet. The desire to be just, to be perfect, is personal, it is long-suffering, it thinks no evil, it sees no evil, it hears no evil, it vaunteth not itself, it is not puffed up, for perfection does not watch the other man; it watches self. It is not the noise of the loom that counts, it is the pattern in the loom that brings forth the beauty of the product of the loom.

The other man and all other men will be redeemed when those they associate with are perfect. It will be the pattern of the perfect life you live that will redeem. Words are cheap, they are copper and sounding brass, but the perfect life is like the harmony of a great organ. It stills the discord and helps redeem the other man.

ADMIT YOUR MISTAKES!

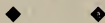
The only way to progress is to see one's own deficiencies; to admit those things in which others excel and profit by them.

SPLINTERS FROM THE CROSS

Little headaches, little heartaches,
Little griefs of every day,
Little trials and vexations,
How they throng around our way!
One great cross, immense and heavy,
So it seems to our weak will,
Might be borne with resignation,
But these many small ones kill.

Yet all life is formed of small things,
Little leaves make up the trees,
Many tiny drops of water,
Blending make the mighty seas;
So these many little burdens,
Pressing on our hearts so hard,
All uniting, form a life's work,
Meriting a grand reward.

Let us not, then, by impatience,
Mar the beauty of the whole,
But for love of Jesus bear all
In the silence of our soul.
Asking Him for grace sufficient
To sustain us through each loss,
And to treasure each small suffering
As a splinter from His Cross.



Humor is not an obstacle to sanctity. If you can find nothing else to smile at, there is always yourself.

BISHOP KELLEY of Oklahoma City



Don't worry! You shorten your life, you add to the miserie of others, you force yourself to focus on the ugly facets of the world about you, even while they may really be reflecting the most beautiful gleams of light.



Discouragement should be treated as a disease — which it is. Nobody has yet isolated the microbes which conquer us from within, with approved Trojan horse tactics. But we all know the germs are there, and we know how they operate. When we behold a Scrooge, we cannot tell the exact stages

of the disease that has attacked the unfortunate individual, but we know he is just jam-packed full of loathsome microbes. Let in laughter! let in joy! and the whole machinery of the mind and the clogged pistons of the soul will alike be cleansed and be their normal selves. Woe to the poor man who takes a pill for the malady he imagines is besetting him; when perhaps all he needs is a vigorous round of God's medicine, laughter!

◆ ◆

Like the Deacon's wonderful one-horse shay commemorated in Oliver Holmes's poem, there is

"always somewhere a weakest spot"
which allows the devils of disintegration to sneak in and pull down the structure about our ears. The Deacon had the right solution:

" 'tis mighty plain,

that the weakest place must stand the strain."

Hence he maintained the way to fix it was
"only jest

T'make th-place uz strong uz the rest."

We all have a "weakest" place, a loophole in our defenses, through which despair and despondency creep in and assault our strongest bastions and defeat us irrevocably. Make that spot the strongest in all your armor; and after you have proved its staunchness the enemy will attack you at any other place except there.

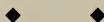
◆ ◆

A man is like a motor — the more they knock, the sooner do they lose their power.

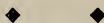
◆ ◆

HAPPINESS

Half the happiness of living
Comes from willing-hearted giving;
Comes from sharing all our pleasures,
From dividing all our treasures.
And the other half is loving
First the Lord, then all things living.
So, each mortal should be sowing
Love seeds while his life is growing.
For all happiness in living
Comes from loving and from giving.



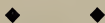
Saying "No" when people want you to do things is not easy. It takes courage. But you will go far if you have the courage to refuse to take on things that you know you will not have the opportunity to do well. If you see that you are not in a position to give a task your best effort, don't take it on. Have the nerve to say "No."



WORDS OF CHEER

Words of cheer are words of help. Words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the bright side into prominence; if we speak of the dark side, we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person with whom we are. If we see a look of health or of hope in the face of an acquaintance whom we casually meet, and we tell him so, he goes on his way with new life

in his veins. If we see a look of failing strength and of heaviness of heart in one to whom we speak, and we emphasize the fact that he does not look well, we give him a push downward, as our contribution to the forces which affect his course. A look or a word can help or can harm our fellows. It is for us to give cheer or gloom as we pass on our way in life, and we are responsible for the results of our influence accordingly.



MEET THE CHAMP!

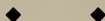
Championship is a state of the mind.

A champion doesn't just happen. He puts long years into training and developing his muscles, coordinating them with his brain, with his sense of timing, with his judgment. He cultivates the ability to last just a little longer than the other fellow; in the historic phrase once used to describe England, he is willing to lose every battle except the last one.

Paavo Nurmi, the great Finnish runner, used calmly to let all his competitors lead him all the way as long as his timing told him he was running at the pace he ought to be holding. Then he would gradually increase the pace near the end until he outdistanced every other contestant. He was a "champ" — and *knew* he had the qualities for the top place, whereas the others *guessed* they might defeat him.

Start training today, even if you seem to have had nothing but failures in the past. You can be a champ, but you must work at it first. In the spiritual life, a "champ" is

nothing more and nothing less than a saint.
Did you know it was so easy?



The devil is the Father of Guile.

He is the great-grandparent of the well-known Blue Devils.

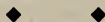
One of his tricks is to get you feeling sad and moody.

We know he is clever; but nobody ever proved he is courageous.

Defy him.

He will flee.

And, like father, like son — the blue devils will flee also.



Years ago there was a cartoon strip called "Calamity Jane." Poor Jane! she never could see any fun in life. Everything was sure to turn out wrong. The world was on the rocks. If it didn't rain today, it would tomorrow. Why bother trying anything — wasn't it going to end dismally? . . . and so on.

The encouraging part of the whole thing was that many people turned to this strip daily in order to see the tide of events work out nicely, leaving Jane more than ever in the dumps because her prophecies were proved wrong. From perusing the cartoon, they invariably swung over to some other heavier fare — with a chuckle.

Those people had the right idea. They would have made good Religious.

THE MAIN THING

is to try and try again...and to keep on trying.

An alligator pursued a turtle and was just ready to snap it up, when the turtle gave a leap into a tree and — there he was, safe as snuff.

I told this story to a little boy and he jeered at me:

"How can a turtle jump into a tree?"

"Why," I answered, chuckling, "the alligator was so close, the turtle HAD to...."

There are many things we CAN, and WILL do, but we don't believe we HAVE to.

HARD TIMES

A man we know had trouble settling an avalanche of bills.

By dint of thrift and hard work, he managed not only to pay them off, but he even increased his regular business, and wound up with an even greater showing than in the previous year.

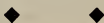
One of his creditors, receiving a check in payment of his account through the mail, wrote and admiringly inquired how he had done it.

My friend wrote back:

"It was quite simple. The wolf was at my door. The wolf came in the door. The wolf went into my kitchen. The wolf had pups there. I sold the pups and — there was the money to pay your bill."

Try inviting the wolf *into* your house next time, instead of just letting him prowl around outside.

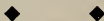
Why don't you laugh?
Don't let your spirits wilt!
Don't sit and cry because the milk is spilt.
If you would mend it now,
pray let me tell you how:
JUST MILK ANOTHER COW!
Why don't you laugh?



When Lady Macbeth stalks through the castle at night wringing her hands, and going through the gruesome scene of the murder of Duncan all over again, a physician stands on the side and comments on her to the audience: "More needs she the divine than the physician."

Many a conscience is burdened with crimes which prevent the individual from realizing it is not physical health but mental or moral health which spoils his outlook on things.

The next time you feel you ought to go to the doctor, stop off first at the nearest church and check over the Ten Commandments.



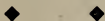
Every doctor knows how many people go through life afraid of imaginary ills.

President Roosevelt, when he was called on to take over the country from Hoover in 1932, campaigned vigorously in his very first public utterance against *fear of fear*. And swept the country along with him to new heights of valiant struggle against the crisis which was headed for a miserable end.

How many of us when we were little lay awake all night scared to death of some ogre lurking in the corner of our bedroom, only to find in dawn's light that it was an old coat

lopsided on a hook, or a trick of the shadows?

Do not fear until you know just what you are fearing — and then you won't fear it.

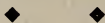


Too many people expose themselves to worry and fear simply because they are overconcerned over things that really do not pertain to them. What a source of unhappiness! Let them remember the printed prayer so pertinently put into my hand by a friend one day: "O Lord, help me keep my damn nose out of other people's business!"

On the other hand, do not allow your joy to be spoiled by others and their opinions. What a pity that some people get upset and really worry about what others are saying of them, probably in an untrue interpretation at that. What is the use? For God's sake, remember that your friends need no explanation, and your enemies do not want one. . . . Some people get so angry they lose all pep and vitality and droop away at the mere thought of what others say and think of them. If only God is satisfied with you, nothing else matters.

In my breviary right now there nestles a little memorial card of a great and good man, dead some years, Monsignor William Quinn, once the National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It is significant that on the reverse of his memorial card is printed the following extract from the "Imitation of Christ" (Book 2, chapter 2). Whether the Monsignor himself stipulated that this be done, or whether his friends arranged for it after his death is not known. "Take no great account of who may be for you or against

you, but mind and take care that God be with you in everything you do. Have a good conscience and God will sufficiently defend you, for he whom God will help, no man's malice can hurt. If you know only how to be silent and to endure, doubt not, that you shall experience help from the Lord."



Some time ago I received in the mail a little clipping which read:

"I COMPLAINED BECAUSE I HAD NO
SHOES
UNTIL I MET A MAN WHO HAD NO FEET."

I was much taken up with this little spark of wisdom. I managed to get a few hundred printed and sent them around to friends, who also were impressed with the originality of the phrase. The thought struck me that it would be worth while finding the source. But that was not so easy. It was an interesting search, however.

Then I came across a poem called:

"HUMILITY"

"There was a time when faith began to slip,
when I had lost all that I had to lose
(or so it seemed to me) — I lost my job,
my house.

I had no home, no food, no shoes.

Then suddenly I felt myself ashamed!

For I, who talked of shoes,
then chanced to meet

upon the busy highway of my life
a man

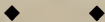
who had no feet!"

MARCELLE HOOE ALEXANDER

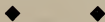
This poem was tracked down to "Outstanding Contemporary Poets of 1939." Then the chase began getting out of control — I will skip details — but it ended in the third chapter of Sa'adi's Gulistan, where the first mention of the expression runs as follows:

"I had never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of heaven, except on one occasion, that my feet were bare, and I had not wherewith to shoe them. In this despondent state I entered the mosque at Kufa, and there I beheld a man that had no feet. I offered praise and thanks for Allah's kindness to me and submitted with patience to my want of shoes."

Sa'adi lived in the 12th century and was the most famous poet Persia claims. So you see how far afield a noble and inspiring thought will travel once people realize how it helps them. Centuries and countries are no barriers to its peregrinations; and the farther it travels the deeper it becomes engrained in the proverbs and folklore of a nation. We are forced to the inescapable conclusion that people grasp eagerly at such uplifting ideas, because people are born optimists.



Laughter is the codebook which enables us to decipher the whole man. If a man never laughs — look out! If he laughs now and then, there is good in him. If he laughs all the while, he is on the way to be a saint — or insane. And what matter? We know God loves fools, saints and children.



The poet of the people, Walt Mason, wrote solid stuff:

"I do not cry a vain alas!
I wear a cheerful grin,
— the future hasn't come to pass,
the past's too dead to skin."



I have forgotten the title, the name of the author and every other significant fact about a certain novel I read years ago.

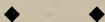
I remember only one thing.

There was a character, and his name was Denys. And of him I remember only one sentence which he uttered. But that sentence I treasure.

It was: "Courage, my friend, the devil is dead."



The Negro preacher, who had gone through life with open ears and eyes, warned his listeners: "Enthusiasm is not everything. Yo' got to hab judgment as well. Good intentions am responsible for some of de worst singing in de choir."



In Montague Glass's inimitable dialogues between Potash and Perlmutter, Morris Perlmutter proves himself quite a philosopher.

Says he: "That's what's the matter with most people, Abe. They think themselves over very carefully every morning and see if they can locate a pain somewhere. If they do not succeed in doing it, y'understand, their whole morning is spoiled."

Only neurotics consider life full of pitfalls. A careful inventory of our health assets and bodily situation would oftener than not amaze us with the potentialities we have in our grasp . . . if we would admit it to ourselves.

A RECIPE FOR A HAPPY LIFE

Take a large quantity of CHEERFULNESS and let it simmer without stopping. Put with it a brimming basinful of KINDNESS, then add a full measure of THOUGHT FOR OTHER PEOPLE. Mix into these a piling tablespoon of SYMPATHY. Flavor with essence of *Charity*. Stir well together and then carefully strain off any grains of SELFISHNESS. Let the whole be served with Love-Sauce, and FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.



A PRAYER IN GRIEF

O heart of mine, be patient!

O heart of mine, be strong!

Be steadfast to endure thy grief,

So heavy and so long.

For there's a Word to comfort us

When nothing else avails,

And there's a holy Hand to help

When human guidance fails.

O heart of mine, be patient!

O soul of mine, be strong!

God's ways with men are righteous ways,

Nor can His ways be wrong.

A mystery still may veil His will,

But He will grant us strength

To walk the road, and bear the load,

And reach His rest at length.



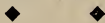
Said Olin Miller shrewdly, "You wouldn't worry about what people think of you if you could know how seldom they do."

Saintliness starts when you lose false pride.

I read a treatise one day on how to be a failure. That sounds funny. No, I was not trying to see what course I must choose to be a failure; the other way around, I was seeking for pitfalls to avoid. Somewhat like the early explorers in Africa, who sent on a native ahead and watched where he *didn't* go to be sure they would not fall into tiger traps, and lion decoys.

In this treatise there were eight reasons listed why men failed in business or other enterprises: swellheadedness; launching an enterprise at an unfavorable time; being out of step with the times; extravagant living; reckless speculation; over-expansion; dishonest and unsatisfactory associates; mismanagement and outside disaster beyond one's control.

Strange — but the author of this booklet omitted the most significant reasons for failure: lack of stick-to-itiveness. "Plugging" gets more things done than any other method.



OUR THOUGHTS

One who permits himself to become the victim of his thoughts is a fool. He is really stupid. All thought, as the psychologists tell us, tends to find its way into action. Think about a thing long enough and you will do it if it can be done. You will do it whether it is wise or foolish, good or bad. Our salvation lies in the fact that thoughts are controllable. Put your thoughts on the right course of action and you will eventually begin to travel that course. If you do not try to control your thoughts, they will get out of hand.

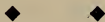
By and by it is next to impossible to control them. To be a slave to bad thinking is on the way to being a slave to bad habit.

Inspiration is all right, but perspiration is what gets things done.

As Benda says in Wasserman's "Goose Man," "The great majority of what you call talent is ignominious. Talent is a feather-duster. All that comes from the finger-tips is evil. The man who has a distinct goal and is willing to suffer in order to reach it, that man we can use...."

And Alexander Hamilton said something similar when he declared: "Men give me credit for some genius. All the genius I have lies in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I have made is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Did you think there was an easy road to victory?



How often do we hear, today, on all sides, complaints and execrations from people against God, for allowing or ordaining suffering to happen!

There are many reasons for suffering. A bewildered world which has been struggling in a titanic war covering all the nations of the two hemispheres asks frantically for the WHY ... the WHEREFORE ... the REASON for suffering.

Let us look at some of them.

God allows evil in order to create good. Properly understood, suffering is a mark of

God's favor, enabling us to atone for public and national sins; to effect our own conversion; to forestall the danger of eternal perdition; to atone for personal sins of others of which we are cognizant; to promote the welfare of the Church; to acquire conformity with God's will; to gain an even higher degree in heaven; to substitute for the pains of purgatory; to balance the temporal punishment due to our sins. We have not alluded to the fact that suffering came into the world through the sin of our first parents; nor to the fact that suffering often is simply the natural result of people's breaking the Ten Commandments.

Do you begin to see the WHY of suffering? . . .

The world says: "Do away with suffering. We don't want it." To Christ hanging on Calvary, the world says: "Come down from the cross. Be like us. Do as we do. Don't be extraordinary. Just be as human as we are." — And the world does not stop to reflect that when they strive, scientifically, to do away with suffering, by "euthanasia" of those who are incurably stricken with some foul disease, they are officially murdering souls, and are refusing to solve the problem of pain by turning away from it.

If we were all to remember that in everything the finger of God is present; if we would go against our baser selves in such moments; if we would train ourselves to see God's hand in all things . . . what a solution we would find to this problem of pain!

Cardinal O'Connell tells the beautiful story of his mother kneeling by her husband's deathbed, after years of devoted nursing,

closing his eyes in peace, then rising from her knees and addressing her eleven children with the words: "God's will be done," and thenceforth immediately assuming all the heavy obligation of a mother of eleven fatherless children, and the weary burden of a widow. In such Christian resignation is our salvation, if we but accept the lesson.

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"BE OF GOOD HEART!"

Jesus came into the world to bring, not grief, but joy. Indeed, on three separate occasions He distinctly and specifically urged people to cheer up, to take courage, to be of good heart. Then, the very announcement of His infant birth was couched in words of gladness: "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy." The very word for gospel or evangel (from the Greek word "euangelion") means glad news. Christianity was designed not to take from us tribute such as pagan religions demanded — it was to leave us a legacy of happiness. Not one of the sages or philosophers who preceded the Christian era is remembered for his cheerful or amiable spirit...it is only after Christ's appearance on the scene of the world that we have that long line of authentic Christian saints and wits, such as Philip Neri, St. Francis Assisi, Thomas More, etc.

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A friend of mine once remarked to me, when making me a gift of Van Dyke's "Blue Flower," "that man is Catholic in everything except his name." Probably you all have read his "The Other Wise Man," and other

books of his, but you may not have seen "On A Sun Dial." Here it is:

"Time is —

Too Slow for those who Wait,
Too Swift for those who Fear,
Too Long for those who Grieve,
Too Short for those who Rejoice ,
But for those who Love
Time is not."



Don't feel that your failures prevent you from achieving final success. Indeed, they perhaps insure that you are able to gain even greater glory.... A famous skater studied her own progress by counting the falls she had each day. Wellington, by reverses in less important campaigns, learned the lessons which enabled him to vanquish the great Napoleon. St. Teresa of Avila deplored her own weakness: "The devil sends me so offensive a spirit of bad temper that I think I could eat people up." Through such grueling tests she evolved the cheerful and humorous outlook on life which is inseparable from her name.

And it was *after* Peter denied his Lord — the gravest lapse of Faith in the history of the early Church — that he became not the REED but the ROCK of Christ's Church. Mary Magdalen, too, was not afraid to follow up her forgiveness by Jesus by attending Him in public as much as possible, her first failure giving her the courage to atone for it by unremitting striving toward perfection.

Indeed, to revert to our earliest origins, let us say "O felix culpa!" — O happy sin! — when alluding to our first parents: if it

were not for the sin of Adam and Eve which resulted in their expulsion from Paradise, we would never have been redeemed in the blood of the Lamb and given the key to heaven. On Holy Saturday the hymn states this viewpoint concisely and beautifully: "O happy sin of Adam, which has merited for us so great a Redeemer."

Before it can bear fruit in abundance, the vine must be pruned. Do not mind your failures; keep trying, always with complete trust in God, and He will touch your failures with His miraculous grace and convert them into victories.



HEAVEN WITHIN YOU

A shrewd commentator once observed that England was "Merrie England" when it still had the Faith.

A different spirit breathed throughout the land when on each hill towered a monastery topped with a cross, or when each plain was tracked with roads with pilgrims going to one shrine or the other.

Cheerfulness has always been a Christian attribute.

Father Raoul Plus, S.J., with typical Gallic vivacity, writes: "Certainly, I pray as you that earth be kind to us. But for mercy's sake, don't forget the heaven that is in you. . . . May human happiness continue to smile on you; but if it withdraws bit by bit, look within you. God dwells there. God in your soul, is that nothing?"

"It is everything."

This is the attitude which is reflected in Addison's whimsical remarks that when he was "afflicted with the gout, he thanked God it was not influenza, and when it was influenza, he thanked God it was not gout."

And look at the long line of saints who could not stand moroseness and insisted on cheerfulness through their entire day: St. Philip Neri and his practical jokes in the streets of Rome; St. Charles Borromeo and his games of chess; St. Aloysius and his ball; St. Thomas More keeping his household in a perpetual "humor and fun"; the familiar jests of the Curé of Ars about the devil that plagued him physically; St. Francis of Assisi pretending to play a violin with two sticks of wood.

In all human relations, people prefer the man who is cheerful to the one who is eternally peeved with the universe and its population. Isn't it better to have a chronic smile than a chronic frown? And to combat the daily routine of petty annoyances no better remedy has been found than a smile. It betokens the inner tranquillity of spirit which indicates that there is a hero of the humdrum.



Before a certain priest went to China as a missionary, I asked him to write in my little "black book" a summary of all the exhortations and admonitions he had given me as a spiritual director. This he did, and he compressed all that counsel in these words: "Tacere et orare" — "to be silent and to pray."

In my thirty-one years as a priest, in how many trials and troubles did that advice stand me in good stead! How often has it proved to me to be the best counsel man could ask

for ... and the only advice worth following!
KEEP MUM AND PRAY!

Do not talk with men about your troubles; talk with God. Tell him you know they are all allowed by Him; tell Him you understand that while you do not know the reason for this grief or that sorrow, you are sure He knows best. To keep still and pray is to show complete confidence in God...and He will not "let you down."



Our crosses are made of two pieces — one long and one short.

God's will is represented by the short piece; our will by the long one.

Place the two pieces side by side, and you have simply two lengths of wood. All goes well; they fit smoothly together. There is no conflict, no contrast.

Place God's will upon your will, and you have a cross — your cross.

Not for nothing was Jesus schooled in His foster-father's carpenter shop.

Will you learn this lesson from Him? Or must He send strangers to teach it to you?



When I was first inducted into the spiritual life, an old and wise priest taught me a simple yet profound truth. Said he: "People get so readily discouraged because it's so easy to do it. There is nothing easier than to lie flat on the floor and stretch out your four extremities and say goodby to the world — every fool can do that. Some people say that to commit suicide is the hardest thing in the world. I say it is the easiest. Animals

rarely commit suicide; they usually fight gamely to the finish. Only man, endowed with superior reasoning powers, can find excuses to make to himself for dropping out of the combat, for committing spiritual or physical suicide. Any fool can give up. MEN keep on trying...."

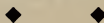


IN HEAVEN WE'LL UNDERSTAND

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the Heavenly Land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears;
Some day, in Heaven, we'll understand.

We'll know why the clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why smiles have ceased when just begun;
Some day, in Heaven, we'll understand.

Then trust in God through all your days;
Fear not, for He doth hold your hand;
But, while you live, still sing and praise,
Some day, in Heaven, we'll understand.



DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED

This is no time for discouragement. Quitters never win; winners never quit.

We were reading about Maurice Francis Egan, former Ambassador to Denmark, who died in Brooklyn about 15 years ago. Mr. Egan was a man of as high a type of intelligent and aggressive Catholicity as the generation now dying out produced. He was as thoroughly human as he was Catholic. A prince among gentlemen and a light among

scholars, he had courage quite akin to the immortal Bayard.

When the time came for him to die, he ordered that the tall death-candles be lighted, stretched himself full-length in his bed, crossed his hands over his breast in the manner of a Crusader, and with a smile passed over the bourne.

Courage? Indeed; the courage of the sincere Catholic who knows that death is but the beginning of life, that all the future — an unending future — lies beyond.

Here are a few lines from Mr. Egan's memoirs; they deserve a place where all can turn the page each day to read them.

"Looking back — if I had my life to live over again, I should never worry about anything that might happen; during my long life the things that I worried about never happened, and the things to which I gave no unhappy thought always happened.

"I should like to say, too, for the benefit of the young, that when one is old, one regrets not the sin one has committed so much as the good deeds one might have performed and did not.

"As a Christian, I trust that I can leave my sins to Christ, who is more merciful than man; but I can never forgive myself for not having been keener to discover means of helping others."

PATRICK SCANLAN



So many of us look for results.

We want to see something come to life beneath our hands. We want to see something tangible proceed from our work.

You know, God Himself apparently did not expect all of us to be able to see our own achievements, especially in the religious life.

When He sent the angels to announce the birth of His Son, He bade them give the tidings to "men of good will." They did not necessarily have to be concretely aware of the great achievement of their slow or fast conversion to the faith . . . just so they had the awareness of good will, it was enough.

Think of Christ Himself. After 33 years on the earth He had only a handful of disciples and apostles and a few pious women to show for all His miracles and healings. . . . Think of His followers today, the missionaries in foreign lands, who toil year in and year out with a small numerical success — which means nothing. One persecution or plague or emigration and all their labors in one corner of the vineyard may be swept away.



Of all the stories related about the unknown heart of New Guinea, this one of the Dutch missionary (his name has slipped my mind) has always stirred me most profoundly.

For 24 years he lived on an island.

He tried every method known to missionary skill to bring the people to the true knowledge of the Faith.

In 24 years *he made not one convert!*

In 24 years he never had the consolation of administering one of the sacraments to one of his charges.

In 24 years he never had one soul to offer as proof of his labors to the First Missionary, Jesus.

His story is almost paralleled by that of a missionary on Bali who after years of effort made two converts — and one of these eventually murdered him. . . .

Yes, to measure our lives by the surface results would be the sheerest stupidity.



To be a failure: what does it mean? Was Christ a failure because He died on the cross? — and do not forget that to die on the cross was the supreme ignominy in His day and age, being reserved for criminals. St. Paul, remember, was beheaded, for Roman citizens were given an "exalted" punishment, not the degrading death of the cross.

How the Pharisees and Sadducees wagged their heads as they jeered under the shadow of Calvary's hill: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save."

Today we know He was the greatest success in history. His failure was in itself a triumph.

The noted convert Robert Hugh Benson once wrote: "We are all failures and the best of us are those that know it."



The Alleluias of the Risen Savior have a peculiarly beautiful meaning.

Hearing a whole church resound with the repetition of that paean of Christian hope, who can refuse belief that God did rise from the dead, and that we, too, can rise from the death of material selfishness, despondency, unbelief, and lead a new life, leaving stricken about the exit of our sepulcher the legionaries of fear and despair and sin?

If the Resurrection had never happened, man would have had to invent it.

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RECIPE:

For removing the blues, the dumps, the jitters, the little devils of discontent and the big demons of despair:

"Is any of you sad? Let him pray."

ST. JAMES, 5:13

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When little children walk along a dark road at night, they instinctively hold hands. They get added confidence from the touch of someone they know. If you have faith in God, if you believe He understands you, and you confidently place your hand in His, you will want to echo the words of Father T. Burke's poem:

GOD UNDERSTANDS

Day after day I've toiled beneath the sun,
I have not shunned the burden and the heat,
Along life's roughest pathways I have trod
Weary of heart, with bruised and bleeding
feet;

Evening has come and lo, I turn me home,
Bearing no golden sheaves from conquered
lands,

Let the world call me failure if it will —
What care I for the world? God understands.

God understands the heart I gave to Him
In the untroubled springtime of my life;
How I have walked submissive to His will

In days of deepest calm and sharpest strife;
He has seen fit to break me as a reed,
To sear my hopes and shatter all my plans;
Let the world scoff and scorn me as it will —
It is enough to know God understands.

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"O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see is there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!" This cry from the Lamentations (1:2), reminds us how Mary our Mother is the Mother of Sorrows.

From the day she welcomed Gabriel and agreed to be the handmaid of the Lord, she was pledged to sorrow. Simeon promised grief to her. "And thy heart a sword shall pierce." One grief after the other, one painful dolor, thrust into her very heart — surely, she is the Queen of Martyrs with good cause.

Like children, we ought to turn to her for her support... and will she not give us the best possible advice? Does she not know, having gone through such suffering herself, just what extremes we are enduring — perhaps right now? Think of her as your mother, and her sorrows will make your appear light.

◆ ◆

The horrors and ravages of the late greatest world war in all history are still fresh in our memory. We also remember the terrors and trials of the first world war, and being Catholics, we like to think back to Joyce Kilmer, the poet, and the part he played in it. Do you recall his immortal poem? Read it:

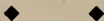
My shoulders ache beneath the pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

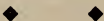
Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy
cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.
(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy agony of bloody sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).
Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gifts. Amen.



"Take up thy cross and follow me."...
But this simple action does not mean that
once we have chosen to follow Christ the
rest is to be made easy for us. No — in
Newman's words, "to take up the cross of
Christ is no great action done once for all;
it consists in the continual practice of small
duties which are distasteful to us."



NO IFS OR BUTS

When your heart is heavy and you feel
weighed down under your burden of depres-
sion or disappointment, take to yourself the
prayer of St. Frances de Chantal, who turned
to the Lord in her grief with these words:
"They will be done forever and ever, O Lord,
without IF or BUT...."

You will find the "lift" you get from this
prayer out of all proportion to its brevity.

There is so much wisdom to be learned from the mouths of babes and sucklings that again and again we find ourselves chuckling over their self-evolved philosophy of life.

A little boy (Father Dussman of Glenview, Ill., tells the story in his book "Shut-In and Happy About It") was called on in class to give the complete quotation starting "the Lord is my Shepherd."

With his reply, he reminded me of the soccer player who took such a powerful kick with his right foot that he tangled both feet badly, and in the process kicked the ball with his *left* foot, and across for a goal!

The lad stood up and in hesitation and trembling started, "The Lord is my Shepherd..." paused a moment, and surged on triumphantly, "— I should worry."



How often when conducting a retreat have I urged my retreatants to compile a list of all the favors for which they ought to be grateful to Almighty God! I assure them time and again that such a list would be ten times longer than the Litany of All Saints, and they would be left to quote the words of Holy Writ: "What shall I render to the Lord for all the things that He hath rendered to me?" Here is one litany of gratitude:

I thank God the Father with all my heart because:

He created and redeemed me through His beloved Son;

He gave me the Christian faith and adopted me as His child on my day of baptism;

He has surrounded me with so many means of salvation;

He gave me a beautiful angel from His holy court to protect me;

He gave me a sound intelligence, a just judgment, a loving heart;

He gave me eyes which see, ears which hear, a tongue which speaks, and limbs which move;

He gave me the beautiful sun to furnish light, the waters to refresh me, the flowers to charm and delight me with their sweet fragrance;

He made the fruits and crops to ripen and increased the animals so that they feed and clothe me;

He gives me benefits daily up to the very moment of my death;

He will give me, I hope, through His mercy, the grace of final perseverance through the merits of Jesus Christ;

He will crown me with eternal pleasures in heaven — for thus I have been commanded to hope.

I thank God the Son because:

For love of me He did consent to become man;

for love of me He did pass nine months in the womb of the Virgin Mary;

for love of me He did will to be born in a poor stable;

for love of me He did work in the sweat of His brow;

for love of me He did suffer a most painful passion;

for love of me He did hang for hours on the cross and died on it in shame;

He gave me His own divine Mother for my mother, as He hung dying upon the cross;

He ascended to heaven to prepare for me a place there and to plead my cause with the Father;

for love of me He resides today and every day in the prison of the tabernacle;

for love of me He immolates Himself every morning on the altar;

for love of me He comes into my heart so often in Holy Communion;

in the holy tribunal He often washes me in His Precious Blood.

I thank God the Holy Ghost because:

He has so often enlightened my soul with the light of His beams;

He has sent so many holy inspirations and good desires;

He has sustained my weakness with His sovereign virtue and strength;

He has made me accomplish acts of virtue due to His salutary assistance;

He has enabled me to do what little good I have achieved.

I thank the *Father*, the *Son* and the *Holy Ghost* for all the graces and favors past, present and to come, which They have bestowed upon me.

Why did Christ fall down beneath the cross?

Was it not to show us how weak we all are?

And to prove to us that, stumble and fall though we may, we CAN eventually rise again?



Have you been in straits and turned to some one for aid, whom you trusted and loved? And found only rejection?

Think of Christ on the cross.

He said: "I thirst."

Where were those whom He had cured,
and fed, healed and loosed from their sins? . . .
Where were those to whom He had opened
the gates to a life of peace and happiness?

They were not there.

For His thirst, a stranger took a sponge and
gave Him vinegar.



AN OPTIMIST'S PRAYER

Lord, let this my prayer be,
evermore to trust in Thee.

Let my heart be of good cheer,
knowing Thou art always near.

Never let me anxious be,
seeing Thou dost care for me.

Let me thankful be for food
raiment, shelter, every good.

Let me through this entire day
scatter sunshine on my way.

Always let me here below
sympathy and kindness show.

When I meet a soul that's sad,
let me try to make it glad.

Far from hot ambition's strife,
let me lead the simple life.

Whatsoe'er my tasks may be,
let me do them cheerfully.

Forward pressing, unafraid,
let me hope on Christ be staid.

When this earthly race is run,
may I hear Him say: "Well done!"

O. S. HOFFMAN



Religion teaches man the secret of life —
and that secret is suffering.

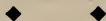
Even the ancient knew that "misfortune is
a holy thing."

In the old Grecian fable, Prometheus did
not knead the clay of which he formed man
with water, but with tears.

The Church knows this well. For each of
its conquests it is prepared to pay with blood,
the blood of martyrs which is the seed of
the Church, the blood of valiant confessors
who knew the place suffering has in the
scheme of life.

And the reward for such suffering is never
meted out with coins based on bullion or
human barter. Ask Joan of Arc what earthly
reward she got for following her Voices —
was it not the stake at Rouen marketplace?
Ask the humble priest who braves the plague-
stricken air of hospitals and hovels in his
ministrations — is not his earthly reward often
a lingering death? Ask the Sister who ex-
changes her cultured background for coarse
clothing and rude environment among savages
what she gains on earth — it is not the ac-
claim and admiration of the world. Ask the
missionary who writes the gospel for pagans
with his blood on remote shores — is not
his guerdon an anonymous grave, a frus-
trated (seemingly) career? The soldier fall-

ing on the battlefield, listed as "unknown"; the miner entombed by a sudden fall of rock far below the surface; the sailor who is swallowed up in the ocean's vast deeps — all these know the call of life is one demanding sacrifices and suffering and a passion for anonymity. . . . But God keeps the record.



Make your misfortunes redound to your advantage or to the benefit of others and you will find yourself automatically cheering up.

Clifford Beers spent three years in the realm of unreason. A brilliant student, his health broke down and he was confined to one institution after the other. The day came when his reason returned and, appalled at the conditions he had found in the various "homes" in which he had lived, he set about enlisting public and private support to remedy these situations. Due to his untiring efforts, his autobiography entitled "A Mind That Found Itself" finally appeared and it added a long list of impressive and illustrious adherents to the Cause he started. The book itself went into countless reprints, and made a profound world impression, while the movement he had begun went on to become the AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC., which sought to remedy the whole basic approach to the curing and tending of those afflicted with mental disorders. What its final status is can be judged from this, that today it has a branch or representative in almost every civilized country.

If after being freed Beers had given up, and considered his own plight as having achieved a fortunate ending, what untold misery would

probably still be going on in all the various institutions all over the world!

By making his own illness a stepping-stone for others, he guaranteed himself against a recurrence of his own mental disorder, and at the same time paved the way for the restored health of countless unfortunates for whom better ways of succor would never have been found.



For those who have lived and loved as best they could, death is no ringing down of a curtain, but rather the rising of a curtain upon a scene immortal and divine.

On his bed of pain, when he knew that death was come, the Little Poor Man of Assisi sang his hymn to the Sun. I wonder what you will do! Will you think or say, in the words of the Preface of the "Black Mass," "It is truly meet and just, right and available to salvation that we should always, and in all places give thanks to Thee, O Almighty, eternal God — for to Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away. — And therefore with the angels and archangels, with the thrones and dominations and with all the heavenly hosts, we sing an everlasting hymn to Thy glory saying — "Three cheers for God!" "

These last words are the ones *I* hope to say — as I have tried always to say them — when death knocks at my door. — Lift up your hearts!



THREE CHEERS FOR GOD!



TE DEUM

Thanks be to God for
His love and mercy,
Thanks be to God for
His boundless grace,
Thanks be to God for the
hearts that love us,
Thanks be to God for each
friendly face.
Thanks be to God for strength
in suffering,
Thanks be to God for joys we've
known,
Thanks be to God for the hope
He gives us
O rest eternal beside His Throne.



I live — nor ever know how long;
I die — not knowing when or where;



I go an unknown road along,
Amazed — how free I am from care!



