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~~lift up your...~~
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"Lift Up

Your

Hearts!"



DIVINE WORD MISSIONARIES
TECHNY, ILL.
PRICE 10 CENTS



CAUSE OF OUR JOY,
pray for us!

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS!"

By

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



GLEAMS OF JOY



DIVINE WORD MISSIONARIES
TECHNY, ILL.

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

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

St. Augustine in one of his immortal succinct phrases for which he is famous says: *Habetis patrem; habetis patriam; habetis patrimonium.*

You have a father; you have a fatherland; you have the inheritance left you by your father.

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

You are God's child. You have heaven for your home. And more precious than anything, you have the guarantee that God has promised you His own grace to be your heritage.

No matter what ills befall. No matter what tribulations assail. No matter what horrors, man-made or devil-wrought, besiege your inmost soul. Let these words be firm in your mind and heart and like the great St. Paul you will say: "I exceedingly abound in joy in the midst of my tribulations."

If you have God's joy in your heart, who cares what storms rage without? Who cares what wars and woes rend asunder the world of men? What more do you want — are not God and His joy enough?

So we say to you, in these days of trial and trouble, of war and plague and death, of horror and havoc — "LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS!" Rest on the bosom of your heavenly Father; cling to His hand; rely on His wisdom and His mercy. And lasting joy will abide within you.

THE AUTHOR



Keep us, O God, from pettiness: let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding, and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face — without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Let us take time for all things: make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid,

Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great, common, human heart of us all — and —

O Lord God, let us forget not, to be kind.

MARY STEWART

◆ ◆

WHAT TO READ

If you have the "blues," read the 27th Psalm.
If your pocketbook is empty, read the 37th Psalm.

If people seem unkind, read the 15th chapter of John.

If you are discouraged about your work, read the 126th Psalm.

If you are out of sorts, read the 12th chapter of Hebrews.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the 13th chapter of First Corinthians.

If you can't have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

HITHERTO — HENCEFORTH

Hitherto

The Lord hath helped us,
Guiding all the way:

Henceforth

Let us trust Him fully,
Trust Him every day.

Hitherto

The Lord hath loved us,
Caring for His own:

Henceforth

Let us love Him better,
Live for Him alone.

Hitherto

The Lord hath blessed us,
Crowning all our days:

Henceforth

Let us live to bless Him,
Live to show His praise.



Nothing is so bad it couldn't be worse.
Perhaps you didn't land on a bed of roses —
but you ought to be glad that at least the
parachute worked.



TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

The value of time;
The success of perseverance;
The pleasure of working;
The dignity of simplicity;
The worth of character;
The power of kindness;
The influence of example;
The obligation of duty;

The wisdom of economy;
The virtue of patience;
The improvement of talent;
The joy of originating.

MARSHALL FIELD



Don't take rumor at its face value.

Treat it like a check. Be sure it is genuine,
before you endorse it.



Pass good things along to increase their value.



There isn't anything on earth worth while
until it is shared with somebody.



I tried and failed,
I tried again and failed,
I tried again and failed,
I tried again and failed,
I tried again and failed,
I tried again and failed,
I tried again and failed,
I tried again and won.



Do what you can
with what you have,
where you are today.



To know ALL is to forgive ALL.

FRENCH PROVERB



Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift,

Shun not the struggle — face it — 'tis God's
gift.



Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.



ON DISHEARTENMENT

A thousand hearts I've found along my way,
So crushed beneath the press of suffering sore,
So bruised and bleeding from the weight they
bore,

That I would gladly give my life away
To patch and heal these hearts and make
them gay.

Mayhap some bitter cup, some anguished
pain,

Has scorched these generous hearts, and broke
in twain

Warm throbbing loving ones and made them
clay.

I find no aid for such in phrase or book,

In pretty rhyme or mournful sympathy,

In flattery or worldly pleasure's mesh.

This only: to a lonely Heart all look

And seize the sacred balm He offers thee;

"Come ye to Me, and I will thee refresh."

SR. REGINA



GETTING ALONG!

Sooner or later, a man, if he he is wise, discovers that business life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take.

He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul - that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back.

He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses.

He learns that all men have burnt toast for breakfast now and then, and that he shouldn't take the other fellow's grouch too seriously.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight.

He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others.

He learns that it doesn't matter so much who gets the credit so long as the business shows a profit.

He comes to realize that the business could run along perfectly well without him.

He learns that even the janitor is human and that it doesn't do any harm to smile and say, "good morning," even if it is raining.

He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is, that they have brains that are as good as, or better than, his, and that hard work and not cleverness is the secret of success.

He learns to sympathize with the youngest coming into the business, because he remembers how bewildered he was when he first started out.

He learns not to worry when he loses an order, because experience has shown that if he always gives his best, his average will break pretty well.

He learns that no man ever got to first base alone and that it is only through cooperative effort that we move on to better things.

He learns that bosses are not monsters trying to get the last ounce of work out of him for the least amount of pay, but that they are usually fine men who have succeeded through hard work and who want to do the right thing.

He learns that folks are not any harder to get along with in one place than in another, and that "getting along" depends about 98 per cent on his own behavior.

WILFRID A. PETERSON

◆ ◆

TODAY IS ALL!

○ Father, guide these faltering steps today,
Lest I should fall!

Tomorrow? — Ah, tomorrow's far away,
Today is all.

If I but keep my feet till evening time,
Night will bring me rest;

Then, stronger grown, tomorrow I shall climb
With newer zest.

Oh, may I stoop to no unworthiness,
In pain or sorrow,

Nor bear from yesterday one bitterness
On to tomorrow!

Then, Father, help these searching eyes today
The path to see;

Be patient with my feebleness — the way
Is steep to Thee!

◆ ◆

WE TWO

I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,

And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that *We Two* shall win in the end,
Jesus and I.

I could not row it myself,
My bark on the raging sea,
What of that? Another sits in my boat,
And pulls, or steers, with me;
And I know that *We Two* shall come safe
into Port,
His child and He.

Coward, wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky;
One day eager and brave,
The next, not caring to try;
But *He* never gives in, and *We Two* shall win,
Jesus and I.

Strong, and tender, and true,
Crucified once for me,
I know *He* never will change,
Whate'er I may do or be;
We shall finish the course and get Home at
last,
His child and He.



A MOUNTAIN IS NEVER SO HIGH AS FROM THE BOTTOM

Some years ago I met, at a little watering place in Belgium, an old man who told me he had for many years been a professional Swiss mountain guide.

One thing he said to me I never have forgotten. We had been talking about the heights of mountains in Asia and North and South

America, in comparison with those of his native Switzerland when he remarked, more or less apropos of nothing:

"Remember this, young man, a mountain is never so high as from the bottom."

For a moment I stared at him and he went on:

"When you stand at the base of a mountain you have never before climbed and looking up, contemplate the dangers and difficulties and calculate the hidden ones while appraising those plainly to be seen — well, then that mountain looks *high*.

"But when you have actually scaled it, and have overcome its difficulties and dangers, you begin to think it was not so very terrible after all, and even though you know how high it is, in feet, still you are not so impressed as you were at the base."

W. M. CLAYTON



LEAN HARD

Child of My love, lean hard
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in Mine own hand; made no pro-
portion
Between its weight and thine unaided strength.
For even as I laid it on I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers;
So shall I keep My child within the circling
arms
Of My own love!" Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come —

Thou art not near enough. I would embrace
thy care,
So I might feel My child reposing on My
heart.
Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not, then,
But loving Me, lean hard.

◆ ◆

SUPPOSE . . .

Suppose you fail, and do fall again into some sin. Does this mean that your TRYING is over, and our great goal, the conversion of sinners, the saving of the world, should go into the discard? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! Think of a soldier rushing into battle. He trips and falls. Does this mean he lies there like a cowardly dog? No; the thing all of us expect him to do is, PICK HIMSELF UP, and push on. He, or YOU, fall again, PICK YOURSELF UP. How many times. "How often shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith to him: I say not to thee till seven times; but till seventy times seven times" (Matthew 18:21, 22). An indication of how often God will forgive us and help us to pick ourselves up!

◆ ◆

CHRIST WITH ME

Christ before me, Christ behind,
Christ alone my heart to bind;
Christ beneath me, Christ above,
Christ around with arms of love;
Christ on all who look on me,
Christ on every face I see;
Christ on all who on me think,

Christ their food, and Christ their drink;
Christ on all whom my thoughts seek,
Christ the lowly, Christ the meek;
Christ in chariot, fort, and ship,
Christ to hold when anchors slip;
Christ on all who list to me,
May their ears hear naught but Thee.



MORE THINGS . . .

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Therefore, LET US PRAY:

"Here we are before Thee, O Lord, shameless criminals: we know that unless Thou pardon, we shall deservedly perish. Grant then, O almighty Father, without our deserving it, the pardon we ask for. . . . O God, who by sin art offended and by penance pacified, mercifully regard the prayers of Thy suppliant people, and turn away the scourges of Thy wrath, which we deserve for our sins. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

We are indebted to St. Augustine for this prayer. He was induced to give up a life of sin, and pursue a career of decency to the extent of becoming a saint, by these very words:

"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy; but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences."

The great cry of the day is: "What has he got that I haven't got?" I'll bite. What did St. Augustine have that you also do not possess? He had the COMMON SENSE to see the ei-

ror of his ways, and the DETERMINATION to RIGHT ABOUT FACE. You, too, have COMMON SENSE and DETERMINATION. Use them in the right direction, and SEE WHAT HAPPENS.



WAITING ON GOD

Waiting on God! It is sitting down
By the way to rest awhile,
And learning the secret of perfect peace,
In the light of a Father's smile.

It is ceasing to look with anxious eye
On the trials of coming days;
It is leaving the future to God alone
With a heart all full of praise.

It is never a thought of "how" or "why"
In the matter of daily life;
It is simply letting Him take His way
Through the mist of care and strife.

It is leaving everything in His hands
To do as He seeth best,
Assured He never can make a mistake;
Ah! this is perfect rest.



DISCOURAGED?

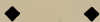
With mid-semester exams on, don't you get panicky, depressed or discouraged. Pray, work calmly and remember the words of William James, famous American psychologist:

"As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the

practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together."



The current of life or the career of a society is not truly represented by the occasional moments of hesitation in which energy is gathered for a fresh advance. These are only eddies, the rest-places of the stream's fierce strength. In the channel of Niagara below the falls, there are places along the bank where the stream seems as calm as an artificial lake. But out in the current, the stream is swift and strong, strong enough to cut its way into the eternal hills.



It's easier to expect ill fortune than to expect good fortune. Why? Who knows? It's true, anyway, that good fortune is likely to come to those who expect it. This being so, it's good sense to cultivate deliberately the expectation of good results. Include this cultivation in your self-training. It'll pay you.

KABLE BULLETIN



Recipe for greatness: to bear up under loss; to fight the bitterness of defeat and the weakness of grief; to be victor over anger; to smile

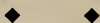
when tears are close; to resist disease and evil men and base instincts; to hate hate, and to love love; to go on when it would seem good to die; to look up with unquenchable faith in something ever more about to be. That is what any man can do, and be great.

ZANE GREY



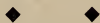
Enthusiasm encourages a man to concentrate all his energies on his object. And the more he can concentrate, the more his enthusiasm grows — and it is a combination that is hard to beat.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL



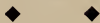
The first virtue of all really great men is that they are sincere. They eradicate hypocrisy from their hearts. They bravely unveil their weaknesses, their doubts, their defects. They are courageous. They boldly ride a-tilt against prejudices. No civil, moral nor immoral power overawes them. They love their fellowmen profoundly. They are generous. They allow their hearts to expand. They have compassion for all forms of suffering. Pity is the very foundation-stone of genius.

ANATOLE FRANCE



Let thy discontents be thy secrets.

BEN FRANKLIN



Fortune came and loudly knocked
at my door, with cheery hail;
but alas! for Fortune's labors,
I was over at my neighbor's,
pouring out a hard-luck tale.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect,
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
I never can fool myself, and so
Whatever happens, I want to grow
More able to be more proud of me,
Self-respecting and conscience-free.



THIS IS REST

To step out of self-life into Christ-life; to lie still and let Him lift you out of it; to fold your hands close, and hide your face upon the hem of His robe; to let Him lay His cooling, soothing, healing hands upon your soul, and draw all the hurry and fever from its veins; to realize that you are not a mighty messenger, an important worker of His, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child with a Father's gentle bidding to heed and fulfill; to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in His hands, as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call; to serve Him by waiting; to praise Him by saying, "Holy, holy, holy," a single note of praise, as do the seraphim of the heavens if that be His will; to cease so to hurry that you lose sight of His face, to learn to follow Him and not run ahead of orders; to cease to live in self, and for self,

and to live in Him and for Him; to love His honor more than your own; to be a clear and facile medium for His life-tide to shine and glow through — this is consecration, this is rest.



THE VICTOR

If life has hurt you and your heart is breaking,
Pray God to help you to forget!
It does no good to nurse an old-time aching —
A flame of pain — nor let
The bitterness of tragic sorrow
Make all the world seem gray.
Lift up your chin and face tomorrow —
Tomorrow is a brand-new day!
And only weaklings keep on crying —
Pray God to give you power —
He helps the soul who keeps on trying
Even in the darkest hour!



SUCCESS AND FAILURE

Have you ever noticed:

How often our apparent successes, for which we have striven might and main, have proven, when attained, to be no success at all?

How often our apparent failures, which we have dreaded with all our soul, have proven to be God's successes?

Have you ever noticed:

How often the shallow world dubs real success as failure?

How often the hypocrite world, having condemned a work as a failure, when in the end that work succeeds, will flatter it as its own?

How often the world, when its own work

has failed, will blame another and never itself?

God's ways are not our ways.

Indeed, they are often the very opposite.



JESUS CHRIST:

You have your reasons for everything,

Your measure is not ours,

Your judgments are not ours,

And yours are the best, better than ours,

Enough for me that I wait

On your good pleasure,

Being what I can,

Doing what I can,

I would only belong to you,

The rest shall be as you wish.

ARCHBISHOP GOODIER, S.J.



LITTLE THINGS

Only "Good morning," but the way 'twas said
Fell like a blessing upon my head;

Only a smile, but so blithesomely gay,

It wrapped in its sunshine the graying day.

Just a few words, but with counsel so blent,
My wistful way to the right is bent.

Little things bending where others would
break;

Little things, winning for kindness' sake.

Little things all, but how shall I tell
In words that are little my gratitude well?
I'll gather them gently and press them with
care,

And holily fold them in one little prayer.



Laff every time you pheel tickled and latt every once in a while enyhow.

JOSH BILLINGS



If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



It ain't no disgrace for a man to fall, but to lay there and grunt is.

JOSH BILLINGS



Before God's footstool to confess
a poor soul knelt and bowed his head.
"I failed," he cried. The Master said,
"Thou didst thy best — that is success."

I find the great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it, but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



ALONE

When you're alone with Jesus,
And He sweetly smiles on thee,
Will you sometime whisper to Him
A little prayer for me?

And when I'm alone with Jesus,
And all else is hid from view,
Deep in His Sacred Heart
I'll drop a little prayer for you.

SR. M. THERESE

No one has ever been damned for having committed too much evil to be forgiven; but many are in hell for one mortal sin of which they would not repent.

CURE D'ARS



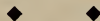
God's tenderness and love for us are the cause of this pursuit (of the soul) for thus man, the hunted stag, runs toward God who is his true goal; thus he is made greatly to long and thirst after Him who is all truth, all peace and the fullest consolation.

JOHN TAULER, O.P.



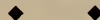
Paradise has no gate, but that whosoever will may enter therein.

ST. TERESA



There is nothing more painful than suffering, and nothing more joyful than to have suffered. Suffering is a short pain and a long joy.

ETERNAL WISDOM TO BL. H. SUSO



And if all hearts were but one heart, they would not be able to bear even that least reward which I certainly will give for the suffering endured by anyone for love of Me.

ETERNAL WISDOM TO BL. H. SUSO



Trust Him when dark doubts assail thee,
Trust Him when thy strength is small,
Trust Him when to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all.

Trust Him, He is every faithful;
Trust Him, for His will is best.
Trust Him, for the Heart of Jesus
Is the only place of rest.



If thou be harried sometimes through frailty of thyself with such unease as falls to thy bodily life, through evil will of man or malice of fiend, as soon as thou mayest come to thyself again, leave off the thinking of thy disease and go forth to thy work. Abide not too long with them for dread of thine enemies.

ST. TERESA



Give me Your PATIENCE, Lord,
To face the day.
Give me Your GENTLENESS,
Humbly I pray;
Give me Your CHEERFUL MIEN,
Your WISDOM, too.
Give me the time to get
All my work through.
Give me when day is done
A night of rest;
Grant that from sun to sun,
I do my BEST.



There is little happiness here below for people who love the world; there is much for those who belong to our Lord, if they love His Cross.

Let us go to the foot of the Cross and there complain of our sufferings, if we have the courage.

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the little child;
Its love is sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care;
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart,
Whose sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!
Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.



WHY BE SAD?

The deeper the darkness,
The brighter the morn;
The spirit's rare gladness
Of sorrow is born.

The fiercer the tempest,
The sooner the calm:
The sharper a wound,
The more soothing the balm.

The brightest blossoms
Lie close to the sod,
The lowliest hearts
Are nearest to GOD.



WORRY

What is worry? It is the act of being unduly anxious, expressing care by fretting and being impatient about something that is beyond our power to control; *paying interest on trouble before it comes due*; seeing a calamity in every opportunity. A person who worries is one who, when he has a choice of two evils, takes *both*. A worrier is a pessimist who has chosen worry as his vocation and is never happy unless he is miserable.

Jesus recognized the fact of trouble. He knew that man had worried in the past and would continue to worry about his troubles. Therefore He said to the multitude and to His disciples in the Sermon on the Mount: "Do not be anxious about tomorrow." In St. Matthew's Gospel (6:25-34), Jesus says *three* times, "Do not be anxious." In each case it could be translated, "Do not worry."

The person who worries the most receives the greatest shock when disaster comes. It is foolish to worry and be unhappy now, because disaster may cause us to be unhappy at

some future time. Jesus says, "Which of you, by being anxious about it, can add to his stature a single cubit?" In other words, it is futile to worry. No benefit is derived from it. Most of the things that we worry about have not happened yet and probably never will happen. Jesus said, "Sufficient for the day is its own trouble" (Matt. 6:34). There are enough things to keep us busy without worrying about things that may never happen.

TABERNACLE AND PURGATORY (APRIL, 1942)

GOD'S SUNSHINE

Never once
Since the world began
Has the sun ever once
Stopped shining.
His face very often
We could not see,
And we grumbled
At his inconstancy;
But the clouds
Were really to blame,
Not he,
For, behind them he was shining.
And so,
Behind life's darkest clouds,
God's love
Is always shining.
We veil it at times
With our faithless fears,
And darken our sight
With our foolish tears,
For in time
The atmosphere always clears,
For His love is always shining.

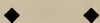
JOHN OXENHAM

Do not distrust the providence of God. He who made your corn to grow will assuredly enable you to gather it in.

CURE D'ARS



"Whoever loves others as he ought, lives on earth as if he were in heaven" (St. John Chrysostom). That is the view of an optimist. The pessimist would say, "I look out for number one and let others look out for themselves." And then he wonders why "others" are always seeing the motes in his eye. He has completely forgotten that Christ Himself warns us against laying up treasures on earth, where rust and moth consume and robbers steal. No pessimist will ever understand that to give is to put good deed out at interest, and that bread cast upon another's waters returns — as someone cleverly said — as "sandwiches," to be rolled upon the tongue of the soul.



COURAGE

Press on! Though mists obscure
The steep and rugged way,
And dark'ning doubt besets —
Soon dawns the brighter day.

Keep on! Though hours be long
And days deep-fraught with woe,
Let patience do her perfect work
And vanquish every foe.

Hope on! Though all seems lost,
And threat'ning storms beat high,
Have faith! Be still and know
That God is ever nigh.

Fight on! Though fears assails,
And panic grips the heart,
The battle you will surely win
If you play well your part.

GRENVILLE KLEISER

◆ ◆

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR THE DEPRESSED

1. *Don't tolerate "the blues."*
Do find out why you are unhappy. Is it defeat in love and a "broken heart"? Or merely a torpid liver? Both can be cured.
2. *Don't postpone laughter because "he laughs best who laughs last."*
Do your laughing now and make sure. Love and laughter are close friends. Love more and laugh more.
3. *Don't let failure and disappointed ambition depress you.*
Do learn the art of directing your genius elsewhere, after learning all there is to be learnt from your mistakes.
4. *Don't let boredom depress you.*
Do find something to be, something to do, and something to love. There's a prescription better than many issued in Latin by learned doctors.
5. *Don't be depressed and dismayed by such cries as "hopeless," "irreparable," and the like.*
Do set to work to restore your fallen fortunes. A setback is a call to straighten your spine and fight back.
6. *Don't let a gloomy sense of your sinful past depress you. The past is past; beware of adding discouragement and despair to the failures of the past.*

Do ask God to forgive you, and then begin to plan the good deeds you hope to perform with the help of His grace.

7. Don't depress yourself with the thought of what a worrying situation is going to do to you.

Do concentrate on what you can do to the worrying situation to alter it for the better.

8. Don't get depressed because you have stayed too long in a rut.

Do get out of the rut, for the longer you stay in a rut, the more likely you are to find yourself in a hole.

9. Don't let the nightmare of chronic depression get you.

Do dream big dreams, then get up and put your working clothes on and make the dreams come true.

10. Don't let temporary unfavorable conditions sadden you.

Do remember that the sun itself has a sinking spell every night, but it comes up smiling next morning.



THE SILENCES OF GOD

For sanctuary of dreaming hills
We thank Thee, Lord,
And for the muted loveliness of trees;
Silence on shadowed paths,
The bush upon the world
At eventide.

For our wrought hearts have need of this,
Thy quietude.

Could little hills go calling each to each,
Green grass go chattering
And trees hold loud discourse,
The long day through,

Then must we perish of unrest,
Finding no peace,
No surcease of our pain on misted hills,
Nor in the shadowy woods
Where through the latticed leaves
Shines the high sun.

That Thou hast cared for this deep need of
ours,
We thank Thee, Lord,
Holding the cloistered ways of Thy green
earth
The temples of our God,
Still places set apart
For worshipping.

WINFRED HEATH



It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into one heap, to be equally distributed among each member of society, those who now consider themselves the most unhappy, would prefer to retain the troubles they now are compelled to endure, rather than those which would fall to their lot by such a redistribution.

A dying emperor, when a dreadful disease of the throat prevented his speaking, wrote upon a tablet for his son's admonition, the words, "Learn to suffer without complaining." It would be far easier, no doubt, for nine men out of every ten to join a storming party than to endure the physical suffering of some painful disease.

Many very excellent persons, whose lives are honorable and whose characters are noble, pass unnumbered hours of sadness and weariness of heart. The fault is not with their circumstances, nor yet with their general characters, but with themselves. They cause themselves to be miserable.

They have failed to adopt the true philosophy of life. They wait for happiness to come instead of going to work and making it; and while they wait, they torment themselves with borrowed troubles, with fears, forebodings, morbid fancies and moody spirits until they are unfitted for happiness under any circumstances.

Sometimes they cherish vain ambition, and covet some real or fancied good which they do not deserve and could not enjoy if it were theirs, wealth they have not earned, honors they have not won, attentions they have not merited, love which their selfishness only craves. Sometimes they undervalue the good they do possess; throw away the pearls in hand for others beyond their reach; trample the flowers under their feet and long for some never seen but only heard or read of; and forget present duties and joys in futrue and far-off visions.

Sometimes they shade the present with every cloud of the past, although surrounded with a thousand inviting duties and pleasures, revel in sad memories with a kind of morbid relish for the stimulus of their miseries. Sometimes, forgetting the past and present, they live in the future, not in its probable realities, but in its most improbable visions and unreal creations, wholly unfitting their minds for real life and its duties and pleasures.

These morbid and impatient states of mind are too prevalent among many people. They excite that nervous irritability which is the source of pining regrets and fretful complaints. They make that large class of fretters who enjoy no peace themselves, nor permit others to enjoy it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, wrote that too many people in the world use their troubles as clubs with which to knock down the good spirits of others. And may not many of our friends and relatives be classified under this head? Poor Missus Gummidge sits in many a chimney corner, crying because the fire smokes — she feels it worse than anybody else, and her croaking is never compensated by any amount of loving and sacrificing service.



FIAT

My God, your chisel hurts!
Its strokes of might,
Dealt with omniscient art,
Unerring smite
My quivering broken heart.

You wish a chalice fair, you say?
Then use your knife,
Cut, burn and burnish bright
With dull monotonies of life,
My loving cup to you I plight.



The world is better or worse for every man who has lived in it.

LITTLE THINGS

Oh, it's just the little homely things, the unobtrusive friendly things, the *won't you let me help you* things that make our pathway light. It's just the jolly, joking things, the *never mind the trouble* things, the *laugh with me it's funny* things, that makes the world seem bright. For all the countless famous things, the wondrous record-making things, those *never can be equaled* things, that all the papers cite, are not like little human things, the *just because I love you* things, that makes us happy quite! So here's to all the little things the *done and then forgotten* things, those *oh, its simply nothing* things that make life worth the fight.



The mirror cannot reveal more than you place before it.



Talk about the weather . . . better to be a bore than a gossip.



IS SUFFERING WORTHWHILE?

Suffering is not necessarily an evil no matter what form of cross or disappointment it may take in our life.

It can easily be good for the sufferer. Lack of it can leave him soft and undeveloped with the same effects as lack of conditioning in football. A man who has never suffered lacks that stability and poise which indicate strength and maturity.

A certain amount of suffering is necessary in every man's life. Look around you, especially at certain adults, your parents perhaps,

who have weathered storms and adversity. Some have really great tribulation in life, and if they dominate it, it only enriches, purifies their character as only great heat can make the finest steel out of common iron.

There is an old saying that sorrow contracts little souls but expands big ones. Be sure that sorrow of any kind doesn't make you petty and selfish.

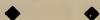
To avoid that, you have a model and inspiration that you can go to for help and guidance — the Man of Sorrows who being Master of the world and of all its treasures, deliberately chose sorrow and suffering — for you: that you might share in His eternal happiness.

If you have any sorrow, certainly He can understand and help you to understand. He has, He is the answer to that age-old question, "Is suffering worthwhile?"

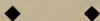
NOTRE DAME BULLETIN



You won't hurt a smile by cracking one.



The most cheerful pessimist known is the man who said he'd die laughing if he got well.



A long face shortens your list of friends.



HOW TO ENJOY A GROUCH

1) Fall out of bed and be sure it is from the wrong side. Do this daily.

2) Don't bother to say "good morning" to anyone. If it is mentioned to you, state it is not your fault.

3) Avoid all people who smile. They are laughing at you, but never mind, you'll get even some day.

4) Eat all food which disagrees with you. It will probably give you insomnia. In this way you can be sure that you will be all set for tomorrow's grouch.

5) Go to bed with the resolution that, no matter what cheerfulness you have allowed to creep in during the day, you will start the next day with more firmness — no sunshine must be allowed to creep in.



THE SECRET OF THE SAINTS

To play through life a perfect part,
Unnoticed and unknown;
To seek no rest in any heart
Save only God's alone;
In little things to own no will,
To have no share in great,
To find the labor ready still,
And for the crown to wait.

In toils that praise will never pay
To see your life go past;
To meet in every coming day
Twin sister of the last;
To hear of high, heroic things,
And yield them reverence due,
But feel life's daily offerings
Are far more fit for you.

Oh! 'tis a pathway hard to choose,
A struggle hard to share,
For human pride would still refuse
The nameless trials there;

But since we know the gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss,
What higher grace could God bestow
Than such a life as this?



Good resolutions — like a screaming child
— should be carried out.



A GOOD TRAFFIC RULE: when you meet
temptation, turn to the right.



The steps of man are guided by the Lord:
but who is the man that understandeth his
own way? . PROVERBS 20:24



Let not your heart be troubled nor let it
be afraid, you believe in God: believe also in
me. (JOHN 14:1)



A man's reach should be beyond his grasp
or what's heaven for?

BROWNING



THE OPTIMIST

A man fell from a hotel roof,
and from each window bar
he shouted to his friend above:
"I am all right so far."



'Tis easy enough to be grouchy
when things aren't going your way;
but the prize old growl is the man who will
howl
when everything's going O.K.



When the well's dry, we know the worth
of water.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



If you feel you're too small to do big things,
then do big things in a small way.



He who would climb a tree must grasp the
branches — not the blossoms.

THACKERAY



Life's problem is not how to make money
first but how to make it last.



The patience of God is the most fathomless
of mysteries.

VAUGHAN



If you talk about your troubles
and tell them o'er and o'er,
the world will think you like 'em
and proceed to give you more.



Four New England Maxims:

EAT IT UP — WEAR IT OUT — MAKE IT
DO — DO WITHOUT.



The successful man was asked what helped
him over the great obstacles, and replied:
"THE OTHER OBSTACLES."



PROGRESS

Do not be disturbed because of your im-
perfections, and always rise up bravely from
a fall. I am glad that you make a daily new

beginning; there is no better means of progress in the spiritual life than to be continually beginning afresh.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES



Kindness is something we receive and have to pass along in order to keep it.

ELBERT HUBBARD



THE WAYS OF LIFE

To every man there openeth
A way that he may go,
And the High soul climbs the High way,
And the Low soul gropes the Low,
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

JOHN OXENHAM



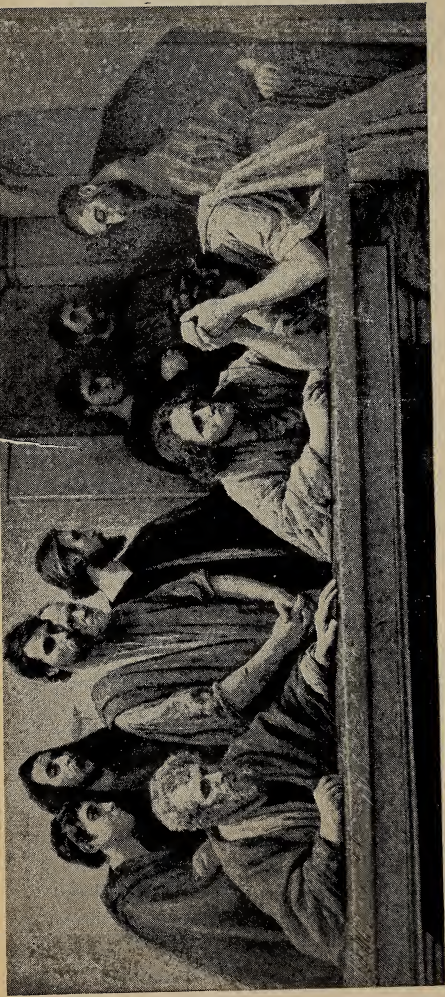
Grind up all your sufferings in the mill of patience and silence, mix them with the balsam of the Passion of the Saviour, make them into a small pill and swallow it with faith and love, and the fire of Charity will digest it.

REV. O. A. BOYER, S.T.L.



The Lord is my helper and my protector: in him hath my heart been confided, and I have been helped. PSALMS 27:7





After the death of Jesus, the disciples gathered together behind closed doors for fear of the Jews. The Lord and Master had died in disgrace. Their lives appeared lost in confusion and despair. The oldest and the youngest among them were alike living on disillusion. They had actually known the Lord, yet they could doubt Him! Imagine, therefore, their joy when He appeared in their midst and poured new courage into their hearts. For you, dear reader, He will do likewise — only trust in Him!

THE FIRST EASTER

In our times of doubt and uncertainty, we ought to remember that, though glorious, the First Easter was, for the Apostles, only the start of their trials and troubles. The blows and buffets which awaited the disciples of the Crucified Lord were just about to begin, and we all know how everyone of them met a violent death of martyrdom — except the Beloved Disciple, John.

Apart from the splendor of the first Easter, the most important gift vouchsafed to the Apostles was the assurance and the hope which Jesus showered on His chosen few. Radiant in His robes of Glory, Christ gave them a pledge that would always be before their eyes and the eyes of their converts: a pledge that beyond the storms and stresses of today lay a heaven of eternal bliss.



WHO WAS HE?

He was a middle-aged man. He had no education. He was a fisherman by trade, and not very good at that, but managed to make enough money to own his own boat. At one time he was married, and at least one authority claims he had children, though this is vague. When we first hear of him, he was enthusiastic over a traveling preacher whom he had met, for whose sake he left his business and relatives and took to the roads of his native land, in company with the preacher and some others who also were attracted by the new figure. This figure singled him out to be the favored leader — and the leader swore undying loyalty to him — yet at a

critical moment denied him the tiny faithfulness of remaining awake, when requested to do so. He displayed a violent temper on at least one occasion, brandishing and wielding a sword; he boasted that no matter what happened he would always remain faithful, yet when his master was captured, he categorically denied having had anything to do with him. He even denied, emphatically, that he knew the man. He was fearful and mistrustful... in spite of the fact that he was one of the few chosen ones allowed to see the secret majesty of his master. No man of all those who walked the earth was so singled out for the greatest task of organization the world has ever seen. No man ever received such direct documents of loving confidence, such open proofs of actual faith in his loyalty.

Yet he had all the imperfections we have listed above. Again and again he fell and was tempted, was tempted and fell. But again and again did he rise and stumble forward and try his utmost to achieve the shining goal held before him...he did not know failure though his failures were many; he did not know despair though despair lived with him.

Who was he?

He was Christ's successor on earth.

His name?

Peter.



A MESSAGE FOR SHUT-INS

A great saint once said: Sickness is no less a gift than health.

For in sickness we see things in a new light.

We are free from those bonds and shackles which impede clear thinking.

We are not held down by ties which prevent us from seeing things in a clear light.

The moments of sickness are precious.

For they bring me in closest touch with the great problem of suffering.

And suffering is the law of life.

In suffering we learn to sympathize with those who are afflicted more than we are.

And sympathy with other mortals is a great and beautiful gift.

This sympathy refines character.

Wordsworth said that in the hours of thoughtless youth he looked upon nature merely for the joy he received.

But in later life, when he had put aside the things of thoughtless youth, he wrote:

"For I have learned to look upon nature
Not as in the hours of thoughtless youth,
But listening oft
To the still sad music of humanity."

And what music can compare in sweetness and symphony with the music that brings us close to the heart of suffering humanity?

The trial of sickness also brings us closer to the heart of Christ.

For His life is one of pain and suffering.

He always listens to that still sad music of humanity.

At the cross the soul grows to greatness.

Great things are wrought in the soul during the lonely hours of pain and forgetfulness.

We may resemble more and more the Great Master who came to redeem us by pain and suffering.

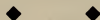
By resignation in sickness we share the in-

finite merits of Him who by His cross and pain redeemed the world.

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S.J.



Adversity is the touchstone of the soul, because it discovers the character of the virtues which it possesses. One act of thanksgiving when matters go wrong with us is worth a thousand thanks when things are agreeable to our inclinations.

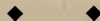


The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of secret sorrow, not a breath of holy desire poured out to God will ever be lost, but in God's own time and way will be wafted back again in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessings on you, and on those for whom you pray.



As health is a gift of God, so also is sickness; and God sends it to try and to correct us — to make us sensible of our weakness, of our dependence upon Him; to detach us from the world and what perishes with it; to check the impetuosity and diminish the strength of our greatest enemy, the flesh; to remind us that we are here in a place of exile, and that heaven is our true home.

RODRIGUEZ



Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you tomorrow and every day. Either He will shield

you from suffering or He will give you un-
failing strength to bear it. Be at peace, then,
and put aside all anxious thoughts and imagin-
ations.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

◆ ◆
Happiness is the music of the soul and
springs from harmony. It is the result of or-
der, as unhappiness is the result of disorder.

VAUGHAN

◆ ◆
"God walks among the pots and pipkins"
(St. Teresa). Here is a comforting thought for
those who bake and brew and preserve, giv-
ing themselves for their families. Who could
be "down in the mouth" while waiting for the
bread to rise, the washing to dry, or while
rubbing and scrubbing — when she feels
conscious of the Great Spirit walking beside
her? When will we feel deeply how near to
us, O God, Thou art? Near us? No! *IN* us,
OF us, *FOR* us, making the humblest, hardest
tasks sublime?

◆ ◆
Unhappiness is the hunger to get; happiness
is the hunger to give.

JORDAN

◆ ◆
Perfect joy is to be found only in the par-
don of injuries.

ST. FRANCIS

◆ ◆
THE APOSTOLATE OF SMILING

Just a little smile on *your lips*

Cheers your heart,

Keeps you in good humor,

Preserves peace in your soul,

*Promotes your health,
Beautifies your face,
Induces kindly thoughts,
Inspires kindly deeds.*

SMILE TO YOURSELF

until you notice that your constant seriousness, or even severity, has vanished.

SMILE TO YOURSELF

until you have warmed your own heart with the sunshine of your cheery countenance. Then . . .

Go out — and radiate your smile.

THAT SMILE

has work to do — work to do for God.

You are an apostle now, and your smile is your instrument for winning souls.

Sanctifying grace dwelling in your soul will give the special charm to your smile which will render it productive of much good.

SMILE — on the lonely faces,

SMILE — on the timid faces,

SMILE — on the sorrowful faces,

SMILE — on the sickly faces,

SMILE — on the fresh young faces,

SMILE — on the wrinkled old faces.

SMILE — on the familiar faces of your family and friends — let all enjoy the beauty and inspiring cheer of your smiling face.

Count

if you will the number of smiles your smile has drawn from others in one day. The number will represent how many times you have promoted contentment, joy, satisfaction, encouragement, or confidence in the heart of others. These good dispositions always give birth to unselfish acts and noble deeds. The

influence of your smile in spreading though
you do not always see the wonders it is
working

Your Smile

can bring new life and hope and courage
into the hearts of the weary, the overburdened,
the discouraged, the tempted, the despairing.

Your Smile

can help to develop vocations, if you are a
Priest, a Brother, or a Sister.

Your Smile

can be the beginning of conversions to the
Faith.

Your Smile

can prepare the way for a sinner's return to
God.

Your Smile

can win for you a host of devoted friends.

Smile, too, at God.

Smile at God in loving acceptance of whatever
He sends into your life, and you will merit
to have the radiantly smiling face of Christ
gaze on you with special love throughout
eternity.



SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING

To see things as You see them,
Their value in themselves,
Their value in relation to this life,
Their value in relation to me,
Their value in relation to the will and plan
of God,
All therefore a means to an end.

To feel about things as You feel about them,
Their lovableness in themselves,
The reflection of God that is in them,

Their desirableness as means to get to God,
Their desirableness as means to serve Him,
However, lovable, however desirable a thing
 may be, however unlovable, however
 undesirable, all is proportioned, sub-
 jected to the loving will of God.

To be what You would have me be,
Just a tool of Your hand,
With no will of my own to discover Yours,
Just a child at Your feet,
With no choice of my own but blind trust in
 You,
Just a lover,
With no object in life but love of the Beloved.

To do what You would have me do,
Always a life of service,
Seeking nothing for myself,
Always a life of duty,
Seeking nothing for myself,
Always a life of love,
Forgetting that there is any self to be
 considered.

ARCHBISHOP GOODIER, S.J.



GLADNESS

Just be glad! Leave all to God!
He knows what's best for you;
So just be glad along the way,
Though skies be gray or blue!

Just be glad! He loves you, dear,
That's all you need to know;
Through trial and prosperity
Be glad, and tell Him so!



One good man more on earth is better than an extra angel in heaven.

PROVERB FROM THE CHINESE



SLOW DOWN...

Carl Hubbell, famous speedball pitcher, said: "As a pitcher, I meet a lot of youngsters. 'It's a fast game,' I tell them. 'But you must slow down to play it.'"

How many of us tackle the game of life in a burst of speed — and lose the game!



Have good thoughts... "a man is what he is thinking all day," said the Sage of Concord.



How are you on alphabetical puzzles? Try this one, and see whether it registers...

THE CH — — CH IS NOTHING UNLESS UR IN IT.



WHY WASTE YOUR SOUL?

"More and more each year," wrote the famed Booker T. Washington, "I am learning that all worry consumes, and to no purpose, just so much physical and mental strength that might otherwise be given to constructive work."



Edison, the great inventor, occasionally laid his finger on secrets not concerned with physical or material wonders: "Forget entirely," he urges us, "the word disappointment. Failures, so called, are but finger posts pointing

out the right direction to those who are willing to learn."

◆ ◆
The world is a camera — keep smiling, please!

◆ ◆
JUST BE GLAD

Oh! Heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we've missed of calm, we couldn't
Have, you know!

What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again — if it blow.

For we know, not every morrow can be sad:
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

◆ ◆
The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds. The pessimist fears that is true. JAMES BRANCH CABELL

◆ ◆
René de Foucauld, the former French Legionnaire, was not given the privilege of making one single convert in the whole period of fifteen years which he spent in the desert before his martyrdom. Would you call him a failure?

◆ ◆
HANDICAPS ARE WINGS

I thank God for my handicaps, for through them I have found myself, my work, and my God. HELEN KELLER

Sacrifices are the jewels that God gives you in order to save your brethren. In return you give him only gravel; you are a coiner. To give these diamonds their infinite value, resignation is not sufficient. Come, take advantage of the days of prosperity to give alms to the poor and sorrowful. Waste nothing; give everything. Be munificent.

JACQUES D'ARNOUX

◆ ◆

Are you disappointed because fame has passed you by? Few great works have names signed to them. Think of the Egyptian Pharaoh who erased the name of his predecessor and had his own title chiseled on all the commemorative tablets in countless temples and statues and tombs erected by the dead king...yet could not fool posterity. Think of the numberless masterpieces which are "thought to be by" this or that renowned painter. Think of the incident connected with the discovery of our own New World of America. Queen Isabella had promised that the first man to see the New World would receive ten thousand maravedis; Columbus himself added to this the gift of a silken doublet. But to this day no historian knows who was the first man who called out "Land ahoy!" at sight of America....

◆ ◆

"THIS IS THE DAY"

"This is the day which the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice," the Psalmist wrote;
And I who am young and strong and free
Will sing my song to the highest note;
A song of gladness because the day

Is given to me from God's own hand,
To live, and to love, and to do my best
Here in this beautiful free good land.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice," again he cries;
And I who love laughter and gladness and
light

Will lift my face to the farthest skies
To thank the Giver of this good day
For the blowing grass, and the wind's high
grace;
For the warm gold sun on my singing throat,
And the clean bright wind on my lifted face.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



How many of us are willing to suffer —
"on paper" — but not in actuality! Like the
character in Duhamel's novel, they "would
give . . . life, but not this slice of mutton."
They shrink from making the personal ac-
quaintance of iron and steel — they turn
away from the strong joys of self-conquest.



Ultimately any soldier by virtue of his per-
severance and push, despite all his falls, can
reach the line of march, and succeed, or go
down *fighting*.

You, a soldier of God, by virtue of YOUR
persevering and pushing on in spite of all
your weaknesses, failures, FALLS, can achieve
your purpose, be successful AND die fighting.

That is why the living members of the
Church are called THE CHURCH MILITANT,
and the first dictionary meaning of "militant"
will tell you why: "Pertaining to conflict with
opposing powers or influences."

Incidentally . . .

The man who misses all the fun
Is he who says, "It can't be done."
In solemn pride he stands aloof
And greets each venture with reproof.
Had he the power he'd efface
The history of the human race;
We'd have no radio or trolley cars,
No streets lit by electric stars;
No telegraph nor telephone,
We'd linger in the age of stone.
The world would sleep if things were run
By men who say "It can't be done."



May you have enough happiness to keep
you tranquil — enough trials to keep you
strong — enough sorrow to keep you human
— enough hope to keep you happy — enough
failure to keep you humble — enough success
to keep you eager — enough friends to give
you comfort — enough faith and courage to
banish depression — enough wealth to meet
your needs will be yours if you have all of
the above.



Half the trouble never comes.



A FINE ART

To avoid anger and irritation is an art that
must be practiced to be acquired — like skat-
ing, the more falls, the better the knack is
learned.



SEEDS OF GLADNESS

A woman traveling through the South scattered flower seeds from the train windows. Years later, beautiful flowers sprang up along the right-of-way. For miles passengers on the railway are delighted daily with the sight and perfume of masses of flowers. — What if that woman had scattered thistle-seeds instead?



One of the inimitable tests of St. Teresa of Avila when inspecting candidates was to see if they had sour faces. . . . Try this test on your friends, your business acquaintances, your co-workers. . . . The devil seldom attacks a soul knowing how to possess itself in joy. "Delight in the Lord and he will give thee the requests of thy heart." (PSALM 36:4)



"My right has been beaten back; my left is periled; my center is wavering. The situation is ideal. I attack." These were the words of Marshal Foch at the most critical point of World War I — would they not be an excellent slogan for us in our spiritual campaign against gloom and sadness, in our darkest days?



Let us look at ourselves, no matter how jarred our nerves are, in the same spirit in which Oliver Cromwell addressed the painter who hesitated how to start on his theme: "Paint me, warts and all!"



In life, those who fall are the victors. . . . the world can be saved only by those it has crucified on the cross of persecution and

ridicule and death. "You will be hated for my name's sake," said Christ Himself.

◆ ◆

TROUBLES

I'se had so much of troubles dat I'se gotten
half-inclined

To give up dis here worryin' cause it agitates
my mind.

I'se had so much of troubles dat I'se wonder-
ing if I missed

a single one. I'se takin' pride in goin' thru
de list,

and when I stop to figger on de setbacks I
has had,

I gits so interested dat dey doesn't make me
mad.

I knows I'se due to get 'em — all de woes by
which man's vexed —

and I has my own fun guessin' 'bout what
kind'll happen next.

PHILANDER JOHNSON

◆ ◆

When nothing seems to help, I go and look at a stonecutter hammering away at his rock, perhaps a hundred times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet at the hundredth and first blow, it will split in two, and I know it was not that blow that did it — but all that had gone before.

JACOB RIIS

◆ ◆

Do you think that a crippled limb should fetter your spirit? The statesman Talleyrand was a cripple; Alexander, dwarf and hunchback, became one of England's classic poets;

Elizabeth Barrett was an invalid with a severe spinal injury but she has earned fame for herself both as a poetess in her own name and as the inspiration of the great poet, Browning; Lord Byron, adventurer and writer, Lord Kelvin, famous physicist, Sir Walter Scott, novelist — all became famous in spite of the disability that burdened them: all were lame, all rose high on fame's rolls.



"O Lord," wrote Leonardo da Vinci in his notebook, "Thou givest us everything, at the price of an effort."



TO TRUST

It's easy to trust when the skies are blue,
when everything goes as you wished it to;
it's easy to trust when no hope's denied,
when every desire is as quick supplied;
when your joy each day grows more and
more,
till the heart somehow is a-spilling o'er!
You just can't help it; it seems you must,
wherever you are, in the Father trust!

But it's hard to trust when the skies are gray,
when nothing seemingly goes your way;
it's hard to feel that it's "for the best"
when suffering comes to the dear home nest;
when, one by one, your joys depart,
But you just can't help it; it's NOW you MUST
leaving a desolate, widowed heart,
in the Father's love believe and trust!

ADELBERT F. CALDWELL

UNDER THE JUNIPER TREE

After the prophet Elias had challenged the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal to a contest of supremacy of the true God, fire came down from heaven and consumed the sacrifice which he had prepared. The priests were put to death. As a prophet, Elias had been a great success.... However, Jezebel, the queen, said: "Such and such things may the gods do to me, and all still more, if by this hour tomorrow I make not thy life as the life of one of them."

And so, in fear, Elias fled to the desert and in the words of Holy Writ, sitting under a juniper tree, "he requested for his soul that he might die and said, 'It is enough for me, Lord, take away my soul; for I am no better than my fathers.' And by and by he fell asleep in the shade of the juniper tree."

Then an angel of the Lord awoke him, and without a single reference to the despair which engulfed Elias, placed food before him, and again more food before him. This apparently revived the spirits of the prophets for in the strength of that food, Elias walked to Mount Horeb, a trip of forty days and forty nights....

Then the Lord's word appeared to him; but Elias was full only of complaints. The Lord ignored all these and instead of being pessimistic was entirely optimistic. God does not despair — only men. In brief, God showed Elias how the whole picture was even better than he could have hoped for...there were seven thousand men waiting for him in Israel, so that he could anoint kings over the tribes and thus start a whole new period of splendor for the Hebrews.

The next time you feel that God has forsaken you and that your plight is desperate, think of Elias, and, at least mentally, get under the juniper tree and await the Providence of the Lord.



The largest library in the world is not in England or the U.S.A. but in Moscow, Russia, and is a twelve million volume collection. Just think! if the Soviets are consistent, in their anti-God campaign, there can not be one single volume in that vast pile of printed matter advocating belief in God or His Son, and consequently not one volume indicating the true path to interior joy and peace of heart. What a commentary on our time which deliberately chooses to follow the inspirer of gloom, Satan himself!



To be patient under a heavy cross is no small praise; to be contented is more; but to be cheerful is the highest pitch of Christian fortitude.

BISHOP HALL



It has been well said that no man sank under the burden of the day. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear.

GEORGE MACDONALD



Are there not many of us who imagine that we can "change our luck" by changing our job or location or general environment? And how often do we find that far from escaping

the problems that beset us we have merely "changed our luck" — but for the worse! Instead of casting away the present burden, we have chosen, unknowingly, to embrace new troubles and trials.

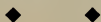


THE MUSICIAN

Make all your decision *moderato*,
while softly your mirth plays *obbligato*.
He who *forte* does what he must
and *piano* gives way to lust,
weaves many a *grace-note* in his song
and blends from life's *motif*, deep and strong,
a masterpiece of *melody* and *harmony*,
a finished perfect *symphony*.



The kind thing is always the right thing.



The art of overlooking is as valuable as the art of forgetting.



Do we not know that more than half our trouble is borrowed? Just suppose that we could get rid of all unnecessary and previous terror; just suppose that we could be sure of final victory in every conflict, and final emergence out of every shadow into brighter day; how our hearts would be lighted, how much more bravely we should work and fight and march forward! This is the courage to which we are entitled, and which we may find in the thought that God is with us everywhere. He will not let any one destroy us. We may be hurt, but we can never be harmed. The course of our journey has been appointed



"If anyone wishes to come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." (Matt. 16:24)

by Him, He knows the way even through the darkness, and its goal is in His bosom. Be of good cheer, your Shepherd has overcome the world.

HENRY VAN DYKE



If you wish to be miserable, think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything good; you will be as wretched as you choose.

CHARLES KINGSLEY



THE CROSS FITS

Seek not, then, to drop the cross you wear
or lay it down; for if you do,
another shall be built for you,
more difficult and hard to bear.

The cross is always made to fit
the back which bears it. Be content,
accept the burden which is sent,
and strive to make the best of it.

Think not how heavy is your load,
Think not how rough the road or long;
Look up and say: "Lord, I am strong,"
and love makes beautiful the road.

Who toils in faith and knows not fear
shall live to find his cross some day
supported all along the way
by angels who are walking near.



Mandy was reproached that she displayed so much emotion when she felt the smart of ill fortune and sorrow.

"What do yo' mean?" she retorted. . . . "How come no use worryin'? When de good Lord send me tribulation, He 'spect me to tribulate, don' He?"

To which we can add — He certainly does expect us to "tribulate"...so long as we do not inflict our grief on our neighbor too.



All nations smile in the same language.



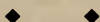
To keep a contented spirit do the best you can with what you have. Think of the hitchhiker who began moaning about his lot to the driver who had picked him up deep in the cow-country of the West. After a while, the driver having added nothing to the conversation but a steady smile, the hitchhiker asked him curiously what he did for a living.

"Oh," replied the smiling driver, nodding at his kit of tools on the seat in back, "I go from town to town tuning pianos."

The hitchhiker was aghast.

"Tuning pianos — why," he gasped, "every town is dozens of miles away from the next one. Besides, I'm sure that none of them have more than one or two pianos. . . ."

"Well," explained the piano-tuner cheerily, "when business gets bad, I find business: I tighten up barbed-wire fences."



It is only after darkness falls that man can see the stars.

BE A BLUES-BUSTER

Worry is a disease. It leaves wrinkles in the mind and face. Face things with deliberation, decision, courage. You may not be able to control events — you CAN control your own personal attitude to them. A contented mind is a healthy mind. Copy this chart and study it when things go wrong, and you will find that eventually you will be a blues-buster:

The statistics on worry are as follows:

Worry about disasters that never happened: 40%.

Worry about decisions in the past which cannot be remedied nor changed: 30%.

Worry about sickness that never comes: 12%.

Worry about children and friends: 10%.

Worry with a real foundation: 8%.



Count that day wasted in which you do not do at least one thing for others for which you are not paid.



He knows,

He loves,

He cares;

Nothing this truth can dim.

He gives His very best to those

Who leave the choice to Him.



The soul cannot be without joy; for it will delight either in the basest things or the most exalted.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT



Evil sadness troubles the soul, leads it into disquietude, gives birth to inordinate fears, deprives the soul of counsel, of resolution, of

judgment, and of courage, and weakens her energy: briefly, it is like a hard winter which takes away all the beauty from the earth and benumbs all living creatures; for it takes away all sweetness from the soul and makes her almost paralyzed and powerless in all her faculties.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES



The next time the weather "gets under your skin" — when it is cloudy or gloomy or raining — just reflect on the meaning behind these lines of the Southland's famed poet, Sidney Lanier:

A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.



Be like the poet laureate of England, Robert Southey, who "always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that the fruit might look larger and more tempting." In like manner, he continues, "I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eye away from troubles, I pack them up into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."



An English Bishop in the seventeenth century had as his motto the words: "Serve God and be cheerful!" God is best served by His servant when he smiles as he goes about his allotted tasks.



Have you ever reflected that Christ's time on earth was mainly occupied in making others' lives happy, no matter whether he attended the wedding feast at Cana or raised Lazarus from the dead?



Peace does not dwell in outward things but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence, not in an exemption from suffering.

FRANCIS DE FENELON



It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.



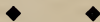
Early lists of the Capital Sins totaled eight sins; and as late as St. John Damascene we find the compilation still includes the sin of "sadness." The seven sins we now know commonly as the Capital Sins include: gluttony, impurity, avarice, anger, sloth, pride, envy. But earlier ages of the Church paid especial attention also to sadness . . . melancholy of the soul. Our generation has not been taught to view this as a deadly sin; but is there any transgression against the natural law which is more apt to lead men astray? The heart which is not joyous is a heart inclined to fall easily into sin. "For the sorrow that is according to God worketh penance, steadfast unto salvation; but the sorrow of the world worketh death." (2 COR. 7:10)



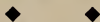
The American novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne is seldom remembered these days. His works remain enshrined in the list of classics produced by strictly native American genius. But few people realize the distinctively American work both of genius and charity which his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, erected, and which surely will endure in men's memory for years also. We refer to the marvelous work of charity she inaugurated in the form of a home for the sick, to which she paid tribute in her little poem:

"Sorrow, my friend, I owe my soul to you,
and if my life with any glory end
of tenderness for others, and the words are
true,
said honoring when I'm dead,
sorrow, to you, the mellow praise, the funeral
wreath are due."

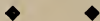
She learned to sublimate the great sorrow of her life in unselfish devotion to the sick and ailing. Have you ever tried practicing that lesson?



Pessimists who cry out loud at the first squall that blows remind us of the man canoeing in the river who was screaming to the bystanders for help. And old riverman took the pipe from his mouth just long enough to drawl: "Let down your feet, you fool, you're only stuck on a sandbar."



A man wrapped up in himself makes a parcel about the size of a pillbox.



Stop imitating. A real ruby is worth more than an artificial diamond.

ONLY A DAY AT A TIME

Only a day at a time,
There may never be a tomorrow.
Only a day at a time,
And that we can live; we know
The trouble we cannot bear
Is only the trouble we cannot borrow,
And the trials that never come
Are the ones that fret us so.



“DEAR GOD, DO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF!”

Among the grim stories that stream from Europe with their tragic message, there is one of which I am reminded again and again, because it seems to have a special significance for our times, so lacking in spiritual confidence.

Perhaps you, too, read the episode of the little girl reported by the United Press. Only six years old, this tiny tot, daughter of an English officer, is a refugee in Canada. Far from family and loved ones, she yet never fails to pray nightly: “Dear God, bless mummy and daddy and all the soldiers and sailors and airmen — and, dear God, do take good care of yourself, because if you are bombed, we are sunk.”



A faithful friend is a strong defense, and he that hath found him hath found a treasure.

ECCLESIASTICUS 6:14



Every act is a boomerang. Do kind ones.

RECOMPENSE

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain:
God will help thee for tomorrow,
So each day begin again.

Every day that fits slowly
Has some task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER



HOW TO BE HAPPY

We get happiness by giving it. If there is a secret in happiness, it is not in doing what one likes to do, but in liking what one has to do. Happiness is not a thing, but a relation — a relation between our condition and what we think our condition ought to be.

Thankfulness is an attitude, another name for happiness. To be thankful means that one thinks he is better off than he deserves to be.

Thus, the road to happiness lies in changing our thoughts, not our things. The human heart is a great green tree, and when we hang there gifts for others, we hang up also gifts of happiness for ourselves. Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

The laws of love, of service, of giving, cannot be evaded or repealed. And who would do either? It is what we do for others that we think of most pleasantly. It is one of God's ways, that all the happiness that we have

brought to others is returned to ourselves in
creased a hundred-fold.

◆ ◆

HOUR BY HOUR

God broke our years to hours and days,
that

Hour by hour
And day by day,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders,
And the future, rife with woe
and struggle,
Meet us face to face at just one
place,

We could not go:
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day.
And never, I believe, on all the
way
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power,
We only bear the burden by the hour.

◆ ◆

LIVING BY THE DAY

It is a blessed secret — this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, until nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely until the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us — just one little day.

Do today's duty; fight today's temptations. Do not weaken yourself by looking forward to the things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days.

We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of a brave, true, holy living.



THE OPTIMIST

The man most appeals to jolly good folk
who greets all his life with a smile,
seasons his meals with a smile and a laugh or
a joke,

thinks living is well worth the while.
We cherish this man whose greatest delight
is to make all other men glad
and does all he can to keep the world bright
and free it from everything sad.

W. F. E. GURLEY



"Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" — An optimistic man is not a wasteful man; indeed his thriftiness paves the way for security and good cheer. Christ was an optimist — Christ was frugal in the time of frugality — yet at the proper moment, when Magdalen poured rich and costly perfume and spiced oil upon His head, He praised her. Everything in its time, and a right time for everything. Thus will life offer us its treasures.



Rivers (and men) get crooked by following the line of least resistance.

THE SILVER LINING

There's never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy,
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing,
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened,
But has a tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises,
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning,
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and the light.

There's never a dream so happy,
But the wakening makes it sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow,
But the wakening makes it glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At all the trouble we've had.



"O woman, great is thy faith — be it done to thee as thou wilt" (Matthew 16:28). Surely the woman who argued with Christ about the whelps eating the crumbs from the master's table was an out-and-out optimist, and having admiration for her faith, Jesus rewarded it. Do you trust in Him?



TRUST IN HIM

The righteous man will take as guide
the sacred word of God,
with faith will drift upon His tide,
will tread where He has trod.
And when his soul is sorely tried
will emulate That One
who turned to God when crucified
and said: "Thy will be done."

W. F. E. GURLEY



WAKE UP

Some think they can be careless and shoddy in the matter of honesty, temperance, purity or any other virtue when they're young now and then in later life snap out of it at will. They will be disappointed, according to the cold analysis of habit by William James, one of America's foremost psychologists, a non-Catholic. He is not a priest giving you "propaganda" when he says:

"The physiological study of mental conditions is thus the most powerful ally of hortatory ethics. The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state.

"We are spinning our own fates, good or evil and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every

fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well! He may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted nonetheless. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out."

THE COURT FOOL

I am the jester of the King,
Long years away
I swore to serve in this capacity.
To others He had left grand roles to play,
Sweet songs to sing,
This role was left for me.

Ladies and lords His palace grace,
Vast multitude
With coats-of-arms and armor dazzling bright
They kneel before the throne...beatitude!
The jester's place —
Behold, escapes their sight!

A fool boasts not of heraldry
Or rank sublime,
(The only chore bestowed on him is less)
To please the King, to jest and pass his
time,
Someone that he
Is free to beat or bless.

One day 'twas whispered through the court:
"What favored one
Has thusly pleased His Royal Majesty?"

What tribute can to such be fitly done?"
The praise stopped short:
"Tut, tut, the fool, just he."

Again, 'twas cried from all court ends:

"What heartless one
Has dared to wound His Gracious Majesty?"
And from on High: "Who dared to wound
my Son?"

The king defends:

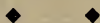
"Forgive, the fool, just he."

SR. REGINA



Are you or is one of your family or friends misbehaving in one way or another? DON'T worry about it thus adding another misbehavior to the first, which will not correct either of them but very likely cause another — and another. Have you sinned? Do not worry. Be patient until you can overcome your temptation, and you will find it passes sooner if you do not fret over it. Because worrying is simply keeping the sin itself in our minds constantly, thus making it easier to fall again. Here are some of the children of worry: sensitiveness, self-consciousness, wretched physical and mental failings, fear, lack of confidence, irritability, timidity, bad thoughts, loss of appetite — and countless other ailments which nobody wants. So as Christ would say, "be of good heart" and walk *backward* for a while, until you again reach that crossroads where you started fretting yourself into an early grave. Only the highly intelligent become practiced worriers if that helps any. It does. Because it means you also have intelligence enough to overcome the disorder, even though one requires the help of a good

confessor or a very sensible doctor, to find the causes. So tonight when you begin to stew because you drank or ate or did something too much, practice thinking Jesus, Mary, Joseph! or say it — or something you like over and over and over.



"Never trouble Trouble till Trouble troubles you," is a saying as old as my memory, at least. But since Worry seems to be the big problem of our time, perhaps we should make the old saw a little different — "Never worry Worry till Worry worries you." Worry is a psychological problem pure and simple. We have civilized ourselves into the practice. We have *learned* to worry, and therefore since we can forget — or rather refuse to practice — what we have learned, if we are as studious as we were before we ever started to practice, we can become non-worriers again, and life will flow along more evenly and more harmoniously. What is your pet worry? You can cure yourself — if you will. And I am sure that you would begin to practice if you realized that more people are dead because they worried foolishly — and all worry IS foolish, for it gets one absolutely nothing — than are dead by many of the diseases or unsurmountable problems they worried about. This is fact not fiction, as any good doctor could tell you if he would. All our religion is against worry and leads us away from it. Nobody wants others to believe him to be always harboring unpleasant thoughts and ideas. But that is exactly what a worrier does. He "sees through a glass darkly," as St. Paul would plainly tell him. Now if you will promise to

forget to worry tonight no matter how strongly you are tempted, I promise you that you will feel better tomorrow. And if you refuse to worry tomorrow, I promise you better health for the day after, and so on, step by step, you climb the heights of optimism and good health. It won't be easy. But, then, nothing worthwhile comes easily. What say you? That that is refusing to carry the cross God gives us? Perish the thought. You'll have crosses aplenty. It is refusing to add a self-made cross to the one God assigns us to carry. It is carrying His cross *cheerfully*. Are you poor? Fine. You'll be rich sooner if you forget to worry about it, and you'll feel ever so much better physically, besides. Are you an invalid? Well — why go out to collect several other diseases when the one God gave you is plainly all He asks? Worry is a sort of disease of the mind.



A kicking horse never pulls.



"Self-confidence sees the angel in the un-hewn block of marble: self-reliance carves it out for himself." Here is a pair of twins sweet to conceive and hard to bear. Ah! but once borne, what blessed parents are we! All anyone else can do for us is, give us the chance to prove that we can be the parents of these twins. The rest is up to ourselves. And quite like twins the one depends much upon the other. If you cannot see the possibilities in yourself, in other words feel confident, you will have little use for self-reliance because it has nothing to hang on to. You might as well steer clear of medicine chests until you know

your weakness. You have no use for your strength unless you have something to exercise it upon. But any of us can have self-confidence if we remember that we are children of the Father, who is Perfection. We may be an orange or an apple, a pine tree or a silver birch, an organ or a violin, a scientist or a religious, a street-sweeper or a lawyer, a housewife or an author, but one thing is certain: with a bit of confidence we can be a perfect fruit or tree or instrument or a religious or a lawyer, and so on. And it does not matter which we are so long as we do strive to be as perfect in our line as we can.

Without self-reliance we are doubters and weaklings and grow afraid to step out and take the world by the forelock. But whoever is self-reliant looks within himself for the strength to combat and win what he holds most worthy and sweetest. The greatest among us have had to overcome sickness and worry and all manner of obstacles besetting our path to the goal. No one is ever defeated unless he says so himself, and we need never fear defeat if we listen to the Voice which said, "Behold, I am with you. Fear not." Depend upon yourself. There is great dignity in it. Rome fell because her greatest men became slaves while her slaves became great. You and I have slaves in a manner of speaking. They are our passions and ambitions. And we can either keep them working for us or we can lose our mastership and work for our slaves. If we depend on others to do what we can and should do for ourselves, it stands plain and clear that they are the stronger, and we become increasingly

less powerful. Stand on your own feet, spiritually, mentally and morally, and fight for and with the best that is in you, and you will find for yourself the joy and worth of self-reliance, which as sons and daughters of the Lord is our birthright.



There is a royal road to happiness; it lies in Consecration, Concentration, Conquest (of self) and Conscience.



Happiness is the voice of optimism, of faith, of simple steadfast love.



Content is not happiness; neither is pleasure. Pleasure is a NOTE — happiness a SYMPHONY.

JORDAN



Imagination was given to man to compensate *him* for what he isn't, and a sense of humor was provided to console *him* for what he is.



If the individual would set out for a single day to *GIVE* happiness to make life brighter and sweeter for another — he would find a wondrous revelation of what happiness really is.

JORDAN



A weathercock that once placed
A farmer's barn above,
Bore on it by its owner's will
The sentence, "God is love."

His neighbor passing, questioned him,
He deemed the legend strange —
"Now, dost thou think that, like the vane,
God's love can lightly change?"

The farmer smiling, shook his head.
"Nay, friend, 'tis meant to show
That 'God is love' which ever way
The wind may chance to blow."

◆ ◆

BE COURTEOUS!

Courtesy seems such a simple thing! Yet there are those who must think it is not worth while, for they do not practice it. They neglect the little acts that make the world a better place to live in. Strangely enough, they do not seem to realize that they are denying to themselves certain definite benefits to be gained from the practice of courtesy.

Courtesy is a mark of good breeding. It commands respect. It is the polish that welcomes the customer, cheers the fellow worker, and make the day easier for everyone. Courtesy is a recognition of the rights of others. It is what we all want for ourselves.

To be courteous, therefore, is to practice the Golden Rule. To be discourteous is to be brutal — self-centered — intolerant. There is no surer way of annoying people. Discourtesy breeds scowls and grouches, promotes misunderstanding, sows discord. It is one of the ingredients of failure. On the other hand, the desire to be courteous cultivates a cheerful personality, and radiates good will.

Increasing one's stock of courtesy towards others increases one's own stock of happiness.

BERT BARNES

When I am dying how glad I shall be
that the lamp of my life has been burned out
for Thee;
that sorrow has darkened the path that I trod,
that thorns and not roses, were strewn o'er
the sod.

That anguish of spirit full often was mine,
since anguish of spirit so often was Thine,
My cherished Rabboni, how glad I shall be
to die with the hope of a welcome from Thee.



HOW TO BE HAPPY

Memorize something good.
Look for something beautiful.
Do something for somebody.

Each Day



May the Giver of gifts give unto you
That which is good and that which is true;
The will to help and the courage to do,
A heart that can sing the whole day through,
Whether the skies are gray or blue;
May the Giver of gifts give these to you.



