

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Only the few are born rich, and those whose parents were wealthy often go to the bad and become poor, when they do not also die young, says the Catholic Columbian. They do not appreciate the value of money. They have not had the discipline of self-control, of frugality, of savings accumulated by close economy. They are prodigal. They have not had the advantage of poverty, which to many men has been a stimulus and a safeguard.

The many who are born poor, provided they have a bright mind, a sound body, and a fair education, have advantages in the race of life over their luxurious brothers, who are soft and weak and thrifless.

Poverty no hindrance.

"There's no chance for me. I'm poor." This is the desponding cry of many a young man, when urged to struggle for the prizes of life—to raise himself out of his lowly condition and make himself useful to his fellow-men. This plea might be admissible, did experience show that poverty, even the most abject, need keep a man from lounging and striving for a respectable and even an honorable place among his fellows. But what is the fact? The biographies of eminent men of all ages and all countries prove the contrary—nay, prove that low birth and grinding poverty may both be converted to positive blessings by a determined will. They teem with examples showing that the humblest man, if he will but make the most of his abilities, may do much for the glory of God and the good of man: that giant deeds may be performed by seeming pygmies; that there is no social dwarf that may not become a moral Hercules.

You are miserably poor, you say, without a friend to help you. But are you poorer than the carpenter's son, who rose to be Pope Gregory the Seventh, the mightiest of the pontiffs? Are you poorer than Gutenberg, who by the invention of printing revolutionized the whole intellectual aspect of society? Are you poorer than was Alexander Murray, the eminent linguist, who when a youth, learned to write by scribbling letters on an old wool card, with the end of a burnt heather stem? Are you more indigent than was Lord Kenyon, chief justice of England, who began life as a bootblack and an errand boy? Are you more friendless than John Leyden, the brilliant scholar, who, when a poor, barefooted boy, walked six or eight miles across the Scotch moors to learn to read; who, amid the abjectest penury, haunted Constable's bookstore in Edinburgh, and passed hour after hour perched on a ladder in mid air with some great folio in his hand, forgetful of the scanty meal of bread and water which awaited him in his lowly lodgings?

Are you more needy than was Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, who, on the very eve of his triumph, wrote to his mother: "I am crushed for want of means; my stockings all want to see mother, and my hat is hoary from age?" Is your environment more depressing than was that of the great journalist and politician, Thurlow Weed, who cultivated his mind while tending "sap-bush" who tramped through the snow shoeless, with his feet swaddled in the remnants of a rag carpet, to borrow Carlyle's French Revolution, which he read by the light of "fat pine?" Are you more forlorn than was Henry Wilson in his

boyhood, he who for eighteen years was senator in Congress, and was vice-president of the United States? He toiled and drugged as a farmer's apprentice from daylight till dark, from the time he was ten years of age until he was twenty one—spending, as he himself affirmed, but one dollar from the day he was born till he attained to manhood—and yet he read during those weary years a thousand borrowed volumes of history, biography and philosophy.

Poverty did not prevent the poor, scrofulous, melancholy Samuel Johnson, who went up to London with but a guinea in his pocket, from rising to literary eminence. It did not prevent Schliemann from becoming the first paleontologist of his time: nor Edward Sugden, a barber's son, from becoming one of England's greatest lawyers, with an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year, and Lord Chancellor of England. It did not keep Samuel Lee, of Shropshire, England, a carpenter's apprentice, from learning the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee and other languages, and becoming a famed professor in the University of Cambridge. Poverty could not keep in obscurity Garfield the canal boy; nor Linnaeus, the naturalist, in spite of the fact that he had to prosecute his studies while hammering leather and making shoes. Indigence did not hinder Velpeau from becoming the most illustrious figure in French surgery albeit he was a blacksmith's son; nor Littré, the learned translator of Hippocrates, from rising to eminence amid the most depressing discouragements; nor Professor Moor from making his mark in the world, though, when a young man, he had not money to buy Newton's Principia, and had to copy the whole of that great work with his own hand. "Chill penury" did not "repress the noble rage" of Jean Paul Richter, but even when in the clutches of a remorseless creditor, he wrote to a friend: "What is poverty that a man should whine under it? It is but the pain of piercing the ears of the madder, and you hang precious jewels in the wound."

To you who are beginning life, what though you are a poor man's son, and have felt the gripe of want until, as Daniel Webster said of his condition in youth, your very bones ached? What though you may be steeped in poverty to the very lips, yet in your environment one whit more depressing than that of the heroic souls we have named? But all these men rose superior to their discouragements and converted even the obstacles in their way into stepping-stones to success. Why may not such a triumph be yours? Summon up your manhood, then; shake off your despondency, doubts and fears and say: "God helping me, I will succeed." Say, with Balzac, in his garret, when told that in literature, which he had chosen for his calling, a man must be either king or hound: "Very well, I will be king!"—and by steady, unrelenting toil, backed by hopefulness and self-trust, victory may be yours.

FRATERNITY.

The following is clipped from an address on fraternal orders by Hon. John Sullivan, of Kansas City, Mo:

"Our order and kindred associations are doing a marvelous work for humanity. As a fraternal organization it makes a practical example of the brotherhood of men: it exemplifies

the teachings of the Good Book. Man through the instinct planted in his breast fraternizes naturally. It is a law of nature that like is attracted to like. The elephant draws to the elephant, the herd of wild horses are found on the prairie, the tribe of monkeys are found in the dell. Man in his earliest stage was found in caves banded together against their common enemy, wild animals; next in small tribes as wanderers; then in a more perfect state of fixed abode and national existence with laws based upon man's inherent gregarious instinct. The philosopher of old said that a man who would live alone was either a beast or a god.

"Man's innate desire for organization has been demonstrated from earliest ages. The order of the Achemian Devotees of Ceres almost antedates history. The various orders formed during the Crusades demonstrated this strongly. The many Guilds of Trade during the middle ages the Count de Winton, Lord Evans and other societies of England, and the many fraternal insurance organizations of the day, all go to show that God in creating man intended he should be a brother to his kind. The mystic has said that man's worst enemy is man. A noted writer on statecraft has said that the chief function of government was to prevent man from doing injury to man.

"Our order in its lodge rooms teaches man to love his fellow man. It teaches him to be sympathetic in the hour of distress of his neighbor, to visit him during the hour of sickness, to extend a helping hand to the afflicted family. No man is so strong or so fortunate but experiences hours when human sympathy and cheer only can comfort. Our order is based upon the principle that society has an interest in the individual and that the casualty which to the individual would be overwhelmingly disastrous when shared by the many is but an incident. The melancholy sight of a family young and helpless bereft through death of the father, whose savings are swept away during his sickness, left in deep bereavement and with want actually staring them in the face. Thus comes the great proportion of pauperism and crime of the land. It is the empty cupboard, the cheerless kitchen, the fireless hearth, that drives the helpless mother to despair. The angel of love meets the black-winged angel of crime and had a great fight in that little household one day, but the empty bread tray was too much and the black winged won and a young family of boys went out into the streets away from a mother's care, and vice and crime soon possessed their little souls.

"With the massing of population to-day into our large cities, the crowding everywhere, the problem of maintenance of that per cent. of families who, becoming bereft of the father, are indigent, is engaging the attention of the brightest minds of the day. One of the last public acts of the illustrious Bismarck was the pushing through of that famous national enactment of Germany requiring every man in the German Empire where his income was below a certain sum to pay a certain weekly stipend into a governmental fund. In the event of his sickness ten days after a governmental physician issues certificate of such sickness he begins to draw a certain daily stipend which in the event of continuance of said sickness is increased in ten days more. In the event of death the family receives

a fixed amount. Thus that family is provided for and does not become a public charge. Switzerland has a like provision.

"In America the good sense and rare intelligence of our people is solving this problem of their own volition through the various fraternal orders of our land."

THE JESUITS AND DREYFUS.

Again and again, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, the newspaper press of this country has asserted that, in some mysterious way, the Jesuits, and indeed the French clergy, were at the bottom of the Dreyfus affair. Now, we have never concealed our sorrow and regret at the attitude adopted by so many of the Catholics of France; but neither have we failed to defend the French clergy from this odious charge so frequently made against them by many English journals. General Mercier, at his examination at Rennes, lately explicitly denied these detestable accusations. He said that in the foreign information bureau were men of all religions (one of them, Commandant Lerath, was a Protestant; another Commandant Renard, was also a Protestant, while yet another, M. Weil, a former member of the bureau, was a Jew. In giving evidence before the Court of Cassation, the latter expressly declared that he had never been the object of opposition from his comrades on the score of his religion. His testimony of General Mercier has its own weight, and should influence unprejudiced minds, however hostile they may be to the attitude taken up by General Mercier on other matters that have come before the Court Martial at Rennes.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

The family to which Cardinal Vaughan belongs is a remarkable one. The London Daily Chronicle has been counting up the number of men and women it has given to the religious life in two generations: But for his having entered the priesthood, the Cardinal would be a Herefordshire squire. The Cardinal's brother was Archbishop of Sydney; three other brothers are priests; whilst of five sisters, four became nuns. Again, of his father's three brothers all became priests, and of three sisters two were nuns. The representative of the family at Courtfield, the paternal home, to-day is the Cardinal's next lay brother, who is D. L. for the county, and colonel of militia.—Catholic Register.

ATTEMPT TO DEFRAUD.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has instituted a proceeding against Thomas Chase and wife, of Milligan, Tenn., in which it alleges that Chase, who is supposed to have died in February, is not dead, and that the \$20,000 collected by the supposed widow was fraudulently obtained. The bill enjoins four banks, in which the money is deposited, from paying it to Mrs. Chase's order. An order has also been secured allowing the grave in which Chase is supposed to have been buried, to be re-opened. It is claimed that the coffin was filled with rocks, which was buried, instead of the heavily insured man. The insurance policy was secured last October, and the annual premium on it was \$1100. Chase was one of the best known men in East Tennessee.