

Jesuit's Advice to You
That a young man should trouble face to face, meet, grapple with it, and by power of his spiritual will, no cure, but a blessing, and what is manly elevation makes one sturdier braver, and therefore a man who has had what he has had, returns to it again and over it until his eyes become clear, lament over it until he is despondent, shiver and shiver until his nerves are uncal, this is not manly. It is worry.

When you must think give it all the quiet thought that you need, a broad limit to your study. Let it be real, social study. Meditate what you can do and order to avert or endure misfortune, or it may let not your thought one moment, upon any practical.

What is to be done? question that you have answer. Who you think keep looking back, whether you be, hurry not decide in a hurry have thoroughly sifted. But when you have your face resolutely exorably set further re-

If still you allow, haunt your night with and to dog your boys' after-thought, your mind bird caged and terrified, seeking to escape through, will beat itself in fatal bars; your energy, evaded, yet vacillating, morbid; your whole wasted, worthless.

When trouble is clinging to it. "Let the past be dead." If there past that tells a wise listened to. If there sacred to friendship. If there should have far more than few the we should thank God, now lost, let it be to a recollection to be to Paradise.

But the past is dead from it. We may look, we can not live in the present. We work to do, our present cross to our present comfort to lean upon, present life to live, course, look forward, at the future with a serene despondency, a field glance of infant forward with the clear of robust anticipation, quick intuition of thought. Many of their own imagination moribundness they come, so as to taste before ever it is. Detards live in the future; men live brave, then, in your Robert Kane, S. J.

Social intercourse. It is astonishing learn from some people how rightly. You know it is only get a great giving them a great. The more you ramble generous of yours, fling yourself out to serve, the more you. You must give much. The current you until it goes out all you get from the current you give in return. You will give out stingily. You must give of hearted, generous, give only stingily might have had torrents of blessing. A man who might, well-rounded himself of every life along a pygmy in every little speciality, cultivate his social opportunity of about us, because away something of social intercourse corners are rubbed polished and shiny. It is possible to social life elsewhere. If determination to make it a school for calling out y ties, for develop calm, which have the lack of exercise society either a. But you must give will not get any. When you leave one you meet something which life, which will your own experience more of a man time in the draw. The man who on will look upon an educator, as will make his life and attractive.

Why he play a young grasp of affairs ment to promote trusted employ deeply hurt should be pr-

"GOD SAVE ALL HERE."
There is a prayer that's breathed alone
In dear old Erin's land;
The altar on the third stone,
With smiles and clasping hand;
And oft, perchance, 'tis murmured low
With sigh and with a frown
The grandest meeting man may know—
The prayer, "God save all here!"

In other lands they know not well
How precious is the lore
That heiges with a sacred spell
Old Ireland's noble door.
To those it's no "imp" sound
Who think of with a tear
Of long loved memories wreathing round
The prayer, "God save all here!"

Live on, O prayer, in Ireland still,
To bless each Irish child true,
The echoes of her homes to fill
With fervor ever new;
And, guarding with a holy spell
The soul and conscience clear,
Be graven on each heart as well—
The prayer, "God save all here!"

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.
Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost
FEAST OF THE SEVEN SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother. (St. John xix. 25.)

A month ago Holy Church placed before us for our contemplation the triumphant entry of the Mother of Jesus into heaven, and invited us on the great feast of the Assumption to glory in our Blessed Lady's triumph and rejoice in her joy. To-day Holy Church places before us for our contemplation the sorrows of the Mother of Jesus, and invites us to mourn over her sufferings and sorrow in her sorrows. One is the feast of hope, and the other is of earth. And our Blessed Lady's sorrows, being of earth, come close to us and teach us a practical lesson—sojourners as we are in a vale of tears.

Sorrow is in very truth the monarch of this lower world, and sooner or later every soul is sure to feel the touch of his sceptre. There is nothing that men find so difficult to understand and accept as this mighty wall of sorrow that rises up from generation to generation throughout the whole wide sea of mortal life, and extends to its most distant shores. What is the reason of all this suffering that exists in the world around us? Is a question that has been asked day after day, and year after year, and century after century, since the first human tear fell upon the conscious earth. And the attempt to solve this enigma of mankind has founded schools of philosophy and philanthropy, systems of religion, and methods of life, from the dawn of human history and before it to the present hour. Yet the reason of sorrow, though it has escaped the search of mankind, is not far to seek—it is sin, and sin is everywhere. On any other theory than the religious one of the probation and fall of man, this present existence is a dark and hopeless riddle. But even Christians, to whom this explanation is the first lesson of their faith, seem to lose sight of it in their practical views of life. We have not the heart to meet the stern truth face to face, and recognize that our life in this world is not a season of joy, but rather of sorrow; that we are not here to loiter through an odorous and long summer day, but to endure and to labor in darkness and sorrow. And this is the great lesson of the feast of today.

Picture the Mother of Jesus in her early childhood, when, a fair vision of innocence, she rested in the arms of St. Ann; behold her growing up a spotless flower in the Temple of God; contemplate her in the tranquil purity and beauty of her girlhood, and the bright hopes that embled in the right hand of a Virgin Mother, sword-pierced in the Temple, a fugitive in a foreign land, a distracted pilgrim seeking her lost Son, the mother of a persecuted, betrayed, and convicted Man, the saddest follower in that sad procession to Calvary, meeting her Son face to face on His way to death, standing by His gibbet, the witness of His ignominy, the sharer of His agony, and the bright hope of His resurrection, and the bright crown of the sentinel by His Cross, the mourner over His bier, the guardian of His tomb, and learn from her that suffering is the portion of all who follow faithfully in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ and secure His salvation. For "Unless you take up the Cross and follow Me you cannot be My disciple."

GAVE UP PALACE FOR THE CLOISTER.

On the Feast of St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Friars Preachers, the Prince of Loewenstein, direct descendant of Frederick the Victorious, Elector Palatine, carried into effect his determination of laying down his princely rank and possessions and entering as a simple novice the Order of St. Dominic. At the age of seventy-three he has followed the example of his sister Adelaide, the august widow of King Dom Miguel I., who on June 13, 1897, took the Benedictine veil at the Monastery of St. Cecilia of Solesmes. The eldest, Princess Marie, died a Benedictine at Solesmes, where she was joined by her sister Agnes. Another daughter, the Princess Frances, chose the humble state of the Poor Sisters of St. Francis.

The ceremony of clothing this distinguished man, who has given up a palace for the cloister, took place in the conventual church of the Dominicans at Venlo, a town celebrated in the Wars of the Low Countries, situated on the Meuse, not far from Kempen, the natal town of Thomas à Kempis.

The part of the church upon to the lady was filled to its utmost capacity. Place was reserved for the son of the prince postulant, Prince Aloys de Loewenstein, to whom his father had given over the administration of the domains and lands of the principality and its territorial dependencies. His daughter, the Duchess of Braganza, wife of Dom Miguel II., and his niece, the Princess Henry of Bourbon-Parma, the Infanta, Algodonda of Portugal, witnessed the clothing of their father and uncle. About the princesses were ranged representatives of the historic Rhenish nobility.

IN COURT DRESS.

The ceremony was preceded by Pontifical Mass, celebrated, according to the ancient usage of the sons of St. Dominic, by a friar minor of St. Francis. The prince made his entry into the choir simultaneously with the arrival of the monks. He was in court dress, and wore around his neck the Collar of the Golden Fleece, and from a gold chain hung the Grand Cross of the Sovereign Order of Malta, while on his breast sparkled the insignia in diamonds of the Order of Christ, long since conferred by the Sovereign Pontiff. At the conclusion of the Mass, during which the future novice remained kneeling at a prie dieu, Father Albert Kaufmann, provincial, stood before the prince, and reciting all his titles, recalled that he had implored two mercies—that of God and that of the Order of St. Dominic—and dwelt on the fact that God had manifested mercy to him many times.

"Is it not a privilege of the divine mercy," said the provincial, "that a man who had always a place in the bosom of the Church, and who always held firmly aloft his flag for the defense of truth, liberty and right, should die in flag in hand? In your Royal Highness this mercy has been doubly manifested. All your life has been consecrated to the service of the Church. You have cosselessly combated in the shadow of his banner, and now the good God accords you the grace of being able to consecrate the remnant of your life to Him. By divine grace you have freely renounced the splendors which environed your existence. By the same grace you accept freely the conventual life, with all its rules and rigors. I am persuaded, then, that God has accorded you the mercy you have asked of Him. To the second mercy, which you ask of me, it is to give you the habit of St. Dominic. I can accord it to you only on condition that you be ready to submit in everything to the rule of our order, and to make the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience. The life of the monk has many onniss and inconveniences, from the corporal and the spiritual point of view. I ask you, then, this: "Will you submit to this life of a monk, with all its annals and inconveniences, as much as is possible, freely and with a full obedience?"

"Yes, with the grace of God," answered His Highness in a clear and firm voice.

Rising, the prince then went to the altar and there laid down the Golden Fleece, the chain of the Order of Malta and the Order of Christ. The brothers took off his court dress, and he received from the hands of the provincial the white robe of St. Dominic, the cincture and the black tunic and skull cap.

The "Te Deum" was then intoned, during which the novice remained outstretched before the altar, his face to the ground and his arms extended in the form of a cross. He then arose to give the kiss of peace to all the brothers and Sisters and lay Brothers present.

Going back to the altar, he received the accolade of the provincial, who, addressing to him a paternal allocution, said that he had now exchanged his princely splendors for the humble habit of St. Dominic—the white robe of innocence and the black tunic of penitence. He told him that the order accorded him a year's probation, during which he could examine his spiritual disposition and prepare himself definitely for conventual life. The provincial terminated by expressing the wish that he would be able to receive him as a professed monk at the conclusion of his probation, and in saying the words, "God wills it," gave him the name of Brother Raymond.

This new and latest sacrifice made by him who bore the title Serene Highness will bring Brother Raymond many graces. These graces will extend through the Catholic world, wherever the story is told of this prince becoming a Dominican novice—an example to the great ones of the earth and to the humble and disinherited.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

of which it was always full. On the pedestal below was inscribed the single word "Endure." The water was brought to the urn from the high hill beyond the house, where there was a spring that never failed. It was not the capacity of the urn that gave it its sufficiency; it was its connection with the spring.—Catholic Columbian.

WHAT CAME OF A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.
The Rev. John P. Dunn, who died years ago in Philadelphia, often related the following strange incident of his own experience:
It was in the early years of his priesthood that Father Dunn was granted this touching proof of the secret workings of the Blessed Sacrament. He was summoned one day to the house of an Episcopalian minister, who was distinguished for his bitter hostility to everything pertaining to 'Romanism.' Wondering a little at the summons, the good priest instantly went thither, expecting to be taken to the bedside of some faithful servant whose opportunity for the rites of the Church had triumphed over the bigotry of her employers. To his amazement, he was shown at once into an elegant chamber, where the minister's only child lay on her deathbed. She was a fair and winning child of nine summers, the idol of the household, intelligent beyond her years, and blessed with perfect health and watched over with tenderest solicitude, had bid fair to blossom into womanhood unmarked by pain or sorrow. Yet the little child had for nearly four years borne a secret sorrow which at last had brought her, without knowing the pain, of the child's illness. There was nothing to grapple with, the doctors said: she was fading away before their eyes with no symptoms of illness, no token of decline, only dying. The medicine men studied the strange case with interest; friends wondered and wept; the parents grew str-r-n and hardened in their grief. Well they knew what had brought their children, their only one, to this condition.

On this day the family physician had caught the first gleam for his guidance. It was a bitter exclamation against the "Popish servant girls" which broke from the lips of the mother, as, with wild, tearful eyes, she gazed upon her fading flower. The doctor demanded an explanation of her words, sternly reminding her that he had a right to know the cause of the child's illness. Her reluctance being finally overcome, the mother began by stating that they had once unhappily been persuaded to engage an Irish Catholic girl as the attendant to their little Lena. The girl was far superior to her station, and in fact they treated her almost as one of the family, "little thinking they were cherishing a viper." They had strong hopes of her conversion, for she went to church, had no Popish book or emblem of any sort, and was really so indifferent about religion that they were convinced she had not the slightest recollection of the superstitious of her native country. They had not striven to hasten her conversion, believing that the attention she gave to their instructions to the child, at which she was generally present, was sowing

HE TURNS FROM CHRISTLESS PROTESTANTISM.


Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, of Bridge-water, Mass., is a son of the great novelist, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher. He is also a Congregational preacher of splendid standing. One evening recently during a sermon delivered in his church, he took off his gloves and boldly assailed the Protestantism of the hour and its alleged "higher critics." Thus he said in part:
"Our Puritan Fathers never would have made the break they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, moribund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weight and weariness of sin. Thank God, that is not true of all Protestants! The great doctrines of Catholic Christianity are still believed and preached in many of our churches. But, alas! it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan fathers yearned for and sought with prayers and tears, has become, to many of their Christless descendants, a frigid city of ice palaces: a city of pale negotiations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intellectual worth."
"As the icebergs from the frozen north floated with the ocean currents, only to be melted and disappear in the warm waters of the equator, so shall these transcendental ice mountains melt in the warmer currents that the Holy Spirit will bring to human hearts from our crucified and now risen and glorified Lord."
"The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these 'advanced' thinkers (God save the mark!) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless, emaciated Syrian ghost, He still dully haunts the icy corridors of the twentieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of His final exclusion has been already spoken."
"Then in their boundless arrogance and self-assertion they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic Church. If this be so, then for me most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the Church of Rome as a homeless, homeless wanderer to a home in a continuing city."
"We are hungry for God, yes for the living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker and its meat thinner and drier every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects life is brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is to day. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled in the dirt."—The Missionary.

A DISGRACEFUL ACTION.


Rather an unusual point, but nevertheless a good one, was made by a priest preaching a mission in the cathedral of Brisbane, Queensland. He was speaking of many dangers that surround Catholics at the present day, and the necessity of safeguarding the faith by Catholic reading, when he digressed a bit to score severely the Catholics who show meanness or carelessness in the matter of paying for Catholic papers. Catholic publications, he said, suffered very much from unpaid subscriptions. Often times the paper was sent for years, and when the bill for payment came, very often a post-card was sent, stopping the paper altogether. This, he declared, the preacher, was a shameful and disgraceful action on the part of Catholics, and a great deal of the weakness and inefficiency of the Catholic press, complained of by some people, is due to Catholics who seem to have money for everything else but who "get mad" and stop the paper if they are reminded of their remissness.—British Columbia Orphan Friend.

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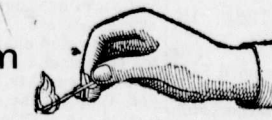


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it is a wise course to make proper preparation for the coming months of Winter, and so in youth—the Summertime of life—it is only right that provision should be made for the Winter months of old age. Nothing is more pitiable than an old age of want and helplessness, especially where it follows a youth of plenty.
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