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but the candle of your steadily by day and insured your home fire which may never have you insured its the loss of yourself later, is bound to not insured your life, tomorrow may be too late.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Young men will flock to a mission, attend the exercises regularly, resolve to amend their lives, go to the sacraments and after a week or a month or so return to their ways of sin.

1. Be careful to say your morning and evening prayers; for prayer is the key to the treasures. 2. Often call to mind that it is appointed for you once to die—you know when, nor where, nor how; only this you know; that if you die in mortal sin, you will be lost forever; if you die in the state of grace you will be happy forever.

3. Never neglect to hear Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation. By uniting our hearts with all the faithful in offering up the great sacrifice of the Mass, we offer, let an act of infinite adoration to God; and 2nd, we bring down upon ourselves the choicest blessings of Heaven.

4. Be careful about what you read, for bad reading is poison to the soul. Provide yourself with Catholic books. Take a Catholic newspaper. 5. Remember that a man is known by his company.

6. When you are tempted by bad thoughts say quickly, "Jesus and Mary; help me!" Then say the "Hail Mary;" this will have banished the temptation. Remember God sees you at every instant. 7. If you are so unhappy as to fall into sin, be not discouraged; quickly beg pardon of God, and seek the first opportunity to go to confession, and start again in a new life.

8. Go to confession and Communion at least once a month. By confession our souls are cleansed from sin, and strengthened to resist temptation. By Communion our souls are nourished by the Sacred Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

9. He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me. (John vi. 58). Keep Your Opinions to Yourself.

The story is told of a bright young clerk, who recently was dismissed from a retail establishment. "After this week, John, we shall no longer need your services," said the manager. "But—why, sir?" said John, amazed. "You are not reducing the force, and my work has been satisfactory, hasn't it?"

"I have no fault to find with your work," said the manager, seriously, "but there is a very important fault for which I am compelled to dismiss you. "What is it, sir," said John. "You do not keep your opinions to yourself," said the manager, and then went on to inform John as to what his opinions had done for him.

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unworldly will be found evidences of the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There will be found a faithful observance of morning and night prayers; a constant remembrance of God's presence during the day; prayers before and after meals; regular and devout attendance at Mass and evening services in the church; frequent holy Communion, and earnest imitation of the virtues of Christ and the saints.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS HOW JOE MADE HIS EASTER COMMUNION.

Joe Gleason was eighteen. He was an only son. He had three sisters. One of them was older than he. The girls and the mother were devout Catholics, attending to their duties with unflinching regularity. The father was a travelling man, and away from home very much. The management of the children, therefore, rested mainly on the mother. She had never to remind the girls when they ought to go to Communion, but with Joe it was different. Constant scoldings or peltings were brought forward to make him go to confession. He liked to see the looks of astonishment or horror his sisters betrayed when he lightly put the irksome task aside from week to week as a matter of small concern.

Ever since the beginning of Lent, Mrs. Gleason had reminded Joe every Friday that he ought to prepare for confession on the following day, but Joe had always an excuse ready. He was not a bad boy at heart, and always pleased his mother in other respects, but this regular reminder of his duty by her was a galling thorn in his home life. It was more of a spirit of bravado than anything else that induced him to delay matters. He meant to make his Easter duty in good time, but wanted to put off things till he felt like going.

As the family sat at supper that night, a dippant remark dropped by Joe about the food on the table prompted her to ask him the above question. "Well, Joe," said his mother, "the girls and I are going to confession to-morrow, and we expect you to accompany us." "As an escort?" inquired Joe. "Yes, and I expect you to go to confession also."

"I'll escort you willingly enough. But I am not prepared to go to confession. The time is too short to prepare properly." "You will have plenty of time if you begin to prepare to-night. Mary and I are going to visit a sick neighbor. You must stay at home and keep house with the other girls while we are away. I suppose you know that to visit the sick is a corporal work of mercy. There is a blessing attached to such visits. While I am out, I shall pray for you, and when I return I shall be prepared to hear that you will be ready to go with us to-morrow evening to confession."

Joe said nothing. He had great respect for his mother, and was very proud of her many good qualities. When Mrs. Gleason and Mary reached the neighbor's house they found Father Reilly there. The sick woman was an old friend of his, and he had dropped in for a few minutes as he was passing. He was pleased to see Mrs. Gleason, and asked, "How is your husband and Joe and the other girls? Mary here looks pretty well."

"Excuse me, Father," said Mary, her mischievous eyes dancing, "but I am very well."

"Very glad to hear it, but how is Joe?" "Oh, Joe is very well, also, but mother thinks his spiritual health is bad." "How is that? I see him at Mass regularly." "Yes, but mother is trying to get him to go to confession to-morrow, and it looks as if he will manage to put it off, as he has been doing all Lent."

"Ah," was Father Reilly's comment. He knew boys. He was director of St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society for that reason. He was silent. The ladies turned to the sick woman and began to converse with her. As Father Reilly rose to leave, he asked Mrs. Gleason, "Has Joe any engagement for to-morrow afternoon?"

"Not that I know of, Father." "Well, we will need a power of help to get the stars in shape for Easter. There's the candlesticks to be polished, the candles to be trimmed and fitted in, the flowers to be sorted out, not counting the load we have out in the yard from the Holy Thursday altar. I want him to come over and lend a helping hand. Do you think he can come?"

"Well, good-night and may God bless you all." Joe readily consented to go to the church and assist with the altar work. He liked the work and the company. He was passionately fond of flowers, and knew that Father Reilly would have a special bunch to distribute among the helpers after their work was finished.

The following afternoon Joe went to the vestry of St. James, and was put to work sorting out the plants left over from Holy Thursday. With a pair of shears he made many presentable which had been put aside as no longer fit for decoration, and in his occasional trips to the altar he felt a glow of proud satisfaction as he saw the decorator had taken advantage of many of his suggestions.

The priests were hearing the confessions of the vast crowd that thronged the church, and when the decorators declared their work finished, it was almost 6 o'clock. At 6 the priests left the confessionals. Father Reilly, on hearing that the work had been done so quickly, and well, was much pleased. Joe's tastes were commended, and Father Reilly made his usual present of a choice cut flower to the workers.

As all stood around waiting for his blessing, he suddenly said: "Now, as a special favor, I will hear all of your confessions right here and now. Are any of you prepared?" "I am," "I am," echoed on all sides. "Are you, Joe?" "Not quite."

"You can get ready while I hear the confessions of the others, can you?" "Yes, Father," said Joe, heartily. He had no sister to tease now, and he entered with a will into the examination of his conscience. And when his turn came he thought with a heart full of gratitude how surprised his mother and sisters would be.

He laid the blushing rose he had received on a table and entered the temporary confessionals. When he left, he took up the rose and with a loving kiss was out on the altar again and deposited it with the other flowers that decorated a statue of our Blessed Mother. He then hurried home. His first act was to give his mother a resounding kiss. He took his seat at the supper-table in silence, and was so quiet that his mother inquired the cause. "Been to confession," he said.

"Then he told the story of the special favor granted to those who helped with the altar." "Mary," said her mother, "I told you we would be sure to gain a great blessing from visiting the sick. Now we know what it is. We met Father Reilly there, and he thought out a way to get Joe to go to confession. It is the first time I ever heard of him hearing confessions in the vestry of those who could go into the regular confessionals. He must have done all this for our Joe."

"Well," said Joe, "he had no difficulty about getting me to go, and so you will know more for some time. I want to tell you, I left that rose Father Reilly gave me at Our Lady's altar with a promise, if she will aid me."

"Oh, the promise a secret?" asked Mary. "No," replied Joe. "I asked her help to enable me to make the nine first Fridays. While I happened to be trimming one of the plants, I saw a paper sticking to it. It was a leaflet of the promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. It seemed such an easy way to gain Heaven by trying to please God in this respect that I determined to try and make the nine Fridays even before I had finished trimming that particular plant. I spoke to Father Reilly after confession about it, and got heaps of encouragement from him."

"His mother's only comment was a pat. He accompanied her and his sisters to church, and patiently waited till they had their turns. Joe was awakened the next morning by a vigorous shake, and on opening his eyes was surprised to see his father. "Jump up, Joe; it's time you were going to church. I am so glad you and the girls and mother are prepared to receive. I would feel quite lonesome if I had to go to the altar alone."

Mr. Gleason had arrived home at midnight from a long trip. Knowing his wife's annual Easter Communion, he tried to reach home in time to go to the confession at the parish church, but an accident on the way stalled the train south of the window of the delayed car, he saw the spire of a Catholic church. He found the church open, and after making his confession re-embarked. He reached home five hours behind the vestry of St. James, and was put to work sorting out the plants left over from Holy Thursday.

Did he make the nine first Fridays? Yes, but with what trials and battles with the evil one he had. So it always is; but he kept the twelfth promise of Our Lord to Margaret Mary always before his eyes, and thought of that awful time when his soul would have to leave his body and triumph. This is the twelfth promise of Our Lord: "I promise thee in My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the first Friday in nine consecutive months, the grace of final penitence; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their sacraments. My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment."

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. The Mass is the commemoration of what was done on Calvary; i. e., it brings to our minds, and it pictures before us, on what was done on the cross on Calvary, the cross our Divine Savior Jesus Christ, Who was God and Man, shed His blood and died in order to atone for our sins; to pay to God the debt that the inner world; and to make a fitting and truly infinite reparation for our offenses against the Infinite Majesty of Almighty God.

In the Mass, Jesus Christ is brought before us on the altar; and, wonderful

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to say, He is brought there by His own act, and He is placed before us in a representation of death. We know, however, that Christ is really living in heaven, and that after His resurrection He can not die in fact. The Mass places Him before us living, His body and blood, His soul and divinity, under the appearance of bread and wine. Now why does God do these wonderful, these stupendous things? First, as He says Himself, to keep constantly before our minds the great truth of His death on the cross, because it is from that death that the efficacy of the sacraments and all graces and all salvation come to us.

But He comes for other purposes. We all wish to worship God. We say, in the Lord's Prayer, "Hallowed be Thy Name;" and the best way to hallow the Holy Name is to join in offering the Body and Blood of Christ are present on the altar.

Besides this, we want to thank God; we want to ask God for pardon and grace, and light and strength; and then, in the Mass we offer Christ for the living and the dead, for all our friends, for the wants of Holy Church, in short, for all the intentions of His Sacred Heart. In the sacrifice of the Mass, we show forth constantly the Lord's death till He come; we plead before God the infinite merits of the Lamb slain upon Calvary; we ask now and here for what He then desired; and we are, as it were, one with Him in His Sacrifice.

We may consider that most important subject under various heads—as prefigured in the Old Testament, for instance; or in regard to the victim offered in the Mass; or the offerer; or the ends for which the Mass is offered. We may consider the ceremonies; the duties of the worshippers; the benefits conferred on them. But in whatever way we may choose to regard it—and all are good and profitable to the devout inquirer—one thing we must never forget, and that is the supreme dignity and importance of this "tremendous sacrifice," the most sublime and awe-inspiring and glorious act of worship that man can offer to his Creator, an act in which we should join with the deepest feelings of awe and reverence, of contrition and devotion, of humility and grateful love. Before this "tremendous sacrifice," the most sublime and awe-inspiring and glorious act of worship that man can offer to his Creator, an act in which we should join with the deepest feelings of awe and reverence, of contrition and devotion, of humility and grateful love.

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A VERSATILE CONVERT. GEORGINA PELL CURTIS, WHO IS TO EDIT THE "AMERICAN CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO."

Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, editor of "Some Roads to Rome in America," which B. Herder, of St. Louis, is just about to bring out, and of "The American Catholic Who's Who," which will appear some time next year, is a New Yorker by birth and upbringing and a resident of Chicago for ten years.

Her sister married a younger brother of the Rev. Father L. Rabone, of the Church of the Ascension, Chicago.

Miss Curtis was educated at the Episcopal School of St. Mary in New York City, and after graduating studied for five years in the art schools of New York. In 1899, at the suggestion of the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of the Messenger and associate editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, she began writing for the Catholic magazines, to which she has ever since been a contributor. Miss Curtis is distantly related to the late George William Curtis, editor for so many years of Harper's Magazine, and she has herself contributed to two of the Harper periodicals.

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Miss Curtis is also a convert to the Catholic Church. This is worthy of note, as on both sides of the house she comes of strong Protestant and Puritan line from Captain William Curtis, of Nazing, Essex, England, who fought in the Colonial wars, and from Peregrine White, who came over on the Mayflower. Her paternal grandmother was of an old Knickerbocker family, of mingled Dutch and French Huguenot stock, that settled in New York and on Long Island over 200 years ago. Miss Curtis' grandfather on her mother's side, Thomas Hillson, of Lincolnshire, England, came to New York early in the nineteenth century, joined the old Park Theatre in New York, and was an intimate friend of Junius Brutus Booth, father of the late Edwin Booth, of the late John William Wallack and of Washington Irving, whom he frequently visited at Sleepy Hollow. At some future time Miss Curtis may edit her grandfather's charming letters and journals, reminiscent of old New York life.

Besides her work on "The American Catholic Who's Who," Miss Curtis has in preparation a novel, dealing with a strange period of history that has never yet been utilized by any author. During the fifteen months in which Miss Curtis was engaged in editing "Some Roads to Rome in America," she received contributions for the book from all parts of the United States and Canada, and from Americans living in England, France, Italy and the Austrian Tyrol.

Shakespeare's Catholic Instinct.

In a recent lecture on "Shakespearean Silhouettes" Father C. E. de la Moriniere, S. J., of Spring Hill College, Mobile, Alabama, said: "Shakespeare lived at a time when the first agitation against the Roman Catholics was at its height, and its bitterness and fury were extreme. In spite of this, never once do we find the master poet laughing at the Catholic faith. On the contrary, his puns, his allusions and all his church characters were so replete in their best light. Why, whose fall he painted, would have been an ideal target for a non-Catholic. Had any other writer of the time taken the subject of Wolsey's career, Wolsey would have been painted as an arch-villain. He would have been shown as despicable in his fall as in his triumph. But Shakespeare does not do this.—Sacred Heart Review.

If we rashly brave the clefted rocks and yawning chasms of temptation, we must not expect the hands of God or His angels to bear us up.

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